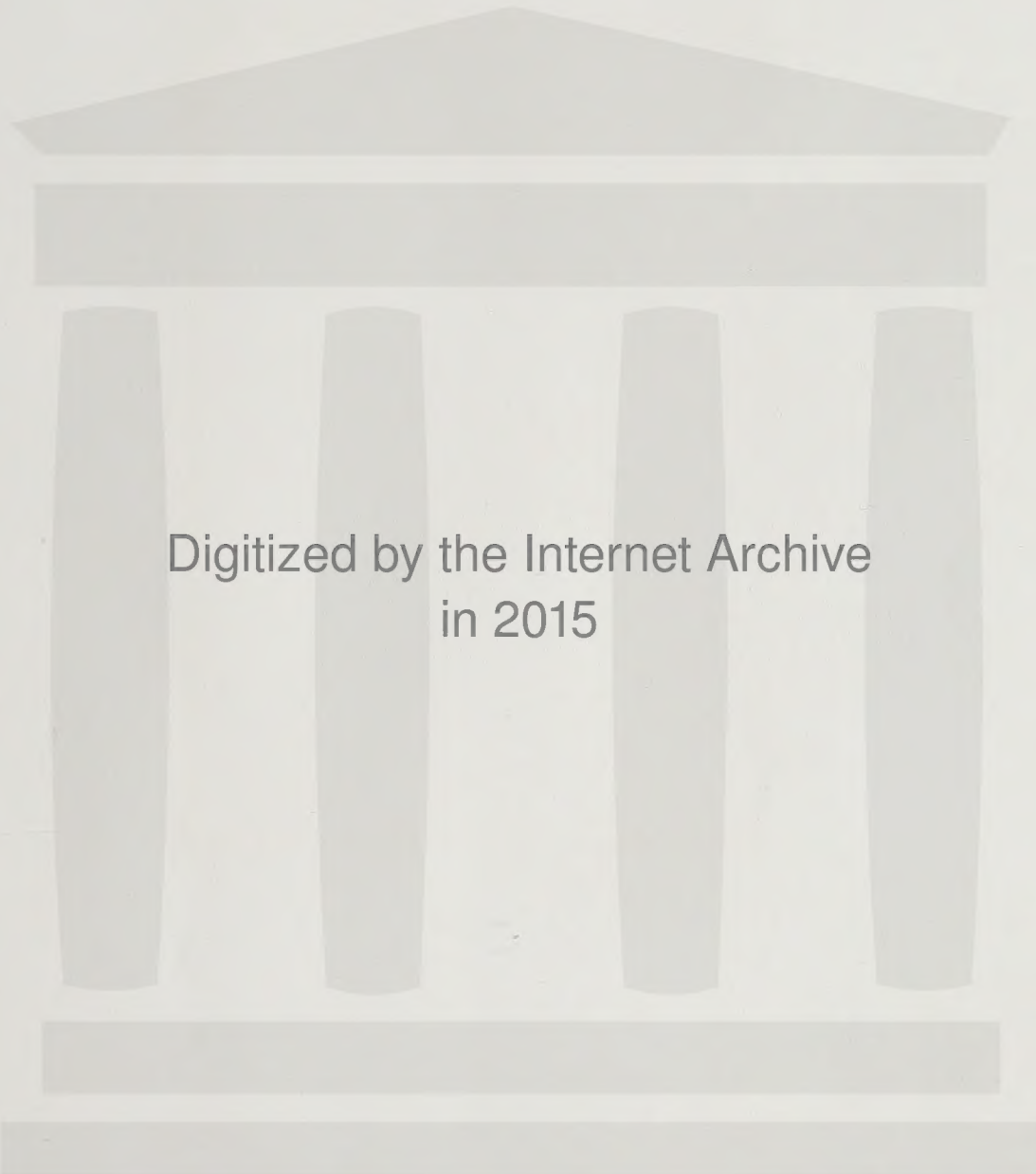
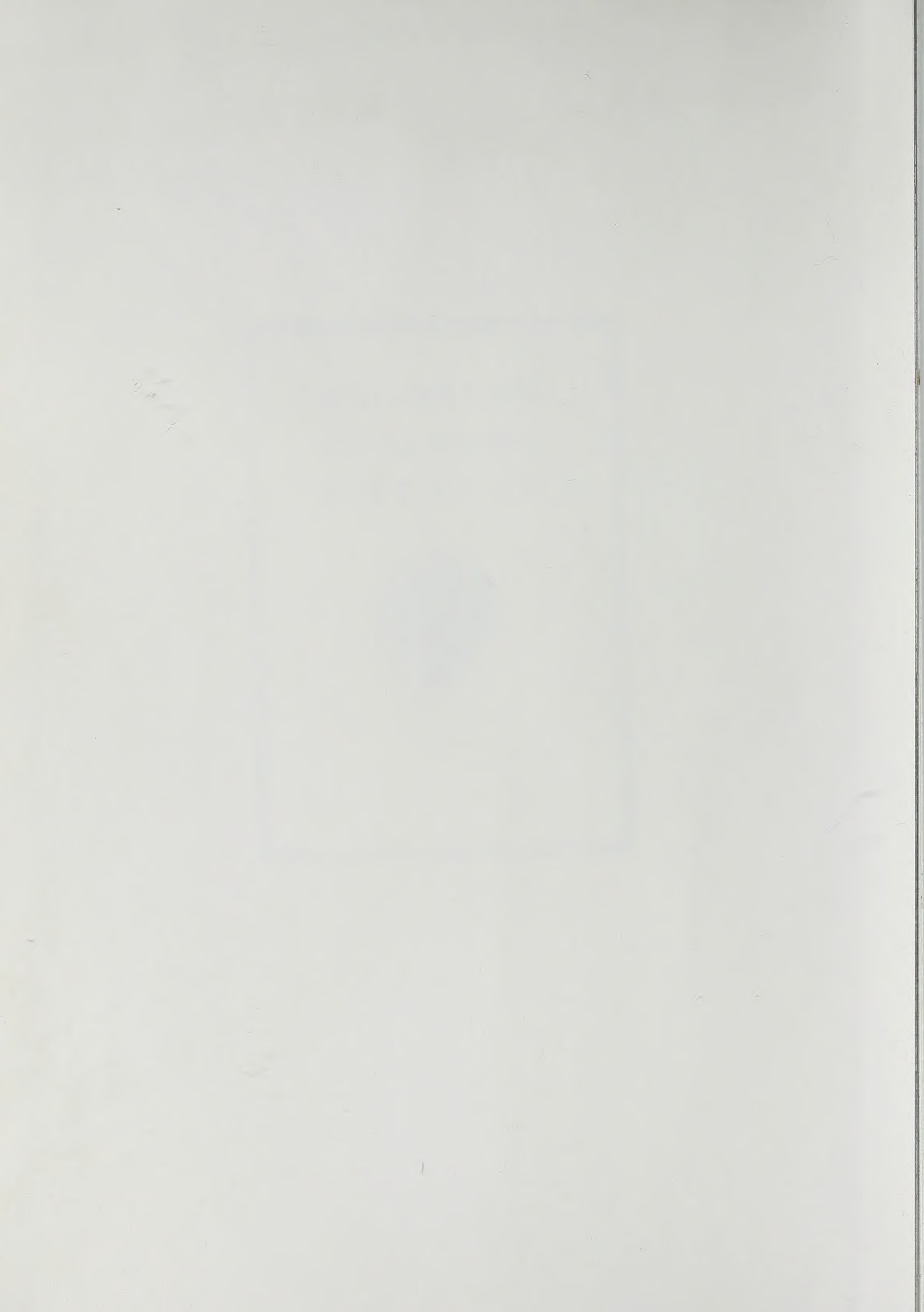


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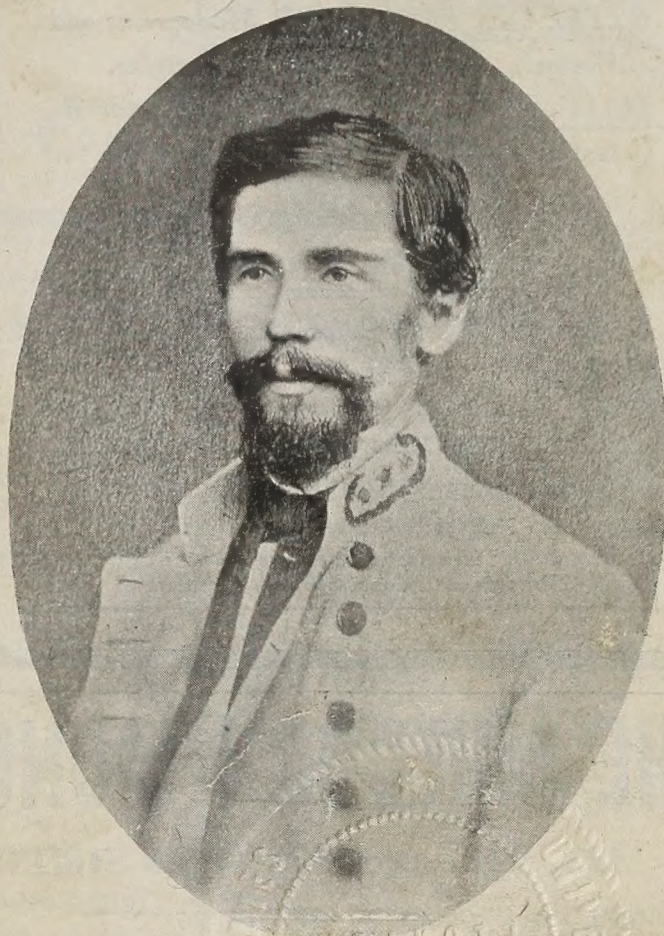
Confederate Veteran

R. D. Aigle



GEN. STERLING PRICE.

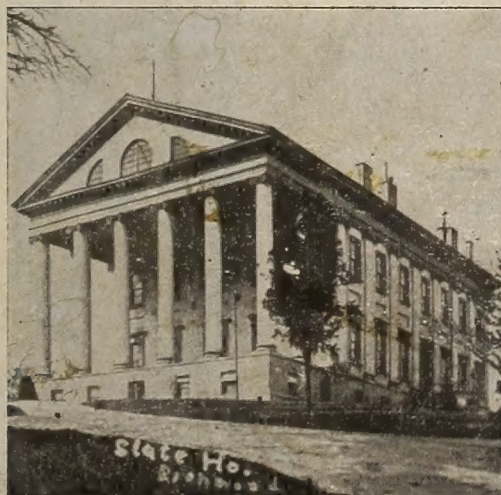
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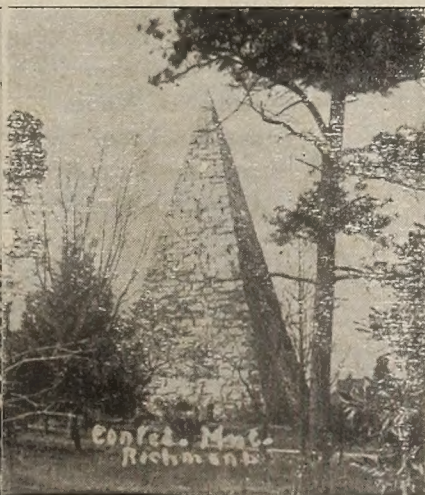
GEN. PATRICK R. CLEBURNE.

(See page 17.)

[The picture of Gen. Patrick R. Cleburne on this page is from an old photograph enlarged and for sale by Col. H. G. Evans, of Columbia, Tenn., for the benefit of a fund with which to erect a shaft to Cleburne's memory, in the old churchyard at Ashwood, in the Polk settlement, where he was first buried. It was there that Cleburne expressed a wish to be buried should he not survive the battle that was imminent, and which was fought at Franklin. In accordance with that wish, his body rested there for several years. It was then taken back to his home at Helena, Ark., and a monument erected; but it is fitting that the first sepulcher of his body should be marked by a shaft in his honor.]



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W. R. Bryant, Arlington, Tenn., wishes the address of some member of Company B, Twenty-Sixth Tennessee Infantry, of which he was a member. He and a comrade named Edwards were the only members of the company present at the surrender in North Carolina.

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Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.

Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1904.

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The object of this Association is to preserve as a Confederate museum and library the historic old home occupied by Mr. Davis and family in 1861 while in Montgomery, Ala., known to history as the first White House of the Confederacy; also as a repository for the valuable and numerous relics given the Association by Mrs. Jefferson Davis.

Officers: Queen Regent, Mrs. Jefferson Davis; Regent, Mrs. J. D. Beale; Vice Regents, Mrs. Virginia Clay Clopton and Mrs. Belle Allen Ross; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Alfred Bethea; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. John W. A. Sanford; Treasurer, Mrs. C. A. Lanier; Historian, Mrs. John G. Finley.

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The Committee for Raising Funds has Mrs. A. M. Allen as Chairman, while the membership list comprises names of men, women, and children not only of Montgomery and Alabama but of the entire South.

"BLOOD THICKER THAN WATER."

BY S. B. BARRON, THIRD TEXAS CAVALRY, RUSK, TEX.

Rev. William D. Chadick was lieutenant colonel of the Fiftieth Alabama Infantry Regiment, C. S. A., and resided in Huntsville, Ala. During the winter of 1864-65 he was at home one day when, suddenly and very unexpectedly to him, Gen. McCook marched into the town at the head of a division of Federal cavalry, and was soon informed that Col. Chadick was in town, and the General felt very sure of capturing him. But Col. Chadick, unobserved by any of the Federals, crossed the street from his home and secreted himself where he could not be found or pointed out by any one who would have betrayed him. Gen. McCook thought so much of the expected prize that it was deemed not undignified for a general of the United States army to go in person in search of him. So he went to his residence and interviewed Mrs. Chadick. Introducing himself as Gen. McCook, he said: "Madam, where is your husband?" Mrs. Chadick answered: "He is not here, sir." Col. Chadick's horse and rigging were there plainly to be seen, but the General was baffled in his efforts to find the object of his search, as his further questioning elicited no reliable information from the faithful wife.

Something in the appearance of Mrs. Chadick seemed to impress Gen. McCook, and after some hesitation he said to her: "Madam, will you please tell me where you were reared?" She answered: "In Steubenville, Ohio." "Why," said the General, "Steubenville is my home. Will you please tell me your maiden name?" "My maiden name," said Mrs. Chadick, "was Cook." "Were you Miss Jane Cook?" inquired the General. She answered: "I was." "Well," said he, "do you remember one Sunday morning, a long time ago, when you were on your way to Sunday school, that up near the Episcopal Church some bad little boys were cutting up, and a policeman was in the act of carrying them to the lockup, and you interceded for them, telling the policeman that you would stand good for their behavior if he would release them, and he did so?" She answered: "I remember it." "Well," said he, "I was one of those boys; and now, madam, there is nothing I can do for you that I am not more than willing to do. I shall place guards at your gates, and not a man of my com-

mand shall enter your premises or disturb you in any manner while I remain in this city; and if there is anything else I can do for your comfort or convenience, call on me and it will be done."

The guards were posted at her gates, and not a soldier entered her home during Gen. McCook's occupation of Huntsville. Col. Chadick made good his escape that night, and survived the war. His widow, formerly Miss Jane Cook, a bright, well-preserved old lady, now lives in St. Louis, where she has made her home for a good many years with her son-in-law, Col. S. W. Fordyce, former President of the Cotton Belt Railroad.

A fit comment upon Col. Fordyce (whose house has been the good home of Mrs. Chadick for years) as a man and as a patriot is to quote his remarks when asked about his voluntary contribution to a Confederate monument in Little Rock:

"I was in the Federal army during the war, and have been in the Confederate since."

Such men have been the real peacemakers in our sectional troubles. Had President Lincoln survived the war, conservative patriots would have obliterated sectional lines, and such noble characters as R. E. Lee would have been enshrined in the public parks of the National Capitol, as well as in the finest halls of fame.

CAMPAIGNING UNDER FORREST.

BY HENRY EWELL HORD, TENNESSEE CONFEDERATE HOME.

In the last number of the VETERAN Col. J. R. Binford, of Duck Hill, Miss., makes me out more kinds of liar than Gen. Eagan does Gen. Miles in their famous Embalmed Beef row. I wrote my article, printed in the December number of the VETERAN, from memory. It may contain a few errors as to names, but the main facts are just as I have stated them. I could get witnesses if I cared to go into a long, useless controversy, but I don't want any of that, and I guess our good friend the VETERAN does not either. I have received several letters from old comrades since the article was printed who took part in the Canton drill complimenting me on my "splendid memory and accurate account." I don't claim to be an encyclopedia of the war, but of events that my regiment took part in I know something. I have been too busy hustling to make an honest living. Handicapped as I am, it has been a hard fight (I was knocked down by the concussion of a shell at Harrisburg, Miss., and rendered almost deaf) to give much thought or time to those stirring old war times. We of the Third Kentucky always gave the Fifteenth Mississippi credit for being one of the best regiments in the service. The men proved it on many a hard-fought field, but there were "others." But don't throw mud at Kentuckians. Of the eight hundred men who participated in the Canton drill, less than one hundred ever saw their "old Kentucky homes" again. As long as we were in Loring's Division we carried our "Canton flag," and it was in all the fights of the division. We were mounted and joined Gen. Forrest in North Mississippi. Forrest had a very small command at that time. Nobody thought then that he had sense enough to manage a separate command. He had raised Bell's Brigade; but the men were poorly equipped, and many of them had never been in a fight. His batteries were light guns of poor quality. We captured the guns and horses that afterwards made Morton and Rice famous.

In every raid that Forrest went on in Kentucky or Middle Tennessee our old Canton flag appeared. Gen. Forrest always favored the Tennesseans; but when he wanted Bell to get down to his level best, he would say, "Watch those d—m Ken-



REV. WM. D. CHADICK, D.D.

tuckians and stay with them." At the fight at Brice's X Roads, when we had our last man in the fight, and the Yanks were still rushing men that had not fired a shot, Morton was "crowding them with artillery." Gen. Buford got uneasy about our battery, and called Gen. Forrest's attention to the danger. Forrest looked around and saw our Canton flag flying close to the guns. Then turning to Gen. Buford, he said: "There are not Yankees here or to come that can capture that battery." At Harrisburg we planted our flag on Gen. Smith's breastworks, while twenty thousand infantrymen and eighteen guns were firing on our one brigade; but it took sixty-two and a half per cent of the regiment to do it. It was among the first to cross the Tennessee River in front of Hood, and from there to Nashville it was in the front all the way. On the retreat, Wilson tried, day after day, to ride over it, but never could. We found Gen. Forrest a major general, with a small, badly equipped command. In three months we were the best-mounted and equipped cavalry in the C. S. A.; we had the finest batteries, and got all from the Yanks. In six months we made Forrest a lieutenant general, with a name that will stand as long as the American people care for heroic deeds. The few of us that got home are proud to think we did our duty always; the rest sleep their last sleep.

"They have fought their last battle;

No sound can awake them to glory again."

ERROR IN HON. JAMES W. BOYD'S SPEECH.—I observe in the eloquent address of Hon. James W. Boyd, as published in the December VETERAN, that in referring to Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, he says: "Garnett, just out of the sick ambulance, with his heavy coat buttoned up," etc. This is a mistake, first published by Gen. E. P. Alexander, who commanded all the Confederate artillery stationed that day on Cemetery Ridge. He says Gen. Garnett had on, or was buttoned up in, an old army blue overcoat. The facts are that a few days before the battle, while near Chambersburg, Gen. Garnett rode forward to the head of the division to see Gen. Pickett on some business, and just as he rode among the staff officers a fiery steed, ridden by Maj. Robert Bright (who now lives at Williamsburg, Va., and can verify this statement), slashed out and kicked Gen. Garnett on the ankle. The wound was a painful one, and he took to an ambulance, in which he reached the field of Gettysburg and was permitted by Gen. Pickett to go into the charge on horseback, as he could not walk without great pain and difficulty. He was not the least sick, and the old blue coat or overcoat, which he always wore in cold or rainy weather, was not worn that third day of July, 1863, when the weather was hot enough to scorch a feather. In passing through Richmond, Va., about the middle of June, Gen. Garnett had purchased a fine, new gray uniform, which he had on when killed in the charge at Gettysburg.

I heard a gentleman of high character describe Stonewall Jackson's appearance on the battlefield of Bull Run "mounted on Old Sorrel," while it is well known that he did not have Old Sorrel until more than a year after that battle.—H. T. Owen, Richmond, Va.

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., December 9, 1903.

Editor Veteran: All memorial associations of the South, forming part of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, are hereby notified that the Confederated Southern Memorial Association will hold its fifth annual convention in

the city of Nashville, Tenn., at the same time as the reunion of the United Confederate Veterans.

The opening feature of this convention will be the Jefferson Davis Memorial Service. Further particulars as to the church at which this service will be held, as well as the location of Convention Hall, will be given later.

The women of 1861-65, the women of the Confederacy, are highly commended for their loyalty and devotion to memorial work, instituted by them in sorrow and gloom immediately after the surrender at Appomattox. This labor of love has been faithfully performed through trials and difficulties, until now every city, town, and hamlet throughout the South can proudly boast of a monument erected by its Ladies' Memorial Association to the Confederate dead.

An invitation is hereby extended to all Memorial Associations not yet affiliated to do so at once and thus unite, in one grand sisterhood, the women of 1861-65, that their identity may be preserved and a record of their glorious work be handed down to posterity.

Application blanks for membership may be had by applying to the Corresponding Secretary, 3303 Coliseum Street, New Orleans, La.

MRS. G. A. WILLIAMS, *Corresponding Secretary*;
MRS. W. J. BEHAN, *President*, White Castle, La.



MISS VALERIA TENNESSEE FIELDS.

Judge A. J. Lawson, of Union City, writes at the request of Leonidas Polk Chapter, U. D. C., sending a picture of Miss Valeria Fields, daughter of Col. Hume R. Fields, who was colonel of the First Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A. Miss Valeria Fields was the representative of this Chapter to the convention of Daughters of the Confederacy at Charleston, S. C. She is an active worker for her Chapter.

The Kentucky Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, will hold its convention for 1904 at Paducah, Ky.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

The February VETERAN will contain important and interesting papers from proceedings in the Charleston Convention.

The "Bill Arp" Memorial Fund was remitted to Mrs. Chas. H. Smith on December 24 with the names of the donors. Subscriptions have been received since then, and others are solicited. One friend sending since Christmas mailed four dollars, half to VETERAN account and the other to this memorial, "if not too late." It will be sent to that fund.

The VETERAN will not surrender this project until further time to consider its extraordinary merit is had, anxious that the result will be a pride to every Southern patriot who laughed and sorrowed over the heroism and philosophy of expression of Maj. Chas. H. Smith during the great war and through all the intervening years since.

While Kentucky and Missouri are making plain that they will not submit quietly to discrimination against their States in the Jefferson Davis Monument, Maryland is as determined, as she expressed herself through delegates in the Charleston Convention, U. D. C. At the recent convention of Daughters in Maryland it was determined to protest against the plan. Several important papers on the subject are in hand.

FLORIDA REINDORSES THE VETERAN.

Of the resolutions passed by the Florida Division, U. C. V., at the reunion in St. Augustine, December 7, 1903, the third, introduced by Gen. George Reese, of De Soto Camp, Pensacola, was adopted:

"As we believe the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is the best channel through which to disseminate the facts as known by the participants in the War between the States, we therefore urge upon the Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and Daughters of Veterans the importance of subscribing to this, our official organ, and we urge upon the Adjutants of the Camps to report monthly the death of veterans in this journal."

Gen. E. M. Law, Honorary Commander for life of the Florida Division, wrote on December 16 to Mrs. Nettie Smith, an efficient and faithful agent of the VETERAN:

"It gives me great pleasure to inform you that, at its late reunion at St. Augustine, the Florida Division, United Confederate Veterans, unanimously and enthusiastically indorsed the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and recommended that all Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and Daughters of the Confederacy subscribe for it and do all in their power to increase its circulation. The VETERAN is essentially the mouthpiece, the exponent of the Confederate soldier, and he and his descendants should spare no effort to strengthen and encourage it in accomplishing the great, patriotic work in which it is engaged."

BROADER WORK FOR THE VETERAN.

The Nashville American, whose editor, Col. Tatum, served in the Spanish-American war, says:

"The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is the best publication of its kind extant. There is not another Confederate publication which equals it, and it is superior to any of the many publications representing the Union soldier. This is a fact of

which Mr. S. A. Cunningham should be justly proud. There are two or three journals published in the interest of the Spanish-American war soldiers, but they are of little or no value. If the CONFEDERATE VETERAN would devote a corner to these 'young veterans,' it would soon grow into an interesting department. They did not see as much hard service or reap as much glory as their fathers, but they showed the spirit of their fathers, and would doubtless have shown themselves worthy sons, under severe test, if opportunity had been offered. The same territory that furnished the Confederacy with its soldiers furnished about 50,000 soldiers in the brief war with Spain, and about 30,000 of these were the sons of Confederate veterans. Are they not entitled to as much recognition in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as the organization known as the Sons of Confederate Veterans, whose members wear the uniform of an organization, but not a soldier's uniform?"

WHERE JEFFERSON DAVIS WAS IN PRISON.

It has long been desired to print a picture of the casemate at Fortress Monroe where our beloved Jefferson Davis, the Confederate States President, was so long incarcerated, but



not until recently was a photograph secured. It was found in a relic store near the fort. It was old and dingy, and the vender seemed to regard it with but little concern.

JULIA SMITH, WHO COOKED FOR HIM.—Inquiry was made of a colored cook who happened to be crossing the campus for the name of some one who knew Mr. Davis while in prison, and he gave the address of "Julia J. Smith, who cooked for him," and she wrote from Phœbus, Va., November 17, 1903:

"I received your communication, through Mr. B. Whiting, requesting me to give you some incident of what occurred while I cooked for the Hon. President Jefferson Davis. Mr. Davis was in prison nine months before I commenced cooking for him; then I was his cook until he went away. The first thing he desired me to cook was to devil some crabs for him, which I did. Dr. Cooper was his physician and Rev. Minnirgrade, of Richmond, Va., was his minister. I was very sorry when he left. I never lived with better people in all my life. He and his wife were very grateful for everything I did for them. Could I see you, I would relate to you many incidents that happened while I was there, which are very interesting. I loved Mr. Davis. May God bless his offspring, and long may they live!"

REUNION OF KENTUCKY DIVISION, U. C. V.

EXTRACTS FROM AN ACCOUNT BY CAPT. ANDREW M. SEA.

How delightful it is to lay aside the harassing and distracting cares of everyday life and through one glad day enjoy the communion and fellowship of those who, next to your own immediate family, you love better than all others in this world! Such was the manifest sentiment of the Kentucky Confederates, who met in Louisville October 29, 1903, to attend the annual reunion of the Kentucky Division, U. C. V., at the Confederate Home, Pewee Valley.

A large percentage of the Camps was represented, but not with large delegations, perhaps not over five hundred altogether; yet they were the representatives of that remnant of immortal 40,000 Kentuckians who gave up their families, their homes, and their property and fought for four long years to protect the hearthstones and firesides of strangers who, like themselves, were battling for constitutional rights, which were being denied them. I would not disparage any Southern troops, but I do say that there were Kentuckians in every branch of the Confederate army, and in every place and under all circumstances they fittingly illustrated the traditionary valor of the State and proved themselves thoroughly efficient and as brave as the bravest. What greater tribute could I pay? The world now concedes that the Confederate armies were the bravest and most heroic body of men that has ever been known.

The delegates were taken to Pewee Valley over the Louisville & Eastern Electric Railroad, passing on the way the beautiful Market Garden lands, the Kentucky Military Institute, the Central Lunatic Asylum at Lakeland, the Southern Presbyterian Orphan Home, and the palatial residences of Anchorage and beyond to Pewee Valley. The inmates of the

Home awaited their arrival. Headed by a military band, comrades of the Home became an honorary escort to the delegates, followed by the Daughters and Sons and sympathizers, swelling the attendance to about two thousand. The magnificent Kentucky Confederate Home is located on a gentle eminence one hundred yards from the street. The building is beautifully proportioned, one hundred and sixty feet long, three and four stories high, contains one hundred well-furnished rooms, with verandas extending the entire length of the building. The five acres of lawn, covered with blue grass as it grows in Kentucky, is interspersed with splendid forest trees. In one corner of the lawn there is a beautiful, vine-clad, pointed Gothic church. How inspiring the occasion! Amidst the strains of "Dixie," "My Old Kentucky Home," and other Southern airs, the gray line of veterans marched up the avenue to the Home. All were happy, yet how different their emotions! The youngest were yelling and screaming with delight; the hearts of the older were almost too full for utterance. Unbidden tears could scarcely be restrained; and O, how fervently and heartily they thanked the great God from whom all blessings flow that he had raised up loving hearts and willing hands to conceive, to establish, and to maintain this much-needed haven of refuge and rest for the battle-scarred, unpensioned veterans, who might henceforth spend the few remaining years of their lives in comfort!

Maj. J. M. Harper, a veteran of Pickett's command, was Chairman of the Refreshment Committee. He was ably seconded by Mrs. Giraud, the matron; Mrs. Coleman, wife of the superintendent; Mrs. Ryan; and other ladies in the vicinity of Pewee Valley. A large delegation from the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, U. D. C., was in attendance. The dinner was simply perfect—such a dinner as could be prepared only



OFFICERS OF KENTUCKY DIVISION, UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG AND DAUGHTER.

COL. T. M. BARKER,
Inspector General Kentucky Div.

GEN. H. P. M'DONALD,
Commander Third Ky. Brigade.

GEN. J. B. BRIGGS,
Second Brigade.

GEN. J. R. ROGERS,
Third Brigade.

by Kentucky matrons. All were of the opinion that for profusion, variety, and excellence it had never been equaled on such an occasion.

The business meeting was held in the dining room after dinner. Gen. Young, the Commander of the Division, announced that the affairs of the Division were in exceptionally good condition, and had received special approval from Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Commander of this department. The election of officers resulted in the unanimous reelection of Col. Bennett H. Young as Division Commander; Col. J. R. Rogers, Commander of the First Brigade; Col. Harry P. McDonald, Commander of the Second Brigade; Col. J. H. Mark, Commander of the Third Brigade; and Gen. J. B. Briggs, Commander of the Fourth Brigade. Gen. Young, in addition to being the Commander of the Division, is also the Chairman of the Board of Managers and President of the Board of Trustees of the Home. He and Col. Harry McDonald, the Secretary of the Board of Trustees, have unselfishly contributed much time to establishing and successfully operating this superb Home. Their services have been invaluable, and the Confederates of this commonwealth owe them a debt of gratitude which in this world can never be repaid.

The Home was projected upon the idea that there would never be over eighty inmates, but in one year more than twice that number have been admitted, and there are still many applicants. Few realized the tremendous necessity for such an institution; but now that the needs are known, we are sure that a generous people will, through their legislators, liberally respond to reasonable requests for additional appropriations. Special committees will be appointed to memorialize the Legislature to provide for its enlargement and increased support.

The report of the officers and managers, showing how the Home has been managed and maintained, is most satisfactory to all Confederates. Comrades returned to their homes with hearts full of gratitude for the blessings of the past year, and in faith that the Kentucky Confederate Soldiers' Home will be worthily maintained.

REUNION OF VIRGINIA VETERANS.

The Grand Camp of Virginia Veterans held their sixteenth annual reunion at Newport News, beginning on the 28th of October. The attendance was one of the largest and most enthusiastic ever held, and when Grand Commander James Macgill called the convention to order the auditorium was completely filled and much space in the gallery occupied. After prayer by Chaplain General John P. Hyde, Mayor Allan A. Moss delivered the address of welcome, which was responded to by Commander Macgill. Col. Maryus Jones, on behalf of Magruder Camp, the local organization also, extended a welcome to the visitors, to which Judge S. W. Williams, of Wytheville, replied. The present officers of the Grand Camp are:

Judge George L. Christian, Grand Commander, Richmond.
W. E. Harwood, First Lieut. Grand Commander, Petersburg.
J. H. Fulton, Second Lieut. Grand Commander, Wytheville.
Col. W. H. Stewart, Third Lieut. Grand Commander, Portsmouth.

Thomas C. Morton, Inspector General, Staunton, Va.
Washington Taylor, Quartermaster General, Norfolk, Va.
Rev. John P. Hyde, Chaplain General, Winchester, Va.
Dr. John S. Powell, Surgeon General, Occoquan, Va.
Thomas Ellett, Adjutant General, Richmond, Va.
William Kean, Aid-de-Camp, Thompson's Cross Roads, Va.
Charles Waite, Aid-de-Camp, Culpeper, Va.

The most interesting feature to the assembled delegates was

the report of the Historical Committee, which was read by the Chairman, Judge George L. Christian. Much space in the report was devoted to the controversy with North Carolina, and while the report deprecated any differences between Confederates, it went on to show that the claim of North Carolina as to being "first at Bethel, foremost at Gettysburg, and last at Appomattox" was, in a measure, incorrect; that Virginia troops were with those of the old North State on each of these occasions. The report of Inspector General T. C. Morton showed the State Organization in a prosperous condition, with increasing enrollments every year. Reports were also made by District Inspectors, either in person or by letter, from all parts of the State.

Capt. J. Taylor Stratton read the following report, which had been forwarded to him by Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, Chairman of the Central Committee of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association:

"*Dear Comrades:* I feel that I must take up your time for a few minutes with a short report from the Central Committee of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association. At the meeting of the Daughters in Richmond we were asked to assume the completion of the Davis monument, and we accepted the sacred trust. They turned over to our treasurer \$20,000. We have in bank to-day \$63,000, drawing interest. Mr. Edward Valentine has been chosen to submit a model to the convention in Charleston.

"I regret to say that Virginia has been behind in its contributions, and I now ask that the pictures of the three branches of the service, as drawn by Mr. Shepherd, at least one set, be bought by every Camp for its hall. These pictures for the reunion are in charge of the Chapter at Newport News. When these pictures are sold, it will be the last appeal from the Central Committee."

An important report on history was read by Mr. R. S. Blackburn Smith, in which the recommendation was made that an effort be made to have the Legislature make provision for and establish a hall of archives and history, in which are to be kept the records, information, etc., regarding the War between the States, which has been and which will be collected by the Sons of Veterans.

The report was enthusiastically received, and a resolution was adopted, appointing a committee to appear before the next Legislature and ask that the hall of archives and history be established.

A rising vote of thanks was tendered to the J. E. B. Stuart Camp, Sons of Veterans, and the people of the city for the hospitable reception given the delegates during their stay.

The election of officers, the final business of the session, was next taken up. Division Commander E. Leslie Spence, of Richmond, was nominated for reelection; but he declined to accept, and Col. W. W. Sale, of Norfolk, was unanimously chosen to succeed him.

Mr. Charles Aylett Ashby, of Newport News, was chosen Commander of the First Brigade; and Mr. E. Lee Trinckle, of Wytheville, was made Second Brigade Commander.

The Division Commander and the Commanders of the First and Second Brigades will now appoint all the other Brigade Commanders, the Adjutant, Quartermaster, and other officers.

The body adjourned after a remarkably harmonious meeting, having disposed of the business of the year in an unusually short time.

The parade of the Veterans was one of the most interesting features of the reunion to the public. Fully twenty thousand people gathered along the short line of march to witness the old soldiers march once more, many of them for the last time,

under their old flags to the tune of Dixie, and it was one continuous cheer from the moment the head of the column came in sight until the last man had passed. Mr. R. K. Curtis was chief marshal, assisted by a number of aids. Grand Commander Macgill headed the column with the various Camps of Confederate Veterans. These were followed by the Camps of the Sons of Veterans, led by their Division Commander, Col. W. W. Sale, of Norfolk; next were carriages with the State and district sponsors and maids of honor and distinguished guests attending the reunion. A mounted company of old Veterans and Sons of Veterans brought up the rear.

The history report is withheld that those who combat Judge Christian's report in behalf of North Carolina may respond, so that he can give them full benefit in the same issue.



DECORATIONS AT NEWPORT NEWS REUNION.

The home of Thomas F. Stearnes, No. 3104 West Avenue, Newport News, Va., decorated for the Confederate reunion. His father, Orren D. Stearnes, was lieutenant in Company D, Fifty-Eighth Virginia Regiment, and died in the Confederate hospital at Staunton, Va., in 1862.

GROWTH OF HOUSTON, TEX.

The recent splendid convention of the Texas Division, U. D. C., at Houston made the occasion one of interest, especially to Texas. Col. Philip H. Fall was requested to furnish some data, and the following liberal extracts are used:

"In 1842, as a youngster two years old, I was brought to Houston from Jackson, Miss., where I first saw the light. At that time you can imagine what Houston was—a small hamlet, composed of tents and board shanties, no railways. People traveled by stagecoach or private conveyance; wagons came from hundreds of miles distant with cotton, taking back groceries, lumber, etc. As late as 1855 these conditions prevailed. Houston had just begun to grow and put on airs when the War between the States commenced, and during that period no improvements were inaugurated. Gen. J. B. Magru-

der, commanding District of Texas, had military headquarters here, which made it a bustling point. Cotton was shipped by wagon to Brownsville, on the Rio Grande River, and thence to Europe. This made money (gold) plentiful. When I arrived at Houston, just before the surrender, from east of the Mississippi, where we, dressed in rags and tatters, often barefooted, with very spare rations, I found the theater in full blast, men garbed in full ball dress, and women decorated with diamonds and magnificently dressed. It was a wonderful change to me, after having for so long been deprived of comforts.

"Houston didn't feel the war. In fact, no doubt, it rendered the city a great trading point, which has continued ever since. If Dick Dowling, with his forty-two fellow-Irishmen, had retreated from Sabine Pass, all of this would have been different. Had the Yanks captured Sabine Pass, they would have made Houston their headquarters, and controlled the entire State. They would have been enabled to ship thousands and thousands of bales of cotton North. In truth, had not Dowling made the fight at Sabine Pass, the Confederacy would have succumbed long before it did. The Trans-Mississippi would have been entirely under Yankee domination.

DICK DOWLING MONUMENT.

"Your humble servant raised about \$500 of the \$1,600 so far in hand for a monument to Dick Dowling, and his men. Dick Dowling Camp raised about \$250, and the Irish societies of the city about \$850. No other city of its size on earth would have failed to erect a splendid monument to the memory of such heroes. It is a sad reflection upon Houston, and, being a citizen of sixty-one years' standing, I feel privileged to upbraid my people with such neglect of this hero-benefactor. The whole State is indebted to Dowling and his men.

"In 1855 deer were plentiful within sight of Houston; wild horses were roaming the prairies near by; bear were common objects as one rode through the forest; prairie chicken, partridges, wild turkey were in abundance; a lark sat upon every bush, singing its sweet song; children were kept quiet and went to sleep under the threat of the Indians' coming.

"At the close of the war we had two short railroads; now we have thirteen. Our population was between fifteen and twenty thousand; now it is about eighty thousand. Splendid houses are being built in every direction, both dwelling and six- to eight-story business houses.

"The government is digging a channel in Buffalo Bayou to the ocean, and soon the largest vessels can come to Houston.

"The oil fields all around us have given us an impetus forward. The new industry (rice) is changing everything. Land which could have been bought a little while back at twenty-five cents per acre will now bring forty to one hundred dollars for cultivation of rice. Gold has recently been discovered at Harwood, not far west of Houston.

"Altogether, Houston has the finest prospect of any city in America. The *Houston Post* has prospered beyond precedent, and recently moved into a seventy-five thousand dollar home, built on the profits of the paper.

"Houston's people are a magnificent set, and never failed to do the handsome, except in the Dowling monument matter. But they may right about soon, and do their duty in this respect."

Another "youngest soldier!" E. G. Baxter, of Clark County, Ky., was born September 10, 1849; enlisted June 15, 1862; made second lieutenant July 5, 1863, Company A, Seventh Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's command.

BATTLES OF RAYMOND AND JACKSON.

Gen. John Gregg's Brigade was composed of the Third, Tenth, Thirtieth, Forty-First, Fiftieth, and First Battalion of Tennessee Infantry, and the Seventh Texas, Gen. Gregg's old Regiment. It left Port Hudson, La., on May 2, 1863, and marched to the railroad, a distance of about thirty miles. There we boarded the train, and ran up to Jackson, Miss., reaching Jackson on the 5th. After camping at Pearl River a few days, Gen. Gregg received orders to march for Raymond. We reached Raymond near sundown, and camped in and by the town on the night of the 15th. Early the next morning the bugle blew the assembly, and all hands were in line, for it was reported by the cavalry picket that "a small force of Yankees" was approaching.

Gen. Gregg moved the brigade of about eighteen hundred men to the southwest of the town, and about 10 A.M. formed line of battle in a woodland, between two public roads in the shape of a V, which intersect near the town, with a graveyard between them. The Forty-First Regiment was halted at the graveyard, and ordered to stack knapsacks, and were held as a reserve. The Yankees formed in our front a double line of infantry, and posted their artillery—and it seemed that they had plenty of it—on the hills in our front, from which they began to shell our line. Gen. Gregg ordered us to advance, which was done in fine style. We attacked the Yankees, driving back the first line and engaging the second, when we found that we were truly "up against Grant's army." It had crossed the Mississippi River below Vicksburg at Grand Gulf, and was marching on Jackson, so as to gain the rear of Vicksburg. Soon the Forty-First was double-quickened to the right of our line, but soon it was ordered to the left wing, and back to the graveyard in double-quick and out on the road to the left to take position.

We held out ground against great odds until near sundown, when the brigade was ordered to retire, which it did in good order, leaving its dead and many of its wounded on the field. Some of the wounded had been taken back to the town and had the best of treatment by the ladies there. Our loss was very heavy, and that of the enemy was worse. Col. McGavock, of the Tenth Tennessee, was killed while leading his gallant old regiment in the charge. Private Lee McClure, of the Third, conspicuously brave, was killed. Capt. Ab Boon, of Company F, Forty-First, was killed. He advanced the skirmish line into a thicket, where he came upon a Yankee, who shot him. The Captain called to Henry C. Whitesides, of his company, who was near him, and said: "Go tell Col. Tillman that the enemy is flanking him. They have killed me." And he sank down dead. When Whitesides had delivered the message and returned to where his captain lay, his sword and gold watch were gone, having been taken by the enemy. The Forty-First was formed, to bring up the rear, in an open field under a heavy fire from the Federal artillery, and executed the move, "Change front, forward on first company," with as much composure as if they had been on a drill field, and the men were highly complimented by Gen. Gregg, who witnessed the move. The brigade passed through Raymond near dark, marching out on the Jackson road about three miles, and camped. The next morning we marched for Jackson, and met Gen. W. H. T. Walker's Brigade of Georgia troops. They had left their knapsacks at Jackson, and had come at a quick step to meet us.

Gen. Walker, being the senior, took command of the division—the two brigades. We reached Jackson about dark, and occupied the breastworks in front of the city. The Yankees

had followed us closely, and in a half hour's time after we halted their camp fires were seen in our front.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, having arrived, took command, and the next morning, in a downpour of rain, we evacuated Jackson. The citizens were very much excited at the approach of the Yankees, and the business houses were thrown open. the goods thrown into the streets, and many soldiers loaded themselves with such things as they wanted. The convicts were turned out of the penitentiary. As we marched out by the lunatic asylum, the inmates were scattered about the premises in a confused manner. We marched toward Canton, some ten miles north. Grant's army turned back toward Vicksburg, and fought Gen. Pemberton at Edwards Station, after which he retreated and occupied the fortifications around Vicksburg. Gen. Johnston, having received reinforcements, moved by Benton to Yazoo City to take position on Grant's flank and rear.

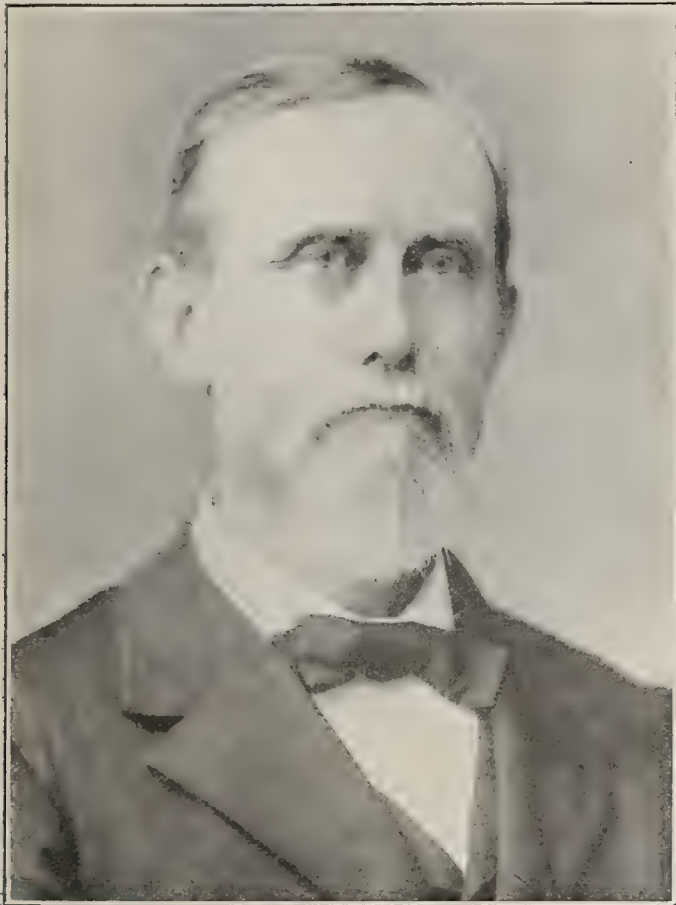
On July 4 Vicksburg fell, and on the morning of the 6th we started on a forced march for Jackson, with orders to keep as silent as possible. No guns were to be discharged, no hallooing to be allowed, with positive orders that straggling from the ranks be not permitted. We had a race with Grant's army for Jackson, and they had the shorter route. Water was very scarce, seldom to be had at all, and the weather was extremely hot, so there was much suffering. When we reached Jackson, Grant was again on our heels. We occupied the works around the city from the river above to the same below. Grant took position in our front, and soon sharpshooting and cannonading began in earnest. For seven days it continued, and many assaults on our works were made. Gregg's Brigade was posted on the left of the road going out of the city toward Vicksburg. One morning the Yankees charged our pickets in a ravine, where there were pools of water, and drove them out. Gen. Gregg called for three hundred volunteers to reinforce our line to retake the ravine, which was done. The Yankees were driven out and a number of canteens were captured. They had sent in details with canteens to get water. One evening, about one o'clock, the Yankees charged our works at a point where a section of Bledsoe's Battery was situated, just on the left of our brigade, and Sergeant Ball, who had charge of the section, shot at the color bearer, and severed his head from his body. He then (for at that moment the Yankees retreated) jumped over the works, ran to the dead Yankee, wrapped the head up in the flag, and brought it inside of the works, and the boys tore up the flag into small strips and tied them on their guns. On the next morning an armistice was had in order that the Federals might bury their dead.

During the armistice an old Billy goat passed out along the road and got between our line of works and that of the Yankees. There was a man in the Forty-First Tennessee, John England, who the boys called Rockie, whose appetite thirsted for the flesh of the aforesaid Billy, so he jumped over the works and started in hot haste after the Billy goat. Billy being suspicious of said Rockie's intentions, started down the lines, his momentum being like unto a hobbyhorse, first the head going up and then the tail, now and then looking back at Rockie, who, with cap in hand, was following in close pursuit. Our boys began to call to Rockie, "Lie down, Rockie!" when the Yankees took up the strain, and both sides with mirthful exclamations called, "Lie down, Rockie!" From that day to the close of the war "Lie down, Rockie" was a byword with the soldiers. After the seven days' fighting, we again evacuated Jackson, and soon after we went to Chickamauga to reinforce Gen. Bragg.

Homer, Ky.

H. K. NELSON.

The foregoing reminiscence will be read with interest by survivors who were engaged. The writer recalls the battle of Raymond as the most unequal of the war. There had to be constant and rapid shifting of Gregg's little brigade, with spaces between regiments equal to their frontage to prevent our being surrounded. On one occasion the Forty-First Tennessee, while moving by file to our left, became so exposed to the enemy that a terrific fire of small arms knocked up the dust like a sudden fall of large raindrops, and about two-thirds of the men in the rear and front of Capt. S. O. Woods



CAPT. S. O. WOODS.

and his first sergeant (now editor of the *VETERAN*) were wounded or their clothes torn by bullets.

When it was manifest that quick withdrawal of the brigade was imperative to avoid its capture, the line was moved at a quick but orderly step back through the town of Raymond. Members of the Tenth Tennessee, Irish, who were carrying the dead body of their gallant colonel, Randall W. McGavock, killed only a little while before, seeing that the Federal army would soon overtake them, were about to drop his body when Lieut. P. M. Griffin, in charge of the body, checked them resolutely with these words: "D— it, men; die by your colonel!" Seeing that it would be impossible to get away with the body, Lieut. Griffin advised his men to go, and he stayed and surrendered, that he might do what he could for burial of the body. On the way to prison Capt. Griffin (then lieutenant) made his escape while the boat was anchored at Memphis, getting out through the wheel house and swimming ashore.

Raymond on that eventful afternoon illustrated the magic speed and energy of Southern women in an emergency. Homes were opened, and wounded Confederate soldiers were being cared for just as if they had been sons and brothers. That eventful day in the history of Raymond, from early morn—when, among other kindnesses, little plugs of tobacco

were carried along the lines and graciously given the soldiers—until the welcome sunset and the darkness that followed enabled the little brigade to escape capture by a large army, will ever remain a vivid memory to those who shared in its anxiety and suffering. The people of Raymond have always held in admiration and gratitude the deeds of our soldiers on that memorable day in May, 1863.

HOW SEVEN WERE BURIED ALIVE.

I sometimes meet with friends who ask me if I am one of the seven who were buried alive in Virginia by a shell. I answer by telling them how it happened. Well, it was this way: I was on picket duty at night. To protect ourselves from the shot and shells while keeping the Yankees from landing, we erected pits about seven feet square and five to six feet high. We were three miles from the river, our line extending endwise toward it. Our aim was to keep them from landing a force off on the river, so we had orders to throw up the mounds about every fifty yards. The pit we were in was some five and a half feet deep, and there was a trench dug running out around for the vedette to stand in. He had orders when he saw the flash of the artillery to run back behind the mound, which he did, and fell on us while we were asleep, and the four-hundred-pound shell that was thrown three miles struck the mound and exploded in there and covered us five or six feet. When we were taken out we were all in a manner dead. We were taken away on litters. While they were carrying us away, another shell came from the same boat, passing a little higher, and exploded. Then the boys laid us down and ran away, but soon returned and got us out. While in there the boys who started to get us out ran away and left us in there, the shelling was so hot.

Gil Turner, who now lives near Chapel Hill, told some boys to pitch in with him and get us out, which he and they did. Had it not been for Turner, we should have been there yet. So I wish Gill Turner and those who helped him may live long and be happy while they live.

The awful feelings I had while in that condition I shall never be able to tell. It seems that I thought of everything I ever knew. This occurred in Virginia. The writer is W. F. Russell, and his comrades were of the Seventeenth Tennessee Regiment: J. M. Hastings, Sim Terry, Warren Hinsen, P. D. Parker, Simon Roberts. The other one of the seven I cannot recall, but I should like to know. I hope to see Gill Turner several times before I die.

JIM BRYAN WAS THERE.—Comrade Carter Berkely, of Staunton, Va., states that James Bryan, an inmate of the Soldiers' Home at Richmond (who spent the summer with his friend Lieut. Gov. Echols), went out with Company I, Fifth Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade. No finer soldier ever pulled a trigger than Jim, and he was badly wounded several times. At the bloody angle, Capt. Charles S. Arnall was acting adjutant of the Stonewall Brigade, and in passing the Fifth Regiment he heard a voice coming from the line of battle that was fighting desperately: "Hello, Captain!" He turned and saw Jim in the front rank loading his gun. He said: "Captain, you see me, don't you?" The next day the Captain saw Jim, and said: "Jim, what in the world did you stop me in that awful place yesterday for?" He replied: "Captain, wasn't that the hottest place you ever saw?" The Captain said it was. "Well," said Jim, "I only wanted a witness that I was there."

REMINISCENCES OF FORTY-SECOND GEORGIA.

Col. L. P. Thomas writes in Gwinnett (Ga.) *Journal*:

"*Mr. Editor:* By request of one of the fair Daughters of the Confederacy of your grand old county, I contribute a short article for the 'Woman's Edition' of your journal for the worthy purpose of aiding the Winnie Davis Memorial.

"After my return from the gold fields of California, in 1856, I married one of Gwinnett's purest and brightest daughters, and commenced a mercantile business under the style of Wilson & Thomas. I was enjoying prosperity in this business when the tocsin of war was sounded. I organized Company A from the noble, gallant young men of Gwinnett County, which became a part of the grand old Forty-Second Georgia Regiment. It was first commanded by Col. R. J. Henderson, with R. F. Maddox lieutenant colonel, W. H. Hulsey major. After fighting over Kentucky and through Tennessee, it was at Vicksburg in the memorable forty-seven days' siege, with the hardships of the ditches, on half rations and part of the time eating mule meat to keep soul and body together, all this time under a galling fire from the gunboats on the river and the small arms from the enemy occupying the intrenchments surrounding this doomed city.

"After returning to our native Georgia, we fought over all the bloody fields from Missionary Ridge to Atlanta, and then again made an onward march to Nashville, fighting over the never-to-be-forgotten plains of Franklin, which was one of the hardest fought battles of the war. We had been in many skirmishes, besides having fought the following hard and bloody battles, viz.: Tazewell, Cumberland Gap, Chickasaw Bayou, Baker's Creek, Vicksburg, Missionary Ridge, Rocky Face, Resaca, New Hope, Pumpkin Vine, Kennesaw, Atlanta (July 20, 1864), Atlanta (July 22, 1864), Atlanta (July 28, 1864), Jonesboro, Franklin (November 30, 1864), Nashville (December 16, 17, 1864), Edisto River, Bindker's Bridge, Orangeburg, Winston, and then Bentonville, this being twenty-two in all and the last battle of the war. A few of this noble old regiment yet remain.

"BENTONVILLE.

"In this last battle of the war all of this grand regiment covered themselves in glory. We had taken our position in a pine forest near the main road leading to Smithfield Station, at which point the Federals charged our line repeatedly, their colors proudly waving immediately in our front. Their colors would rise and fall in a few feet of our battle line. It was here I saw Moses Martin, of Company A, fall. He lay there among other wounded ones, and encouraged our boys to move on. Soon after this charge was made, and we were resting on our arms, some of the Confederate officers came rapidly down our line and complimented us for the fight we had made. Soon after this our entire army was again moved toward Smithfield Station, at which point the reorganization of the army under Gen. J. E. Johnston took place. Col. R. J. Henderson, who had been commanding Cumming's Brigade for some time, was promoted to brigade commander. I had first taken command of the Forty-Second Georgia on the battlefield at Resaca, Ga., and commanded in most of the battles thereafter.

"In this reorganization I was promoted to lieutenant colonel, and J. J. McClendon was made the major. The regiment was then known as the Consolidated Forty-Second Georgia Regiment, many of the regiments being consolidated so as to make one regiment, and new officers placed over them.

"Gen. J. E. Johnston had again assumed command, and the different organizations, under new leaders, commenced in earnest to drill and maneuver, preparing for the next battle.

"With this new order of things we were again ready for the conflict, but the fighting was over.

"Soon thereafter our entire army commenced to march toward Greensboro, N. C. On the march, perhaps the second day on the way, a soldier, who had belonged to the Virginia army and had in some way gotten away in advance of his comrades and no doubt was moving as rapidly as he could toward his loved ones and home, disheartened, sore-footed, and hungry, reported to the officers he first met that Gen. Lee



COL. L. P. THOMAS.

had surrendered. This seemed so absurd that we could not believe it, and the poor fellow was put under arrest and held for a day. After this the news of the surrender came thick and fast, and the Virginia soldier was again allowed to proceed toward his home, apologies having been made to him.

"Another thrilling incident I remember. A soldier (his regiment and name I have forgotten) had been tried by a court-martial for desertion. He was a young fellow, and had not been long with his command; but the strictest discipline was necessarily in force, and the sentence was death. He was to be executed that very day near Greensboro. The detail of men had been made, the time and place selected where he was to be legally executed (shot to death) under military order. His position had been taken, the soldiers were drawn up in front to do the firing, when a dashing young officer from the army headquarters was seen in the distance riding at breakneck speed and waving the pardon from the general commanding just in time to save the life of the poor fellow.

"We commenced moving again in silence toward Greensboro and High Point, where we surrendered a few days thereafter.

"Gen. Johnston, in his 'Narrative of the War,' says: 'On May 2, 1865, the three corps and three little bodies of cavalry of the Confederate army were ordered to march to their destinations, each under its own commander, and my military connection with these matchless and fearless soldiers was terminated.'

"Our command moved on to High Point, a short distance from Greensboro, and there in an old field I had our regiment to stack arms, about four hundred in number, and when that was done, amid a silence that could almost be felt, many a tear was shed by brave officers and brave men while standing there over those guns. A beautiful address had been prepared and handed to me, signed by every officer and non-commissioned officer in my regiment, expressive of the highest admiration for me and the deepest regret at parting. This address I still have, preserved among my many cherished army relics.

"Tell it as you may,
It never can be told;
Sing it as you will,
It never can be sung—
The story of the glory
Of the men who wore the gray."

L. P. THOMAS CHAPTER, U. D. C., NORCROSS, GA.

Laura J. McNab, President, furnishes us a sketch:

"The L. P. Thomas Chapter, U. D. C., was organized at Norcross August 9, 1899, with twelve charter members. The first officers were: Mrs. E. L. McNabb, President; Mrs. R. A. Myers and Mrs. H. V. Jones, Vice Presidents; Mrs. Julia Gartrell, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Druscilla Richardson, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. W. M. Wallace, Treasurer; Mrs. Cornelia C. Jones, Historian.

"The Chapter numbers eighteen members now. Two of the charter members have died, and six members have moved away, among them the efficient Treasurer, Mrs. Wallace.

"In naming the Chapter for Col. L. P. Thomas, the ladies desired not only to compliment a brave officer but also to pay a well-deserved tribute to the gallant Forty-Second Regiment, which numbered among its members so many of Gwinnett's bravest soldiers.

"Every year since its organization the Chapter has observed, with appropriate exercises, Lee's birthday, Memorial Day, and the birthday of Jefferson Davis, on which occasions addresses have been delivered by such distinguished persons as Col. L. P. Thomas, Gen. A. J. West, Hon. H. P. Bell, and ex-Governor A. D. Candler.

"On Memorial Day the graves of every Confederate veteran who sleeps in the cemetery at Norcross is wreathed with flowers. In this the Daughters of the Confederacy have the hearty coöperation of all the citizens. Silver-haired veterans and prattling children go hand in hand paying the beautiful tribute of love to the 'men who wore the gray.'

"The Chapter has contributed to the Winnie Davis Memorial at Athens and the Davis monument at Richmond. Twenty-five crosses of honor have been delivered to Veterans, and twelve more applications are filed, to be delivered this January.

"The Chapter holds its regular meetings on the first Friday afternoon of each month. In addition to this, last winter the members had a Study Evening, one evening in the week devoted to the study of such characters as Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, and Calhoun."

THE RICHARD B. HUBBARD CHAPTER, U. D. C.—The Richard B. Hubbard Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was organized Saturday evening, October 24, at Hubbard City, Tex., with a membership of about thirty. Miss Katie Daffan, of Ennis, Tex., President of the State organization, was there to assist in organizing the Chapter. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Dora Pinkston; Vice Presidents, Mrs. R. S. Stovall and Mrs. Mat-

tie Waller; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Joseph E. Taulman; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Hallie Sadler; Registrar, Mrs. J. M. Peden; Historian, Mrs. Cora Porter; Treasurer, Mrs. W. W. Thompson.

CHARACTERISTIC OF SOUTHERN WOMANHOOD.—A fine illustration of the energy and industry exhibited by the Southern women after the war was recently given by a patron of the VETERAN in what she had done for herself and others:

"After the first bitterness was over, I realized that I must work or lose my mind. Since then I have tried to do with all my might whatever work God seemed to place before me. On our old place I superintended the planting and cultivation of a small but beautiful orange grove. The income from it was ample for my simple wants. The freeze eight years ago cut it down to the ground. The succeeding cold winter and want of money rendered my efforts to restore it futile. In spite of all the sorrow the war brought upon me and mine and upon my beloved Southland, I would rather that it came than that my countrymen had submitted to be trampled upon without a struggle to be free. The cause was and is very dear to my heart."

MANNER OF STONEWALL JACKSON'S DEATH.—E. L. Moore, Esq., writes from Lamar, Mo., a comment on Capt. Randolph's sketch, in which he states:

"The article on the 'Manner of Stonewall Jackson's Death,' by W. F. Randolph, captain of Jackson's bodyguard, is very interesting; but I call your attention to the serious discrepancies between this account and that of the same great tragedy (commencing on page 685 of the 'Life and Campaigns of Jackson') by R. L. Dabney, who, I understand, was Jackson's chief of staff. Capt. Randolph places himself in command of Jackson's bodyguard at that time, while Dabney's account apparently gives that position to a Capt. Wilbourne, and does not mention Capt. Randolph. Other discrepancies in names and details appear, but this is the most serious and serves as an illustration.

"Now, for the sake of historical truth, it does seem that there ought to be some effort at reconciliation of these authorities. Surely there ought to be no question as to every name and detail of so important an event as the firing upon Jackson that fatal night.

"Dabney's work was written by a man who was intimately associated with Jackson during his campaigns, and was published prior to April 1, 1866, while everything was fresh in the author's mind. I hope this mystery can be cleared up."

LOYALTY TO TEXAS VETERANS.

A Tyler, Tex., special to the Houston Post reports a case of attempted shooting which illustrates the sentiment of that people:

"In a crowded store Dave Murray, aged about seventy years, a gallant Confederate soldier, shot at a young man about twenty-seven years of age. Mr. Murray, who enjoys the love and esteem of every one who knows him, stated the trouble was caused by a family matter. The bullet passed through the crown of Tom Johnson's hat, grazing his head. News soon spread that Dave Murray was under arrest, and immediately the poor and the wealthy ex-Confederates came pouring into the courthouse. His bond was placed at \$300, and the aggregate wealth of his bondsmen is over \$500,000. Every one was anxious to sign the bond. Hut Murray, the defendant's brother, was taken from the jail here in reconstruction days and mobbed by Federal soldiers. He was bayoneted to death by over five hundred soldiers. He had attacked with a knife a Yankee soldier for insulting a lady in the streets."

GEN. STERLING PRICE.

BY REV. J. R. PERKINS, HUNTSVILLE, MO.

Prince Edward County, Va., contributed her quota of stars to that constellation of military geniuses that rose resplendent in the skies of the Old Dominion. High among that number, shining as a star of the first magnitude, is Sterling Price. He was a Virginian by birth and a Missourian by adoption. Born September 14, 1809, he grew to manhood in the county of his nativity. He was educated at Hampden-Sidney College, a venerable institution that numbers among its charter members Patrick Henry and James Madison.

Democracy in this Western world has ever sought the outpost of civilization unhampered by the customs and the traditions of the lands across the sea. This is a partial explanation of that great exodus of Puritan and Cavalier from out the conservative East. In the soil of the States of the Middle West these two streams of humanity confluenced and gave birth to the American citizen. In the wake of this tide the Price family came to Missouri in 1831, and settled in Chariton County.

From 1832 to 1840 Sterling Price knit strength into his vigorous frame by labor upon his father's farm. He had, in 1833, married the daughter of Capt. Head—an excellent Virginia family that had preceded the Prices to Missouri.

Young Price became a leading citizen of Chariton County, combining his well-trained mind with rare tact and common sense. He carried these qualities, with a winning personality, into the political arena, and was elected to the eleventh General Assembly of the State of Missouri upon the Democratic ticket. He was honored in his second term by being chosen speaker of the House. At this time Sterling Price was thirty-one years old. He possessed the dash and the courtliness of the Cavalier and the austerity of Puritan moral conviction. He was of that type and quality which gave to this country her first Americans. Thus he soon was deemed an integral part of the life of his State, and accordingly, in 1844, was elected to the Lower House of the Twenty-Ninth Congress of the United States.

War with Mexico was pending. The controversies in Congress were heated. The martial spirit of the man was stirred, the innate Anglo-Saxon aversion to Latin supremacy asserted itself, and he chose a military life. He was a soldier born.

Jefferson Davis, the future President of the Southern Confederacy, and Sterling Price resigned their seats in Congress at the same time, and were commissioned by President Polk to raise regiments in their respective States.

Col. Price's regiment was detailed for duty in New Mexico Territory. When the Commanding General Kearney proceeded to California with the main army, Sterling Price was virtually given military command of the Territory, with a force of two thousand men.

Immediately upon the departure of Gen. Kearney, the Mexicans rose in revolt, brutally murdered the provisional governor, and planned to exterminate all American life in New Mexico.

But the conspirators had not reckoned with the men from Missouri and their young colonel. Placing himself at the head of five hundred men, Col. Price stormed the heights on which the enemy was posted, received his baptism of fire, won the first engagement of his military career, and displayed a trait that ever characterized him in warfare—leading men into battle rather than directing them into it.

Five more fierce engagements subjugated the enemy. The achievements of the young colonel were recognized by Congress, and he was raised to the rank of brigadier general. The impartial historian of our war with Mexico will acknowledge the command of Price as the winner of New Mexico to the arms of the United States.

Sterling Price returned home laden with honors. In 1852 he was elected Governor of Missouri. At the expiration of his term of office ominous war clouds lowered over the nation, from which the lightning of sectional hate occasionally flashed, followed by the mutterings of discontent.

His attitude in that ordeal is easy of definition. He believed in the sovereignty of the States; he was acquainted with the difficulties attending the formation of the constitution by the representatives of the thirteen original colonies; he knew that constitutional rights in America were born of revolutionary rights, and he felt that when constitutional doctrine endangered the liberties of a people the right of revolution became imperative. "Rights in the constitution" was his motto; but if rights were not to be had in it, then create a new constitution.

In the special convention of 1861, called by Missouri, Price stood for these principles. But the "irrepressible conflict" came. It would have been less bitter in Missouri had not Nathaniel Lyon, bigot and fanatic, stalked upon the scene. He spoke with contempt of the Price-Harney agreement—an agreement that would have saved thousands of lives and millions of dollars.

At this juncture Sterling Price drew his sword, as did Lee, in defense of his State. Gen. Sherman said that the North could better afford to lose the State of Missouri than Price. The motives which actuated Price were not ulterior, for he knew that the strength of the North was double that of the South, but with him might did not make right.

Price's record in the War between the States stamps him as one of the foremost leaders of the lost Confederacy. From Wilson Creek's sanguinary battle he emerged the leader of his people. At Lexington he executed a piece of strategy that set the Eastern critics wondering and caused the North to send her best generals against him. On the field of Elk Horn he distinguished himself by personal bravery, and for his care of his soldiers he won the sobriquet of "Old Pap." At Iuka he fought so hard that Rosecrans said: "Price is a pertinacious fighter." The Confederate retreat from Corinth, slipping out of the carefully laid meshes of a superior Federal force, was one of the most sensational and strategic moves of the entire war. Price conducted the crucial part of that retreat. Never was his subjective soldier instincts better displayed. When theories failed, his native cunning, resourcefulness, and common sense won.

When Lee surrendered, Sterling Price soon accepted the situation gracefully, and with characteristic optimism faced the problems which awaited every son of the South. But the reconstruction of the nation was for others, for Missouri's great soldier was summoned to go up higher. Unbiased and unembittered, he passed away September 29, 1867, mourned by the South, for which he had fought, and respected by those against whom he had unsheathed his mighty sword.

[In using the sketches of Gens. Sterling Price and Patrick R. Cleburne, it was intended to give the picture of each the full front page, but failure to procure suitable pictures precluded it. A picture of the Cleburne flag was kindly sent by Col. H. G. Evans, of Columbia, Tenn., an ardent admirer of "Old Pat," but it is of blue print, and therefore cannot be reproduced by the photo-engraving process.—Ed.]

MAJ. GEN. PATRICK R. CLEBURNE.

The following extracts are taken from a sketch of Gen. Cleburne written by Gen. Hardee in May, 1867, in whose corps Gen. Cleburne served most of the time from the rank of colonel to that of major general:

"Patrick Ronayne Cleburne was an Irishman by birth, a Southerner by adoption and residence, a lawyer by profession, a soldier in the British army by accident, in his youth, and a soldier in the Southern armies from patriotism and conviction of duty in his manhood. Upon coming to the United States, he located in Helena, Ark., where he studied and practiced law. In the commencement of the war for Southern independence, he enlisted as a private. He was subsequently made captain of his company, and shortly after he was elected and commissioned colonel of his regiment. Thus from one grade to another he gradually rose to the high rank of major general, which he held when he fell. It is but just praise to say there was no truer patriot, no more courageous soldier, nor, of his rank, more able commander in the Southern armies; and it is too much to add that his fall was a greater loss to the cause he espoused than that of any other Confederate leader after Stonewall Jackson.

"In the battle of Franklin, November 30, 1864, Cleburne fell at the head of his division. He was one of thirteen general officers killed or disabled in the combat. He had impressed upon his officers the necessity of carrying the position he had been ordered to attack, a very strong one, at all cost. The troops knew from fearful experience, of their own and their enemy's, what it was to assault such works. To encourage them, Cleburne led them in person nearly to the ditch of the enemy's line. There rider and horse, each pierced by a score of bullets, fell dead close by the enemy's works.

"The death of Cleburne cast a deep gloom over the army and the country. Eight millions of people, whose hearts had learned to thrill at his name, now mourned his loss, and felt there was none to take his place. The division with which his fame was identified was worthy of him, and he had made it so. Its numbers were made up and its honors shared by citizens of the five States—Arkansas, Texas, Alabama, Mississippi, and Tennessee. In it was also one regiment of Irishmen, who, on every field, illustrated the characteristics of the race that furnishes the world with soldiers. No one of its regiments but bore upon its colors the significant device of the "crossed cannon inverted," and the name of each battle in which it had been engaged. Prior to the battle of Shiloh, a blue battle flag had been adopted by me for this division; and when the Confederate battle flag became the national colors, Cleburne's Division, at its urgent request, was allowed to retain its own bullet-riddled battle flag. This was the only division in the Confederate service allowed to carry into action other than the national colors; and friends and foes soon learned to watch the course of the blue flag that marked where Cleburne was in the battle. Where this division defended, no odds broke its lines; where it attacked, no numbers resisted its onslaught, save only once—there is the grave of Cleburne and his heroic division.

"Cleburne, at the time of his death, was about thirty-seven years of age. He was above the medium height, about five feet eleven inches, and, though without striking personal advantages, would have arrested attention from a close observer as a man of mark. His hair, originally black, became gray under the care and fatigue of campaigning. His eyes, a clear steel-gray in color, were cold and abstracted usually, but beamed genially in seasons of social intercourse; and blazed fiercely in moments of excitement. A good-sized and well-shaped head, prominent features, slightly aquiline nose, thin, grayish whiskers worn on

the lip and chin, and an expression of countenance, when in repose, rather indicative of a man of thought than action, completes the picture. His manners were distant and reserved to strangers, but frank and winning among friends. He was as modest as a woman, but not wanting in that fine ambition which ennobles men. Simple in his tastes and habits, and utterly regardless of personal comfort, he was always mindful of the comfort and welfare of his troops. An incident which occurred at Atlanta illustrates his habitual humanity to prisoners. A captured Federal officer was deprived of his hat and blankets by a needy soldier of Cleburne's command, and Cleburne, failing to detect the offender or to recover the property, sent the officer a hat of his own and his only pair of blankets.

"Cleburne's remains were buried after the battle of Franklin in the Polk Cemetery, near Columbia, Tenn. Gens. Granbery and Strahl, brave comrades who fell in the same action, were buried there also. On the march to Columbia, a few days before his death, Cleburne halted at this point, and in one of the gentle moods of the man that sometimes softened the mien of the soldier, gazed a moment in silence upon the scene, and, turning to some members of his staff, said: 'It is almost worth dying to rest in so sweet a spot.'

"It was in remembrance of these words that their suggestion was carried out in the choice of his burial place. In this spot where nature has lavished her wealth of grace and beauty—in the bosom of the State he did so much to defend, within whose borders he first guided his charging lines to victory, and to whose soil he finally yielded to the cause the last and all a patriot soldier can give—rests what was mortal of Patrick Cleburne, and will rest until his adopted State shall claim his ashes and raise above them monumental honors to the virtues of her truest citizen, her noblest champion, her greatest soldier.

"Cleburne had often expressed the hope that he might not survive the loss of independence by the South. Heaven heard the prayer, and spared him this pang. He fell before the banner he had so often guided to victory was furled, before the people he fought for were crushed, before the cause failed.

"Two continents now claim his name, eight millions of people revere his memory, two great communities raise monuments to his virtues, and history will take up his fame and hand it down to time for exempling, wherever a courage without stain, a manhood without blemish, an integrity that knew no compromise, and a patriotism that withheld no sacrifice, are honored of mankind."

Since the above was written by Gen. Hardee, Arkansas has claimed the dust of her illustrious soldier, and it now rests beneath a handsome monument in the cemetery of Helena.

The remains of Gen. Granbery have been removed to Texas, and Gen. Strahl to Dyersburg, Tenn., among the people with whom he lived on coming South from Ohio.

It is a singular fact that, though Cleburne's and Cheatham's Divisions were together nearly all of the war, there was never any jealousy of one command toward the other. There was, in fact, ardent admiration between the men of the two commands. On occasions of terrific fighting each was proud of the support of the other, and the heroism of one division was an inspiration to the other.

H. S. Fuller writes from Malvern, Ark.:

"The VETERAN for November, on page 519, made me say, 'Fort Moultrie was in possession of the enemy,' while it was in our possession, and it was our own guns that sunk our boat. The North Carolina Regiment was ordered to Sullivan's Island and ours to James Island. That was some time before the final evacuation of Morris Island."

MONUMENT AT FORT SMITH, ARK.

An interesting story is told by Joseph M. Hill in the dedication of a Confederate monument at Fort Smith, Ark. While it comes as an oration, it is a gem in historic data, and was delivered in behalf of the Varina Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C. Mr. Hill is the youngest son of Gen. D. H. Hill, and son-in-law of Gen. D. H. Reynolds.

Ladies and Gentlemen: In October, 1817, a military post was established at Belle Point, near the confluence of the Poteau and Arkansas Rivers, by Maj. William Bradford, acting under the order of Brig. Gen. Thomas A. Smith, of the United States army, commanding the Ninth Military Department, which embraced this part of the then Missouri Territory.

In 1818 a wooden stockade, protected by wooden block-houses, was constructed thereon, and named, in honor of Gen. Smith, Fort Smith. It was occupied as a fort for twenty years, when a new site was selected, and three hundred acres purchased by the government, principally from Capt. John Rogers, the then owner of the land upon which most of our city is located. This tract constituted what is known as the Reserve, so famed in our local history.

The fort was built thereon in 1838, its rock walls being constructed with the stone taken from Belle Point, thereby effacing the beauty of that work of nature.

From 1838 until April 23, 1861, the fort was almost continuously occupied by United States troops, and on the latter date was evacuated, evidently in anticipation of the storm about to break.

The army officers selected a beautiful site within this Reserve, on the banks of the Poteau above the Point, for the burial of the dead belonging to the army.

When the Confederate government was organized and Arkansas cast her fate with the new-formed nation, the fort became (at least *de facto*) the property of the Confederate States, and was used by their troops.

The bloody battle of Elk Horn, or Pea Ridge, was fought on the 7th day of March, 1862, and therein fell Brig. Gens. Ben. McCulloch and James McIntosh. Of them their commanding officer, Maj. Gen. Earl Van Dorn, said: "McCulloch and McIntosh fell in the very front of the battle and in the full tide of success; with them went down the confidence and hope of their troops. No success can repair the loss of such leaders."

All that was mortal of these heroes was brought here for interment in the cemetery appertaining to the fort. The story of their burial is like a tale from an olden book: Two coffins side by side, covered with the flag for which they died, drawn by six milk-white horses caparisoned in black, each led by a slave dressed in black, escorted by soldiers with reversed arms. Muffled drums and martial music marked the time of this stately procession as it wound its way through a silent multitude gathered from the whole countryside, standing with uncovered heads and moist eyes.

"Slowly and sadly they laid them down,
From the field of their fame fresh and gory.
They carved not a line, they raised not a stone;
But left them alone in their glory."

Thus what had been the Federal cemetery became the Confederate cemetery. Gen. McCulloch's body was soon removed to Texas.

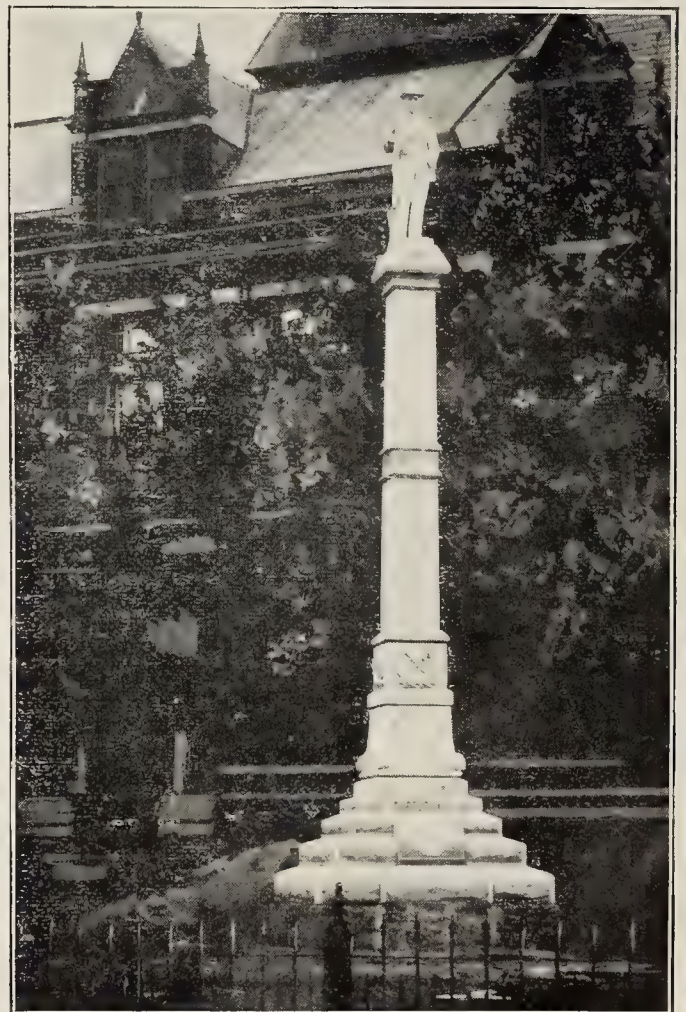
After the battle of Prairie Grove another sad scene was witnessed when the body of gallant Brig. Gen. Alexander E.

Steen, who fell in that battle, was brought here and interred beside his comrades.

The old fort, during the year 1862 and until September 1, 1863, was used principally as a hospital. There the wounded and the sick from Elk Horn, Prairie Grove, and other battlefields in this vicinity were brought for treatment and care. The good women of Fort Smith devoted themselves to the nursing of these sick and wounded soldiers. The dead were all buried in this cemetery until the roll call in that bivouac of the dead numbered three hundred and eighteen Confederates.

On September 1, 1863, the Federals again occupied Fort Smith, and it remained in their hands until the war closed. After the war the Federal government, with just and generous hands, gathered its dead from the battlefields and laid them tenderly to rest in cemeteries adorned with the beauties of nature and art, and commemorated their valor in shafts of marble and tablets of bronze. This cemetery on the Reserve became one of the eighty-three national cemeteries maintained by the government, and in it lie one thousand, eight hundred, and twenty-five Federal soldiers, and over their graves waves the flag of a reunited country. The Confederate dead buried there had no government to care for their heroic dust; their flag was furled, but they have not been forgotten.

About a decade after the war Gen. James F. Fagan and Dr. Elias DuVal, names beloved in our community, inaugurated a movement to erect a monument to Gens. Steen and McIntosh and their comrades to mark their resting place in the national cemetery. The ladies gave dinners, lectures, and entertainments of various kinds to assist in raising the necessary funds. Part, if not all, was thus raised by them. Col.



FORT SMITH CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

Elias C. Boudinot, that prince of song and story, delivered a lecture in behalf of this fund. As a result of this work a modest, yet appropriate, shaft was erected on Confederate Mound, and the bodies of the Confederates in the cemetery were placed together there. This monument remained there until destroyed by the cyclone of 1898, and another was placed in its stead when the government caused all the monuments destroyed by that storm to be replaced.

The Grand Army of the Republic have followed, if they did not inaugurate, a beautiful custom. Annually they assemble to honor their dead. With sad steps they march to the graves of their fallen comrades and scatter the flowers of spring, and with other appropriate ceremonies commemorate their valor in life and heroism in death. Every year when the Federal soldiers and their wives and daughters have performed these beautiful rites a band of devoted Southern women have marshaled those of Southern ties to the cemetery, and there covered the Confederate dead with roses and heaped garlands of evergreens over their unresponsive dust. It is not invidious, but only simple justice, to say that this work of love has been led by that devoted daughter of the South, Mrs. Sallie Ruth-erford, who has not been deterred by storm or sorrow from paying this tribute to the dead who wore the gray. Sometimes this memorial day has been jointly celebrated, and fitting eulogies delivered on both the gray and the blue.

On the 23d of September, 1898, at the invitation of Miss Fannie Scott, of Van Buren, eight ladies met her and Mrs. Henry A. Mayer, then President of the Mary Lee Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy of Van Buren, at the residence of Mrs. James M. Sparks, and it was then resolved to organize a Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Fort Smith, and on October 6, 1898, Varina Jefferson Davis Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy was formally organized with a full corps of officers, thirty-one ladies participating in the organization.

It is a sorrow refreshed by this occasion that Miss Fannie Scott, Arkansas's Daughter, cannot see the fruition of the work of the Chapter she was instrumental in organizing. Her love of the South was intense and her devotion to the veterans of the lost Confederacy sublime. If it is given to the souls of those who die in the Lord to revisit the earth, her gentle spirit is with us to-day as a benediction.

The object of the Chapter was declared to be "to search for and preserve the true history of the brave deeds of our Southern men and women, and see that it is taught to the rising generation; to care for the graves of our Confederate heroes; and to see that the day set apart for decoration day be observed each year; to fulfill the duties of sacred charity toward Confederate veterans and their descendants; and to erect monuments to our dead."

The most cherished purpose of this Chapter (which has grown to one hundred and thirty members) has been to erect a suitable monument to the Confederate dead, and, as the original monument to Steen and McIntosh and the Confederates in the national cemetery was destroyed, it was thought most fit to erect it on that spot where so many of them lie, which is endeared to the hearts of this community by many sad associations; and there, standing over the dust of these dead, would be a monument to all the Confederate dead.

"We care not whence they came;
Dear is their lifeless clay;
Whether unknown, or known to fame,
Their cause and country still the same—
They died and wore the gray."

This Chapter accumulated by the hard work of its ladies the sum of \$936.64, which was made by giving teas, dances, and suppers, attending booths at street fairs, and various entertainments, in which they worked in unison and harmony to this common end. A committee, consisting of Mrs. John H. Rogers and Mrs. James M. Sparks was appointed to solicit funds, and \$1,196 was secured by solicitation and voluntary contribution. The sums ranged from ten cents to fifty dollars, and, whether the widow's mite or the rich man's dollars, each was given with full heart and ready hand; and all, except less than fifty dollars, was given from Fort Smith. \$199.75 was contributed through solicitations of Ben T. DuVal Camp, United Confederate Veterans, and that fund has been used to adorn and beautify the approaches to this monument. The names of all the donors to this fund are placed in the corner stone of this monument. Some of the contributions to this fund are from those not of Confederate sympathy, who gave from a broad liberality, desiring to honor valiant Americans.

In these ways a monument fund of \$2,332.39 was raised. The Daughters of the Confederacy selected a committee of three veterans and three ladies to choose the design, contract for the monument, and cause its erection. That committee consisted of Messrs. John H. Rogers, Charles A. Birnie, and J. E. Reynolds, and Mrs. James M. Sparks, Mrs. W. J. Echols, and Mrs. Sue Bonneville. The completion of this monument, with every dollar of its cost paid, finishes their work. It is not on the site contemplated by reason of the intolerance of a Secretary of War, whose name should not be mentioned on a day dedicated to honoring American patriots.

In behalf of the monument committee, I deliver this monument to the Daughters of the Confederacy.

The Daughters of the Confederacy will keep the faith. The women of the South sent to the front father, husband, son, and lover, and gave a smile with the parting tears. For four years, with needle, spinning wheel, and loom, they furnished clothing to the soldiers in front, and oftentimes with hoe and plow provided food at home. They endured hardships and privation with the stoicism of the veteran; their spirits never waned, and in the face of defeat they sung to their foes the songs of the South. They never faltered, and they never surrendered. Welcoming back their loved ones, they cheered their despondency, helped the maimed, and revered the memory of their dead next to their God. They taught their children with the prayers of childhood the story of "that storm-cradled nation that fell," and made reverence of that a part of their religion. To their daughters this monument and all of which it is emblematic is handed as a sacred trust. They will teach posterity that we have one country, one flag, and one people; but once there was another flag, now furled forever, and under its folds marched armies clad in gray who added new honor to American manhood and new luster to American history, and they will point to this monument to emphasize the history of that other time, "Lest We Forget."

CAPT. BEN DAVIS WITH PEMBERTON AT VICKSBURG.—John Haywood, of Covington, Tenn., requests space in the *VETERAN* to correct a mistake in Young's "History of the Seventh Tennessee Cavalry," which does great injustice to the memory of Capt. Ben Davis in the statement that he was "absent without leave" for a certain period. I belonged to his company, and testify that he was within the fortifications of Vicksburg with his company as Gen. Pemberton's escort and couriers during the time referred to. His son, Mr. Ben Davis, of Brownsville, and several members of the company request this correction.

CONFEDERATE ORDNANCE DURING THE WAR.

FROM JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES ARTILLERY.

William Le Roy Broun, while President of Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, and who was formerly lieutenant colonel of ordnance of the Confederate army, commanding the arsenal at Richmond, wrote the following account:

In complying with your request to give experiences and difficulties in obtaining ordnance during the war, I shall endeavor, relying on my memory and some available memoranda preserved, to give a statement of the collection and manufacture of ordnance stores for the use of the Confederate armies, so far as such manufacture was under my observation and control. After a year's service in the field as an artillery officer, I was ordered to Richmond and made superintendent of armories, with the rank of major in the regular army, a new office in the army of the Confederate States, and sent to various points in North Carolina and Georgia to inspect and report on the facilities possessed by different manufactories for making arms, swords, sulphuric acid, etc. As a general rule, the facilities for manufacturing were meager and crude, giving little prospect for an early serviceable product.

Early in the spring of 1862 I was ordered to report at Holly Springs, Miss., and take charge of a factory just purchased by the Confederacy, and designed for the manufacture of small arms. It was not many months before the defeat of the Confederate army under Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh, Tenn., which caused a hurried removal of all the machinery to Meridian, Miss. I went to Richmond again, reported to the chief of ordnance, and was assigned to duty connected with the ordnance department.

The Confederate Congress had authorized the appointment of fifty new ordnance officers, and the applications to the War Department became so numerous and persistent for these appointments that the Secretary of War, Col. Randolph, ordered that all applicants should submit to an examination, and that appointments would be made in order of merit, as reported by the board of examiners. Thus what we are now familiar with as civil service examinations were introduced by the Confederate War Department in 1862 in the appointment of ordnance officers.

I was made lieutenant colonel of ordnance, and as president of the board with two other officers constituted the board of examiners. By direction of Gen. J. Gorgas, the chief of ordnance, I prepared a field ordnance manual by abridging the old United States Manual and adapting it to our service when necessary. This was published and distributed in the army.

The examination embraced the field ordnance manual as contained in this abridged edition, the elements of algebra, chemistry, and physics, with some knowledge of trigonometry. The first examinations were held in Richmond. Of course the fact of the examinations greatly diminished the number of applicants. Of those recommended by the board, so many were from Virginia that the President declined to appoint them until an equal opportunity was given to the young men of the different armies of the Confederacy in other States.

Hence I was directed to report to and conduct examinations in the armies of Gens. Lee and Jackson in Virginia, Gen. Bragg in Tennessee, and Gen. Pemberton in Mississippi. Under other officers examinations were conducted in Alabama and Florida. The result of this sifting process was that the army was supplied with capable and efficient ordnance officers.

Early in 1863 I was appointed commandant of the Richmond arsenal. Here the greater part of the ordnance and

ordnance stores were prepared for the use of the Confederate armies.

The arsenal occupied a number of large tobacco factories at the foot of Seventh Street, near the Tredegar Iron Works, between Cary Street and the James River. It included all the machine shops for working wood and iron organized into different departments, each under subordinate officers, arranged to manufacture ordnance stores for the use of the Confederate army.

Cannon were made at the Tredegar Iron Works, including siege and field guns, Napoleons, howitzers, and banded cast-iron guns. Steel guns were not made. We had no facilities for making steel, and no time to experiment.

The steel guns used by the Confederates were highly valued, and, with the exception of a few purchased abroad, were all captured from the Federals.

At the beginning of the war the machinery belonging to the armory at Harper's Ferry was removed to Richmond, and there established. This armory manufactured Enfield rifles, and the product was very small, not exceeding five hundred per month.

With the exception of a few thousand rifles, the soldiers at the beginning of the war were armed with the old smooth-bore muskets and with old Austrian and Belgian rifles imported. These they exchanged for Enfield rifles as they were favored by the fortunes of war.

In the summer of 1862, after the seven days' battles around Richmond between Gen. Lee and Gen. McClellan, men were detailed to collect arms from the field, which were carried to the Richmond arsenal, and then as quickly as possible repaired and reissued to the army. Subsequently, through the blockade runners, a large importation of excellent rifles was received and distributed.

When the men detailed for this purpose were collecting the thousands of Enfield rifles left by the Federals on the battlefields around Richmond, I remember seeing a few steel breastplates that had been worn by the Federal soldiers who were killed in battle. They were solid steel in two parts, shaped to fit the chest, and were worn under the coat. These were brought as curiosities to the arsenal, and had been pierced by bullets. I remember this as a fact of my own knowledge. Some years ago the charge that some of the Federal soldiers wore breastplates was denied and decried as a gross slander, and in reply thereto I published in the *Nation* the statement here made. These no doubt represented a few sporadic cases, worn without the knowledge of others. The Confederate soldiers had to rely for improved arms on captures on the battlefield and on importation, when the blockade could be avoided, having available no large armory.

The Tredegar Iron Works at Richmond, Va., was the chief manufactory of siege and field guns, all cast-iron and smooth bore. The large Columbiads were made there, also the howitzers, twelve-inch bronze Napoleons, etc. But the highly valued banded Parrott three-inch rifles, with which the army was well supplied, were, as a rule, captured on the battlefield.

As the war continued great difficulties were experienced in obtaining the needful ordnance supplies, and many devices were resorted to. After the battles about Chattanooga, Tenn., when the Confederacy lost possession of the copper mines, no more bronze Napoleons could be made; but instead thereof a light cast-iron twelve-pounder, well banded after the manner of the Parrott guns, was made, and found to be equally as effective as the Napoleon.

At the beginning of the war it must be remembered that the Confederacy had no improved arms, no powder mills, no arsenals, no armories, no cap. machines, and no improved can-

non. All supplies, at first, were obtained by importation, though the blockade subsequently cut off this foreign supply. All arms were percussion cap muzzle loaders. In the beginning the old flint-lock smooth-bore muskets were changed to percussion cap lock and issued to the troops.

To keep a supply of percussion caps was a difficult and very serious problem, as the demand for caps was about twice as great as it was for cartridges.

The machines made after the United States pattern did not yield a large supply, and simpler and much more efficient machines for making, fitting, pressing, and varnishing caps were invented and made by Southern mechanics.

After the Federals obtained possession of the copper mines of Tennessee, great anxiety was excited as to the future store of copper from which to manufacture percussion caps.

The casting of bronze field guns was immediately suspended, and all available copper was carefully hoarded for the manufacture of caps. It soon became apparent that the supply would be exhausted and the armies rendered useless unless other sources of supply could be obtained. No reliance could be placed on the supply from abroad, though large orders were forwarded, so stringent was the blockade. Of course the knowledge of this scarcity of copper was not made public. In this emergency it was concluded to render available, if possible, some of the copper turpentine and apple brandy stills which still existed in North Carolina in large numbers.

Secretly, with the approval of the chief of ordnance, an officer was dispatched, with the necessary authority to purchase or impress all copper stills found available, and ship the same, cut into strips, to the Richmond arsenal. By extraordinary energy he was enabled to forward the amount necessary for our use. The strips of copper of these old stills were rerolled and handed over to the cap manufacturer. And thus were all the caps issued from the arsenal and used by the armies of the Confederate States during the last twelve months of the war manufactured from the copper stills of North Carolina.

After the completion of the cap machines, which were an improvement on the old United States machine, eight hands only, two being men, the others boys and girls, frequently manufactured from the strip copper over three hundred thousand caps within eight hours, stamping, filling, preparing, and varnishing them. These cap machines thus had a capacity of producing a million a day. These caps made at the arsenal were frequently tested, and pronounced to be superior in resisting effects of moisture and in general efficiency.

For the completion of these machines, the Confederate government awarded the inventor, an employee of the arsenal, the sum of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, being then equal to two thousand in gold.

To manufacture the fulminate of mercury, we needed nitric acid and mercury. A quantity of mercury was obtained early in the war from Mexico. To make nitric acid, we required niter and sulphuric acid. The sulphuric acid we manufactured in North Carolina, after many failures and difficulties, especially in obtaining the lead to line the chambers. Niter was made by the Niter and Mining Bureau, especially organized for that purpose. Everywhere about the environs of Richmond could be seen large earthen ricks and heaps which contained dead horses and other animals, designed for use in the manufacture of niter. The available earth from caves was also made to yield its quota of niter. With this sulphuric acid and niter, on the banks of the James River, we manufactured the nitric acid required in the manufacture of fulminate.

Near the close of the war the supply of mercury became exhausted. Here was a most serious difficulty. We had not, and could not obtain, the mercury, an essential material with which

to manufacture fulminate of mercury; and without caps the army could not fight, and must be disbanded. This was an extremely serious situation, as no mercury could be obtained in the limits of the Confederacy. We began to experiment on substitutes, and fortunately found in Richmond two substances, chlorate of potash and sulphuret of antimony, which, when properly combined, answered the purpose satisfactorily. And the battles around Petersburg during the last few months of the war were fought with caps filled with this novel substitute.

Our lead was obtained chiefly, and in the last years of the war entirely, from the lead mined near Wytheville, Va. The mines were worked night and day, and the lead converted into bullets as fast as received. The old regulation shrapnel shells were filled with leaden balls and sulphur. The Confederacy had neither lead nor sulphur to spare, and used instead small iron balls and filled with asphalt.

We had no private manufactories established which could furnish the appliances needed, and frequently everything had to be done from the very beginning by the ordnance department and the army in the field. For instance, to run the forges to make the irons for the artillery carriages we needed charcoal. To obtain this I purchased the timber of a number of acres of woodland on the south side of the James River, and secured a detail of men to burn the charcoal for the use of our forge department.

During the winter men from Gen. Lee's army cut and shipped to Richmond the timber with which artillery carriages were made on which to mount the guns to fight the battles in the spring. Men appointed for that purpose followed the army and collected the hides of the slaughtered animals, which were used to cover the saddletrees made of timber, cut by temporary details of men from the army in the field.

As the war continued efforts were made to build permanent and well-appointed arsenals, as at Macon and Augusta, Ga. The large arsenal at Augusta, under the management of Col. Rains, was especially devoted to the manufacture of powder. Toward the close of the war it was making an abundant supply of very superior character, equal, and in some respects superior, to that imported from foreign countries.

Under the demands of necessity in many instances, cotton converted into rubber cloth was used in the manufacture of infantry accouterments, and was found especially useful in making belts for machinery.

Models of inventions were frequently sent to the arsenal, of which large numbers were valueless, and those good in theory could not be tried for want of skilled machinists and ordnance supplies.

I remember on one occasion, the last year of the war, that a large number of Spencer breech-loading rifles, the result of a capture, were turned over to the arsenal, and, though greatly desired by the troops, could not be reissued for want of ammunition. In the effort to make the cartridges for the Spencer rifles, in the first place, tools had to be devised with which to make the tools used for making the cartridges. Hence the surrender of Richmond came before the cartridges were made.

A plan was proposed at the arsenal to increase the accuracy and range, and thus render available and more efficient the smooth-bore muskets in possession of the Confederacy. The plan proposed was theoretically correct, and is worth mentioning, inasmuch as very late in the war the identical plan was sent to President Davis from Canada as a scientific gift of great value. This was sent by him to the War Department, and hence found its way to the arsenal, where the drawings were regarded with interest, since they correspond exactly with those made at the arsenal years previously. The idea was to fire an elongated compound projectile made of lead and

hard wood, or papier-maché. In the diagram the heavy lines represent a section of the leaden arrow bullet, with center of gravity well forward; the dotted lines represent the hollow sabot of wood, or hard papier-maché. On firing, the lighter material, moving first, would press outward the arrow head, and thus destroy windage, and the flight of the trajectory would be as an arrow, without rotating on the shorter axis, inasmuch as the center of inertia of the projectile would be in advance of the center of resistance of the air. At least that was the theory of the compound projectile devised for the old smooth-bore musket.

An attempt was made to use on the field a round concussion shell from the howitzers as mortars. In this concussion shell a friction primer properly wrapped acted as a fuse, its head terminated in a bullet, which rested on the shoulder of the brass fuse that screwed into the shell, leaving an unfilled hollow space about the bullet. When the round shell struck any point, except that exactly in rear of the prolongation of the wire, put in the axis of the bore by using a sabot, the momentum of the bullet would draw the friction primer and explode the shell, regardless of the point on which a round shell struck. A gun carriage was made for howitzers with a round shell trail, as thus they could be used as mortars, and fired at a high angle.

These were rather experiments than instances of success, and are only mentioned now to show that the ordnance officers did something more than simply attempt to imitate the Federals. They were prevented from accomplishing what they planned by reason of the want of machinery to do the necessary work.

During the siege around Petersburg it was discovered that the shells used for the large Parrott guns were very defective—that is, had but very short range. The shells would start off and fly well and straight, revolving on the longer axis during the first half of the trajectory, and then suddenly whirl on the shorter axis and drop almost vertically. One can tell by the ear the instant the axis of revolution changes, if one gun is fired. The action of the shell being observed, the cause was obvious, and a remedy suggested itself. The center of the resistance of the air at the summit of the trajectory was in advance of the center of inertia, and produced a couple that caused the rotation on the shorter axis. The obvious remedy was to make the front of the shell hemispherical instead of conoidal, and diminish its length, and thus put the center of gravity forward of the center of resistance. With this change made, the maximum range was attained and the complaints of the artillerist ceased.

When we consider the absence of manufactories and machinery and of skilled mechanics in the South at the beginning of the war, its successfully furnishing ordnance supplies for so large an army during the four eventful years is a striking evidence of the energy and resources and ability of its people.

The success of the ordnance department was due to its able chief, Gen. J. Gorgas, and, in a measure, to the intelligence and devotion of its officers selected by the sifting process of special examinations.

I must add this, that never was an order received from Gen. Lee's army for ammunition that it was not immediately supplied, even to the last order to send a train load of ammunition to Petersburg, after the order was received for the evacuation of Richmond.

As continuous work was necessary to keep a supply of ammunition at times, serious difficulties threatened the arsenal not only from scarcity of supplies of material but also from depreciation of our currency.

Food supplies were very scarce in Richmond and became enormously high in Confederate currency, and during the very severe last winter of the war all the female operatives who filled cartridges with powder left the arsenal and struck for higher wages. These were trained operatives, and the demand for ammunition was too great to afford time to train others, even if they could have been secured. An increase in money wages would not relieve the difficulty.

I remember once being, early in the morning, on the island in James River, with the ice and frost everywhere, surrounded by a number of thinly clad, shivering women, and, mounting a flour barrel, I attempted to persuade them by appeals to their loyalty and patriotism to continue at their work until better arrangements could be made. But patriotic appeals had no effect on shivering, starving women.

Very fortunately, at this juncture a vessel with a cargo for the ordnance department ran the blockade at Wilmington, N. C., laden not with rifles and powder but with bacon and sirup, and articles for food and clothing, these being of extreme value. An ordnance store was immediately established, and food and clothing sold to the employees of the arsenal at one-fourth the market price. This fortunate cargo made all happy, and relieved the impending difficulty.

I submit herewith a statement of the principal issues from the arsenal made up to January 1, 1865. This can be relied on as accurate, having been copied from the official reports preserved at the arsenal, consolidating all issues. The report was prepared by my order, furnished the *Richmond Enquirer*, and published the day of the evacuation of Richmond. A copy was published in the *New Eclectic Magazine*, April, 1869, from which this extract is taken:

"STATEMENT OF PRINCIPAL ISSUES FROM THE ARSENAL.

"Statement of principal issues from the Richmond Arsenal from July 1, 1861, to January 1, 1865.

"*Artillery Equipments, Etc.*—Columbiads and siege guns, 341; field pieces of all descriptions, 1,306; field gun carriages, 1,375; caissons, 875; forges, 152; sets of artillery harness, 6,852; rounds of field, siege, and seacoast ammunition, 921,441; friction primers, 1,456,190; fuses, 1,110,966; portfires, 17,423; rockets, 3,985.

"*Infantry and Cavalry Arms, Accouterments, Etc.*—Infantry arms, 323,231; cavalry arms, 34,067; pistols, 6,074; swords and sabers, 44,877; sets of infantry and cavalry accouterments, 375,510; knapsacks, 188,181; haversacks, 478,498; canteens and straps, 328,977; gun and carbine slings, 115,087; small arm cartridges, 72,413,854; percussion caps, 146,901,250; cavalry saddles, 69,418; cavalry bridles, 85,139; cavalry halters, 75,611; saddle blankets, 35,464; pairs of spurs, 59,624; horse brushes, 42,285; currycombs, 56,903."

The enormous amount of "thirteen hundred fieldpieces of all descriptions" classed among the issues does not signify that that number was manufactured at the arsenal, but that number includes all those obtained by manufacture, by purchase, or by capture, and afterwards issued therefrom. The writer in the *Enquirer* further says: "Assuming that the issues from the Richmond arsenal have been half of all the issues to the Confederate armies, which may be approximately true, and that 100,000 of the enemy were killed, not regarding the wounded and those who died of disease, it will appear from the statement of issues that above one hundred and fifty pounds of lead and three hundred and fifty pounds of iron were fired for every man killed; and if the proportion of killed and wounded be as one to six, it would further appear that one man was disabled for every two hundred rounds expended.

In former wars, with the old smooth-bore musket, it was generally said, 'His weight in lead is required for every man who was killed;'" and from the issues of the arsenal it does not appear that the improved rifle requires a pound less. It will appear to one fond of statistics, who may reduce the moving force of the projectiles to horse power, that the force required to kill one man in battle will be represented by about one thousand horse power.

Some general remarks in reference to the conclusion of the war and the destruction of the arsenal may not be out of place. There were a large number of Federal prisoners in and about the city. Libby prison was filled with officers, and Belle Isle with many privates. To release these was the object of cavalry raids against the city, when the main army was absent.

All the operators of the arsenal and the Tredegar works and employees of the departments were organized in regiments, and were called to the field when a raid was expected. So they literally worked with their muskets at their sides, and so valuable were the lives of the skilled artisans that it was said: If three iron workers in the regiment of the arsenal were killed, the manufacture of cannon would stop.

But the end was approaching. In the Confederate Senate I remember listening to an animated discussion in regard to enlisting negro troops in the army. It was urged by some of the Senators that we should enlist and arm fifty thousand negroes, of course with a pledge of freedom.

I knew we could not possibly arm five thousand. The ordnance department was exhausted. One company of negroes was formed, and I witnessed the drill in the capitol square, but I understood that as soon as they got their uniforms they vanished in one night.

As the spring of 1865 approached the officers often discussed the situation. We knew that Lee's lines were stretched to breaking, we knew the exhausted condition of every department, and we knew the end was near.

Sunday, April 2, was a bright, beautiful spring day, and Richmond was assembled at church. I was at St. Paul's Church. About four pews in front of me sat President Davis, and in a pew behind him Gen. Gorgas, chief of the ordnance department and my chief. During the service and before the sermon the sexton of the church, a well-known individual in the city, stepped lightly forward, and, touching Mr. Davis on the shoulder, whispered something to him. Mr. Davis immediately arose and walked out of the church with a calm expression, yet causing some little excitement. In a moment the sexton came back and called out Gen. Gorgas. I confess that I was made extremely uneasy, and was reflecting on the probable cause when, being touched on the shoulder and looking around, the sexton whispered to me that a messenger from the War Department awaited me at the door. I instantly felt the end had come. I was ordered to report to the War Department, where I soon learned that Gen. Lee had telegraphed that his line was broken and could not be repaired, and that the city must be evacuated at twelve o'clock that night. I was ordered to remove the stores of the arsenal, as far as could be done, to Lynchburg, and was informed that the President and chief officials would proceed to Danville, and the line be reestablished between Danville and Lynchburg. I immediately had the canal boats of the city taken possession of, and began to load them as rapidly as possible with machinery, tools, stores, etc., to be carried to Lynchburg.

As a large supply of prepared ammunition could not be taken, I had a large force employed in destroying it by throwing it into the river. Supplies of value to families were given away to those who applied. By midnight the boats laden with

stores were placed under charge of officers and started for their destination, which they never reached. What became of them, I never knew.

About two o'clock in the morning Gen. Gorgas, the Chief of Ordnance, came to the arsenal to tell me that he was about to leave with the President for Danville, and to report to him there. I never reported to him till fifteen years later, when I met him at Sewanee, Tenn., the Vice Chancellor of the University of the South.

Every possible effort was made to prevent the destruction of the arsenal. I, as commanding officer, visited every building between three and four o'clock in the morning of the 3d of April, had the gas extinguished and the guards instructed to shoot any man who attempted to fire the buildings. One hour afterwards (I was then four miles from the city) the rapid and terrible explosion of the shells heard in the distance proved that that part of the city occupied by the arsenal was being made desolate by the torch applied by the frantic mob. Shortly after the President left the city, the gunboats were blown up. After witnessing the explosion from the arsenal, I sent for the keeper of the magazine, and, satisfying myself that life would not be endangered by its destruction, wrote an order for him to explode the magazine at five in the morning, the last order of the Ordnance Department, and among the last orders of the Confederate government, given in the city of Richmond.

As I rode out of the city in the early dawn, I saw a dense cloud of smoke suddenly ascend, with a deafening report that shook the city to its center. Thus ended the surrender of the city of Richmond. The mob immediately took possession, looted the stores, and fired the city. A large part of beautiful Richmond was burned to the ground.

The Federal troops marched into the burning city in splendid order, took possession, dispersed the mob, and saved, by their energy and discipline, the city from total destruction.

GEN. EARLY IN THE VALLEY.

BY CAPT. S. D. BUCK, BALTIMORE, MD.

I have before me an article written by a comrade of Company B, Fourth Georgia Regiment, as fine a body of men as ever marched to battle; but I must differ with him as to Gen. Early's "Combination of Blunders," as he terms Early's Valley campaign. He makes a bold charge of blunders, but names none, intimating only that Early should have continued the advance. He also says that he "saw Gens. Early, Gordon, and others trying to rally the troops," and that "the whole line gave way at the same time." Now, pardon me, comrade, but you are in error. Early rode up to the rear of our brigade, Pegram's, and I was near him while the battle was in progress on our left. We stood fast, and I saw brigade after brigade break; but we moved back only when ordered to do so by Gen. Early himself, and our alignment was perfect till we got back to Cedar Creek Bridge. On crossing we were broken, but Gen. Pegram rallied part of the brigade a half mile from the bridge and received a cavalry charge, and on the edge of Middletown he stopped the artillery and opened on the enemy. I am positive that the North Carolina Brigade east of the pike fell back in good order, and their alignment was commented upon at the time.

Sheridan had 35,900 troops, while Early's reported 10,000 was, in fact, not over 8,000. Custer was on one flank with 5,000 cavalry and Merrell on the other with over 4,000. We drove the enemy from Cedar Creek to Middletown, over three miles, and at 4 P.M. Early did not have 5,000 men in line.

Most of the absentees had left their colors to pillage the captured wagons—excusable to some extent, as they needed clothing and felt that Sheridan would keep on to the Potomac River. "Every sensible man saw the end," he writes. I confess that the regiment I had the honor to belong to did not see it in that light, but believed so firmly in the justice of our cause that they never lost hope. Early's campaign in the Valley shows marked ability, and the day will come when justice will be done the old hero. Gen. Lee never lost faith in him, and when relieved of command so wrote him. If he had had 25,000 troops, Sheridan would never have been known in poetry or prose. He killed, wounded, and captured more of Sheridan's troops than he had in his army. They admit over 16,000 loss.

WAR TIME LETTERS OF THE SIXTIES.

Comrade J. A. Templeton, of Jacksonville, Tex., who was a member of Company G, Tenth Texas Cavalry Dismounted, sends some old letters written to his parents in the winter of 1863. They are in the original envelopes, each bearing two five-cent Confederate postage stamps:

"CAMP NEAR SHELBYVILLE, BEDFORD COUNTY, TENN.,
January 9, 1863.

"*Dear Father and Mother:* As it has been some time since I wrote you, this may surprise you, but I have had no chance before. I am now with Capt. Good's old battery, commanded by Capt. Douglas, as a detail. I would not change for anything, as artillery service is much easier than infantry or cavalry.

"I suppose you have heard of the battle of Murfreesboro, fought on the 30th and 31st of December. The first day we went within two miles of the town, but did not drive the enemy back scarcely any. Our brigade was not engaged, though they were shelled a good deal by the enemy. The battery was placed back in the reserve, and did nothing the first day, but about eight o'clock on the 31st we were ordered out, and were soon against a brigade of *live Yankees*. I thought we were going to be charged, as they were in less than one hundred yards of us, advancing and not a gun unlimbered. As soon as we got our guns ready they took to their heels, but our canister shot overtook a good many of them. We drove them away from a splendid battery of six or eight guns, which our brigade captured, but they got on our flank and recovered it. We were then placed on the extreme left wing. In the meantime our brigade was pursuing the enemy, together with Gens. Rains's and McNair's brigades. Our division came on them while they were preparing breakfast. The coffeepots and frying pans were on the fires steaming as we went through their camp. Our prisoners said that the First Ohio never ran before that morning. . . . Gen. Rains was killed on the second day. He was a Tennessean, and lived at Nashville. He died fighting toward his home, like many other Tennesseans who fell that day. Adj. Jarvis and Lieut. Col. Craig were wounded slightly. Our men charged a cedar brake and failed, because the enemy had masked a battery."

Another letter from Shelbyville, April 22, 1863, states:

"I again write you a few lines. I have given up all hope of ever receiving another letter from home. The mails being so uncertain is all that keeps me from accusing you of never writing to me. . . . I have no news that you have not heard. An important move must be in hand from present appearances of things. We are ordered to send all our baggage to the rear, retaining only one tent fly to every sixteen men.

I look for another Kentucky trip or some long march. Polk's Corps is camped in the vicinity of Shelbyville. There are three divisions in the corps—viz., Withers', Cheatham's, and McCown's—and generally from three to five brigades in each division. Brig. Gen. A. P. Stewart is at present our division commander. McCown has not been in command in some time. Gen. Bragg received and inspected Polk's Corps a week or two ago. If there is any one in S. J. Johnson's company that would rather be in this, he can get a swap. That is the only way to get a transfer this side of the river. I have heard different reports as to whom Johnson's company is serving. One says that it has been sent to the borders of Texas to guard wagon trains. If this is true, I should like very much to be with them, and, anyway, to get a transfer to that company would suit me.

"We are doing very well here now. We moved camp yesterday, and have the prettiest camp I ever saw. It has been a woods lot (before the fences around it were destroyed) with large beech, ash, and elm trees that afford good shade. I am afraid that some night when we get sound asleep orders will come for us to get up and cook rations and be ready to march by daylight. This occurs when we get into some pleasant camp and begin to be comfortably situated. This time last year we had arrived at Memphis, so it has been one year since we crossed the Mississippi River. I was in hopes that peace would be restored to our country by this time, but can't see that it is any nearer at hand. I hope to 'tell the tale' if the war lasts twenty years."

MISREPRESENTATIONS ABOUT THE SOUTH.

The *New York Sun* published, sometime since, a statement represented to emanate from "a professor in one of the leading universities of the South." The newspaper ought to have accepted this as ridicule:

"It is little wonder that the sectional lines disappeared so slowly when one remembers some of the instructions given in the backwoods schoolhouses the first year after the war.

"In one of the border States such instructions as these were given by the teacher, orally, for there were no schoolbooks for quite a while after the war:

"'Who was the first President?' If the pupil answered 'George Washington,' the teacher replied rather sadly: 'Yes, he was the first President at the time you speak of, but the first President of the South was Jefferson Davis.'

"Then he would ask, 'Who was the greatest soldier in the world?' and he would answer himself: 'Gen. Lee.'

"When the class in geography was called, and the question was asked: 'Name the greatest cities in the country,' the class was instructed to say: 'New Orleans, Richmond, and Charleston.' The longest river in the United States was given as the 'Lower Mississippi,' and the class was further instructed that the capital of the country was Richmond. The greatest products of the country were cotton and sugar, and New Orleans molasses came next.

"In all these instructions there was never any reference to the North. No harsh words were spoken of Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, or of any of the great events in which they participated. They were simply ignored."

The last paragraph is about the only truth in the sketch. The comment, for instance, on the first President is ridiculous. The South has always been proud of Washington, and the "first" as applied to Mr. Davis is minimized by our own people, who fondly refer to him as the only President of the Confederate States.

THE CADETS AT TUSCALOOSA NOT CAPTURED.

Mr. W. F. Pearson, who was a cadet at the Alabama University at Tuscaloosa, writes a history of the cadets in rebuttal to the stories about the Katydids, of which humorous accounts have been given. These accounts did not emanate from a desire to reflect upon the students in the Alabama University, yet they gave offense, and Comrade Pearson throws bright light upon that branch of the Confederate service of which Southerners may well be proud. The VETERAN assures this comrade and all others who were there, and their parents, that no desire even was had to belittle the lads and young gentlemen of the battalion or to deprive them of any merited credit. The Louis Moore referred to is evidently a misprint. In his letter from Poarch, Okla., Comrade Pearson writes at length:

"An account of 'The Capture of the Katydids,' which appeared in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for June, 1903, would be unnoticed except to be laughed at but for the injustice it does to the Alabama Corps of Cadets, volunteers in the Confederate army, who did their duty as soldiers and are entitled to consideration as Confederate veterans. Evidently the story was written by one unacquainted with the city of Tuscaloosa and ignorant of the circumstances attending its capture, hence the conclusion that it was constructed upon humorous 'war incidents.' Louis Moore, the boy hero of the story, was never a cadet in Tuscaloosa. The story is false in every particular, as can be proven by the university register and by the living members of the Alabama Corps of Cadets. As that was the most exciting and happiest period of my life, I have a distinct recollection of the details.

"Gen. J. T. Murfee, President of the Marion Military Institute, was commandant of the corps of cadets; Prof. W. S. Wyman, President of the University of Alabama, and Prof. E. A. Smith, State Geologist of Alabama, were professors in the university. They and many others know all the facts, and by them it can be proved that 'Louis Moore,' as a cadet or as a defender of Tuscaloosa at any time, was and is unknown. In Tuscaloosa, during the war, there were no little-boy cadets, nor an academy for cadets, and there was no campus except that at the university. The Federals did not make a charge on cadets in Tuscaloosa at any time. The only cadets there during the war were the Alabama Corps of Cadets, and they wore neat home-spun jeans Confederate uniforms with a white collar, subject to daily inspection, turned over the jacket collar. Among these cadets there was not in 1864 or 1865 a 'coatee,' a spiked-tail jacket covered with brass buttons, nor any kind of uniform that would have suggested to soldiers the name 'Katydid,' an epithet not coined for cadets until after that time.

"One day near the end of March, when the Yankees were looked for, the Alabama Corps of Cadets were posted before the bridge near a wall of loose brick that had been built by the citizens. Parties of cadets may have obtained permission on that day to cross the bridge and visit the camp of Forrest's command, in which they had many friends; but it surpasses the belief of those who were acquainted with Confederate boys in uniform, and knew the spirit of fun and mirth with banter that prevailed in the South, that any of these cadets became offended or indignant at any soldier's jeer or joke. Before leaving home the cadets had learned all about these jokes and 'sells,' and they knew exactly what to say in reply to the cavalry. If any cadet took offense, the fact was never reported to the corps, among whom this visiting party of cadets mingled for hours. The truth is that a most friendly feeling existed between Forrest's men and the cadets. During the previous win-

ter about forty cadets had joined that command, and as cavalrymen they continued to wear their cadet uniforms.

"The facts on which the story depends—viz., the charge by magnanimous Federals who refused to harm the fighting boys, the heroic defense, the capture of the little boys, and Louis Moore's complaining speech, are all false in every particular, because nothing of the kind ever happened and no such boys were in existence.

"A fight occurred in Tuscaloosa a half mile from the bridge, in which a captain and two cadets were badly wounded; but no cadet then, nor at any other time, was captured by the Federals. That Gen. Croxton despised the cadets until he met them is probable; that he gave orders to capture and spank but not kill them is possible. But no such orders were carried out. No cadet was captured. The 'spanking' of an enemy is a joke more ancient than the almanac. Two thousand years ago it was repeated by Sertorius when he saw Metellus coming to relieve young Pompey in defeat. In his most popular opera a celebrated wit and song writer says:

'Quixotic is his enterprise, and hopeless his adventure is,

Who seeks for jocularities that haven't yet been said.

The world has joked incessantly for over fifty centuries,

And all the jokes that's possible have long ago been made.'

"Judge Young says that 'it was an essential fact of the story that a courier on horseback notified the cadets of the enemy's approach on April 4.' Even if this be true, which is not a part of the story, to send that courier was a duty of Col. Hardcastle, who had refused to permit cadets to guard the bridge. That the guards of cavalry were derelict in their duty on the night of April 5, when the bridge was taken, cannot be denied.

"The description of Jackson's Division of Forrest's Cavalry, as given by the writer and approved by Judge Young, of Memphis—viz., 'They were men worn with months of fighting, foot-sore, poorly clad, and they were ill fed'—are expressions recognized as having been used numberless times in describing Stonewall Jackson's immortal soldiers; but they cannot appropriately be applied to Forrest's Cavalry, especially in April, 1865. These cavalrymen at that time had done but little fighting for months; riding on horses, they certainly were not 'foot-sore;' and they were allowed to feed themselves, and did feed, at Confederate supply depots under their care and protection. The cadet uniforms were cut by a skilled tailor; and they were neat, for we had not slept on the ground, except in Mobile, in a dirty cotton warehouse. The cadets also had shining guns, for it was a part of their duty to keep them bright.

"The Alabama Corps of Cadets, numbering two hundred and eighty-five boys and young men whose ages, with two exceptions, ranged from fifteen to eighteen years, were considered by the Confederate authorities as being immature and unable to undergo the hardships of a campaign under Lee, Hood, or Forrest, and for this reason they were stationed in Tuscaloosa and quartered in the university buildings, where they pursued the university course of studies and performed such military duties as are required of regular soldiers in barracks. The corps of cadets, divided into three companies, was formed into a battalion and commanded by Col. J. T. Murfee, a distinguished graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, who, on account of his unusual attainments, had been detailed from the Confederate army, in which he was a lieutenant colonel, to drill the battalion and to instruct the advanced students in the science of military engineering, tactics, and the art of war. His fitness for this responsible trust was demonstrated by the discipline he maintained over the cadets and their perfection in all the evolutions of the drill and manual of arms.

"When the Confederate armies were greatly increased by volunteers in 1862 and 1863, every available cadet was sent to recruiting stations as drillmasters, and they proved themselves competent officers. My eldest brother, at that time a cadet, wrote home that on being called out of ranks to drill the company he was unable to speak a word of command and the failure filled him with grief and disappointment. Father wrote immediately, advising him to ask for another trial. Having passed the second ordeal satisfactorily, he was sent to the Thirtieth Alabama, under Col. Charles M. Shelly, at Talladega.

"The cadets sent out for this purpose went to the front later as privates in their respective regiments. Indeed, from this time on cadets frequently left the university to join one of the main armies of the Confederacy. In the winter preceding the close of the war about forty left, and in their neat and trim uniforms, which were becoming to soldiers, joined Forrest's command. Months afterwards several of them called to see their friends at the university. Hence the improbability of cadets, because of their neat uniforms, being derided by Forrest's men, whose uniforms were of the same material. Cavalrymen who camped in the university grove often witnessed our battalion drill and dress parade, and some of them remarked that we were better drilled than any troops they had seen in the army. Having been enlisted in the Confederate army as volunteers, the cadets were subject at all times to a call from the government, and at different times were ordered into actual service: in August, 1864, to meet and repel Gen. Rousseau's raiders, who were making a demonstration toward Montgomery, the capital of the State. In a sharp fight near Notasulga, Ala., the corps of cadets and a few other Confederate troops defeated this detachment of cavalry and drove them back toward West Point, Ga. In the following December the battalion was sent to Gen. Maury at Mobile, where a land attack was constantly expected, and we remained there until that danger had passed. In that city we had the distinguished honor of being selected as the escort of Admiral Semmes, the most renowned Confederate naval commander, from the railroad station to his home. He had arrived by a long, circuitous journey from England, where he had been received and entertained by the nobleman who rescued him from drowning when the Alabama was sunk in a famous naval duel off Cherbourg, France, with the United States steamer Kearsarge.

"During the two first days of 1865 the cadets, somewhat demoralized, were returned to Tuscaloosa.

"One bright day in March we were sent to breastworks six miles beyond Northport to fight Yankees who were reported to be coming. Returning to the university, we remained there until that dark night when the Federals crossed the bridge and went into Tuscaloosa without being fired upon.

"As the facts and circumstances of this exploit by the Federals and of the fight by the cadets and their retreat have been misrepresented and ought to be ventilated, I shall give the particulars of these occurrences as I learned them by observation, from reports current at that time, and lately from Prof. W. S. Wyman, who was a prisoner.

"THE CAPTURE OF TUSCALOOSA.

"By a rapid march a Federal cavalry brigade fifteen hundred strong arrived at Northport a few hours after dark on April 5, and, finding no guard at the bridge, crossed into Tuscaloosa and took from a livery stable the two field pieces of artillery which had been removed from the university by order of Col. Hardcastle and against the protests of Col. Garland and Col. Murfee.

Col. Hardcastle also refused the request for a guard of cadets to be posted at the bridge, but intrusted that duty to men who abandoned this important post because the night was very dark and our cavalry scouts had reported after sunset that no Yankees were within sixty miles.

"Whether or not a courier was sent by Col. Hardcastle to notify the cadets, the Yankees were already in town before the alarm was given. But the cadets, accustomed to guard duty, were easily aroused. Even while the long roll continued its ominous sound, the ranks were being formed, and Company A, with a dozen men only, hurried off, leaving the belated to run faster and overtake their command. The companies came together at the university grove, and skirmishers were deployed. Marching more slowly in column after we reached Main Street, the battalion halted on the brow of the hill overlooking the valley between the town and the bridge, and a line of battle was formed. In a few moments the companies began to fire by file at the indistinct enemy, and with such regularity, rapidity, and precision that the Federals retired. From prisoners captured by our skirmishers Col. Murfee learned that we were confronted by a Federal brigade under Gen. Croxton, who had orders to surprise the city and capture the cadets; but our sudden arrival and regulated movements caused him to suspect that pretended friends had led him into a trap set by Gen. Forrest, and in consequence he retreated down the hill to wait till daylight. After our wounded had been cared for, we were ordered to retire to the university.

"On our side Capt. Murfee's ankle was shattered, Cadet King's leg was broken, and Cadet Siler was shot through the chest, but not a cadet was captured.

"In this action six Federals were killed and several wounded. The killed were buried at Tuscaloosa in the old cemetery, and were afterwards removed to a national cemetery, probably to that near Chattanooga.' (Prof. W. S. Wyman.)

"When the battalion retreated to the university, Col. Murfee explained that the force opposed to the cadets comprised fifteen hundred Federal cavalry, armed with repeating rifles. He ordered the battalion to re-form in the public road at the southeast corner of the campus, and gave us permission to get from our quarters such clothing as we actually needed. Within twenty minutes the battalion, in a column of fours, with a lantern in front, again began to retreat, and marched seven miles east to Hurricane Creek, which we reached at daylight. On a high hill beyond the creek we stood under arms all day, expecting every hour to see the Federal advance. At sunset we recrossed the bridge, and, after marching fourteen miles south, halted for the night. 'God bless the man that invented sleep!' Our first meal on this retreat was at a very large spring, which we reached the next morning after marching three hours. A continuous march of several days, during which the cadets were in high spirits, brought us to Marion, a depot of Confederate supplies, and we fared there better than we had at the university. We learned here that the university buildings, except the observatory, had been burned. A week later the Federals, hearing of Forrest's approach, left Tuscaloosa, burning the bridge after recrossing it.

"Finally we were informed of Lee's surrender and given an indefinite leave of absence, with permission to keep the Springfield rifles which Gen. Maury, commanding the army at Mobile, had issued to us in exchange for the short bronze Mississippi rifles with which we were at first armed. His reason was that 'the cadets were perfect in drill, and deserved splendid guns to fight with.'"

BATTLE OF ELK HORN—CORRECTION.

BY W. L. TRUMAN, GUEYDAN, LA.

[By a mishap part of this account was omitted last month, and it is now completed.—ED.]

In the article by Gen. W. L. Cabell on Confederate battle flags, as it appeared in the August VETERAN, mention is made of a few of the patriotic deeds of our noble women. The women of our Southern Confederacy were the grandest, bravest, and purest women that ever blessed this earth. It made us ragged soldier boys happy to take off our hats to them along the roadside and to receive a smile and a nod of recognition. God grant that our Southern daughters may come up to their standard in all that is pure and true and brave, and always love and teach the righteous principles for which they suffered and did so much!

Gen. Cabell says in regard to a certain flag: "My wife, who was in Richmond, made a beautiful flag out of her own silk dresses and sent it to a cousin of hers who commanded an Arkansas regiment. This flag was lost at Elk Horn, but was recaptured by a Missouri Division under Gen. Henry Little." That event induces me to tell what I know of the Elk Horn fight, and about a beautiful flag that fell into the hands of Capt. William Wade's First Missouri Battery, of which I was a member, on our retreat.

The Northern Army commanded by Gen. Curtis was encamped at Elk Horn Tavern, in Benton County, Ark., near Sugar Creek, except one division under Gen. Sigel at Bentonville, a few miles to the north. Gen. Van Dorn divided his army, sending Gen. Price with his Missouri troops to attack the enemy on the north and Gen. McCulloch on the southwest, which cut off all chances for the enemy to retreat. Price aimed to crush Sigel at Bentonville; but that wily general got a chance to run, and he was never known to be caught on a retreat. His rear guard cut down trees and blocked the road in many places; and, as there was no way to go around, we had to get axes and cut them out of our way. We kept up this slow pursuit all night, coming up with the enemy near Elk Horn about daylight. The country is rough and mountainous, and the road we were traveling had steep clifted sides, and in leaving it our men had to climb very high bluffs in order to form line of battle.

The enemy was ready for us and saluted with a heavy artillery fire. My battery was ordered to climb a certain rocky hill, take position, open fire, and silence a battery that was doing our men considerable damage. We expected to have great trouble in getting up that steep hill, as we had several very balky teams, but to our surprise and joy they went up in a gallop, leaving the cannoneers way behind. We learned, and saw it demonstrated many times afterwards, that a balky team never balks under fire. When on top of the hill the battery we were sent to engage paid its unwelcome respects to us, and we had to go into action under a heavy fire. We were soon ready, and opened fire with our six guns. In twenty minutes the enemy withdrew, leaving one gun behind. Gen. Henry Little, commanding the First Missouri Brigade, now advanced and engaged the enemy on our right. The roar of small arms was fearful. We continued to throw shells into their line of battle, and our brave, talented captain sat his beautiful iron-gray horse and was happy. They stood their ground well about half an hour, then retreated. Our men raised a yell and followed them for some distance. Things were quiet now for quite a while. We could plainly hear the firing and the Rebel yell of McCulloch's men in our front engaging the enemy on the opposite of us. They did not seem to be more than two

miles off. Every man in Price's little army heard the same, and it did us all good to know that we had the enemy penned and there was no chance for them to get out unless they whipped Price, and the beginning they had made convinced us they could not do that.

When the firing ceased, we noticed several piles of knapsacks at the foot of the hill. We brought up a few, and such fun as we had reading love letters! Some of them were just overpowering, and the boys would hold their breath and act in other amusing ways while they were being read aloud. We did not know the girls, so there was no harm done. None of the blue clothing and but few other articles were appropriated.

Firing soon commenced on our extreme left, and my battery was moved in that direction, finding our infantry hotly engaged in an unequal contest trying to drive the enemy out of the dense bushes on the opposite side of an old field. They had made one charge, but were driven back, and had taken shelter in a hollow in the middle of the field. Capt. Wade placed one battery in position immediately, ordered to load with canister and commence firing. We raked the bushes front, right, and left for several minutes under quite a sprinkle of Minie balls. Suddenly our infantry gave a yell and started on a double-quick for their concealed foe. A sheet of fire leaped from those bushes the whole length of the field and farther, and never let up. Our boys were again forced back, and took shelter under the hill. In the meantime we had run our guns by hand some distance into the field, firing all the time. We were now very much exposed, but continued to send a perfect hailstorm of canister into the bushes. In a remarkably short time our men returned to the assault the third time, and, with a continuous yell and in the face of that terrible fire, went right into the brush, routed the enemy, and drove them nearly a mile beyond Elk Horn Tavern, which was Gen. Curtis's headquarters, capturing many wagons and commissary stores. Our loss was heavy, but during my four years' service I never saw better fighting. They were Missouri troops, but I do not remember who commanded. My battery followed in the pursuit at a double-quick.

As I was following my gun I passed one of our infantry boys sitting on the ground holding the head of a dying Northern soldier in his lap. He called to me and asked if I had any water in my canteen, as he wanted some for the man. I ran to him, knelt down, and gave the dying soldier a drink. He tried to thank me, but could only move his lips. He then raised his right hand, with a happy smile on his lips, and patted me on my cheek, seeming to say, "God bless you!" He had a smooth face, was fine-looking and handsome. He was from Illinois, but I never learned his name. I shall never forget that sweet face when he blessed me for that last drink of cold water. I hope to meet him in the bright beyond.

I could not tarry, but went in a fast run to overtake my battery. When I came up they had unlimbered and prepared for action. We soon opened fire, replying to a battery trained upon us, and continued firing until after dark. Things soon became quiet after we ceased, and the first day's battle was over. We had driven the enemy about two miles and held the field. We had not heard a gun nor a yell from McCulloch's men since nine or ten o'clock in the morning, but later in the night we learned that McCulloch and McIntosh were killed early in the morning. The other officers were puzzled on the subject of rank, and could not decide who should take command.

Elk Horn Tavern is situated on a beautiful plateau which was in a high state of cultivation. There were several sutler

wagons in park near our battery, and we laid in a supply of candies, tobacco, canned fruit, and other useful articles. There was a large barn near by full of commissaries, and we secured plenty of sugar and coffee and other groceries. The tavern was full of the wounded of both armies.

About sunrise my battery was ordered to advance and take position in the edge of a field and open fire on the enemy, who were in full view on a ridge in the field unpleasantly close. As we moved for our position we passed in the rear of our line of battle. The men were lying flat on the ground at the edge of the field, well concealed in many places by small undergrowth. The brave young Capt. Clark, with his Missouri battery, was already in position, and was so gay and happy that morning as we passed him going to our position. Every one who knew him loved him, and his battery boys idolized him. As we entered a strip of heavy timber the enemy opened fire on us from several batteries, and such a cyclone of falling timber and bursting shells I don't suppose was ever equaled during our great war. Our advance was stopped on account of fallen trees, and our horses were being killed every minute. We were ordered back, but how to get back required a kind of military tactics not learned at military schools. We finally obeyed the order in some way I cannot describe, after losing several men and thirteen horses. The gallant Clark's battery had the brunt of this terrible fire. He was slain, but his battery could not be driven from its position. The enemy now made a determined advance along the whole line for the purpose of cutting through Price's little army of Missouri soldiers and opening a way for retreat, but he was gallantly met, driven back with heavy loss, and the second day's fight was over. Gen. Van Dorn, at this stage of action, ordered Price to retreat and join McCulloch's part of the army, which had not fired a shot for twenty-four hours from having no leader.

This move astonished us all. We were not whipped. We had had everything our own way right from the start. They had played their last card and lost, and it seemed to us that a demand for surrender was in order. Every man, from Gen. Price down, was mad and grieved because they had to move away and leave the fruits of their glorious victory behind and have it said they were whipped. A Yankee colonel, whom we had captured with many of his men in their last charge, made free to say to all that Gen. Curtis had given orders for all of his wagons to be loaded with their baggage and supplies and be ready to follow if he opened a way for them to retreat, and if he failed and had to surrender, the wagons must be burned.

In leaving the battlefield, my battery took a wrong road and was separated from the main body for two days without any protection, but the enemy made no pursuit and we were in no danger of capture. After traveling about six miles over a rough road, we entered a rocky hollow with steep cliffs on each side, which continued for about one mile, then suddenly emerged into an open space about three hundred yards wide with heavy timber on the opposite side, and near the timber was a regiment of infantry in line of battle facing us. When we came up, Capt. Wade was ordered (by the colonel, I suppose) to take position on the right of the regiment, which he did. They were a fine-looking set of men, dressed in Confederate uniform, about six hundred strong, and they had the most beautiful flag I ever saw. It was the first time I had seen one of our new battle flags, and this one was made of the finest silk, with heavy golden silk fringe bordering, cord and tassels of the same, a nice staff, with golden spear on the top, and the name "Col. — Reeves's — Arkansas Regiment" in

golden letters across its face. The colonel's initials and number of regiment, I do not remember. Our battery was not in position more than five minutes before we heard five or six shots fired from small arms some distance up the rocky hollow we had just traveled, and several stragglers appeared in the opening in that direction, two or three being mounted. One rider seemed to have entered the open space from a road farther to our right, as he was coming diagonally across the front of our battery on a direct line for the head of the regiment. He was riding a beautiful sorrel, with light mane and tail, and came at a rapid pace. When near our front I noticed that he was an officer dressed in full major general's uniform, cavalry boots, black hat pinned up on one side with a white ostrich feather, gold cord and tassels, and a red silk sash around his waist. He was fine-looking, but rather stout, and seemed very much excited. It was said by all that this was Gen. Albert Pike. When he got opposite the regimental colors he gave some command in a loud voice. I did not hear what he said, but was told he commanded the men to disperse and take to the woods and save themselves, or they would be captured in a few minutes. He then continued his flight, and the regiment melted away and disappeared in the woods in less than two minutes. Their beautiful flag was thrown upon the ground and abandoned. Every member of my battery witnessed this affair. We remained in battery a few minutes with our guns loaded ready for action; but as no enemy appeared, Capt. Wade ordered us to limber up, and we continued our retreat. In getting into the road again we passed near the abandoned flag and Frank Dye ran and picked it up, and with some help ripped it from the staff. He then folded it up and placed it in his bosom, buttoning his coat over it, and brought it safely into camp. I do not remember what disposition was made of it. There is a possibility that I may be mistaken in the name stamped upon the flag. Perhaps this was the flag mentioned by Gen. Cabell as being lost at Elk Horn, and recaptured by Gen. Henry Little's Missouri troops. I have never blamed those men for obeying that uncalled-for order. They were new troops, and doubtless three-fourths of them gave their lives later on for their country. I should be glad to hear from any comrades who were present about this unfortunate affair.

JOE COTHERN'S CAPTURE OF A CANNON.

J. A. Scarborough, of Mississippi, sends an account of some incidents in the service of a comrade:

"On the 28th of July, 1864, when the Confederates swept the Federal breastworks in front of Atlanta, Joe Cothorn, a member of Company H, Seventh Mississippi Regiment, Sharp's Brigade, ran several hundred feet past the enemy's works and found a Federal artillery captain trying to get a cannon in position. Everything was in confusion, and with drawn sword the excited captain was trying in vain to rally his men and place his battery. By this time Confederates and Federals were getting considerably mixed. The captain dashed at Cothorn and demanded his surrender. Cothorn fired at him and inflicted a serious wound in the shoulder. The captain fell from his horse and screamed: 'I surrender!' When the drivers saw their captain fall they abandoned their horses and took to their heels. Cothorn then assisted the wounded captain on to the caisson, placed a brush in his hands, and ordered him to stimulate the hindmost span of horses while he mounted the lead horse, and dashed away with a fine twelve-pound cannon drawn by three spans of fine horses, with a Yankee captain sitting on the caisson and whipping the

horses for all they were worth. The Federals had rallied by this and were pouring volley after volley into the Confederate lines to gain the ground they had lost, and the wounded captain was laying whip to the horses and crying out: 'Drive up, Johnnie! drive up, or you will all be killed!' 'Johnnie' made the landing unscathed with his prisoner, cannon, and three spans of horses, one of which was shot through the leg in the flight.

"During the Georgia campaign, Comrade Cothorn served as an independent scout, and on one occasion, near Atlanta, he took advantage of a Federal picket who occupied an outpost. The fellow had grown careless and was sitting down reading some letters, and the first thing he knew Cothorn's gun was pointing at him, accompanied by a small, still voice saying, 'Surrender.' He gave his name as Johnnie Rawls, was a congenial spirit, and proved to be a dismounted cavalryman, belonging to Company H, Thirty-Seventh Indiana Regiment of Cavalry. Rawls was an ingenious fellow, and one day picked up the leg bone of an ox, polished it nicely, then carved on it in miniature form the stars and stripes with his initials, company, regiment, etc., presenting it to his captor with the request that he keep it as a memento of the picket post in front of Atlanta. It is still in possession of Comrade Cothorn."

Comrade Scarborough writes a pathetic incident concerning Capt. Rankin, from Columbia, Miss., while in front of Atlanta. He was acting lieutenant colonel of the Seventh on that day, and was shot dead from his horse while leading the charge. The Confederates were repulsed, leaving the pale and lifeless form of the Captain in the enemy's hands. The Confederates fell back a pace, re-formed, and rested on their arms. During this lull the voice of song was heard within the Federal lines, and proved to be a Masonic funeral song which touched a sympathetic chord in the breast of every Mason within the Confederate lines, and they too joined in sweet accord and sang with their brother Masons in blue, for they knew that a brother Mason was filling a bloody grave. Soon after the funeral service was over the Federals sent in a flag of truce accompanied by the belongings of Capt. Rankin, consisting of his sword, watch, spur, etc., with an earnest request that there be a special committee appointed to carry those valuables to the poor, heartbroken widow. The service proved to be the burial of Capt. Rankin with Masonic honors.

MEMORABLE EXPERIENCE ON PICKET ALONE.

BY J. E. HIRSH, COMPANY G, 22D MISSISSIPPI INFANTRY.

Every one who actively served in the war must have been at some time or other in dangerous positions. During my four years of service, all active, I had numerous hairbreadth escapes and squeezed out of some very tight places. The first one I recall was in the fall of 1861, soon after the battle of Belmont. We were in reserve on the Kentucky side of the Mississippi River, while the fight took place on the opposite side, and the heaviest gun the enemy had—a six-pounder—could not throw a shot more than halfway across the river. But I am digressing. We established our winter quarters at Fulton or Feliciana, Ky., while the Federals had theirs at Paducah, about fifty miles north of us. About halfway between us Mayfield, county seat of Graves County, is situated. Each force consisted of between two thousand and three thousand men, but was supposed and believed by the other side to be anywhere from fifteen to thirty thousand men. Both sides captured and evacuated Mayfield regularly once a week, the garrison in possession invariably retreating before the enemy appeared. During all these maneuvers not an enemy was seen nor a gun

fired by either side. However, in November, while we were holding the town with perhaps one hundred and fifty or two hundred men, a reliable negro brought in the report that five thousand Yankees were on their way from Paducah to surround and capture us. The lieutenant in charge of our force decided to immortalize his own and our names by turning the surprise on them. Silently some forty or fifty of us folded our tents and stole away in the dark. We met again a few miles north. Two roads from Paducah made a junction there. I volunteered to be the advance guard, about a quarter of a mile farther north, all alone, this being a very dangerous undertaking. I agreed to remain on watch from about 10 P.M. until daybreak, all alone, without relief. The night was quite chilly, cloudy, with occasionally a little moonlight, when I cautiously edged my way forward. I soon discovered a number of buildings on a hill ahead of me, and not desiring to pass them, I established my post at the foot of the hill, climbed over the fence, and took position under a large beech tree inside the fence. On reconnoitering I found a large uprooted stump, top toward the fence and a large hollow in the rear, where the roots had been pulled up when the tree was felled, which I immediately preëmpted as my bullet-proof fort, should hostilities commence. For an hour or two I heard voices in the vicinity of the houses, then everything became quiet. The moon hid behind the clouds, the air became more chilly, the hours were rolling by—having no timepiece, I was unable to tell how many—when I became conscious that somebody or something was trying to slip up on me. After watching carefully for some time and getting my eyes familiarized with the surroundings, I discovered that the movements were caused by wood mice in search of beechnuts. A few more hours passed, when, this time sure, I heard a number of people tramping through the brush in my direction. They did not keep step or march like soldiers, but that could hardly be expected in the woods at night. When nearly at my post they suddenly stopped, and the moon coming out for just a moment showed me a lot of cattle browsing. Some eight or ten hours more passed, during which time noises of various kinds kept me awake and on the alert, when suddenly a Yankee picket, who had been stationed in the top of my tree, gave a signal in imitation of an owl, which was instantly answered by another picket stationed near the buildings on the hill by a good imitation of a rooster. I tried my best to locate his position above me for a shot, when out flew a real live owl, whose hoot I had mistaken for a signal.

I had now been standing on post for apparently fifty or sixty hours! I was nearly frozen to death, and daybreak seemed to be as far off as ever, when I discerned the sound of hoofs away up the road toward Paducah. My well-trained ear convinced me by the regularity of the hoof clatter that a squad of cavalry was advancing. The dogs at the different plantations, as the troop passed along, added their bark to the clatter. The company drew nearer and nearer and the noise became louder and louder. When the regiment passed the buildings on the hill I could hear the general in command give orders. The brigade quickened their pace as they thundered down the hill toward me. I took a look at my little fort behind the stump, dried the flint and steel on my musket, filled the pan with fresh priming, and laid the musket on the top rail of the fence, fingers on the trigger. I decided to allow the leader, who was most likely a guide and perhaps a "loyal" Southerner, to pass, and to reserve my fire for the next two or three, who were likely officers. My musket being loaded with ball and buckshot, I had several chances. After firing, I intended to scoot for my little fort before they could return the fire. By

this time a faint streak of gray had made its appearance in the eastern sky, but it was still quite dark. Nearer and nearer they came. I distinctly heard voices in the rear of the column on the hill. I steadied my nerves and watched for the opportune moment. A horse's head came out of the shadow, the horse's body followed, no one astride of it. Three or four more horses followed, no one astride of them. The enemy had passed. There is where I got my gray hairs.

GEORGE BLAINE'S GRAVE.

On one of the loveliest days of last June a sweet little girl of ten summers knelt in a field of daisies, gathering the flowers she loved. Acres of daisies whitened the hill slope all about her, and she gathered handful after handful till her arms held a great sheaf. Looking up with a sudden thought, she said: "I will gather more and put them on the soldier's grave."

A little later the rays of the setting sun touched a low mound in the village cemetery decorated with flowers gathered by the hands of a little child, born long years after "the soldier" had been laid there to rest.

It was the grave of George Blaine, of the Seventh Texas Regiment, who was killed at the battle of Franklin. On the eve of the battle, far from his Texas home and the sister who prayed for him there and watched for the brother who would never return, he told his negro servant that he had a cousin, the wife of Dr. Aaron C. White, living at Spring Hill, twelve miles from Franklin. He wished to be taken to their home if killed or wounded in the battle. He fell never to rise again, and the heartbroken servant took him to Spring Hill.

The writer was one of the three small children of the home who saw him for the first time in the calm majesty of death. It made an indelible impression, and the pathetic burial at the village cemetery the following day is still vividly remembered. There were no military honors, no minister to conduct a religious service, and no crowd to follow him to his last resting place. Only three little children looked on in awed silence while their father helped the faithful servant lower the body into the grave and fill in the earth, but the frame of the latter shook with sobs and the tears rained down his face as he bent to the task which hid forever from his sight the loved form of his young master.

There was mourning in every house in the village that day; the churches were turned into temporary hospitals filled with wounded and dying soldiers, and all were too busy ministering to those yet living to do honor to the dead.

"Uncle Nick" was sent on his way with his master's horse and watch, a lock of hair, etc., and later the sister wrote from Texas that he had reached her safely with these last tokens. She spoke of having her brother's body removed as soon as days of peace came, but she too died, and he was left to slumber on here.

The years slipped swiftly and silently away, and almost forty had been numbered with the past when the postmaster at Spring Hill received a letter inquiring for Dr. White or some member of his family. It was from "Uncle Nick" Blaine, the faithful servant of the young soldier, asking about the grave of his master. He wrote after receiving the desired information and sent some pressed cedar to be laid on "master's grave."

The grave has never been marked by a stone, but a wild cherry sprang up near the spot and grew into a tree. Mocking birds build their nests there and sing requiems above his sleeping dust.

Spring Hill, Tenn., October, 1923.

THE DEATH OF CAPT. J. J. PARTIN.

BY W. H. COFFEY, COMPANY B, 4TH TENN. INFANTRY.

Many Confederate soldiers disappeared in battles during the war of whom nothing was ever afterwards heard by either their comrades or families. A mystery of this kind came under my observation recently which I may help to solve, hoping it may, through the *VETERAN*, reach the eyes of some of the family.

At the New Orleans reunion I met a member of the Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, and incidentally asked him if he knew a Capt. J. J. Partin, of his regiment. He replied that he did, but that after the battle of Chickamauga the command never knew or could find out what became of him. I then gave him the following statement of facts:

Capt. Partin was badly wounded at Chickamauga, fell into the hands of the Federals, was sent to Nashville, Tenn., and placed in the old Zollicoffer House, which at that time was used as a hospital. I was a prisoner and in the hospital at the time, having been detailed by the Yankees to nurse our wounded. In this way I became acquainted with Capt. Partin and learned his history. He was born in East Tennessee, but had moved to Camden, Ark., and was living there with his wife and three children when the war broke out. He was a Methodist preacher and a millwright by profession, but when the war began he returned to his native State, joined the Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, and was elected captain of a company. He was a genial gentleman, and I became much attached to him. For a time it looked as if the wound would heal all right, but, in spite of the doctor's skill and good nursing, it began to grow worse, and pieces of the thigh bone had to be taken out. And right here I desire to say—and it affords me pleasure to do so—that the doctor who attended him was one of nature's noblemen, gentle, tender, and brave. I often wonder if that good man is still living. He was a citizen doctor from Ohio, who volunteered his services, and his name was Hackenburg, and often when making his rounds of the hospital his wife and little bright, curly-haired girl would accompany him. The good woman always had words of kindness for us, and the sweet little bright-eyed angel daughter would sing her dear little songs that brought tears to the eyes of the wounded soldiers.

In spite of Dr. Hackenburg's skill, poor Partin died. He requested the doctor to see that his body was buried in his uniform, and in compliance with this request we robed the body in a new gray uniform and turned it over to the Doctor, and I feel assured it was properly buried, but where, I am unable to say. I have made repeated efforts to find the family of Capt. Partin, in order that I might tell them of his last peaceful moments on earth and his thoughts of them, but have never been able to do so. I hope this may attract their attention.

THEY STOLE A HOG—THE OWNER'S COURSE.

BY J. N. SUMPTER, CHRISTIANSBURG, VA.

Our regiment was camped near Goldsboro, N. C., in the springtime of 1864, when rations were short and not of the most palatable kind—Bermuda pickled beef and pork and corn bread. So one day some of our boys concluded to go out skirmishing through the pines in search of something better suited to their appetites. Well, they skirmished pretty near all day, and were unable to buy or beg anything. Eastern North Carolina is noted for its fine hogs and sweet potatoes. Not being able to buy or beg anything, five of us concluded we would confiscate the first eatable article we came across. We had gone but a short distance when we

spied several large, fat hogs lying in a fence corner. One of the boys picked up a piece of a broken pine limb, and, striking Mr. Hog between the eyes, stiffened him out, cut his jugular, and in a very short while he was ready to be carved. Not being able to take the whole hog, we cut his hams off and started two of the boys back with them to wait at a given place, and figured how we were to get our meat in to camp. We then visited a large white house about half a mile from the road. Upon arrival at the gate, an elderly gentleman, sitting on his porch, invited us in very cordially. Our spokesman said we had drawn some fresh meat, and we had very little salt and if he had any to spare we would like to buy some. The gentleman said, "Certainly;" and, going back through the house, he soon returned with about a peck of salt in a sack, and in reply to our inquiry as to how much we owed him said: "Not a cent." We all thanked him and turned to go, when he said: "Don't go yet. Our supper will be ready in a few minutes, and you young gentlemen must stay and take supper with us. It is both dinner and supper, as we eat only two meals a day."

We accepted the invitation, had a good supper, and were introduced to the young ladies of the house. While at supper the lady of the house said she was very glad that we stopped; she had three sons in the Confederate army, and it was always a great pleasure to do for the Confederate soldier what she hoped some one would do for her boys, though she said there were some very bad men in our army. When about to leave, one of the boys said, "Jack, give me a pipe of tobacco," but Jack had none; when the old gentleman said, "Hold on, boys; I have some, and I will get it for you." So out he went, and soon came back with about twenty bundles of leaf and half a dozen plugs of chewing tobacco, and gave it to us, saying: "If you young gentlemen stay

about here any time, come out to see us. I like for gentlemanly soldiers to come; but, as wife says, there are some very mean men, and I hope there are few such men in our army. They come out here and kill my hogs, carry off the hind quarters, and leave the other half to rot in the woods. If they would only let me know they wanted fresh meat, I would have a hog butchered and send it in to camp for them; I could, you know, have the fore parts of the hog cooked for my negroes."

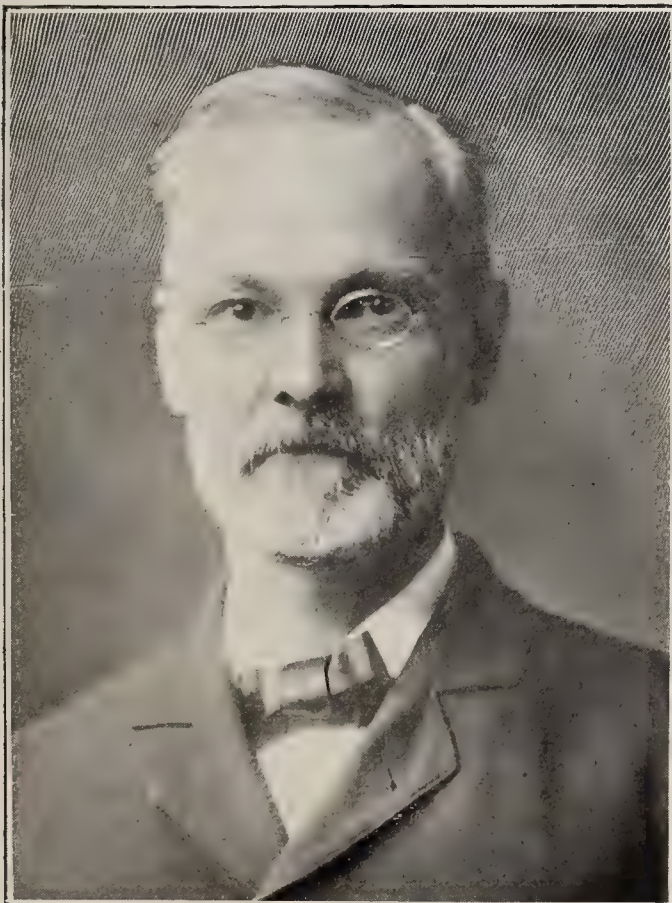
Well, sir, while this patriotic citizen was telling this, I think it would have taken but a light puff of air to have blown all three of us off of the face of the earth. We could all three have vanished through an inch auger hole. Well, on going back we decided that one of us should tell the gentleman that we had found parts of a hog, while the other two of us should wait for our comrade to return. It was not very long till Mr. — and Jack came up. Mr. — thanked us, and gave us one of the fore quarters. He made us take it, and, on excusing ourselves from taking it, told him that we could not carry it into camp, as the colonel would not allow anything brought into camp without a note from the "owner," stating that he had sold or given it to whoever had it. "Well," says Mr. —, "I can write; get a piece of paper and write what is necessary, and I will sign it," which he did. We returned to camp with our meat, the meanest, most self-condemned boys in the Confederate army. And they all vowed that that was the first and would be the last hog that they would ever confiscate.

BALL'S BLUFF.

Capt. T. W. T. Richards, Company G, Mosby's Battalion, writes of an incident of uncivilized warfare practiced by the enemy at the battle of Ball's Bluff. He says:

"At that time I was a noncommissioned officer in Carter's Company of the Eighth Virginia Infantry, Col. Hunton commanding. On the morning of the battle we were engaged with the enemy at the crossing of Goose Creek, on the Alexandria and Leesburg Pike. In the afternoon we were double-quickened to the woods skirting Ball's Bluff, and formed in line of battle a short distance from an open field in our front. Our skirmishers, of which my chum Joe Calvert and myself were members, developed the enemy strongly posted in a ravine that crossed this open field, supported by a battery of artillery. We reported the situation to our colonel, and he immediately lined us up for a charge. In the meantime a Mississippi regiment had joined us and were lying down a short distance in our front. At the command we went forward, passed over the Mississippi regiment into the field at a double-quick, and went at them with a yell, the Mississippians supporting us.

"The Federals did not wait to receive our charge, but broke for the river and bluffs. We followed close, crowding them down to the river bank. As we advanced to the bluff, Calvert and myself, still together, came upon a pile of Federal knapsacks and a Federal soldier guarding them. He shot at us and turned to run. Both of us were out of ammunition, but Calvert drew a pocket pistol and fired just as the Yankee reached the bluff. He struck his man, who leaped over the bluff and fell in the forks of a tree, where he lay dead until the next day. The battery, composed of brass guns, was near the pile of knapsacks. Calvert and myself went up to look at them. It was then getting dusk. As we stood there Calvert looked down the incline of the bluff and saw a column advancing in line of battle. He called out: 'There come the Yankees.' I looked and saw the column, but in their center and front was the tall and unmistakable form of Clinton



COL. J. L. M'COLLUM (SUPT. W. & A. R. R.), ATLANTA.

Who belonged to the "Raccoon Roughs" and is of Gen. J. B. Gordon's staff

Hatcher, one of our regiment, and the soldier accredited in one of your former articles with the killing of Col. Baker. He was six feet seven inches tall, and I knew him well, as we were both students at Columbian College, Washington, D. C., when the war began. I said to Calvert: 'They are not Yankees, for there is Clint Hatcher among them.' We continued our examination of the guns, when the advancing column fired at us. I started on a run to my regiment, about two hundred yards back, which I reached and reported what I had seen. We were ordered forward, and met this Federal column just at the top of the hill, when there was most terrific fighting for a few minutes. The Federals again fell back to the bank of the river. This was the last fighting. After the battle I was walking over this part of the field, when I saw the form of a very tall soldier lying on the ground with his face upward. I stooped down, and saw at once that it was Clint Hatcher. A Mississippian told me that in the earlier part of the fight he was captured, and that the Federals also captured a tall Virginian, and in this last charge they put himself and this Virginian in front of their column. My information leads me to believe that the Federal Col. Baker was killed in this last charge. If so, he paid with his life the penalty for the cowardly act of placing Confederate prisoners in front of his charging column.

"Referring to Clinton Hatcher, I may mention an incident that occurred just before the firing on Sumter. We were students at Columbian College, on Fourteenth Street, Washington, D. C. One night Hatcher and J. C. Salsby, of Mississippi, ran up a Confederate flag on the mast over the college building. The flag floated there for several hours in plain view of the capitol building and the President's mansion, before it was discovered by the college officers, when Dr. Samson, the President of the college, removed it. It is doubtless the only time a Confederate flag ever floated over a public building in the Federal capital. Hatcher was a brave and fearless soldier, and had his life been spared would have won distinction in the cause for which he so early died."

A THREE-HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY-MILE RAID.

BY JOHN LOGAN, LOGAN, MO.

On August 1, 1862, Cols. Cockrill and Jackman left the Arkansas River for North Missouri, with such men as could mount themselves, for the purpose of bringing Upton Hayes's unarmed men from that section. I think Cockrill commanded. We marched in two divisions, Col. Coffee striking Missouri somewhere in Stone County, thence going north through Dade, St. Clare, Bate, and Johnson to Lone Jack, in Jackson County, two hundred miles from my home, while our command concentrated fifty miles west, near Neosho, Newton County, followed the State line through Newton, Jasper, Barton, Vernon, Bates, thence turned east through Johnson to Warrensburg, and from there made a bee line for Lone Jack, arriving two hours ahead of Col. Coffee. We continued the march eight miles in a northwest direction, and went into camp. Coffee reached Lone Jack about night, and camped, not knowing that there were any troops near, but Col. Emory Foster had been sent out from Lexington with one thousand picked men to drive Quantrell from the State. Quantrell was giving them lots of trouble along the river counties. When Foster reached Lone Jack he found Coffee there. Having some brass guns, he immediately opened on Coffee, who, having no guns, left the neighborhood, and Foster went into camp in the little village.

We could hear the firing at our camp, so we immediately fell

into line and marched back to within a half mile of Foster's men, dismounted, formed as infantry (for we were regular infantry soldiers), formed a hollow square around the village except the south side, which had been left for Coffee to close, but he had secured a pilot in his hurry that led him clear out of the country. My understanding is that he did not get to the fight, but of this I am not sure. The fight opened at five o'clock, and we held our ground till eleven; then Foster's men gave way, after killing thirty-seven of our men. He was wounded and captured. My recollection is that he lost one hundred and eighty. I was one of the detail to bury our dead, all of whom we placed in one pit. We did not bury Foster's men, but laid them out the best we could under the circumstances. We captured two twelve-pound brass rifle guns, over which we had a hard tussle for two hundred miles. They tried hard to take them from us, but we were proud of them and needed them in our business, so we took them to Arkansas.

DEAD ANGLE AGAIN.

BY H. K. NELSON, HOMER, KY.

About that "cup of cold coffee." In the October number of the *VETERAN*, Comrade W. G. Lewis, of cavalry fame, wishes me to explain how a Federal soldier could approach our fortifications in "broad daylight" with nothing but a tin cup and coffeepot in his hand, climb up on our works, examine our situation with the utmost composure, and then depart in peace "without even giving us a drink of coffee."

Now, if Comrade Lewis will read my article in the *VETERAN* in which I mention this incident at Dead Angle, he will see I said "at dawn," not "broad daylight." I did not say "with the utmost composure," but that "he came straight up, mounted the works, looked to the right, then to the left, and instantly changed the coffeepot and tin cup to opposite hands. We knew at the time that it was a signal to his forces. I did not say that he then "departed in peace without a good-by or offering any one a cup of coffee." The Yankee did not hesitate to step down, and step down quickly, into our works, a prisoner of war. He knew that he was either a prisoner or a dead Yankee from the moment he stepped out of his works, for he was in reach of our guns.

Since writing of the incident, I have received a letter from Comrade W. H. Kearney, of Trezevant, Tenn., in which he says he remembers the incident distinctly; that the Yankee crossed over and was taken into our works in a few feet of him.

CHARACTERISTIC OF SOUTHERN WOMANHOOD.—A fine illustration of the energy and industry exhibited by the Southern women after the war was recently given by a patron of the *VETERAN* in writing of what she had done for herself and others:

"After the first bitterness was over, I realized that I must work or lose my mind. Since then I have tried to do with all my might whatever work God seemed to place before me. On our old place I superintended the planting and cultivation of a small, but beautiful, orange grove. The income from it was ample for my simple wants. The freeze eight years ago cut it down to the ground. The succeeding cold winter and want of money rendered my efforts to restore it futile. In spite of all the sorrow the war brought upon me and mine and upon my beloved Southland, I would rather that it came than that my countrymen had submitted to be trampled upon without a struggle to be free. The cause was and is very dear to my heart."

TEXAS DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The Texas Division, U. D. C., met in annual session in Houston December 2-6, 1903. It was one of the largest and most representative bodies of women to be found anywhere. There are more than seven thousand members of the Texas Division, and more than one hundred and thirty Chapters.

Excellent work was reported by the Confederate Home, the Literary, the Anniversary, the Text-Book, and the various Monument Committees. These noble women will undertake to build a home for the widows and orphans of Confederate veterans, also to fit up a library and reading room in the Soldiers' Home at Austin. During the year just closed many tender and loving remembrances have been sent to the Soldiers' Home by the Texas Daughters.

Houston entertained the convention in the most beautiful manner. There were many entertainments and evidences of thoughtfulness from every citizen.

With great enthusiasm and by acclamation Miss Katie L. Daffan, of Ennis, was elected President of the work in Texas.



MISS KATIE DAFFAN, PRESIDENT TEXAS DIVISION, U. D. C.

Mrs. J. W. Crawford (of Palestine), Mrs. Goldstein (of San Antonio), Mrs. J. B. Williams (of Brenham), Mrs. Edwin Moore (of Sherman), were elected Vice Presidents in the order that they are named. Mrs. W. P. Lane, of Fort Worth, the excellent Secretary, was reelected; Mrs. A. C. Johnson, of Corsicana, was elected Treasurer; Mrs. J. W. Hazlett, of Hearne, Registrar; Mrs. Z. P. Fulmore, of Austin, Custodian of Division books and papers; and Mrs. S. H. Watson, of Waxahachie, the efficient Historian, was reelected.

This convention will go into history as one of the best, the most harmonious, and one of the most instructive ever held by the Texas Division, U. D. C.

FOUR MESSMATES KILLED, FOUR SURVIVE.

Capt. "Bill" Gore took a company of infantry in May, 1861, to Camp Trousdale. This company and another under Capt. L. T. Armstrong were of the Eighth Tennessee under A. S. Fulton, one of the most noted regiments in the Army of

Tennessee. In Gore's Company there were eight in one mess, four of whom were killed in battle—Abram Y. Denton and Solomon L. Hall in the battle of Murfreesboro, January 2,



CAPT. J. S. QUARLES, J. M. MORGAN, M. L. GORE, L. WASHBURN.

1863; Perry F. Morgan, near Atlanta, July 22, 1864; and James F. McCue, in the battle of Franklin, November 30, 1864. The other four are all yet living, and in October, 1902, they had a picture made in a group, an engraving of which is given.

NEW OFFICERS OF THE MARYLAND LINE.

The Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in the State of Maryland elected for 1903-04 the following officers:

President: Capt. George W. Booth.

Vice Presidents: Maj. W. Stuart Symington and Lieut. Joseph Packard.

Recording Secretary: Capt. Wm. L. Ritter; Assistant, Joshua Thomas.

Corresponding Secretary: John F. Hayden.

Treasurer: Capt. F. M. Colston.

Executive Committee: James R. Wheeler, William H. Pope, August Simon, Mark O. Shriver, Daniel L. Thomas, Lamar Hollyday, and D. Ridgely Howard.

Chaplains: Rev. Messrs. William M. Dame, R. W. Cowardin, William C. Maloy, Henry T. Sharp.

Sergeant at Arms: George W. Schafer.

Secretary W. L. Ritter, while sending the above, writes:

"A copy of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was brought to the attention of every member present at the meeting."

CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMP OF NEW YORK.

The new Adjutant of the Camp, Edwin Selvage, reports as follows:

"A 'Camp Fire' will be held at Tuxedo Hall January 19, the anniversary of Gen. Robert E. Lee's birthday. Gen. Joseph Wheeler has been invited to deliver an address on Lee.

"Commander Owen reports that the fourteenth annual dinner for January 25 promises to be a grand success; that six weeks prior to the dinner all the forty-three boxes were engaged, and that orders sufficient to fill ten more boxes are now on the waiting list. Chairs behind the boxes will be sold to a limited extent. Nearly three hundred seats at the tables had been engaged.

"The Commander of the Camp requests members to send any magazines and novels that they do not care to keep to the Soldiers' Homes at Richmond, Va., and New Orleans, La., where they will be greatly appreciated.

"He announces the death, on December 12, 1903, of Comrade D. K. Mason, who served in the First Kentucky Regiment of Infantry."



PASSING AWAY.

They are passing away from us, passing, passing away,
The dear old boys, the true old boys that marched in the ranks
of gray.

They are passing away; they who have known
The raid in the darkness, the rider o'erthrown,
And the shell-torn steed's pain-bidden neigh,
All on the fields of the far away.
And the hands now quiver that used to be strong—
The way they have traveled has been so long.
The weights they have lifted, the burdens they have borne—
They have all been heavy; and shall we mourn
That they are all passing away?
I know we shall, and I say we shall. The gray
That they wore—it's the same dear color to-day.
The tottering tread of the last of the men
Who fought for their country, as seemed to them then—
For right or for wrong? Who recks aught to-day?
Since the whole world has heroed the men of the gray,
Shall not be unnoted while sons yet remain.
I would I could lift them a worthier strain.
And when they march in the proud parade,
A-step to the tunes that the old bands played,
We wave and we cheer as they all move on;
But it's O for the sight of the ones that are gone!

—Harry H. Williams, *Liverpool, Tex., in Galveston News.*

HON. JOHN R. PROCTOR.

Mr. John R. Proctor, who was President of the United States Civil Service Commission, died suddenly, the other day, in Washington. He was greatly respected, and the press, North as well as South, has cordial words of esteem. The *New York Times* says: "He was sent to the University of Pennsylvania to prevent his joining the Confederate army, a precaution which proved quite inadequate, as he ran away and served gallantly through the war." After returning to his native Kentucky, he studied geology, and became State Geologist. Roosevelt secured his position for him under President Cleveland, a position he held for a decade before his death. The *Times* concludes editorially a fine tribute in these words: "Personally, he was one of the noblest and most delightful of men."

E. TROOP RANDLE AND JASON G. GUICE.

The following are resolutions of respect adopted by Maj. Gen. George P. Harrison and staff at the reunion held in Birmingham, Ala., November 4, 1903:

"Whereas the Omnipotent Deity, in the exercise of his infinite wisdom, has called from the battlefields of this earthly sphere to a peaceful home of eternal rest our beloved brothers, E. Troop Randle and J. G. Guice, members of the staff of George P. Harrison, Major General of the United Confederate Veterans; and whereas almost half a century ago as comrades of our departed brothers we had occasion and opportunities of witnessing their courage and manhood in the strife between brothers of a common country, and which history records as

the greatest internecine strife in the annals of the world's battles; and whereas their fortitude and intrepid courage evidenced themselves on all occasions where duty called or opportunity offered; and whereas by their respective demise we have lost lifelong companions, 'brothers in arms,' and brave heroes in their country's defense; therefore be it

"Resolved, That in the death of our beloved brothers we each feel a personal sense of loss in a companionship and comradeship incapable of being supplied until we meet on the eternal shores.

"Resolved, Further, that as fellow-members of our departed brothers upon the staff of Maj. Gen. Harrison, commanding the United Confederate Veterans of Alabama, we mourn their deaths as a loss to their respective communities; we tender their respective families the sincerest assurance of our tenderest sympathies and affection.

"R. H. Adams, William B. Jones, B. M. Washburn. Official: Harvey E. Jones, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff."

DR. WILLIAM H. AMISS.

Dr. W. H. Amiss passed away on August 8, 1903. Many hearts were saddened, for far and wide he was known and beloved. He was an important member of his community.

Dr. Amiss was born at Melville, near Amissville, Rappahannock County, Va., the home of his father, Capt. Elijah Amiss, November 12, 1829, and was therefore in his seventy-fourth year. He was educated at the University of Virginia, where he took his earlier course in medicine, graduating later at the University of Pennsylvania, April 9, 1853. With the exception of the four years of the War between the States, the long, busy period of his professional life, amounting in all to fifty years, was passed in Springville, Va. The practice of medicine, while a business, was to him a noble work, to which he gave his life's best energies. The high ethics of a profession which sends men forth not primarily to earn a living but to alleviate human suffering found abundant expression in his long life of faithful work among his fellow-countrymen.

At the breaking out of the great war Dr. Amiss went to Richmond, and offered his professional services to the surgeon general, C. S. A. He was commissioned assistant surgeon, and assigned as such with the Nineteenth Mississippi Regiment, and served with it during the Peninsula campaign and



DR. W. H. AMISS.

the seven days' fighting around Richmond, after which he was promoted to surgeon, and transferred to the Sixtieth Georgia Regiment, Lawton's Brigade, then stationed at Mechanicsville, near Gordonsville, Va., in 1862, and remained with it until the close of the war, rendering distinguished service.

In conjunction with his brother, Dr. T. B. Amiss, surgeon of the Thirty-First Georgia Regiment, Lawton's Brigade, he performed an almost miraculous operation upon Maj. Snowden Andrews, of Maryland, on the night after the battle of Cedar Mountain. Maj. Andrews survived the war, and did not die until a year ago.

It is not given to all men to have a unique and striking personality, but this was the case with Dr. Amiss. He was always a marked man. Strong and positive by nature, he was what he was at all times and in all places. An earnest and devoted member of the Episcopal Church, it was a desire near to his heart for many years to see a church erected in his village, Springville, Va. In the last year of his life it was his privilege to see this good work accomplished.

MARY TODD LUSK.

Where the Tennessee River makes its extreme Southern bend, a little valley nestles between the great smoky mountains. In this sequestered spot lies the village of Guntersville, Ala., near which, on an Easter morning in the year of 1874, a little daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Todd. Mary Carlisle she was christened. She was a perfect beauty.

"Her bright eyes were heaven's own blue;

Her hair a gold mesh with the sun shining through."

Here she spent the greater part of her happy childhood, surrounded by her friends and relatives, attending the village school in its season. At the age of fourteen she was sent to the Florence Seminary, where she remained until she graduated. This tender child had bloomed into lovely womanhood—truly the pride of the village. She made hosts of friends on her visits to other cities and climes, but her heart ever turned to the place where her loved ones dwelt. When once her heart was touched, the tie held fast to the end, as was shown by the fidelity to the boy lover to whom she plighted her troth in true boy and girl fashion, while both were scarcely in their teens. How fitting that he go to the great metropolis, win for himself a name and fame, for her a home, and return to claim his bride.

On November 23, 1898, Dr. Thurston G. Lusk and Mary Carlisle Todd were married in the little Presbyterian church where she first went as a pupil, then as teacher, where she entered her name on the church roll. This wedding brought together the rich and the poor, the high and the low, for none knew her but to love her, and none named her but to praise." On every lip this sentence was framed: "Mamie Todd is married." How regal she looked in her bridal robes! That she was loved was attested by the looks of pride and admiration that beamed in every face.

How soon this scene is changed! Two years have scarcely gone when this message passes among these same friends: "Mamie Todd is dead." On March 11, 1901, at her home in New York, surrounded by all that love and science could suggest, she faced the King of Terrors with the same brave, courageous front which characterized her, averring: "It is not hard to die, only hard for those who are left." Her grief-stricken husband came, bringing her casket and this, her last message to her mother: "Tell my mother that I loved her." She sleeps in the same sheeny robes in which she was clad on her wedding day, so fair, so calm. The little mound lies on

the hill facing the spot where her pure, spotless soul first fluttered into life; on the right is the boyhood home of her lover and husband; on the left her home, where a father, mother, and two brothers daily mourn their loss; near by her sister friends—all pass in sight of this loved spot in their going to and fro, and many sighs and tears are wafted and shed in the thought: "She has passed." The echo of the same bells that once called her forth now sound over her grave. She sleeps in peace, and will not lack the flowers like her face—the sweet pink rose, the pure white rose, the faithful evergreens.

Literary Circle Resolutions.—With a deep sense of loss in the death of Mary Todd Lusk, a member and coworker, the Literary Circle of Guntersville, Ala., put on record this testimony to her beautiful life and character:

"After a brief illness she was called to rest, and though the message came suddenly, she went forth willingly, fearlessly. Her life has come to its close while yet in its morning. She went in and out before us during all these years—always the same, always at her post scattering sunshine everywhere, until the coming of her bridal eve, when she was transplanted from the realm of maidenhood to adorn the home of Dr. Thurston G. Lusk, of New York:

"In view of her youth, her sudden death, her noble life, which gave promise of still greater usefulness, we bow with sorrowful resignation to so mysterious a dispensation.

"We stand by her vacant seat with hearts stirred to their depths by these sad, sweet memories, which shall be enshrined among our most sacred things.

"We would have kept her here—would have held her back to this earth of tears, sin, and trials, where shadows darken every sunbeam—but greater love than ours has spared her all these and called her up higher.

"To the bereaved husband who sits in the shadow of this great sorrow, to the father and mother, and to all who constitute the innermost circle of her associations, we offer our deepest sympathy.

"Mrs. John A. Lusk, Miss Mildred Alford, Mrs. A. G. Henry, Committee."

TRIBUTE BY NEW YORK CHAPTER, U D. C.

My Dear Dr. Lusk: I am authorized by the Daughters of the Confederacy to send you a copy of the following resolution, adopted at our last meeting:

"*Resolved*, That by the death of Mrs. Lusk this Chapter has sustained the loss of a valued member, and we are deprived of the companionship of a refined, gentle, and beloved friend, for whom we sincerely mourn."

MARY FAIRFAX CHILDS, Cor. Sec.

In a personal note Mrs. Childs wrote: "Mrs. Lusk was indeed admired by us all, and we feel that no one can fill her place. Every one at our last meeting expressed the deepest regret that one so young and lovely should have passed away."

Her father, W. H. Todd, enlisted in the army in June, 1861, in Morgan County, Ala. He was in the Army of Northern Virginia under Gen. R. E. Lee for four years in Company E, Ninth Alabama Regiment, Gen. A. P. Hill's Corps, Gen. Hood's Division, Gen. Wilcox's Brigade. He entered the army as a private, and was made captain at the first vacancy, and served as such till the close of the war.

A few months before her death the editor of the *VETERAN* was a patient in the private hospital of her uncle, Dr. John A. Wyeth, and she was the last lady visitor before he passed the crucial test of the surgeon's knife, and when the sunlight of life and hope had dawned again his first visit was to the pleasant home of Dr. Lusk and wife.

DR. WILLIAM H. BELTON.

Whereas the Supreme Commander, on November 16, 1903, ordered our beloved comrade, William H. Belton, M.D., to report to headquarters a little in advance of us, his fellow-soldiers; therefore be it

Resolved, That while we shall miss from our camp fire this true, noble-hearted comrade, the sunlight of whose presence enabled us to bear more easily the fatigues and trials of life's campaign; and while we shall feel keenly his absence in the trying hours of pain and affliction ahead of us till Mother Earth takes us to her bosom, which his wisdom and skill might have contributed so much to lessen—we know that the order came from One who doeth all things well, and are certain that in the revelations of eternity we shall concur in its wisdom.

Resolved, That, so long as our little remnant of life shall hold out, we shall feel the influence for good upon our hearts and minds that grew out of association with our departed comrade; and shall try to profit by the examples found in his career, in those high characteristics of a true and brave individual manhood and a clear-sighted patriotism.

Resolved, That Camp Pap Price extend its loving sympathy to the family of our departed comrade in this the darkest hour of their lives, and pray that the God of the orphan may take our comrade's children under his protecting care, shielding them from every snare and temptation, and eventually bringing them to join father and mother in the eternal home, where there will be no more parting.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered in the record book of the Camp, a copy of them presented to the family of Comrade Belton, and a copy sent to the *Colusa Sun*, of Colusa, Cal., and the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, Nashville, Tenn.

Done by order of Camp Pap Price, No. 1360, United Confederate Veterans, of which he was a charter member, at Colusa, Cal., December 1, 1903.

Committee on Resolutions: J. S. Cameron, John L. Jackson, Joseph S. West.

DAVID S. CURL.

Another comrade has fallen—David S. Curl, of Shelbyville, Tenn. In early manhood he entered the Confederate service before his native Tennessee had become a member of the new government, and joined the First Tennessee Confederate Regiment. Comrade Curl was a natural musician, and became skillful in that art as a member of his regimental band, and under the inspiration of its music the regiment displayed that courage which won fame for the command upon many battlefields. He was a soldier true and tried until the last shot was fired. Returning then to the life of a civilian, he met the demands of duty with the same loyalty and faithfulness that characterized him as a soldier.

Resolved, That we, his comrades, mourn his death, and that in the grave where his body rests we will bury whatever faults or foibles he may have had, and will treasure the memory of his virtues and good deeds.

"J. A. Thompson, E. Shapard, J. M. Moore, Committee."

CAPT. J. J. MALLARD.

Capt. Mallard was born in Walker County, Ala., April 17, 1826; and in 1846, with his parents, moved to Athens, Tex., and the following year moved to Cherokee County, where they settled and the parents remained until their death. Early in the fifties, Capt. Mallard went to Dallas, Tex., and engaged in mercantile business, and during his residence there, in 1856,

was married to Miss Elizabeth Knight, who, together with five sons and two daughters, survives him.

When the War between the States broke out, Capt. Mallard moved to Cherokee County, Ala., and enlisted in the Confederate army. He was made quartermaster of Burford's Regiment, in which capacity he served through the war. Returning to Texas, he settled in Rusk, and engaged again in mercantile business, which he continued until the time of his death, October 2, 1903. He was laid to rest in the Rusk cemetery, after appropriate services at the Methodist Church, of which he had been a steward for more than a quarter of a century, the last rites being conducted at the grave by the Masons, of which fraternity he was a member.

The Masonic Lodge of Rusk adopted resolutions from which the following is given:

"Brother Mallard was an honest, upright citizen, a safe and conservative business man, a consistent member of the Methodist Church for many years, and a brave, loyal soldier of the



CAPT. MALLARD.

Confederacy. He was a good and true Mason, and a member of Euclid Lodge and Cherokee Chapter for more than forty years, having served as Principal Sojourner in the Chapter until he became too feeble to attend our meetings. Therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Mallard this lodge has lost one of its oldest and most venerated members, Masonry has lost one of its most earnest and zealous advocates, the State an honored and useful citizen and patriot, the Church a consistent and active member, and his family a faithful, indulgent, and affectionate husband and father."

J. T. JOYNER.

In Bolivar, Tenn., on Friday, December 11, 1903, J. T. Joyner, an old Confederate veteran, passed away. He was a member of Company E, Seventh Tennessee Cavalry, a brave soldier who served through the war.



SHEPPARD PICTURES FOR THE DAVIS MONUMENT.

Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Chairman Central Committee of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, Richmond, Va.:

"The Central Committee of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association have a set of three pictures, representing the three branches of the Confederate army. These plates are executed from designs in water color by Mr. William L. Sheppard, whose service in the Confederate army afforded him advantages in the study of types, places, and color in the life of the Confederate soldier which were possessed by only a few artists.

"The figures are treated with almost no background, and only a few accessories appropriate to the branch of the service represented.

"The infantryman is equipped with rolled blanket over his shoulder, belt, bayonet, canteen, etc. He has stopped for a moment at the camp fire to light his pipe, and supports his rifle in the hollow of his elbow, in order to have both hands free.

"The artilleryman, a captain, stands on the slight slope of a breastwork, and signals to the gunners to reserve their fire until he can observe the enemy with his field glass. The smoke drifting by indicates that a gun near him has just been fired.

"The cavalryman is about to saddle his horse; has the bridle in his hand, whilst the saddle is on a limb near by, and near it lie his rolled blanket and saber.

"Attention is concentrated on the figures alone. There is no newness about the 'outfit' of these individuals. Their clothing shows service.

"The figures are of the light-haired and dark-haired types—two of them. The artilleryman's hair is iron-gray, as there were numbers of middle-aged men in the Confederate service who should not go unrepresented in this series. The figures belong to the campaign period of 1863.

"These pictures are sold for the benefit of the Jefferson Davis monument. The work is done by the Chapters. It is hoped that every Camp and Chapter will buy at least one set, as it is necessary that the younger people of the South should know the uniform of their fathers, and not the grotesque figure of a Confederate soldier in a long frock coat.

"The price is \$1 for the set; postage, 13 cents. The size is 10½ inches by 17 inches, mounted upon board 15 inches by 20 inches, ready for framing. Orders to be sent to Mrs. William Robert Vawter, Chairman and Treasurer Picture Committee, Richmond, Va."

CONCERNING PRESIDENT DAVIS'S MONUMENT.

It is now stated that the Jefferson Davis monument will be unveiled in Richmond, June 3, 1907, the anniversary of President Davis's birthday.

The Davis Monument Fund was turned over to the United Daughters of the Confederacy five years ago by the United Confederate Veterans' Association at a convention held in Richmond. Twenty thousand, five hundred dollars was turned over to the Daughters, and since that time they have raised over \$43,000. The total amount raised is \$66,000, though this amount is not all in bank, the Daughters having:

invested quite a sum in Sheppard's pictures, representing the three arms of the Confederate service, the artillery, infantry, and the cavalry. From the sale of these pictures they expect to realize about \$5,000.

The monument will cost about \$70,000, which will include everything. The Daughters of the Confederacy want to raise about \$10,000 in addition to the sum they have on hand. Of this \$10,000, they propose to invest \$5,000, the interest of which they will use in caring for the grounds of the monument.

Work on the monument will begin next July, and the granite work will be completed long before the time for the unveiling. Three years, however, will be required for the completion of the bronze figures, the statue of Jefferson Davis, the other a female allegorical figure. Sculptor Valentine has stated that he could not possibly complete the figures under three years.

The figure of Davis will stand eight feet high on a granite pedestal of about the same height, and the female figure, pointing heavenward, will stand about seven feet high on the summit of a column fifty-six feet high.

The erection of the monument is in charge of a building committee composed of the following: Joseph Bryan, chairman; Judge G. L. Christian, J. Taylor Ellyson, David C. Richardson, E. D. Taylor, J. S. Ellett, and J. C. Dickerson.

Mrs. Thomas S. McCulloch, of Staunton, Va., is President of the Davis Monument Association; Mrs. Blenner, Secretary; and Mrs. E. D. Taylor, of Richmond, Treasurer.

TYPICAL CONFEDERATE OFFICER IN UNIFORM.—Henry S. Hale was born in Warren County, Ky., May 4, 1836. In September of 1861 he enlisted in Company H, Seventh Kentucky Regiment of Infantry.

He made up a company in Graves County, Ky., and was elected its captain, as which he served till after the battle of Shiloh, when, at the reorganization, he was elected major of the regiment.

Maj. Hale took part in many important battles—Shiloh, Corinth, siege of Vicksburg, Baker's Creek, Jackson, Miss., Brice's Cross Roads, Harrisburg, and Old Town Creek, Miss. He was severely wounded in the latter engagement, but through the careful nursing and motherly attention of Mrs. James Sykes, of Columbus, Miss., one of the devoted Southern mothers of the time, he was restored to health and rejoined his command at West Point, Miss. He was then promoted by Gen. Forrest to the rank of lieutenant colonel for gallant conduct in the battle of Baker's Creek, June 10, 1864, and assigned to duty with the Third and Seventh Kentucky Regiments, then mounted infantry. He surrendered with this command at Columbus, Miss., in April, 1865.

Col. Hale was never a prisoner of war, but he surrendered to the captivating smiles and graceful accomplishments of one of the South's fairest daughters—a graduate of the once famous Institute for Mutes at Columbus—a daughter of Mrs. Eliza Gregory, of DeKalb, Miss., to whom he was married in November of 1865.

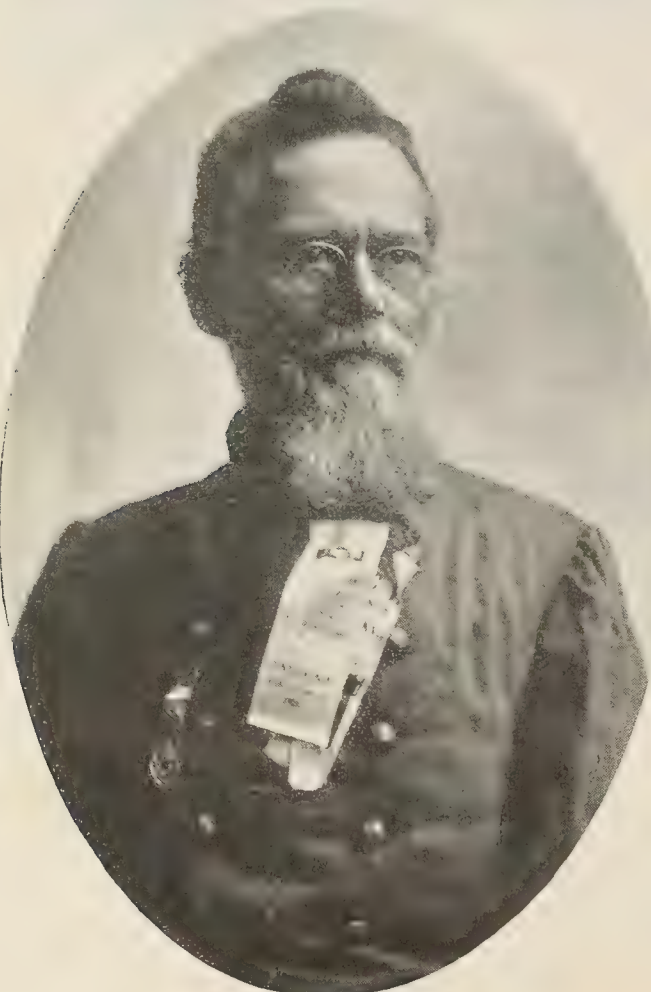
The uniform of which the old coat was a part was bought in Mobile, Ala., in the early part of the year 1864, at a cost of \$800. It has been preserved, and is now held as a relic of war and love by the fair lady who has been the life companion and the inspiration of the purposes and achievements of his life, humble though they be, and who is now the President of the Mayfield Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy. Though overpowered in war and a willing victim in love, he came out of it all a victor in the end, and is thankful to the great Commander for continued health and prosperity.

TWO "CLOSE CALLS."

BY W. T. GASS, SULPHUR SPRINGS, TEX.

Editor Veteran: I notice that you ask your subscribers for incidents of personal daring and narrow escapes during the war. Permit me to give you two that came under my personal notice, and there are a dozen or more veterans of Howell's old Eleventh Texas Battery, and probably fifty or one hundred of Alexander's Cavalry Regiment of Texas volunteers now living, who will vouch for the truth of the following. Both incidents occurred at the battle of Newtonia, in Southwest Missouri, in September, 1862, and both of the actors are yet living—one at McKinney, Tex., and the other at Purcell, Ind. T.

Private Bill Franklin, the wheel driver on third piece, Eleventh Texas Battery, was sitting on his horse during an artillery duel between that four-gun battery and Rhabb's twelve-gun Federal Kansas battery when a percussion shell from a three-inch Parrott gun struck the horse on which Franklin was sitting. Striking the animal in the shoulder, missing Franklin's leg not over two inches, it passed through the horse at an angle and between the rider's legs, exploding inside the animal, tearing out his entrails and coming out at the flank, mangling the other horse so badly in the hip that he had to be shot after the fight was over. The saddle on which Franklin was riding was split into a dozen pieces, and both of his legs from the knees up to crotch were frightfully bruised, but, strange to say, he was not killed. Indeed, so great was the fellow's pluck and endurance that he helped take the harness off the dead and wounded horses and refused to leave the field for an hour or two afterwards, when he was finally induced to go to the field hospital in the little village, half a



COL. H. S. HALE.

mile in the rear, where his wounds were dressed by Dr. O. H. Caldwell, our company surgeon (now living in Dodd City, Fannin County, Tex.), who will vouch for the truth of this statement. I was filling the post of No. 2 at the time the incident happened, and the shell—the boys called that kind ‘saw logs’—passed within ten or fifteen feet of my head. Franklin recovered, and made a good soldier the rest of the war, being furloughed at Fort Washita, Ind. T. (our battery never surrendered or were paroled), in May, 1865. He was living a year or two ago, and probably is yet, at Purcell, Ind. T.

The other incident, and almost as ‘close a call’ as Franklin’s, happened to Capt. Andrew P. Carter, commissary of Alexander’s Regiment of Texas Cavalry. In early life Capt. Carter was afflicted with white swelling in one of his legs, and one leg was considerably shorter than the other, and what we usually term bow-legged. In the morning fight at the same place, and same day, Capt. Carter had put two or three large red Missouri apples in the tail pockets of his coat. He had dismounted from his horse, and was standing near Capt. Joe Bledsoe’s two-gun Missouri Battery, Joe Shelby’s Brigade, when a Federal battery opened on them at about four hundred and fifty yards’ distance, and one of the first rounds fired, a six-pound solid shot, passed between Capt. Andy’s legs, missing him clean, but shot the tail of his coat off, made pomace out of the apples, and ruined his lunch. Capt. Carter’s place was properly with his wagon train in the rear. I don’t know whether his Newtonia experience cured him of rushing up on the firing line the rest of the war or not, but I do know that had it not been for the bow in his game leg he would certainly have lost his life on that occasion.

“DIXIE.”

BY A. W. RIECKE, CHARLESTON, S. C.

The article in the November VETERAN headed “Words for Dixie” has been read with interest and pleasure, and I fully agree in the praise of Albert Pike’s words as adopted for that martial tune. The almost meaningless words of the original minstrel song by Daniel Emmett have no share in the great rôle that “Dixie” had among the soldiers of Southern armies. It was the soul-stirring martial strain that fired the blood then, and yet causes the “Rebel yell” to resound on the air when heard in any assembly of our Southern people. The words of the poet, Albert Pike, that were later composed to better suit its purpose and more befitting the great occasion of the times that proved the mettle of our Southern people, women as well as men—they are more suitable to the great Southern melody and the spirit of the people “to live and die for Dixie.” How well they have come up to that promise, history attests. Thousands and thousands have died for Dixie—have given their lifeblood in her cause. As many more have been spared to live for Dixie—have found truth in the words, “to live for Dixie, harder part,” had almost despaired, and have yet, in spite of great difficulties, made her more glorious in peace than in war.

The resolution offered by the Missouri reunion of the U. C. V. to change the words of “Dixie” was most inappropriate, and was well voted down. There is no claim made by our people to Mr. Emmett’s words of the song. They simply appropriated the music and made it the battle strain of the Confederacy. The music of these and Albert Pike’s words were the “Dixie” of our soldiers; these are a legacy of the times that tried men’s souls and proved them true; then let them so stand as ‘our Dixie.’ True, the words do not suit present circumstances, but they had their birth in a time they suited, and so

should remain a memento of it; then couple Pike’s version to our great strain—a fitting memorial of our boys in gray.

It is the martial music of the great national airs, “Hail, Columbia,” “Watch on the Rhine,” “God Save the King,” and “The Marseillais,” that inspire men “to dare and die,” not the words that are attached to them, which are never heard when those occasions “to do or die” offer.

This writer recalls to mind the first occasion when the afterwards so popular tune had its birth in the excitement attending the secession movement. The war, of course, had not then started. It was in the evening of the day that our State, South Carolina, seceded, December 20, 1860. Great crowds had gathered in front of the hotels, calling on prominent men to address them, which they did in stirring words, and the excitement was great. Between the speeches the band in the corridor of the hotel played popular airs. Among them was the one to which so many later marched bravely to battle, “to do or die for Dixie.” No words were heard, but the tune took and caused great enthusiasm, which hardly knew bounds. Such was its birth among the exciting scenes of those stormy times, and its popularity has not waned since in either weal or woe. It is one thing that the failure of our Confederacy could not deprive us of, though our one-time foes would, no doubt, have gladly done so, for that and the Rebel yell were no pleasant sounds to them. They betokened too much earnestness of the Southern soldiers “to live or die for Dixie.”



MRS. J. D. BEALE, MONTGOMERY, ALA.,
Second Vice President United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The Atlantic Coast Line Railway maintains its well-established reputation for conducting a safe and reliable system in a liberal and conservative manner. Its aggregate mileage, including large systems not bearing its name, gives it an unseen power, and that strength, while exercised upon business principles, is controlled by a spirit that forgets not.

RECORD OF A VALIANT CONFEDERATE.

J. W. Wilcox, Adjutant of the U. C. V. Camp, Macon, Ga., has been so generous and so faithful through all the years of the VETERAN that it sought data as to his service, and he replied:

"For myself I can only say that I tried to do my duty, and to this day and forever I shall be glad that I was a Confederate soldier. Next to my wife and children, the tenderest spot in my heart is for the boy comrades with whom I helped make Southern history from 1861 to 1865. My Confederate sketches are for the pleasure of my friends."

Some credentials of his service are as follows:

"RICHMOND, VA., December, 1864.

"It is with pleasure that I say Sergt. J. W. Wilcox is entitled to the highest consideration a gallant and zealous Confederate soldier can receive.

"Sergt. Wilcox entered the service in May, 1861, with the Washington Artillery of New Orleans, and has been in action with that battalion in every engagement. He has no superior as a soldier, and merits and receives at the hands of his officers and the rank and file of his command the full appreciation due to his most excellent standing.

"I have no hesitation in most cordially recommending Sergt. Wilcox for promotion, and sincerely hope he may obtain that which he has most worthily earned. J. B. WALTON,

"Late Colonel and Chief of Artillery, Longstreet's Corps."

"HEADQUARTERS BATTERY WASHINGTON ARTILLERY,
December 8, 1864.

"It gives me pleasure to fully indorse the within testimonial, and also that of Col. Walton. While I was in command of the Fourth Company, Washington Artillery, Sergt. Wilcox was under my immediate command, and always merited the highest consideration. I consider he will fill any position to that of field officer with ability and credit.

"B. F. ESHLEMAN, Lieutenant Colonel Commanding."



J. W. WILCOX.

Comrade Wilcox is now an expert hydraulic and civil engineer and no mean artist with his pen in depicting the old Confederate of forty years ago, as the following show:



A PRIVATE'S ENTERTAINMENT.



"GIVE ME A PIECE OF CORN BREAD."



THE ANSWER FROM APPOMATOX.



"GOOD AS EVER."



"ALL THESE LEGIONS! WHY DID WE SURRENDER?"

AT THE VETERANS' REUNION PARADE, NEW ORLEANS.



"HAND TO FRONT."

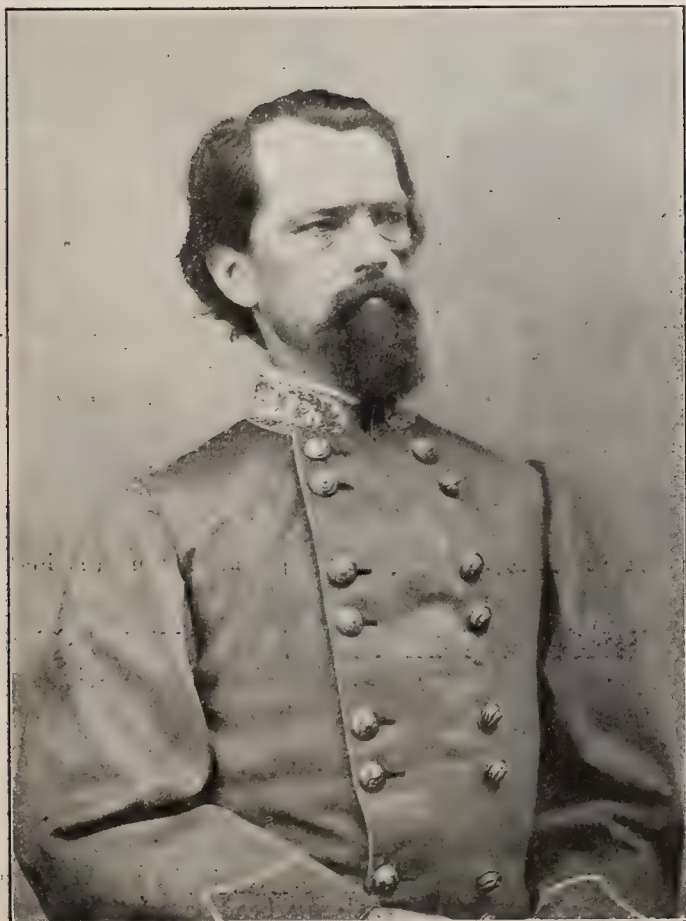
"REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR."

Widespread interest is manifested in Gen. John B. Gordon's "Reminiscences of the Civil War," recently issued from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

To every old survivor of the Confederate army, or the descendants of those who helped to make Confederate history from 1861 to 1865, the book will be of special interest, and every fair-minded student of American history will read it with interest and profit, not only on account of its historic value, which is unquestionable, coming as it does from an eyewitness and a prominent official participant in most of the great events of which he writes, but also because of the patriotic and nonpartisan spirit manifested throughout.

In his introduction, Gen. Gordon says: "I have endeavored to make my review of that most heroic era so condensed as to claim the attention of busy people, and so impartial as to command the confidence of all fair-minded people in all sections. . . . I have endeavored to show that the courage displayed and the ratio of losses sustained were unprecedented in modern warfare. I have also recorded a large number of those characteristic and thrilling incidents which illustrate a unique and hitherto unwritten phase of the war." In a most interesting and entertaining manner he has interwoven this matter with the historical facts in his "Reminiscences" from Manassas, Seven Pines, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, The Wilderness, Spottsylvania, all those long months of desperate fighting and suffering around Richmond and Petersburg, to the last heroic charge at Appomattox. He does not give as much space to the Army of Tennessee as Western men would like, but he writes the more about events with which he is the more familiar.

Careful and critical accounts are given of a number of great battles, including Gettysburg, the capture of Vicksburg, and



GEN. J. B. GORDON.

the campaign that ended with the battle of Missionary Ridge. The most important record for the student of correct history is the battle of Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864, fought between Gens. Early and Sheridan. Gen. Early, in his official report, claims that his victory in the morning was turned into a defeat in the afternoon by his troops stopping to plunder the captured camps of Sheridan's men. Gen. Gordon indignantly and most positively denies this accusation, at the same time giving an entirely different version of the fight, with evidence to sustain his views. He says: "Only the Sixth Corps of Sheridan's entire force held its ground. . . . It was at that time greatly outnumbered, and I had directed all the infantry under my command to assail in front and on both flanks simultaneously, and Col. T. H. Carter, chief of artillery, to open on it with all of his guns and those we had captured. After looking at the situation, he remarked: 'General, you will need no infantry. With enfilade fire from my batteries I will destroy that corps in twenty minutes.' At this moment Gen. Early came upon the field and said, 'Well, Gordon, this is glory enough for one day;' to which I replied, 'It is very well so far, but we have one more blow to strike, and then there will not be left an organized company in Sheridan's army;' to which he replied, 'No use in that; they will all go directly.'"

Gen. Gordon remonstrated, but to no purpose. The Sixth Corps did not go, and it was on this corps as a nucleus that Sheridan, when he arrived on the field, rallied and reorganized his defeated army and beat Early from the field.

This book is supplied by the VETERAN. See notice elsewhere.

"MY MOVING TENT," BY A WOMAN OF THE SIXTIES.

Confederates and their friends are commended to "My Moving Tent," by Mrs. Sue F. Mooney, a native of Murfreesboro, Tenn., where her father, Hon. John E. Dromgoole, was conspicuous for his kindness to Confederates, sick, wounded, and in prison. The book, while embodying the experiences of the wife of a Methodist minister for almost half a century, is a memorial to those who have made the pilgrimage pleasant, a thing of joy in the retrospect.

The review is almost a vitagraph of men—politicians, preachers, teachers—and women.

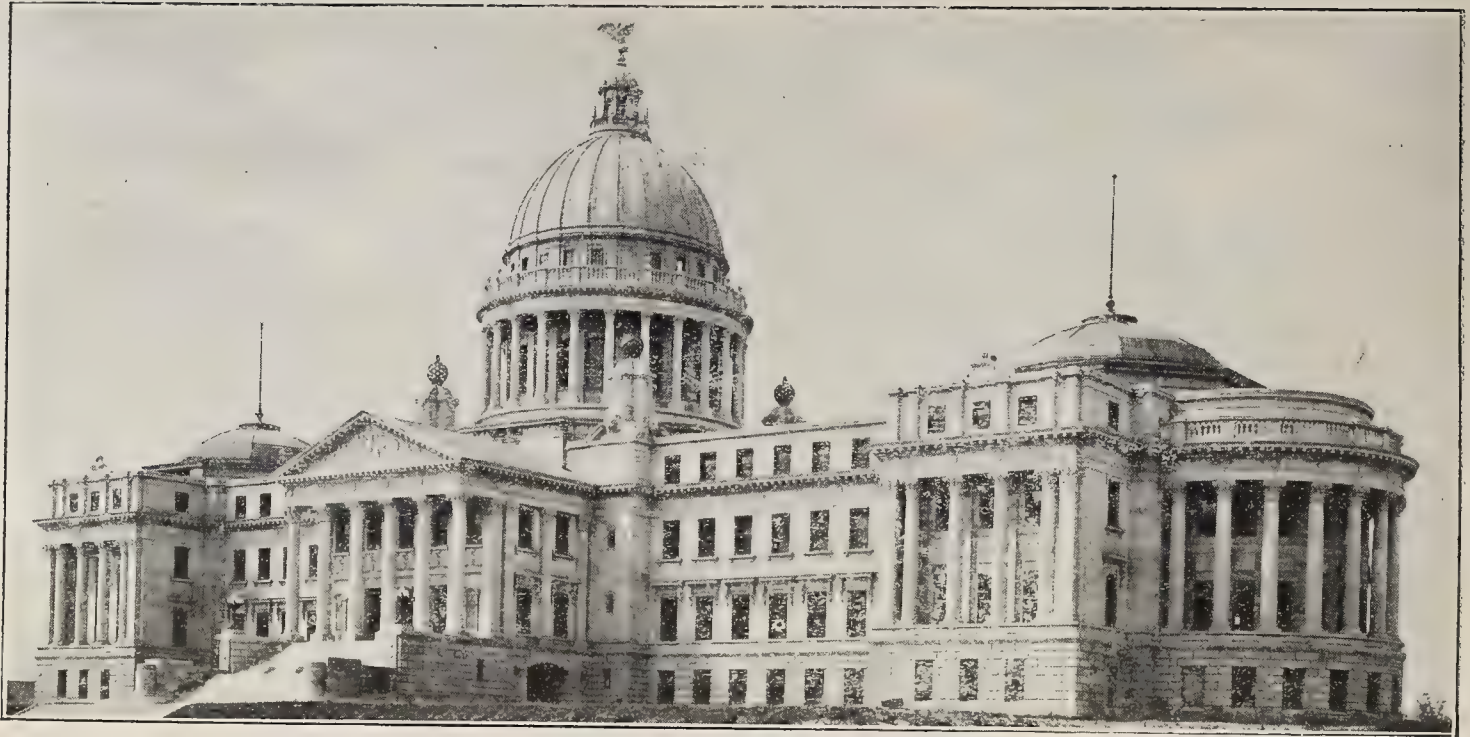
The book includes the period of the War between the States, when there was much moving of tents—when there were tents—and these movements are followed with increasing interest till the final tragedy, when our flag was furled forever, but enshrined in the affections of every sad survivor.

These Confederate chronicles will be read with emotion by those of whom she says with emphasis "that no such army as the Southern [the Confederate] was ever marshaled."

The period of reconstruction, the changing of the old order and adjustment to the new are vividly portrayed without the least element of sensationalism, and in the whole book there is no expression of bitterness. The work of chaplains and of missionary chaplains in the Army of Tennessee is of much value. Mrs. Mooney has given us the minutes of the association, her husband having been its secretary. Rev. Mr. Mooney has just closed his fifty-fourth year as an active minister in the Methodist itinerant ranks, having been a member for thirty-seven years of the Tennessee Conference, three years of the St. Louis Conference, and for fourteen years of the Memphis Conference, in which "the moving tent" is now pitched.

The book is published by the Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn. Pp., 300; price, \$1.

Henderson's LIFE OF T. J. JACKSON with the VETERAN, \$4.35. TWO WARS, by Gen. S. G. French, and the VETERAN 1 yr., \$2.50.



MISSISSIPPI'S NEW STATE CAPITOL.

Work on the building was begun the first day of the first month of the century, and was completed August 20, 1903. The structure is 402 feet long, 225 feet wide, and the dome is 180 feet high. The aggregate cost was \$1,093,641. The legislative halls are located in the two extremes. Self-winding electric clocks are supplied in every office and public room. There are 750 incandescent lights in the central dome and rotunda, and 4,000 other similar lights in the building. The Governor's reception room is finished in Numidian marble. The cost of the marble in the building was \$101,000, and of the "Bedford" limestone \$212,000. The cost of the electric and gas light fixtures in the building was \$15,000. There are marble mosaic floors in the legislative halls, the Governor's reception room, the Supreme Court room, the State Library, the corridors, and lobbies.

An eagle made of copper with a heavy coating of pure gold leaf, eight feet high and fifteen feet from tip to tip of wings, surmounts the dome of the magnificent building.

"APPROVED—JOHN MORGAN."—The New York *Tribune* tells of an "old Washington gentleman who overheard President Lincoln tell this story:

"During one of his busy reception hours, when the President was talking first to one, then to another, of the many who filled the room at the White House, a gentleman asked if any news had been received from John Morgan, whose Confederate cavalry were raiding Kentucky and Ohio.

"'We'll catch John some of these days,' replied Lincoln. 'I admire him, for he is a bold operator. He always goes after the mail trains in order to get information from Washington. On his last raid he opened some mail bags and took possession of the official correspondence. One letter was from the War Department to a lieutenant in Grant's army. It contained a captain's commission for him. Right under the signature of A. Lincoln the audacious Morgan wrote 'Approved—John Morgan,' and sent the commission on its way.'"

W. H. COLEY, MILAN, TENN.

In March, 1863, when only fifteen years old, Comrade Coley joined the Tenth Tennessee Cavalry, then of Starnes's Brigade, but afterwards commanded by Gen. Dibrell under

Forrest. He served as courier until the army fell back to Chattanooga. At Chickamauga he received his first wound during a charge with his regiment, near Gordon's Mill, on a Federal battery. He afterwards was attached to Longstreet's command, and served with it for eight months; but was transferred back to the Army of Tennessee, which he joined at Dalton, and participated in all the battles of Johnston's army from Dalton to Atlanta. He served in the Tennessee campaign, was in the battles of Franklin and Nashville, and surrendered, under Forrest, at Gainesville, Ala., in 1865.



W. H. COLEY.

Since the war, Comrade Coley, while successful in business, he has never permitted his business affairs to lessen his enthusiasm or abate his love and admiration for his old army comrades and friends. He was chiefly instrumental in organizing recently Bivouac No. 39 and Camp No. 1443, of which he was chosen President, and having them named in honor of his old comrade, Capt. John W. Morton, chief of Forrest's Artillery. Comrade Coley's family consists of two

accomplished daughters and an only son, Robert Lee.

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THE PUBLIC LIFE OF JAMES M. MASON.

BY HIS DAUGHTER.

Mr. Mason was a member of the Virginia Legislature from 1826 to 1832. In United States Congress, 1837-39; United States Senate, 1847-61. He was the author of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850; appointed Confederate Commissioner to England, 1861, serving until 1865.

His correspondence with the government at Richmond gives much interesting information not published before. Original dispatches given here afford authentic accounts of facts often misrepresented; views of Members of Parliament on blockade and recognition; Mr. Lindsay's interview with the French Emperor; visit of M. Mercier to Richmond a mystery; Emperor favors recognition, but will not act alone; cotton famine in England; Slideil makes formal demand for recognition on the emperor; Mason makes the same on Lord Russell, which is refused, President Davis on the attitude of the British Ministry; English scheme to raise money on cotton; French proposal for loan; England determined to risk no trouble with the United States; success of Confederate loan; Seward's admission that the "Mallory Report" was a forgery; additional forgery by United States government; popular sentiment in England strongly with the South; fight between Alabama and Kearsage; St. Albans Raid; letter from Bennett Young; vindication of right to self-government the sole object of the South; Hon. D. F. Kenner sent with special instructions to the commissioners to ascertain whether any concessions regarding slavery would secure recognition; Mason's conversation with Lord Donoughmore and Lord Palmerston on this subject; the Hampton Roads Conference, 1865; assassination of Presi-

dent Lincoln; Mason's denial of Stanton's charge of Confederate conspiracy.

This book will shortly be ready for delivery. Orders can be sent to the author, Miss Virginia Mason, Charlottesville, Va., The Stone Printing and Manufacturing Company, Roanoke, Va., or to book stores. Cloth, \$3.50; half library, \$4; library, \$5.50.

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W. H. Kearney, of Trezevant, Tenn., writes that Company L, of the Sixth Tennessee Regiment, wants to have a reunion in Jackson, Tenn., in August, 1904, and it is hoped that all survivors will make an effort to attend.

Mrs. Ariminta McClellan Taulman, Hubbard City, Tex., desires to correspond with members of Company F, Twenty-Eighth Louisiana Volunteers, of which her father, James W. McClellan, was a member, and especially with Capt. Bradford. The address of Hon. William McLellan Fayssoux is also desired.

R. J. Neely, Paris, Ky., wants a few genuine Confederate buttons. He would like to have two or three from each of the original Southern States. He also wants an oval C. S. A. belt buckle or clasp, and a Confederate cap that was

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W. S. Grant, of Pottsboro, Tex., was a member of Company B, Fifth Arkansas Regiment of Infantry, Cleburne's Division, and would like to hear from any other surviving member of that company.

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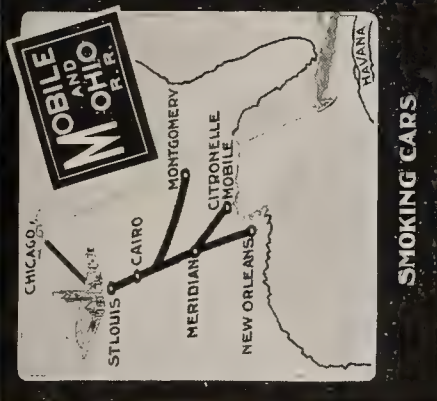
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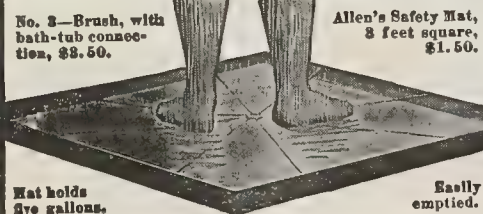
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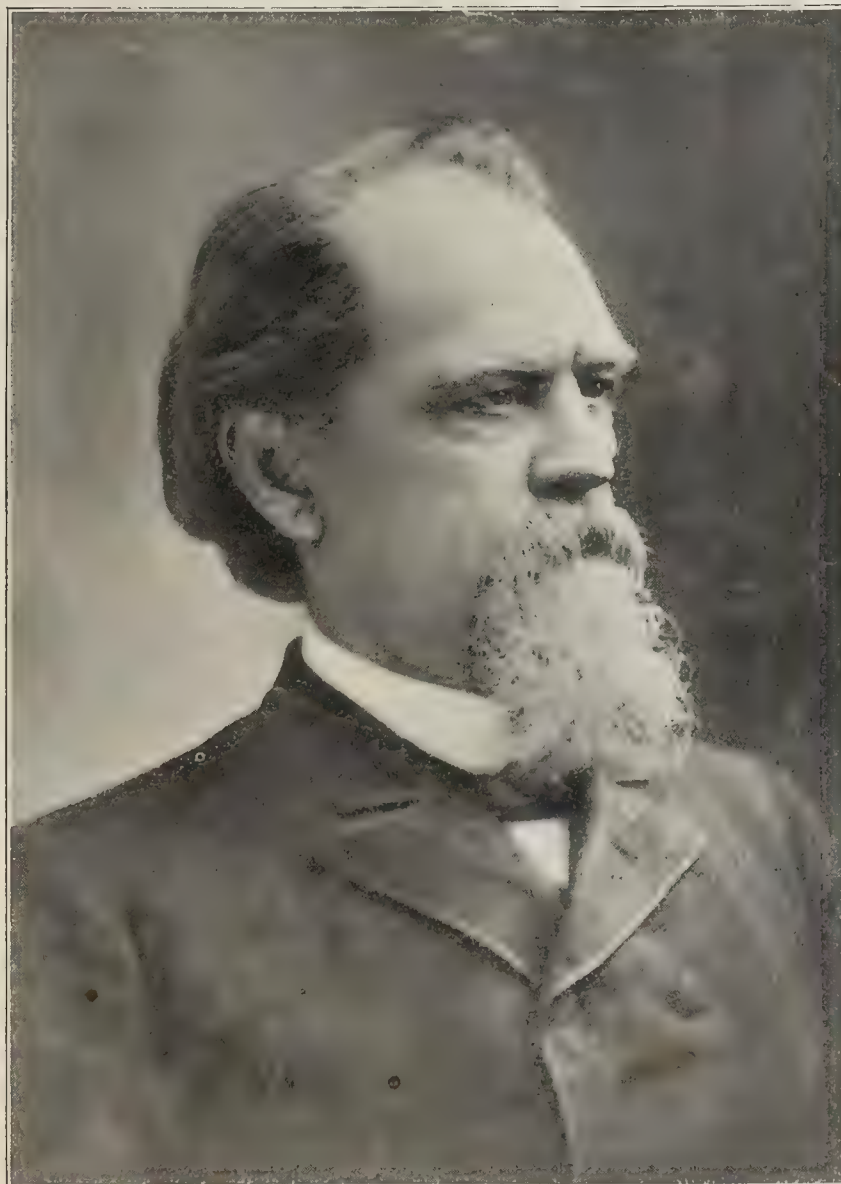
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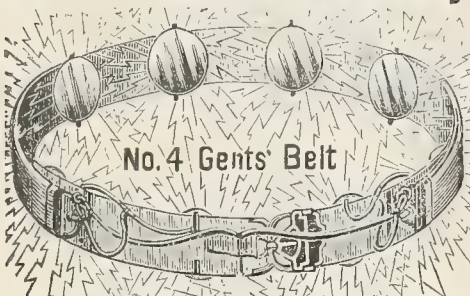
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NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1904.

No. 2. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE, COMMANDER IN CHIEF U. C. V., SUCCESSOR TO GEN. JOHN B. GORDON.

Extracts from the American Encyclopedic Dictionary and others give interesting data concerning Genl. S. D. Lee, Gen. Gordon's successor as Commander in Chief of the U. C. V.:

"Lieut. Gen. Stephen D. Lee is a native of Charleston, S. C. He descended from most honorable revolutionary ancestors. Since the Confederate war he has been a distinguished citizen of Mississippi. He was born September 22, 1833. He was prepared in the admirable schools of Charleston, and entered West Point in 1850, and graduated in 1854 in the class with J. E. B. Stuart, Custis Lee, Pender, Pegram, Gracie, and others who were afterwards distinguished in the Confederate service, and O. O. Howard, Weed, and others of note in the Federal armies. He served in the Fourth Artillery on the frontiers of Texas, Kansas, and Nebraska. He was made first lieutenant in 1856, and in 1857 served under Col. Loomis against the Indians in Florida.

"On the secession of his native State he promptly resigned (being then stationed at Fort Randal, Nebr.), and was made captain of South Carolina Volunteers. He steadily rose from this rank through all the grades to that of lieutenant general, and so surrendered at the close of the war.

"His first service in the war was as aid to Gen. Beauregard, being one of the two officers sent to demand the surrender of Fort Sumter, and, when the demand was refused, ordering the nearest battery to fire on the fort. He served as captain of a battery in the Hampton Legion, and in November, 1861, he was promoted to major of artillery. He served with J. E. Johnston at Yorktown in the spring of 1862, and was promoted lieutenant colonel of artillery for gallant and meritorious service. He was with Whiting at Seven Pines, and was Magruder's

chief of artillery in the Seven Days' fighting. He was then put in command of the Fourth Virginia Cavalry, and was at once conspicuous in bold scouting. When the campaign against Pope opened, he was made colonel of artillery and put in command of a battalion of twenty guns.

"At Second Manassas he occupied a ridge between Jackson's and Longstreet's positions; and when the enemy advanced his heavy lines to crush Jackson, Lee opened on them with all of his guns, which he handled with such terrific effect that the slaughter was fearful, and the enemy's columns gave way, being cut to pieces, and retired. Col. Lee and his battalion (consisting of Rhett's South Carolina Battery under Lieut. William Elliott and Parker's, Eubank's, and Jordan's Virginia Batteries) were highly complimented in the official reports, and President Davis said they saved the day.

"The following incident is told as illustrating the spirit of his men: When the enemy had charged to within a hundred yards of the guns, and been repulsed with great slaughter by the free use of grape and canister, a boy of sixteen rushed up to Capt. W. W. Par-

ker, widely known for his piety as well as his cool courage, and exclaimed: 'Captain, God has given us the victory!' 'Yes, my son,' was the reply, 'but go back to your gun. We shall thank God after a while.' And they did have afterwards a thanksgiving service. Gen. Lee was eminently a Christian soldier.

"At Sharpsburg again Lee and his battalion were greatly distinguished. They lost heavily, however—more than one hundred men and ninety horses out of the four batteries. Lee himself, it is stated, was confidentially consulted by Jackson in reference to a desperate move he was contemplating, and grim



LIEUT. GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE.

old Stonewall yielded to the advice of the accomplished young artilleryist.

"After this campaign Lee was made brigadier general, and sent to command at Vicksburg, and, being a stranger to the State, President Davis, in a speech at Jackson, soon after took occasion to say of him: 'He was sent to Virginia at the beginning of the war with a little battery of three guns. With these he fought the Yankee gunboats, drove them off, and stripped them of their terrors. He was promoted for distinguished services on various fields. He was finally made colonel of artillery, and I have reason to believe that at the last great conflict on the field of Manassas he served to turn the tide of the battle, and consummate the victory. On succeeding fields he has won equal distinction. Though yet young, he has fought more battles than many officers who have lived to an advanced age and died in their beds. I have, therefore, sent Gen. Stephen D. Lee to take charge of the defense of Vicksburg.'

"Mr. Davis continued to cherish the highest opinion of Lee, and is quoted as having said one day at Beauvoir not long before his death, when speaking freely of his generals: 'Stephen D. Lee was one of the very best all-round soldiers we had. I tried him in artillery, and he handled his guns so superbly that I thought we could never spare him from that arm of service; I tried him in command of cavalry, and he made such a dashing cavalryman that I thought he was born for that service; and when I put him to command infantry I found him equally as able and accomplished in that position. He was a great and good soldier.'

"Soon after he took command at Vicksburg, Gen. Sherman brought down 30,000 men from Memphis, and advanced by way of Chickasaw Bayou, where Lee was posted with only 2,700 men, and gave him so bloody a repulse that after losing 1,700 men killed, wounded, and prisoners, Sherman retreated, reëmbarked on his transports and went back to Memphis.

"It was a sad day for the Confederacy when Gen. J. C. Pemberton was put in command of Vicksburg, and there seems little doubt that if S. D. Lee (who greatly distinguished himself at Baker's Creek, where he had three horses shot from under him and was slightly wounded, and in several assaults upon Vicksburg) had been continued in command the results would have been different, and if Vicksburg had fallen the army would have been saved.

"After the capture of Vicksburg, on the 4th of July, Lee was soon exchanged and was made major general on the 3d of August, and assigned to the command of all the cavalry in Mississippi. In April, 1864, he was put in command of the Department of Alabama, Mississippi, and East Louisiana, and was soon after made lieutenant general. His force was utterly inadequate for any proper defense, but it was under his orders that Forrest routed Sturgis at Tishomingo Creek. When Gen. Sooy Smith invaded Mississippi with 16,000, Lee had but 6,000 (mostly Forrest's Cavalry) with which to meet him, but he did not hesitate to attack him near Pontotoc, and after three days of hard fighting, culminating in the battle of Harrisburg, one of the severest of the war, he drove the enemy and compelled his retreat before one-third of his numbers.

"When Gen. Hood succeeded Gen. Johnston Lee was put in command of his corps, and participated in the ill-fated campaign into Tennessee. Lee commanded the rear guard on the retreat from Nashville, and his cool courage and skillful management, aided by the heroic fighting of his men and by Forrest, saved the remnants of Hood's army.

"He was so severely wounded in the foot that he could take no further part in the closing scenes of the war.

HIS LIFE SINCE THE WAR.

"Being captured by a beautiful and accomplished Mississippi woman, whom he married, he located at Columbus, Miss., and has taken a prominent part in the affairs of the State, being several times elected to the State Senate, and being a prominent member of the Constitutional Convention. He has been for many years President of the State Agricultural and Mechanical College at Starkville, and has conducted its affairs with such signal ability and success that his people of Mississippi say: 'We would make him Governor, or United States Senator, but we cannot afford to lose his services from the college.'

"Gen. Lee is a high-toned Christian gentleman, a deacon of the Baptist Church, widely admired and loved, and exerting a potent influence for good, especially among his old comrades and the young men of his State and the South."

GEN. CLEMENT ANSELM EVANS,

COMMANDING ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.

Native of Georgia, born in Stewart County, descendant of Virginia and North Carolina Revolutionary officers and soldiers, who were descendants of immigrants from Wales, England, and Scotland, he was educated and admitted to the bar from the Georgia Law School, and began practice at the beginning of the nineteenth year of his age. He received training in military in his youth as a member of a splendid volunteer company in his town of Lumpkin. He was elected judge of his county court when twenty-two years old and State Senator when twenty-six. He was entitled to exemption from military service as a Senator, but, not claiming the privilege, he assisted, in December, 1860, in forming a military company for the war if the South should be invaded. He was mustered into the service of the Confederacy with a company of the Thirty-First Georgia Regiment as a private. He was soon appointed major, and about six months afterwards was promoted to colonel of the regiment and attached to Lawton's Brigade, afterwards Gordon's and then Evans's Brigade. This brigade was in the division and corps of Stonewall Jackson. Evans served with this brigade in all the campaigns of Virginia to Appomattox. During this constant service he was wounded at the first Cold Harbor battle, at Gettysburg, and the battle of Monocacy very severely, and slightly in the battle of the Wilderness. He was made brigadier general for services at Spottsylvania and in the battle of May 12, 1864. He succeeded Gordon as commander of the brigade and afterwards to command of the division.

He commanded Lawton's Brigade in the charge of Early's Division at Fredericksburg December 13, 1862. He led his regiment, which was the advanced command in the successful charge of Gordon's Brigade, to take Marye's Heights. He commanded the division at the battle of Morton's Ford, driving Gen. Hayes back across the Rapidan and winning a letter of special commendation from Gen. Ewell, who was commanding the corps.

He was intimately the close supporter of Gen. Gordon in his many successful fights, always believing strongly in Gordon's great military ability. He was with Gordon in the early morning assault on Sheridan's army at Cedar Creek, in which such brilliant success was gained, commanding at that time the brigade on the right and making the opening charge.

When Gordon was promoted to command the corps, he arose to the command of the division, and at the close of the summer campaign of 1864 occupied the right of Lee's army near Hatcher's Run, and then in the trenches at Petersburg. He

was among the first to cross with his division the enemy's breastworks in the famous assault on Fort Stedman. He commanded his division in many attacks made on the rear of Lee's army during the retreat from Petersburg. He led his division at Appomattox in a charge after the surrender (not having notice of the surrender at the time), capturing two guns and seventy-eight prisoners.

Seeing the necessity of keeping up the comradeship of Confederate soldiers, he joined in the forming of the first Confederate Associations, which were substituted by the Confederation of United Confederate Veterans. The U. C. V. was suggested at New Orleans in 1889, organized in 1890 at Chattanooga, under which at first he was for a short time adjutant general and chief of staff. However, he was soon made Commander of the Georgia Division, and has been retained in that high position until now, always attending reunions and feeling great interest in all Confederate affairs. By the vacancy created by the death of Gen. Gordon, Gen. S. D. Lee became General Commanding the Association, and Gen. Evans became Lieutenant General Commanding the Army of the Tennessee Department.

Gen. Evans now becomes Chairman of the History Committee, and is President of the Confederate Memorial Association. He has made numerous addresses on various phases of the Confederate war at Birmingham, Nashville, Charleston, and Richmond, which were published at the time. He speaks every year by invitation at some place in Georgia, but his most

extensive service was rendered as author and editor of a work of twelve volumes called "Confederate Military History."

Gen. Evans was very intimately associated with Gen. Gordon. Back in the sixties they held conferences in the midst of active campaigns and pending battles; and they penetrated alone twice the enemy's line to find a place to make an attack. They viewed together the enemy's position at Cedar Creek, and decided to report to Early the advantages of an attack, also our conference on my line at the point where the attack was to be made at Fort Stedman; and Gen. Gordon visited him when under the surgeon's hand after Monocacy, in addition to numberless other little incidents in camp and field.

EXPENSES OF GENERAL U. C. V. REUNIONS.

Gen. William E. Mickle sends extracts from the minutes of the New Orleans reunion of 1903, in which the subject of economizing expenses at Confederate reunions was discussed, and a resolution was offered by William H. Mayo, of St. Louis, Mo.:

"Whereas the increasing expenditures made by the citizens who have invited the annual reunion to be held in their cities have a tendency to deter other communities from tendering invitations for the future sessions, and it has become desirable that some expression of opinion shall be made by this body; therefore be it

"Resolved, That the Confederate Veterans give notice that they will not expect from their future hosts the splendid and lavish hospitality which has been poured out by New Orleans at this session and heretofore by other cities. All provisions which may be made for the entertainment of veterans will be cheerfully accepted, but in matters of decoration and expenditures not absolutely necessary we urge the great virtue of moderation."

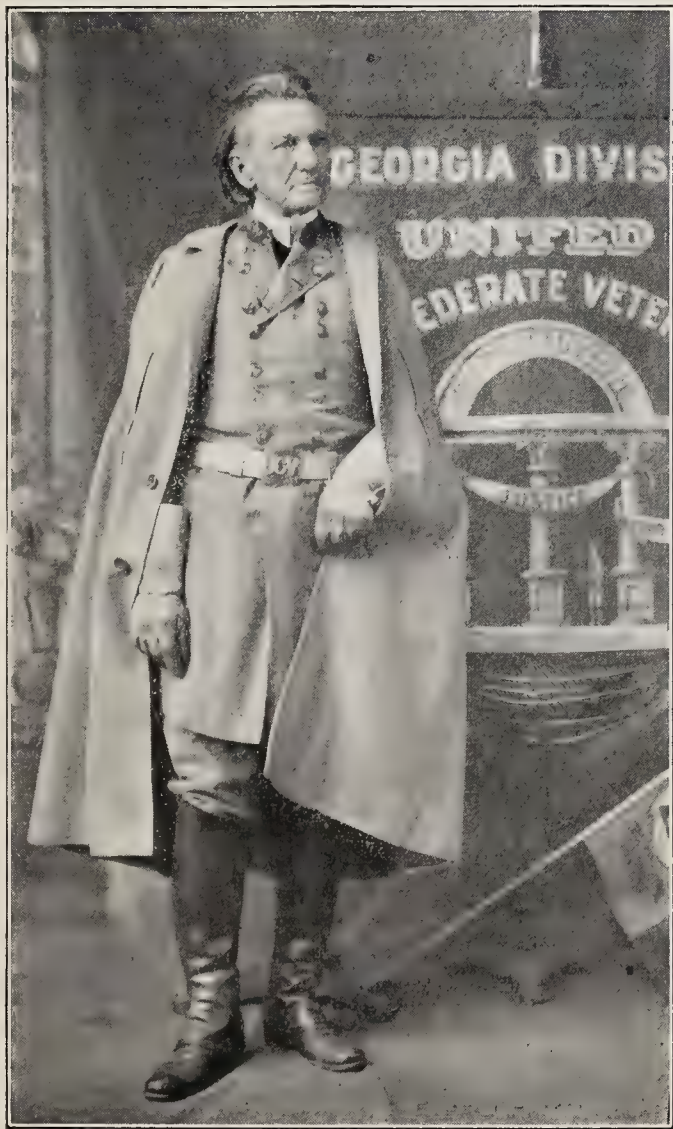
Gen. Bennett H. Young, the Commander of the Kentucky Division, U. C. V., came to the front of the stage and, in his big-hearted way, said: "My comrades, if you come to Louisville, you will be entertained as you have never been before. Our people would not consent to any limit being placed on their respect and admiration for this great body."

Gen. Stephen D. Lee, at that time Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, then said that "there was a growing sentiment that this organization was getting top-heavy, and that there was too much of the spectacular. In 1892, when we met in this city, Washington Artillery Hall was not one-half full. Now the great expanse of the Fair Grounds is hardly sufficient to hold them. Our record should be clear on that one point. We do not want to impose burdens which would make other cities hesitate to invite us."

Gen. J. B. Gordon wrote from Berlin Mills, N. H., December 1, 1903 (his last letter to the editor of the VETERAN):

"My Dear Major: Yours of November 21 just received. I am glad to know that Nashville has consented to receive us again next year. . . . I like your suggestion of cutting down the expense of these entertainments, and agree with you fully that we ought to bring the expense within the ability of a larger part of our cities, so that they might feel inclined to take care of us."

GEN. J. B. GORDON'S RANK, C. S. A.—On October 23, 1899, Gen. Gordon wrote the VETERAN as follows: "I was informed by Gen. Breckinridge, Secretary of War, while my corps was at Petersburg, that I had been made a lieutenant general. Like a great many other cases at that period of the war, my commission never reached me. I was, however, accorded the rank in assignment, but was waiting for my commission to the last before signing officially as lieutenant general."



GEN. CLEMENT A. EVANS.

GORDON, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, U. C. V.

BY I. M. PORTER OCKENDEN, SECRETARY LADIES' MEMORIAL
ASSOCIATION, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Just when the young month of the glad new year
Over the South had stretched a beauteous hand
Has come a wail of woe, and Nature's tear
Now softly falls for him, from strand to strand!

By brave men honored, brave in war and peace,

Gordon! the great, the good, the true, in one!
Out of the darkness came his sweet release,

Roll call is over, the white sleep begun—

Dare we, with lamentations, break his rest?

O lay the flag in silence o'er his breast!

Now, ye who love a hero, weep, one lieth here.

Commanding General of the Knightly Dead,

They guard thy calm repose, the men in gray;

And woman's green memorials shall wreath thy bed,

When this sad song has, sighing, died away!

Yes, Gen. Gordon is dead, and the influence of his life will fade by degrees until it will only exist in a story—a sad, sad fact. The prolongation of his strenuous, useful days was a blessing to mankind.

Gen. Gordon had his share of business reverses after war losses, and that hampered him in his great achievements until his later days. It was his blessing to give out in largest degree exemplification of the finest citizenship of the old South.

His funeral was evidently the most remarkable that ever occurred in the Southern States save that of Jefferson Davis in the ceremonies at New Orleans and again at Richmond. Atlanta has witnessed the funerals of Benjamin H. Hill, Henry W. Grady, Alexander H. Stephens, Joseph E. Brown, and other distinguished men; but the sentiment expressed generally on January 14, 1904, was that no such funeral ceremony had ever occurred in the capital of Georgia. The day was clear, all business was suspended for four hours, and military bodies were so distributed as to prevent overcrowding, and many thousands passed through the rotunda of the capitol to take a last look at the placid face of the eminent Southerner. Floral tributes were lavishly banked on each side of the casket and along the avenue for passage.

In addition to the stream that coursed through the capitol during the day and a half that the body lay in state, the extensive grounds about the capitol were packed with people, a mere lane through the human mass being kept open from the capitol to the Presbyterian church, nearly opposite, on Washington Street. There gorgeous floral tributes were massed about the pulpit and to the gallery overhead. The hall of representatives and the church held merely small delegations of the thousands and thousands assembled.

The services in both places were worthy the distinguished dead. A volume should be published to contain the proceedings. Ten-minute tributes were paid by Governors and other distinguished men from nearly all the Southern States, while the profoundly religious tributes in the church were all that devout Christians could desire. Additional tributes may be expected in an early number of the VETERAN.

With all that was conceivable as worthy of being done by State and Church, the demonstration was greater and greatest in the packed lines of people that extended for more than a

mile on both sides of the avenue to the cemetery. There must have been fully forty thousand people out. The solemn grandeur of the pageant hushed all to silence, and manifest sorrow was universal.

The firing of cannon at the capitol was continued every thirty minutes through much of the day, and military service at the grave added to the impressiveness of the burial. A Confederate battleflag was draped about the casket before being lowered into the cold ground.

SKETCH OF GEN. GORDON'S CAREER.

John Brown Gordon was born in Upson County, Ga., July 6, 1832, of Scotch ancestry, his grandfather being one of seven brothers who emigrated from Scotland previous to the Revolutionary war, in which they all took part in behalf of the colonies. The grandfather made his home in Wilkes County, N. C., whence Rev. Zachariah H. Gordon, father of Gen. Gordon, removed to Georgia. Young Gordon was graduated in 1852 from the Georgia State University, and a few months later was admitted to the practice of law.

In September of 1854 he was married to Miss Fanny Haralson, daughter of Gen. Hugh A. Haralson, of LaGrange, Ga. The wedding occurred on her seventeenth birthday, when he was but twenty-two.

Interested in some coal lands in North Georgia, John B. Gordon was giving his personal attention to the development of this property when Sumter was fired upon. Two sons had been born to him, and he was tested by the struggle between devotion and duty to his family and to his country. Early in 1861 he organized a company of the stalwart mountaineers of that section, was elected captain, and under the euphonious



name of "Raccoon Roughs" they were mustered into the Confederate service. Through promotion he rose to major and then to lieutenant colonel of the Sixth Alabama in December of that year.

His regiment was called to Virginia, and from Manassas to Appomattox he bore a conspicuous part in making the glorious history of the Southern Confederacy. In the Peninsula campaign he was assigned to Rodes's Brigade of D. H. Hill's Division, and on April 23, 1862, he was promoted to colonel. At the battle of Seven Pines, during the advance of his brigade, Rodes was severely wounded, and the command devolved upon Gordon as senior colonel. At Malvern Hill he again commanded the brigade and led it in the magnificent charge delivered against the Federal position by Hill's Division.

Commissioned brigadier general on November 1, 1862, he was assigned to command that splendid brigade of Georgians, the Thirteenth, Twenty-Sixth, Thirty-First, Thirty-Eighth, Sixtieth, and Sixty-First Regiments. This he commanded at Chancellorsville and in the Pennsylvania campaign. Again leading in Early's advance upon Harrisburg, Gordon reached the Susquehanna at Wrightsville, the most extended advance into the United States territory achieved in the East during the four years' war. Recalled on account of the concentration at Gettysburg, on the first day of the struggle there he participated prominently in the determined attack from the North, which drove the Federals through the town to the strong position that they subsequently held. During the November operations of that year he, with his brigade, participated in the fighting below the Rapidan. On the memorable 5th of May, when Ewell's Corps struck the first blow upon the advancing columns of Grant in the Wilderness, Gordon's Brigade, after Jones had been driven back, advanced, repulsed the Federals, and reestablished the Confederate line. On the following day, in command of two brigades, he made a sudden attack at sunset upon Sedgwick's Corps with such gallantry that the enemy was driven from a large part of his works and six hundred prisoners captured, among them Gens. Seymour and Shaler. In the succeeding struggle at Spottsylvania C. H. Gen. Gordon was particularly distinguished as the commander of Early's Division. Immediately after Johnston was overwhelmed by Hancock he threw his division in front of the victorious enemy. Gen. Lee rode up, evidently intending to lead the men in the charge, so imminent was the peril to the army. Gordon remonstrated, the men cried, "Lee to the



rear," and one of them, seizing the General's bridle, led his horse back, while the charge was made with fury and the Federals were driven back to the base of the "Bloody Angle," where the fight continued furiously during the day.

On May 14, 1864, Gordon was promoted to major general and put in command of a division composed of Evans's Georgia Brigade, Hays's and Stafford's Louisiana Brigades, and Terry's Virginia Brigade, made up of the remnants of the old Stonewall Brigade and others. With this command he joined Breckinridge and Early, after the battle of Cold Harbor, in the repulse of Hunter, moved to Harper's Ferry, attacked Maryland Heights, and at Monocacy led the attack on the right which routed Lew Wallace. After this campaign closed before the defenses of Washington, Gordon had a prominent part in the fighting in the Shenandoah Valley under Early, and was especially distinguished in the surprise and defeat of Sheridan's army early in the day at Cedar Creek.

Returning to the lines before Petersburg, Gen. Gordon was assigned to the command of the Second Corps, A. N. V. In March, with about half the depleted army at his disposal, he made a desperate sally and captured Fort Stedman and

parts of the line to the right and left of it, but did not have sufficient strength to hold the position. He held the last lines at Petersburg and fought with stubborn valor for every inch of space. He guarded the retreat from the fated city with stubborn resistance to the attacks of the enemy, and at Appomattox C. H. was put in command of half of Lee's army, who were intended to cut through Grant's line had not the surrender been determined upon. In an official report of Gen. D. H. Hill, Gen. Gordon was designated "the Chevalier Bayard of the Confederate army," an apt characterization of the brave and chivalrous commander.

Gen. Gordon passed through so many battles without being wounded that his men possessed a sort of blind faith that he was not to be killed in battle, as evidenced by such expressions as "They can't hurt him;" "He's as safe in one place as another;" "His is a charmed life." Many had fallen at his side, his clothing had been torn by shot and shells, but up to the Sharpsburg storm no wound had ever been made upon him. Early in that battle he was shot through the calf of the right leg, and later on higher up in the same leg, but no bones were broken, and he continued to move along the line and encourage his men, who were firing with the coolness and precision of peace soldiers at target practice. Later in the day a third ball pierced his left arm, tearing asunder the tendons and mangling the flesh. When his men caught sight of the blood running down his fingers they pleaded with him to leave them and go to the rear, pledging that they would stay there and fight to the last, but he yielded not. A fourth ball ripped through his shoulder, leaving a wad of clothing in the wound. Although much weakened by these shocks and the loss of blood, he remembered his pledge to Gen. Lee that they would stay there till the battle ended or until night. He thought he saw his left wavering, and told Private Vickers, of Alabama, who volunteered to carry any order, to tell them that he was still on the field, and would stay there, and to remember their promise to Gen. Lee. Brave Vickers had gone less than fifty yards when he was instantly killed by a ball through his head. Although desperately weakened from loss of blood and scarcely able to stand, Gen. Gordon attempted to go himself, but had gone only a short distance when he was struck by a ball squarely in the face, the ball barely missing the jugular vein in passing out. He fell forward unconscious with his face in his cap, and he says he might have been smothered in his own blood had not some considerate Yankee previously shot a hole through his cap which let the blood out. This wound was so serious that his surgeon and devoted friend, Dr. Weatherly, had little hope of his recovery. Gordon said to him: "You think I am going to die, but I am going to get well." Long afterwards Dr. Weatherly admitted that this assurance was his first and only basis of hope.

Mrs. Gordon, who faithfully followed her husband through the war, was soon sent for. The doctors were doubtful about the propriety of admitting her to the room, fearing the effect upon their patient, but he was more fearful of the effect his appearance would have upon her. His face was black and shapeless—so swollen that one eye was hidden and the other nearly so. His right leg and left arm and shoulder were bandaged and propped with pillows. He knew she would be greatly shocked, and to reassure her at once he said as she came in: "Here's your handsome [?] husband; been to an Irish wedding." Thenceforward she was at his bedside constantly, and to her devoted care was due his remarkable recovery.

When hostilities had ended, he called his heroic men about him and advised them to bear the trial, go home in peace, obey

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

GEN. LONGSTREET PAID UNCLE SAM IN 1862.

It is fitting in this issue of the VETERAN to note the action of Gen. James Longstreet in settlement of his obligations to the United States in December, 1862. He was Paymaster in the United States Army in 1861, and the VETERAN, having information that he paid into the United States treasury a balance that he owed during the war, sought information through Maj. M. J. O'Shaughnessy, who was at the head of the Department of Loans at Washington during the greatest crisis known in the history of the Government. That gentleman, a resident of Nashville, wrote to a friend in the treasury of the United States January 20, 1904, for particulars, and Mr. Ellis H. Roberts, Treasurer, wrote in reply on January 28:

" . . . It appears, however, that in December, 1862, a repay warrant was issued which shows a deposit of \$828.22 to the credit of the Treasurer of the United States by James Longstreet, P. M. This deposit was made by the Assistant Treasurer of the United States, New York, December 6, 1862, for credit of James Longstreet, Paymaster, under instructions of the Secretary of the Treasury of December 3, 1862. It appears to have been the balance standing to his credit as Paymaster with that officer, and was covered into the treasury as a repayment of moneys previously advanced to him for disbursement to the army."

WILL THE SOUTH HONOR "BILL ARP?"

A most worthy movement has been inaugurated for an equestrian statue of Gen. Jno. B. Gordon, and a large sum will be speedily raised.

While that movement is in progress the VETERAN calls attention to another that has been permitted to lag and the status of which wounds the pride of the inaugurator.

Maj. Smith's family appreciate deeply the esteem manifested by those who have contributed, and will give public expression ere long; but surely, surely the Southern people will not be content with this very small sum. The list is given which shows how slow people who knew and honored "Bill Arp" for forty years are to provide a fund to honor his memory. Will these who have responded not raise clubs among their friends?

Single subscriptions to the Gordon fund exceed all that has been donated for Maj. Smith. It is a discredit to the South that this matter is not being responded to, and it humiliates the management of the VETERAN that such lethargy is shown. This condition must not remain as it is. If you are a friend to the VETERAN, won't you please confer with your family and write that you have considered the subject, even if you decide against contributing only one dollar to place a memorial by the grave of Maj. Chas. H. Smith? The VETERAN will not give up this undertaking in this way. Only one dollar was solicited from each. Let any who can't send one dollar forward a dime. Some evidently have not acted from the impression that opportunity closed with 1903. The VETERAN arbitrarily extends the time. A creditable sum *must be raised for this purpose*. Let us raise it at once.

The total amount so far subscribed is \$87.25. See the list.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR A MEMORIAL TO MAJ. CHAS. H. SMITH.

Cunningham, S. A., Nashville, Tenn.....	\$1 00
Brown, Joseph M., Atlanta, Ga.....	1 00
Frazier, Gov. J. B., Nashville, Tenn.....	1 00
DeWitt, John H., Nashville, Tenn.....	1 00
Gilreath, Thomas M., Cartersville, Ga.....	1 00
Crouch, R. C., Morristown, Tenn.....	1 00
Shirkey, S. W., Wingard, Ala.....	1 00
Confederate Veteran, Goldsboro, N. C.....	1 00
Nettles, T. A., Tunnel Springs, Ala.....	1 00
Gilfoil, J. H., Omega, La.....	1 00
Currie, Miss H. A., Omega, La.....	1 00
Currie, Miss A. E., Omega, La.....	1 00
Capt. W. H. Reid, Sandy Springs, Ark.....	1 00
Norton, Col. George, Louisville, Ky.....	5 00
VanMeter, Mr. and Mrs. C. J., Bowling Green, Ky.....	2 00
Irvine, Rev. William, Bowling Green, Ky.....	1 00
Patterson, Mrs. T. L., Cumberland, Md.....	1 00
Spurlin, W. F., Camden, Ala.....	1 00
Dozier, Mrs. N. B., Franklin, Tenn.....	1 00
Campbell, Mrs. W. P., Cassinade, La.....	1 00
Jones, T. S., Macon, Ga.....	1 00
Young, Col. B. H., Louisville, Ky.....	2 00
Meriwether, M., St. Louis, Mo.....	1 00
Fletcher, D. U., Jacksonville, Fla.....	1 00
Croom, J. D., Maxton, N. C.....	1 00
Cook, Col. and Mrs. V. Y., Newport, Ark.....	2 00
Cook, Misses May, Jennie, and Varina, Newport, Ark....	3 00
Southern Star Chapter, U. D. C., Lincolnton, N. C.....	1 00
Beale, A. J., Cynthiana, Ky.....	1 00
Dawson, G. W., Plattsburg, Mo.....	1 00
Winston, W. E., Waskom, Tex.....	1 00
Parsons, S. R., Hartley, Ark.....	1 00
Rierson, J. H., Kaufman, Tex.....	1 00
Briggs, Miss L. P., Jacksonville, Fla.....	3 00
Jeff Davis Chapter, U. D. C., Guthrie, Ky.....	1 00
Rogers, B. H., Plantersville, Miss.....	1 00
Balch, L. C., Little Rock, Ark.....	1 00
Turner, John A., et al., Athens, Ala.....	8 75
Sprinkel, C. A., Harrisonburg, Va.....	1 00
Hinson, W. G., Charleston, S. C.....	1 00
Campbell, John E., Austin, Tex.....	1 00
Carter, P. G., Celeste, Tex.....	1 00
Thompson, W. A., Gurley, Ala.....	1 00
Anderson, Mrs. M. E., Pickens, Miss.....	1 00
Snyder, J. W., Jacksonville, Fla.....	1 00
Snyder, C. S., Jacksonville, Fla.....	1 00
Jett, W. A. L., Murray Hill, N. J.....	1 00
Lester, Capt. John H., Deming, N. Mex.....	1 00
Dick Taylor Chapter, U. D. C., Grand Cane, La.....	4 00
McMullen, Mrs. M. A., Largo, Fla.....	1 00
McMullen, D. M., Sr., Largo, Fla.....	1 00
McMullen, W. A., Largo, Fla.....	1 00
Simpson, W. B., Hackberry, Tex.....	1 00
Hale, N. M., Dyer, Tenn.....	1 00
Lauck, T. H., Leander, Tex.....	1 00
Brumback, Mrs. L. G., Ida, Va.....	1 00
Alexander, S. J., Macon, Tenn.....	1 00
Pickett, A. J., Hector, Ala.....	1 00
"A Friend," Nashville, Tenn.....	2 50
Withers, E. A., Lamar, Mo.....	2 00
Neilson, T. H., New York City.....	1 00
Lehman, C. A., Oldenburg, Miss.....	1 00
Spradling, Robert, Decatur, Tenn.....	1 00
Sills, J. F., Camden, Ala.....	1 00

UNITED DAUGHTERS AT CHARLESTON.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Mrs. James A. Rounsaville, of Rome, Ga., prefaced her annual address by saying that she had recently attended several other conventions of organizations of women "for the purpose of comparing the personnel and work of these with our own. Like other partial parents, I came away from all happy in the conviction that my own dear Daughters were more charming, brilliant, and beautiful than any others. Reviewing the work of the Daughters of the Confederacy since organization, we are impressed with the truth spoken by the philosopher of old, 'He who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured his own good,' for though no selfish motive has actuated these Daughters of the South in their earnest efforts, it is true that as they have labored in their own special field of endeavor, they have themselves been touched into a new life and lifted up even in proportion to the earnestness and sincerity of their efforts for others. How earnest, how sincere those efforts have been is evidenced by the success attending upon them, and the magnitude of the territory covered by the organization, for not in the South alone do our women cherish the traditions of the past, but wherever they have gone they carry the memories of home and its history, so that to-day the organized Daughters of the Confederacy, from the great Babylon of New York, reach out their hands in greeting to a sister Chapter located where the sun-kissed waters of the Pacific sweep through the portals of the Golden Gate."

The address was condensed on account of the great press for time. In alluding to the work for the Jefferson Davis monument, Mrs. Rounsaville said: "It is to be a monument to our great civil chieftain, which, by its mere being, will illustrate the love of this Southern people for their President; a love crystallized into action by the efforts of the Daughters of the Confederacy, who have, by work and words, touched a responsive chord in Southern hearts and brought from all sections willing contributions to a fund destined to erect a monument which would typify a people's love and represent a people's loyalty; a sacred fund, made up of contributions from young and old, men, women, children, rich, poor, high, and low; a monument which shall be the testimony of the present to the future, to warn those who keep this land that, though their sires be dead, the principles for which they fought can never die."

Brief allusion was then made to the work being done in Divisions and Chapters as follows:

Alabama, whose noble Daughters, true to the cause, despite the meaning of the sweet-syllabled name of their grand old State, seem never in word or act to say: "Here we rest."

Arkansas keeps up the fine record so early made by it as one of the first Divisions formed west of the great "Father of Waters."

California, home of the Honorary President, Mrs. Pritchard, though a younger Daughter of our organization, already deserves laurels for magnificent work accomplished. Interest in that State is evidenced by the fact that she sends across this great continent so many loyal Daughters to greet us here, where you are called to order by the sound of the beautiful gavel presented last year by California.

District of Columbia, enthusiastic, energetic, and ambitious to accomplish grand results, despite the uncongenial atmosphere surrounding it. I had the privilege and pleasure of greeting many of these Daughters last February in the home of the President of Stonewall Jackson Chapter, the first formed in the District.

Florida, the Land of Flowers, is keeping up her record of

fine work well done. Despite a large Northern element antagonistic to Confederate ideals and efforts, it stands among the leading Divisions of our organization.

Indian Territory, a baby Division, comes with a fine record of work accomplished. This Division is remarkable, including, as it does, wives and daughters of the original Americans, the noble red men themselves, the Choctaws and Cherokees, who fought in the Confederate army.

Kentucky, land not only of beautiful women and brave men, but of brave women also, as evidenced both in the noble mothers of the Confederacy and their Confederate Daughters of to-day, who have illustrated their love and loyalty in monuments, in a Soldiers' Home, and in the suppression of that obnoxious play, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Also in the lessons a true Southern woman instilled in her grandchild, Laura Galt, who, despite her teachers, refused to sing that song of cruel memories, "Marching through Georgia," and by her action and suffering therefor secured a rule excluding it and similar productions from Kentucky schools. Not only Kentucky, but all the South, will love to honor the little maid.

Then Louisiana comes—our gracious hostess of a year ago—comes with new laurels on her brow, already so bedecked; State of generous hospitality, loving words and deeds, whose sweet flowers are rivaled by sweeter womanhood, and whose eloquent sons are rivaled by her eloquent daughters—Louisiana, where both Sons and Daughters have illustrated all that is best in manhood and womanhood of the South. We welcome you, and would again give voice to our appreciation of all your loving thought for, and courtesy to, us but one short twelvemonth past.

And Maryland, our Maryland, which has written "Finis" on so noble an achievement this past year in the completion of that exquisite monument, which bodies forth in marble and in bronze the very heart of the South—its love, its grief, and yet withal its pride and everlasting faith.

Mississippi comes, the State which has shared with Virginia the greatest honors the South could bestow, since from one was chosen our civil chieftain, Mississippi's adopted son, the South's beloved and ever-honored President, Jefferson Davis; while from the other came that other chieftain of unequalled worth, the peerless Lee. Worthy of her honors Mississippi proves herself this year by her record, writ on monuments, in Soldiers' Home, and in new Chapters. Mississippi has never lacked in quality; in numbers she now promises to rival other States.

And here is Missouri, the State of gallant Sterling Price and other heroes, equaled only by her heroines. Gladly you will hear of the great work accomplished by the Daughters, now in name as well as deed united. A border State, she yet may well give inspiration by her work to other States more fortunately circumstanced.

New York Chapter we greet as a State within herself, Southern daughters illustrating in a Northern clime the virtues of a Southern mother—even as the bravery of Southern fathers is illustrated in the work they do.

Ohio, dear Ohio, the lusty little infant, exhibiting such remarkable traits a year ago. She hasn't grown much yet, but she has on short skirts, and is not only walking but running to keep up with the older sisters.

Brave North Carolina, the Old North State, which has been credited with sending more soldiers into the Confederate army than any other Southern State, and had, when the last yearly report was issued, sent more dollars to the Jefferson Davis Memorial Association Fund than other State. Yes, North Carolina Daughters are, indeed, proving themselves

worthy of the brave men who have since Nathaniel Bacon's initiative stood in the forefront of the supporters of God-given liberty.

Georgia's chief work has been the Winnie Davis Memorial. This beautiful tribute to a beautiful life has just been completed at a cost of \$25,000, and given into the hands of the State for the use of Georgia girls. The Empire State is also happy to have contributed more to the Jefferson Davis Monument this year than any other State of the South.

But Georgia and Tennessee should be honored together, as the two States which, by united effort, formed the organization of United Daughters of the Confederacy, and have hand in hand worked together for the advancement of its interests and principles. Especial honor, however, I would give to Tennessee as having the first Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy, and would remind you that it was in Tennessee's capital city that the representatives from Georgia's first Chapter met the representatives from Tennessee's first Chapter to lay the foundations for this great organization of United Daughters. As a representative of Georgia, I clasp hands with Tennessee, to bid this great organization of to-day Godspeed in the many grand enterprises, historical, educational, benevolent, in which it is engaged.

And here's to South Carolina, the State which has with loving heart and open hand welcomed us within its charmed portals, the State of beautiful memories, of brave sons and true daughters, of eloquence and song and poetry; third State to form a division of United Daughters of the Confederacy, and possessing in the noble women who comprise that Division and in the magnificent work they have accomplished yet another cause for pride.

And we all are proud of South Carolina, personally and lovingly proud, since there is not a Southern State but claims among her daughters many who trace in their veins the blood of a Carolina sire, either among the followers of Marion or Morgan or Sumter, or among their worthy sons, who, in defense of the same principles, followed Hampton, Jackson, or Lee.

And proud are we all, with a personal pride, of the Lone Star State, the great State of Texas, in which we point not to our fathers but to our sons and our daughters, for each State here represented has contributed in priceless citizenship to the great commonwealth of the West. Each State watches with fond interest its development and glories in its achievements even as each Daughter here glories in the achievements of those women who comprise the great Texas Division, which goes forward, under its present brilliant leader and the other notably able women who guide its destinies, to heights of which we can yet but dream.

Last, but not least dear, welcome to our Virginians—to the Virginia Division, which in its union makes us at last truly United Daughters of the Confederacy, with no State claiming two Divisions, no State claiming a Division with Chapters outside its pale. Truly Virginia's Daughters, in overcoming personal feeling, sacrificing personal pride and desire for the good of the cause, have set a worthy example for us to follow. Though there is no longer a Virginia Division, "Grand" in name, all Virginia Daughters have proven themselves to be better still, grand in deed. With love and reverence we bid Godspeed to the Daughters of our great Mother State.

Then with love we turn to the record of Virginia's daughter, West Virginia, which five years since took the initiative in Division union, under the wise guidance of her who to-day, as our Corresponding Secretary, is West Virginia's most gracious gift to us.



THIS GROUP OF U. D. C., THE GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA, THE MAYOR OF CHARLESTON, VALENTINE THE SCULPTOR, ETC., APPEARED IN DIVIDED FORM IN DECEMBER VERERAN.

To-day to the rosters of Divisions we may add the name of far-away Montana, where three Chapters have just united. All hail to the loyal daughters of the South, who keep alive the fires of patriotism in that distant Northern clime.

Mrs. Rounsaville then briefly alluded to the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, of Evansville, Ind., the Salt Lake City, and other detached Chapters deserving especial honor for their enterprise and loyalty to the South in the midst of strangers and unsympathetic surroundings.

Mrs. Rounsaville here announced that, with full appreciation of the many requests made that she allow her name to be considered again for the presidency, she had long ago decided for personal reasons that it would be impossible to do so, and, had no personal reasons existed, her belief in rotation in office and desire to see other Daughters occupy these positions of honor in turn would have caused her to reach the same conclusion. She then stated that, in closing, she would quote from the farewell address of Gen. Lee to his soldiers, words which seemed so well suited to this body of faithful women: "You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you his blessing and protection. With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I will, as your presiding officer, bid you an affectionate farewell at the close of this convention and take my place as a worker in the line of privates."

REPORT OF HISTORICAL COMMITTEES, U. D. C.

BY MRS. W. C. H. MERCHANT, CHAIRMAN, CHATHAM, VA.

Madam President, Daughters of the Confederacy: Father Ryan says: "A land without ruins is a land without memories; a land without memories is a land without history. A land that wears a laurel crown may be fair to see, but twine a few cypress leaves around the brow of any land, and be that land barren, beautiful, and bleak, it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow and wins the sympathy of the heart and of history." At Manassas, in 1861, the Southern Confederacy sprang, full-grown, into the center of the arena of the world's history, crowned with the victor's wreath of laurel.

"Onward o'er gallant Ashby's grave swept war's successful tide,

And Southern hopes were living yet when Polk and Morgan died."

But gradually, leaf by leaf, the laurel is exchanged for the cypress, and at Appomattox we stoop to place this wreath upon the grave of our fondest hopes and most cherished ambitions.

"It is a Nation's death cry—yes, the agony is past;

The stoutest race that ever fought, to-day has fought its last."

Overwhelmed, but unconquered; broken-hearted, yet triumphant in the knowledge that Southern honor and integrity are inviolate.

"No nation rose so pure and fair,
None sank so free from crime."

As the former Chairman of the Historical Committee, U. D. C., has well said that sufficient circulars, recommendations, etc., have been distributed among the State Divisions to supply the needs of several years, hence it appeared to us desirable to ascertain the result of previous earnest labors rather than to attempt to add aught to what had been so well done. Therefore each State Historian has been communicated with, or in the few Divisions where that office did not exist the State President has been requested, in accordance with Article III.,

Section I., of the by-laws of this organization, to furnish the Chairman of your committee a report of their historical work. All have responded save Oklahoma, which we were unable to reach. Our request has been returned undelivered. We were not cognizant of the organization of a Chapter in Utah until after our arrival at this convention. We invite your attention to a summary of the gratifying records received. Alabama, Louisiana, Georgia, Texas, Virginia, South Carolina, and Florida report unprejudiced text-books used in their schools, which is largely owing to the efforts and influence of the United Daughters, who have likewise secured the use of impartial histories in portions of Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, and Arkansas. The Ohio Division has been successful in introducing Southern histories in the schools of Ohio as books for reference. Historical committees are active in Texas, West Virginia, and South Carolina, while almost all States report Chapters having such committees. Texas and Virginia have introduced historical sessions at their annual conventions, and many States report preparations for such exercises in the future. In all Divisions the Historian's report and other historical papers are read. Our hearts thrill with pride as we read of the paper read at the recent organization of the Montana Division, of the "Reminiscences" presented at sessions of the U. D. C. in California and District of Columbia. Chapters in all Divisions have historical features upon their programmes. In Indiana and Indian Territory they consist of responses at roll call. Many Divisions report great interest and much success in forming "Rolls of Honor"—notably, Louisiana, Georgia, Kentucky, West Virginia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Texas. The children of Maryland, North Carolina, New York, Texas, Kentucky, Georgia, Tennessee, Virginia, and Mississippi are reported organized in Confederate work, some are auxiliary to a Chapter, U. D. C., others are members of a distinct organization, Children of the Confederacy—all will, doubtless, some day become members of the women's society. The circulars furnished State Historians by the Historical Committee have been freely circulated throughout each Division. To these the Historians of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Arkansas added special and most urgent appeals. Georgia and Florida Divisions offer a gold medal to the student in the State schools who shall write the best essay upon some Confederate topic. Chapters in other Divisions present similar incentives for historical research. The Georgia and Virginia Divisions have completed a history of their monuments and cemeteries in Georgia. This volume also contains photographs of each monument, the whole being most interesting and instructive. State Historians appear thoroughly alive to their duties and responsibilities. We particularly mention those stationed on our "picket line"—Missouri and West Virginia. Confederate zeal must thrive indeed in a hostile atmosphere, for witness the enthusiasm in Montana, Pennsylvania, and New York, in Ohio, Indian Territory, and Indiana; while from California comes the message that, so strong a hold have the Daughters in San Francisco, women of Northern birth have set themselves energetically to work to find some relative whose services to the Confederate cause might render them eligible. The women of these Divisions, the majority of whom have been transplanted to their distant Northern and Western homes, with a faith superior to environment, a steadfastness of purpose which knows no severing, and a courage indomitable, cherish the "furled banner," furled but "wreathed around with glory."

"And though conquered we adore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it."

Scorning all malice, too noble not to forgive, thinking often of their friends, seldom of their enemies, women of Southern parentage are faithfully training their children in the "principles which shall eventually light the world to freedom and to peace"—principles which, while the foundations of the lost Confederacy, are yet the corner stone of all patriotism, whether it be found with Stonewall Jackson under the stars and bars on the Henry House Hill, or with Gen. Wheeler at San Juan.

Never in any country have the women passed through as many vicissitudes of fortune in the same period of time as those of the South. Delicate, refined, cultivated, shielded from every care, women of the old régime knew little and cared less for politics. Life to them was all sunshine and brightness. A casual observer would have thought them as easily crushed as one of their own rose leaves. Yet after the Peace Conference, when those who had hoped for a peaceful adjustment were convinced that war was inevitable; finally, when Lincoln's call for men to "put down the rebellion" set the match to the already smoldering tinder, the women, through their love for husbands, fathers, sons, brothers, sweethearts, and country, roused to a full comprehension of the conditions. Self was forgotten, patriotism was supreme.

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command,
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of an angel's light."

Loved ones were sent to the front with counsel well-nigh divine: "Be just, and fear not. Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's." Soft hands grew rough as bandages were torn, linen scraped, cartridges made, and comforts and conveniences prepared for the soldiers. The tender skin was sore pricked as seam after seam was sewed while the tallow dip grew low in the socket, but the letters sent to the front were always brave and hopeful. No matter if the shirts were contrived of shawls and dresses, carpets converted into blankets, boxes for the hospital filled with delicacies which could ill be spared; for the Southern woman's heart and soul were her country's, and no sacrifice was too great, no effort too gigantic for her to undertake. Extensive plantations were cared for, dependents directed in their labors, the sick nursed, the children taught spinning, weaving, knitting—all accomplished. The God who gave the strength alone knows how. When the four long, weary years of war were over, and the veterans in torn and tattered fragments of once gray uniforms began to straggle home, "their wars behind them, God's great peace before," the women met them, bade them welcome. Home—even if the plantation be a wreck, the mansion a ruin, and the future a blank. Glorified in heroism, immortalized through nobility of character, standing with the smoking fires of ruined homes around them, Southern womanhood yet possessed the courage to think, love, pray, dare, live.

"While hope lives, let not the generous die,
'Tis late before the brave despair."

Somehow the children were fed, not always bountifully; somehow they were clothed, perhaps insufficiently; somehow they were taught, not much from books possibly; but lessons of endurance and self-denial, of patience and industry, which have made this generation a people unrivaled in strength and power. And above all, the women of the South have taught their children lessons of love for their native land, of pride

in her history, and devotion to her welfare. As early as 1862 women in several States, the memory of their loved ones embracing all who fell in the same cause, by strewing the graves of all Confederate soldiers with flowers, laid the foundation for the Memorial Associations, and these at the close of the war growing out of the Soldiers' Aid Societies "built better than they knew" in preserving names and dates which otherwise would have been lost to history. Through all difficulties and discouragements the Memorial Associations continued their work of collecting in consecrated ground the bodies of all Confederate soldiers, inclosing and marking these graves; but when this was done, little seemed left for the Associations save the annual observance of Memorial Day. To the immature judgment of the young, who ever anticipate the future, these sad and painful memories obscured the glorious record of the past, and with the natural turning of youth from death and its associations they lost interest. Mothers in the South felt that some effort must be made to give their daughters a living work, a work which, reaching back forty years, should unravel the tangled threads of history, twine them with the living issues of the day, and transmit this priceless heritage to a generation trained to appreciate the honor. Hence the organization of Daughters of the Confederacy, formed in 1894 by representatives from two States, to-day with a membership approaching forty thousand and local organizations in twenty-four States and Territories. Proud? Certainly, ours is the right. Satisfied? Not until all the world admits that the Confederate soldiers were loyal, brave, patriotic, gallant men, justified in their construction of constitutional right; not until every text-book so teaches our



MRS. W. C. N. MERCHANT.

children; not until all living veterans are cared for and the dead honored, all eligible women enrolled in our organization, and the heroism of every Southern man and woman recorded. In the latter duty only are Daughters of the Confederacy lag-gard, for with the modesty which is one of the charming attributes of Southern womanhood that clause of our Constitution requiring that we "record the part taken by Southern women after the war in the reconstruction of the South as

well as in patient endurance of hardship and patriotic devotion during the struggle," has hitherto been greatly overlooked or neglected.

Daughters--and we speak to those who were the children of the Confederacy, who have been reared since white-winged Peace hovered over fair Dixie, those who have reaped the benefits of the days of unremitting toil and nights of anxious watchfulness, endured cheerfully, without murmur, by the war women of the South--it is not *your* heroism you are to chronicle and preserve, nor the devotion of your generation that you are to record, for the maiden of 1861 is the white-haired mother of 1903; what duty paramount to the loving task of preserving her patriotism! In all our sunny Southern country no monument tells the story of woman's loving self-sacrifice, by counsel of now silent lips we may say we trust there never will be; but here, under the shadow of Fort Sumter, where the listening world was startled by the first shot fired for home, right, and country, let us resolve to unite in honoring the women of the Confederacy "in the greatest of all realms, the realm of history and literature from whose sovereign heights no shocks of war or material upheavals can overthrow the glories of their fame." South Carolina, as ever progressive, assertive of her "rights" as of old, has taken the initiative. "South Carolina Women in the Confederacy" is now on sale and meeting with success well merited. Alabama contemplates a like publication. This committee earnestly recommends the compiling of a similar work in each State, and suggests that State Presidents urge the Chapters of their divisions to increased activity in filling "Rolls of Honor" and the collecting and preserving of manuscripts and records.

In this connection we would note and recommend the work of the Historian of Georgia, Miss Mildred Rutherford, in urging the compiling by each Chapter of five volumes as follows: "Muster Roll," "Reminiscences," "Sketches of Women," "Confederate Relics," "Daughters of the Confederacy." Thus beginning with the date of the soldier's enlistment, following through his life and the life of the women of the same period, closing with the history the Daughters are making, complying with these details the most complete and valuable history extant would be procured.

We recommend the appointment of an Historical Committee in each State and Territorial Division, with the State Historian as Chairman.

We heartily commend action of the Historians of Texas, Arkansas, and South Carolina in issuing "Causes for Chapter Study," and advise a similar action in all Divisions. We further suggest that these not only include histories and biographies, but also poems and lighter literature by Southern writers.

We further recommend that this body by special by-law appoint the second Tuesday in November (the day prior to the General Convention) as the Historical Day of this Association.

We heartily indorse the recommendations of the former Historical Committee as to the organization of Children's Auxiliaries and the introduction of historical sessions at all State Conventions, U. D. C.

In recommending books which have been examined by this committee, we heartily indorse the following, previously recommended: Alexander Stephens's "War between the States," Jefferson Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Southern Confederacy," Percy Gregg's "History of the United States," Curry's "Southern States of the American Union."

We further recommend Alexander Stephens's "Pictorial History of the United States," Jones's "History of the United

States," Louise Manly's "Southern Literature," Holmes's "History of the United States," Gen. Gordon's "Reminiscences of the Civil War," Lee's "History of the United States," Blackford's "Trial and Trials of Jefferson Davis."*

Other volumes of possible merit have appeared during the year which we were prevented from examining sufficiently to recommend.

The papers of Miss Adelia M. Dunovant, of Texas, displaying profound thought and careful research into the political history of the South, are mighty with truth and carry with them the logic that convinces. If it were possible to induce Miss Dunovant to publish these in book form, we would earnestly recommend that they be placed in the schools of the South. All Daughters are also familiar with the "Reminiscences" collected by Mrs. Josie Frazer Cappleman, of Mississippi, and the recent "Review of Slavery in the United States" by Mrs. Sophie Fox, of Kentucky.

Another name deserving record as preserving the history of the individual Confederate soldier is that of Mrs. S. E. Gabbett, whose devotion to the work she has undertaken in memory of the husband of her youth, merits more than a passing thought. As Custodian of the Southern Cross of Honor she has personally examined the records of more than 35,000 Confederate soldiers, upon each of whom the Daughters have proudly bestowed this Cross of the Legion of Honor.

"As even a tiny shell recalls
The presence of the sea,
So gazing on this cross of bronze,
The past recurs to me.

I see the stars and bars unfurled
And like a meteor rise
To flash across the startled world,
A wonder in the skies.

I see the stars and bars refurled,
Unstained in Glory's hand,
And peace again her wings unfold
Above a stricken land.

All this and more this magic cross
Recalls to heart and brain;
Beneath its mystic influence
The dead past lives again."

A past for which we offer no apology, make no excuse, claiming the vindication of the righteousness of our cause at the hands of our Maker. "*Deo vindice.*"

JEFFERSON DAVIS CHAPTER, No. 540, U. D. C.

Historian Mrs. Virginia B. Hilliard reports from San Francisco, Cal.:

"It becomes my pleasant duty to record a year of brilliant success, the reward of untiring devotion and diligent work of the members. Meetings have been held the second Wednesday of every month, omitting July and August; but during these months the Membership and Charity Committees held four meetings. All were presided over by our worthy President, with one exception, when she was doing service as delegate at the Los Angeles Convention. Our Registrar, Miss Daingerfield, was chosen as delegate to the National Convention held in New Orleans in November. Her inestimable services were so appreciated there that she was requested by the ladies of Alexandria, La., to visit their city and organize them into a new Chapter. She consented, and formed what is now

*Several other books were added to this list by the Convention.

known as the Gov. Moore Chapter, named in honor of the war official.

"At our meeting in that month in this city a valuable silk flag was donated. It was made in Washington, D. C., behind closed doors, previous to the battle of Bull Run by two young ladies, hoping to wave it on the entrance of Gen. Lee into Washington. A second flag was exhibited to the Chapter by a member who made it when she was a girl of twelve during the reign of Ben Butler in New Orleans. It was concealed under a rosebush by day, and at night, with closed shutters, it was worked upon.

"An appeal for the Jefferson Davis monument brought forth a pledge from the Chapter of all entrance fees of members until the monument is completed.

"December recalls five veterans whom we were to remember at Christmas. A box of luxuries was sent to each, besides clothing and much literature. One of these veterans, who was a surgeon on the staff of Gen. Wade Hampton, has been assisted to his daughter in Butte, Mont.

"Mrs. Goodlett, founder of the U. D. C., graciously accepted the position of honorary member; Helen Keller was also placed on that list.

Owing to the severe illness of our loved First Vice President, Mrs. LaMare, we have been debarred throughout the year from her gracious presence and wise counsel. Though feeling her sympathy and interest from afar, we wait a little impatiently to see her with us again.

"The reunion on January 19 occurred at the residence of Mrs. Denver, and was largely attended. It was made very entertaining. A fine eulogy on Gen. R. E. Lee, read by the late Rev. R. C. Foute, was of the programme.

"To the Richmond Bazaar two boxes were sent. The Chapter chose as its individual gift small Sequoia trees. Miss Nan-
nie C. Van Wyck assisted at the California exhibit.

"The Chapter has been divided into committees, attending to charitable work, such as visiting the almshouse, securing positions for veterans out of employment, bestowing personal comforts on their families, and caring for soldiers who wish to go South, from the Veteran Fund. No amount of work seems too much for their willing hands, and the sacrifice of time and comfort never gives them a care.

"The Chapter has contributed to the Bull Run inclosure fund, and also for a monument to be placed over the heroic dead. To the Custis Lee Chapter, of Lexington, Va., we have sent \$111 for the purchase of the 'Stonewall' Jackson home.

"Across our bright horizon at intervals a cloud has cast its shadow, reminding us that 'in the midst of life we are in death.' The sad intelligence of the death of one of our honorary members, Mrs. Wigfall, awakened our keenest regrets. The death of Mrs. Joseph G. Baldwin also called from us another distinguished woman of high lineage. Judge Baldwin was one of the State Supreme Judges in the fifties, and a well-known Southern author. Most of us have read with delighted interest his 'Flush Times in Alabama.' Mrs. Spencer, another valued member, having for some time borne heroically the fickle freaks of fortune, was called onward and upward, and leaves us a cherished memory. The next to answer the summons was Miss Louise Carnahan, the authoress. She was a charter member; and though, through her literary pursuits, we were denied much association with her, in our hearts she lives to memory dear. Last, but far from least, the requiem bells sadly recalled the loss of our loved chaplain, Rev. R. C. Foute. To his influence and unselfish care of our Chapter, at even personal inconvenience, we owe much, and he has left a sorrowing number of Daughters that bless his memory.

"Cheered by past results, the Chapter begins a new year with renewed vigor and a determination that the work of the order shall be executed with unflinching devotion. Rev. Mr. Monges, of the Church of the Advent, has been chosen our chaplain. He graciously accepted, and was with us in September and opened the first meeting after the summer. Bishop Moreland was elected to, and has accepted, the position of Honorary Chaplain of the Chapter.

"As to-day we can joyfully state we are the banner Chapter of the State, we have every reason to be satisfied with our work."

THE WORDS OF "DIXIE."

BY MRS. FLORA M'DONALD WILLIAMS.

I cannot understand why, after more than forty years of good service, there should be this clamor to substitute other words for the old song of "Dixie." As for Gen. Pike's fine poem, there are several reasons why it should not be sung to the gay little quickstep. In the first place, the words of his song require a martial, dignified air as a proper accompaniment, while "Dixie" is more appealing than martial, more pathetic than grand, and altogether unsuited to the heroic measures suggested in those stirring lines.

It is highly probable that it owes not only its popularity but its very existence at the present time to those very "silly" and inoffensive words which are now so much discussed. No one who lived on the border in reconstruction days, and possibly even now, would be permitted to sing such words as:

"Swear upon your country's altar

Never to submit or falter,

Till the spoilers are defeated,

Till the Lord's work is completed,

Halt not till our federation

Secures among earth's powers its station."

The single allusion in the modest words of "Dixie" to anything even approaching the "sinews of war" being where "Ole Miss"

"Smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder,"

unless the "butcher's cleaver" could be regarded as also coming under that head.

One of the strongest claims that "Dixie" has on our love and veneration comes from the fact that it was the cradle song of our infant republic, the one unimpeachable legacy which she has bequeathed us; and, like all cradle songs, the words don't pretend to be anything but a tuneful jingle, and belong to the time that gave them birth.

Who among us, because we are grown up and graduated beyond the nonsense rhymes of "Mother Goose," would be willing to see them paraphrased into modern English? "Dixie" does not belong to this age. It is a heritage from a dead and glorious past, and we are not at liberty to bedeck a sacred heirloom to please our present fancy, but must accept it as it comes to us.

No one was ever heard to object to the words of "Yankee Doodle" because they were inconsequential; neither is the music either martial or grand. But what "loyal" citizen ever heard it far away from home that there was not an instant response from the heart? After all, it is the association, and not the words, which hallows the old airs.

"Give us a song," the soldiers cried,"

on the eve of a great battle, but

"They sang of love, and not of fame;

Forgot was Britain's glory."

GEN. BEN McCULLOCH.

BY B. M. HORD.

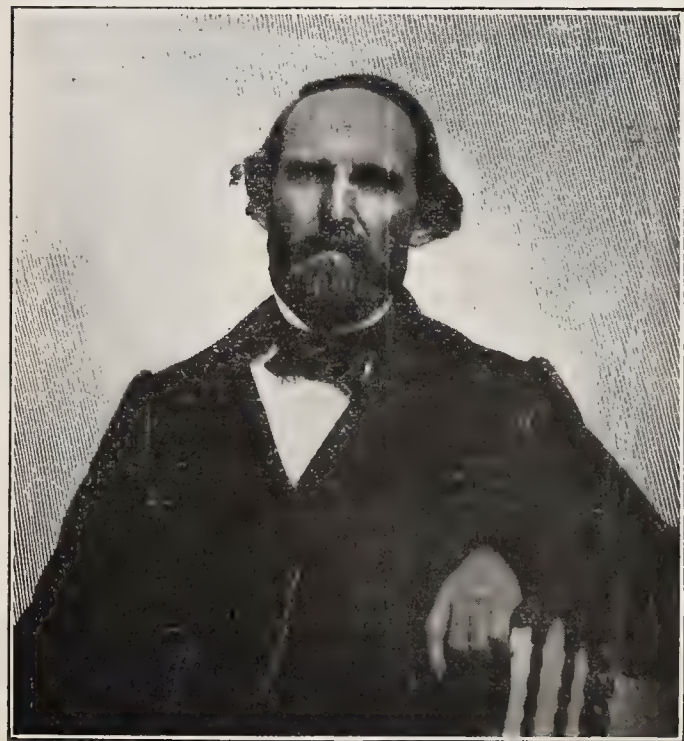
Ben McCulloch was born in Rutherford County, Tenn., November 11, 1811, of Scotch-Irish ancestry. His father, Maj. Alexander McCulloch, was a veteran of the wars of 1812-15, participating in the battle of New Orleans, and was aid-de-camp to Gen. Coffee in the campaign against the Creek Indians. He moved to West Tennessee when that portion of the State was very sparsely settled and known as the Western District of Tennessee. There were no school facilities, but fortunately Maj. McCulloch owned an extensive library for that day, of which young Ben was a diligent and retentive reader, but the wild country, the abundance of game, and a close and intimate association with the sons of Davy Crockett, and with the famous Tennessean himself, stimulated a natural love in young McCulloch for woodcraft, hunting, and shooting, qualities in which he excelled and that were valuable to him in after years in his border warfare with the Indians and Mexicans on the Texas frontier and battlefields of Mexico. When Texas was making a fight for her independence of Mexico, the adventurous spirit of young McCulloch, encouraged by his older friend, Col. Davy Crockett, prompted him to cast his fortunes with this little band of patriots. A severe illness prevented his meeting with Crockett in Texas, or doubtless he would have been, with his friend, a member of the heroic garrison massacred in the Alamo. At the battle of San Jacinto Gen. Houston gave him command of a piece of artillery. It was McCulloch's first experience with a gun of this kind (he afterwards became an expert in the use of all kinds of firearms, and as such was sent to Europe by the United States to examine and report upon all the most improved weapons of war); but he fought his little gun at San Jacinto, advancing "hand to front" after every discharge, until within less than a hundred and fifty yards of the Mexican lines, when Houston, at the head of his little army, rushed by him on a charge that routed the Mexicans. "For conspicuous gallantry," Gen. Houston promoted the quiet and modest young Tennessean on the field to first lieutenant of artillery. The battle of San Jacinto established the Republic of Texas, and McCulloch was elected a member of her Congress. After peace was proclaimed, he settled at Gonzales to follow his profession of surveyor, but his time was about evenly divided between surveying and, as captain of a company of Rangers, fighting Indians and Mexicans, who were constantly depredating on the settlers. When hostilities opened between the United States and Mexico he promptly joined, with his company of Rangers, the forces under Gen. Taylor, with whom he served until the close of the war, winning a national reputation as a gallant soldier, and from that sturdy old warrior, Gen. Taylor, the rank of major with the encomium of "a bold, daring, successful scout and desperate fighter," and in his official report of the battle of Buena Vista he says: "The success of the day was largely due to the information furnished by Maj. McCulloch."

He was a member of the first Legislature that assembled in the State of Texas; was appointed by President Pierce marshal of the Eastern District, a position he held for nearly eight years; but when a bill passed Congress in 1855, creating a new cavalry regiment, so brilliant and successful had been his services in the war with Mexico that, notwithstanding he was a civilian, a strong pressure from all parts of the country was brought to bear upon the administration for his appointment as colonel of the regiment. The friends of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston were also pressing his claims for the same position. In the life of this great soldier, written by his son, Col. William Preston Johnston, he says: "That gallant and popular

partisan leader, Maj. Ben. McCulloch, was vehemently pressed for the same appointment (colonel of the Second Cavalry), but it was Gen. Johnston's good fortune to have in the Secretary of War (Jefferson Davis) a friend who had known him from boyhood and who esteemed him as high as any man living. . . . McCulloch, not having received the rank of colonel, refused the rank of major tendered him. He had been a gallant and enterprising leader of partisan troops, and deserved well of his country. His nomination for major was a high compliment, as he was the only field officer selected from civil life."

It was indeed a high compliment to McCulloch's ability as a soldier, for this regiment was officered by Albert Sidney Johnston as colonel and R. E. Lee as lieutenant colonel. W. J. Hardee (appointed to the majorship declined by McCulloch) and George H. Thomas were the majors, and from its subordinate officers came more distinguished generals on both sides in the War between the States than any other regiment in the United States army. Mr. Davis, as Secretary of War, and later as President of the Confederacy, was averse to appointing any one to high military rank in the field who was not a West Pointer or who had not demonstrated his ability to command; but he had, as colonel of a Mississippi regiment, served in the same column with McCulloch under Gen. Taylor in the Mexican war, and was familiar with the services he had rendered. On the bloody and hard-fought field of Buena Vista, after victory had been won, he unwound his own sash from his person and tied it on McCulloch in appreciation of the gallant services he had rendered that day. And in evidence of his appreciation of McCulloch's ability, the first commission as brigadier general issued to a civilian in the Confederate States army, and among the first issued to any one, was to Gen. Ben McCulloch, of Texas. In fact, at the time this commission was issued there were but four officers in the Confederate army, in the field, who ranked him—Gens. A. S. Johnston, Joe Johnston, Beauregard, and Bragg. The commissions of Gens. R. E. Lee and Ben McCulloch as brigadiers bear the same date, May 14, 1861.

Of these distinguished generals, only A. S. Johnston and



GEN. BEN M'CULLOCH.

Ben McCulloch were killed in battle. Both fell early in the war—McCulloch at Elkhorn or Pea Ridge, March 7, 1862; Johnston a month later almost to a day, at Shiloh, April 6, 1862, and both under strikingly like circumstances: both at the flood tide of victory, and the troops of both defeated after they fell; but McCulloch, before he fell, had fought and won, at Wilson's Creek, the most complete and decisive victory over the Federal generals Lyon and Siegel that up to that time had been fought west of the Mississippi.

McCulloch was as magnanimous as he was brave. After declining the rank of major in the Second Cavalry, President Pierce appointed him, with Gov. Powell, of Kentucky, Peace Commissioner to Utah to settle the troubles then existing between the Mormons and the United States. The Second Cavalry, under Col. A. S. Johnston, was sent to support the demands of the Commissioners. After returning from his successful mission a friend of Col. Johnston's, writing him from Washington, says: "Ben McCulloch told me yesterday that he was rejoiced that you had been appointed, instead of himself, colonel of the regiment, as, from close observation in Utah, he believed you were the best man that could have been sent there." ("Life of A. S. Johnston.")

He was wonderfully magnetic. The assembled convention that passed the ordinance of secession in his State commissioned him to collect as soon as possible a force sufficient to capture the United States garrison at San Antonio. Such was his popularity that within less than three days, at his call, eight hundred men had assembled, and the garrison, under Gen. Twiggs, with all of its ordnance and supplies, surrendered without firing a gun. He shrank almost to timidity from notoriety, never wore a uniform or insignia of rank of any kind, except a star on his hat, but was scrupulously neat in his dress, and when killed had on a suit of black velvet.

Texas, as yet, has done herself but little credit in honoring the memory of one whose name adds luster to the brightest pages of her glorious history; one who with strong arm and matchless courage helped to hold aloft the wavering lone star flag of an unborn Republic; one who stood in the shock of battle from Matamoras to Buena Vista that she might join the sisterhood of States; one who, at her behest, led her gallant sons to victory beneath the battle flag of the Confederacy, and, on the bloody field of Elkhorn, in front of his victorious legions, yielded up the life that he had gallantly risked a hundred times for the honor and glory of Texas. No more deserving or heroic dust rests beneath her historic sod than that of Ben McCulloch, yet no monument marks his resting place save a block of Texas granite, placed there by his nephew, Capt. Ben E. McCulloch, bearing the words: "Brigadier General Ben McCulloch, killed at Elkhorn, Ark., March 7, 1862, aged fifty years. Patriot, Soldier, Gentleman. He gave his life for Texas."

NERVE OF ALBERT MELLEN AS PRISONER.

In an old paper is found a dispatch to the *Natchez Democrat* giving an account of the death, at Dallas, Tex., of Mr. Albert Mellen, formerly of Natchez, and a brother of Messrs. Thomas L. and W. F. Mellen. This recalls to mind a remarkable incident in the life of Mr. Mellen, which is worthy of record as evincing the spirit of our people during the war.

In the summer of 1864 Mr. Albert Mellen, then a young man of twenty-four years, was a prisoner at Vicksburg. The Federal military authorities, then in possession of that devoted city, ordered him out for street or fortification work under a negro guard. He claimed his exemption as a prisoner, and peremptorily refused to obey the order. A squad of

negro soldiers, under command of a white lieutenant, was sent to him to attempt coercion at the point of the bayonet. In the presence of the flashing steel he stood unawed, and a moment later, seeing that the squad was bent on coercion and that he must go or be impaled, he suddenly seized a hatchet that happened to be in reach, and, throwing himself upon his knees, quickly extended his left arm along the floor, and with two bold strokes of the hatchet completely severed the hand from the arm. Then rising to his feet, he held the bleeding, mangled stump close to the face of the lieutenant and said: "Now, sir, will you make me work for your rotten government under a negro guard?" He conquered then, and never afterwards regretted the act.

A few days afterwards he was sent to Camp Chase, and after the war had closed was one of the very last to be released from that terrible pen.

A picture illustrative of the above incident was exhibited in New Orleans City by a well-known painter, and it is now in the family residence of the late Mr. Hyatt.

A BLACK SKIN, BUT WHITE SOUL.

The loyal old Southern plantation negroes, like their friends and former masters, the Confederate veterans, are fast passing away. One of these, "Uncle" Jim Gass, recently died in Bonham, Tex., and Comrade W. T. Gass, editor of the *Hopkins County Democrat*, whose slave he was, pays this tribute:

"The announcement of the sudden death of this faithful and honest old man was a cause for tears and sorrow to the writer. The faithful negro carried us around in his arms and on his sturdy back and shoulders in infancy, and as we grew older taught us to swim, to fish, to hunt, and to ride. He was black, but he had a whiter soul and purer life than hundreds of boys and men we have known with white skins. When the war clouds of 1861 came, although but a boy of fifteen, I enlisted in the Confederate service. Jim came to me and said: 'Marse Will, I want to go wid you to de war. I'll stay wid you and never leave you.' My mother was a widow, father having died a short time before, and I explained to Jim that we both couldn't leave home at once; that one of us would have to stay to care for her and four brothers and sisters younger than myself. The argument was unanswerable. 'Dat's a fact, Marse Will; I specks I'm de one to stay.'

"Looking back through the mist and tears of forty-one years, it is a melancholy pleasure to testify to the faithfulness of our trusty old slave and companion of boyhood, for he was as true to his trust as was any Confederate soldier true to his flag during all those four years of war, blood, fire, and blockade. And when, in May, 1865, I returned home, I found Jim still at his post of duty. With two horses and a wagon he had been making numerous trips to Shreveport, taking down flour and trading it for sugar and molasses, helping my widowed mother to keep the wolf from the door, Jim being her mainstay and chief purveyor of the commissary department. Peace to his ashes!"

CAPT. J. E. FOWLER'S COPY OF HARDEE'S TACTICS.—Eugene Marshall, of Manchester, Tenn., states: "I have in my possession Vol. I. of 'Hardee's Light Infantry Tactics,' published in Nashville in 1861. It bears on the blank leaf the name of 'Capt. James E. Fowler, 5th Regt., Tenn. Vol.' The book is somewhat defaced with blood, and was taken from a deserted Confederate Camp at Murfreesboro soon after the battle of Stone's River. If Capt. Fowler is still alive, or if any representative of his family would like to have the book, it would be a pleasure to me to forward it to them."

MISS LUMPKIN TO GEORGIA VETERANS.

[An address by Miss Elizabeth Elliott Lumpkin at State reunion in Augusta, 1903.]

Most Honored Veterans, Ladies and Gentlemen: They have asked me to speak to you; I who am a Georgia woman, a woman whose baby eyes looked first into the mother eyes of Georgia and, meeting their splendid tenderness and beauty, smiled back and lay content, a woman whose childish feet strayed on the red old hills of Georgia, whose young woman's heart became a harp, whose tense strings vibrated to the deeds of the men and women of Georgia, whose lips shall meet those mother lips in the last lingering kiss of life.

"Aunt Minervy Ann" says: "'Tain't big houses, 'tain't land, 'tain't fine clothes, what makes quality; hit's des a long line er graveyards stretching way back to Virgin'y er fudder wid a whole heap er graves in 'em whar' dar's a heap er folks what knowed how to treat t'other folks." You know how to treat "other folks," for am I not a Georgian and know that you do?

You have greeted me, but how can I find words to give you greeting when every pulsing heart beat says: "I love you"—you grand old men who guarded with your lives the virgin whiteness of our Georgia?

As one of our great men has said: "Come, spirit of our State; come from your rivers that seek the sea; come from your waves that wash your shores and run up to kiss your sands; come from the air that hovers over your mountain tops; come, spirit of a glorious ancestry, from beyond the cedars and the stars; come from history that wraps you in robes of light, and let me invoke the memories that hang around you like the mantle of Elijah, and shall become the ascension robe of your new destiny; touch the chord in your people's hearts, that they may rise in the majesty of your love, and build monuments to you higher than the towers of Baalbec. Let them warm to the fires of an intense love, and glow with the light of a more celestial glory. Let them swear round your altars to be still prouder that they are Georgians. As a daughter who has felt the sunshine of your skies, I bow to the majesty of your glory, and to your spirit I would pour out the fondest affection and strew flowers upon your pathway.

"Would that it were my destiny to increase the flood tide of your prosperity, as it shall be mine to share your fortunes, and when my days shall be ended may I sleep beneath your soil, where the April raindrops will fall upon my grave, and the sunshine of your Southern flowers will blossom above my heart!"

I would rather be a woman than a man. What woman would not, if she could be a Southern woman and be loved by Southern men—in this land where a man may with honor love a thousand, and yet love *only one*, and that one for eternity?

What woman would not, if she might, give up her love to those Southern men? for the soul's armor is never well set to the heart until a woman's hand has braced it, and 'tis only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood and of womanhood shall fail.

My father was a Confederate soldier, and, though I love him and honor his dear name above all other men, with that glory to crown his head, he must needs be to me a thousand-fold greater. But there is one honor we may not have, we daughters of Georgia. I have said it before and repeat it—an honor our lovely mothers gloried in. We can work with tireless fingers, we can run with tireless feet for these men; but *they* could love and marry Confederate soldiers!

And our fathers loved them: A blind man said: "Just to see you; just to see you, and then go blind again."

Once there was a gallant old Confederate soldier, who **was** starving in prison. He had not seen his beloved for two years, and they told him if he could reach home he might go. In sight of the old home she came out to meet him, and their two boys were at her side.

"O, I am home and well again, well again, beloved!" he cried. "Then he held out his arms, smiled, and died. And that smile never left him. Like an angel of light sitting triumphant in the whitened halls of death—aye, on the conqueror's own throne and proclaiming that there be earthly loves that build their temple on the stony brow of dissolution itself."

I come to you from my adopted land, from the land of the palmetto, from a land of fair women and brave men. Side by side you worked and loved. Side by side you fought and bled for the sake of our land. When our Northern brethren asked for help to put oppression from our shores in the distant past, South Carolina and Georgia were among the first and bravest. Carolina gave her Marion, her Sumter, her Pickens; Georgia her Twiggs, her Clarke, her McIntosh. But when the time came for them to stand up for that which they knew to be right, in the days of the sixties, brave and bright and splendid as the warrior maid of long ago, thank God, they did it!

One face that Georgia and South Carolina and all the beloved South delight to honor is missing here to-night. We love his name; we love his splendid honor; we love his glory



MISS ELIZABETH ELLIOTT LUMPKIN.

and his scars. May the God of battles and of peace bless and keep our hero, Gen. John B. Gordon!

I would have been a man once. I would have fought with Gordon. I would have charged with Pickett at Gettysburg when every hope was lost, or watched with Hood, on Winston Hill, when he gave his fateful orders for the brave brigade to go down to their death; or stood by Forrest when the great cavalry leader of the Confederacy laid down his sword long enough to melt his iron soul in sorrow. "I would have been at the front near Nashville when, from the 2d of that freezing December until the 16th, Hood's remnant of an army starved and fired and froze and fell; and when began that stubborn, freezing, dying retreat that ended the war and buried the flag of the lost Confederacy in the soil of its birth."

I do want to say one word about the books used in our schools. The man or woman who would place in the schools of the South a text-book that does not do full and complete justice to the Confederate soldier would, with unholy hands, tear afresh the scars he bears; they would pluck out his dim old eyes and turn him out into the pitiless world, friendless, homeless, nameless, and nationless. They shall not leave you unhonored!

All these things we shall teach your children in our schools, by our firesides, in our songs and stories. And do you teach them also. Let the children hear the old stories of storm and war and battle, let them sing with you the dear old songs of Dixie. Let them come to your reunions, and they will bear you in their arms when you are weary with the years. Aye, they will do more than that. They will build monuments of memories in their heart of hearts, and on the summit will be the image of a Confederate sire, and at the base will be wrapped a Confederate flag.

You young men, in whose veins beat the blood of those heroes, uncover your heads, for the land in which you live is holy, hallowed by the blood of your fathers, purified by the tears of your mothers, for every drop of blood a Southern soldier spilled mingled with a tear a Southern woman shed, and from that agony of tears and blood the South we know and love was born.

We know that you surrendered with Lee at Appomattox. We know that you have loyally kept that parole of honor you then gave. We know that you have taught us, your children, to carry out in truth and integrity the obligations you made when you furled your flag; but we do say, like that brave girl of Louisville, Ky., that all the armies of the nations, and all the dungeons of the earth, could not make us dishonor your memories by singing "Marching through Georgia." Confederate heroes, the old stars and bars, torn and battle-rent, folded forever, are yours; all the bravery, all the glory is yours; the story, the song, the triumph, the defeat at last all yours, until not one of you is left. Then your memories will belong to your sons and your daughters.

We do not believe your sons will fail; but should they seem to forget, your daughters never will. As the women of the South in the past were steadfast, true, and loyal, so the women of the South in the future will be loyal and true forever.

The nation you fought for is buried. The flag you loved so well has no rampart from which it can wave; the years of your life are numbered. Your ship is now going out swiftly with the tide, and the towlines of the tugs which hold you back are breaking one by one, and you are sweeping into the great beyond. Old and gray and wrinkled now, you did fight bravely for a nation. Halt and lame and blind now, you did follow as proud a flag as ever waved over iron legions. And now, standing with your feet touching the red sods of earth

to earth, you love that buried nation still, you love that dead flag still.

Your battles, your scars, and your graves we honor and love. Your history is for us and for our children; your image and superscription will show upon the foreheads of the generations to come, and we pledge you now, before our God, that we shall hold you in our heart of hearts and name you forever the "Chevaliers of the Earth."

KENTUCKY CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME.—Mrs. C. C. Leer, in reporting a visit through the *Paris Democrat* to the Confederate Home of Kentucky, says that she found a hundred and sixty-five names enrolled, fourteen had died since the Home was dedicated, and eleven were in the hospital. Mrs. Leer was shown over the large four-story building, and found every department comfortably arranged for the old veterans and in excellent condition. The system and discipline exercised by Superintendent Coleman, Mrs. Junard, the matron, and the very efficient clerk, Miss Powers, cannot be surpassed. "It affords me pleasure," she writes, "to know that these comforts are being enjoyed by these blameless martyrs who have reached the evening of life, while the shadows of night are crowding on the pathway to the tomb."



MISS STELLA WILSON, MISS SOPHIA KEMPER,
Maids of Honor, Marmaduke Camp, at Columbia reunion.

GAVE HIS LIFE FOR HIS FLAG.

A report of the devotion to his flag, shown by a young Confederate, is told by Inspector General T. C. Morton, of the Virginia Grand Camp:

"Allen Woodman was about twenty years of age, from Monroe County, now West Virginia, and a member of Comrade Morton's company. He had won the position of color sergeant by his cool, unflinching courage, and would have been tendered a commission, but he could not write or read.

"At the battle of New Market, the 15th day of May, 1864, he led his command up to the enemy's batteries, waving his flag and firing his pistol, and every gun was taken.

"But it is of his striking behavior at Second Cold Harbor, two weeks after, that I would speak," said Capt. Morton. "The day before that great battle, in which 13,500 of the enemy were, in thirty minutes, shot down in front of our fortifications; and while Breckinridge's Division was awaiting orders on Gen. Lee's line of battle, Woodman, who had been tinkering

ing with his flag for an hour under a tree, brought his colors to me, and said: 'Captain, what do you think of that?'

"The brave fellow had picked up somewhere a stout brass spear, which he had rubbed until it shone like gold, and fastened it securely on the end of his flagstaff. I remarked that it was very pretty. He replied: 'It is not only pretty; but if anybody tries to get these colors, I'll run this through him.' I ridiculed the idea of one getting that close, but he insisted that, as Lee and Grant had all their men there, 'we are going to have a graveyard fight to-morrow, and are mighty apt to get mixed up.'

"Sure enough, early the next morning, June 3, the enemy made a rush at daybreak on a weak salient we occupied, and for a brief time overran our position, climbing into our works. Our men would not give one inch, and there was a furious hand-to-hand fight with pistols and clubbed muskets. In the midst of the *mêlée*, a Yankee officer, with two men, rushed up to Woodman and said: 'Surrender that flag, sir.' The young fellow replied, 'This is the way I surrender, d—n you,' and charged him with his flagstaff, running him clear through the body with the spear. The officer threw up his hands and fell dead. The two men with him fired into Woodman, and he fell with two bullets through his body, still holding on to his staff with a death grip. Then there was a rush for the flag by the men of both sides, and a fierce scramble was had over both bodies. But the Confederates pressed the Union men back; Woodman, opening his eyes, saw that his precious flag was still safe, and with one last superhuman effort pulled himself forward and, reaching over, tore the colors from the staff, threw them behind them, and fell back a corpse."

REMINISCENCES OF CHICKAMAUGA.

BY G. W. R. BELL, SIXTH GEORGIA CAVALRY, FULLERTON, ALA.

I see in the November number of the *VETERAN* that Comrade Minnick, of Grand Isle, La., wishes to know whose brigade it was that came to our relief (the Georgia Brigade of Cavalry) at Chickamauga, when we were engaged with the enemy Saturday morning near Jay's mill. I am satisfied it was some of Longstreet's Corps, although it was understood at the time that Longstreet's forces had not arrived. But that cold Friday evening before the fight our regiment, the Sixth Georgia Cavalry, crossed the creek at the same time and place. Feeling sorry for one of the almost barefooted number of the "webfoot" troops, I took him up behind me and carried him over. I noticed the difference in the shade of gray in their uniform and that of our Tennessee army. Theirs were a steel gray, such as our officers wore. Now when that brigade came to our relief (for which I shall always feel grateful), I noticed they had on the same colored uniform as the Longstreet men wore. Our brigade at that time was made up of the First and Sixth Georgia Cavalry, the Fourth Tennessee, and the Third Confederate, commanded by Gen. Pegram. The First, Third, Fourth, and Sixth Georgia were afterwards brigaded together and known as the First Georgia Brigade of Cavalry.

The hot fighting referred to by Comrade Minnick on Saturday morning came on us rather unexpectedly. About daylight a detachment from my regiment (the Sixth Georgia) was dismounted and pushed forward as skirmishers. We soon struck the Yankee skirmish line, which fell back with little resistance to their main line. We were then withdrawn to our command at Jay's mill, and the First Georgia, mounted, was sent out to hold the ground until we could breakfast and feed our horses. A heavy fire soon opened in the direction the First had gone, and in a few moments bareheaded men and

loose horses came "tearing out of the wilderness," creating much excitement and confusion for a moment; but we quickly formed, and "Dismount to fight!" "Form line!" "Forward, charge!" were the orders issued as fast as they could be executed, and at it we went. Our countercharge stopped them, and we held them in check for several hours. Our loss was heavy.

Just thirty-two years afterwards to a day I met on exactly the same spot some of the very same men I fought. In 1863 we paid our compliments a short distance apart with rifles and shouts of defiance, and in 1895 we cordially shook hands and smiled on each other as we talked over our fighting days. Where in all history can you find such a people and such soldiers as in America? The men we were up against on Saturday morning at Chickamauga in 1863 were Brannon's Brigade, tough fighters. The man I talked most with in 1895 was a member of the Tenth Indiana Infantry.

EVACUATION OF MORRIS ISLAND.

C. A. Williamson, Savannah, Ga., of Company B, Twenty-Fifth South Carolina Volunteers, writes of it:

"In the November number of the *VETERAN* there appears an article under the above heading, some of the statements in which I write to correct:

"The evacuation of Battery Wagner took place on Sunday night at twelve o'clock, September 7, 1863. The commands holding that fort were part of Col. Huguenin's First South Carolina Regular Infantry, part of Col. Rhett's First South Carolina Regular Artillery, Col. L. M. Keith's Twentieth South Carolina Volunteers, and the Twenty-Fifth South Carolina Volunteers, to which I belonged.

"The incident spoken of as to the Twenty-Third Georgia occurred through a mistake on the part of the pilot of the transport boat *De Kalb* in dropping downstream between Fort Sumter and Morris Island. It was quite hazy, and when the boat loomed up below Fort Sumter she was taken for a Yankee gunboat and fired on by Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island. The mistake was soon discovered, but not before some damage was done.

"In the same article your correspondent corrects a statement of W. A. Day, which does not correct. The battle of the Crater was fought from start to finish by Elliott's South Carolina Brigade, and the Twentieth South Carolina Regiment was the heaviest loser. I should like to say also that between Colquitt's Brigade and the Crater were posted Elliott's South Carolina Brigade, Wright's North Carolina Brigade, and Hagood's South Carolina Brigade; and when the explosion took place Mahone's Division closed up on the right, followed by Hoke's Division, of which Colquitt was the left, Elliott's being in Mahone's Brigade, and Wright's, Hagood's, and Colquitt's in Hoke's Division."

PRESIDENT CALIFORNIA DIVISION, U. D. C.

Joanna Maynard Wright, daughter of Rev. Oliver Abbott Shaw, rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, for many years, was born at Richmond, Va., May 26, 1830. Her paternal ancestry was of distinguished colonial families of Massachusetts, while her mother was allied to many prominent colonial families of Virginia, being a granddaughter of Carter Braxton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Orphaned at the age of sixteen, she went to Lexington, Miss., to her uncle, Hon. Walker Brooke, United States Senator from that State, and subsequently a member of the Confederate Constitutional Convention. In a few months she married Selden S. Wright, also a native of Virginia, a young lawyer

of promise, who soon became well known throughout the State. In 1860 they removed to California, where he was connected with the judiciary until his death. Mrs. Wright organized the Colonial Dames and the Descendants of Colonial Governors, and is the chairman of both these organizations in California for life. In July, 1896, she called together the Southern women in San Francisco for the purpose of organizing a Chapter of United Daughters of the Confederacy. Six responded, and the organization was perfected in her parlors, and named Albert Sidney Johnston, and is No. 79, which number shows how early it entered the general organization, organized at Atlanta, Ga., November, 1895, now numbering nearly one thousand, though so far from the Southern States.

It is the first—the mother—Chapter west of the Rockies. Mrs. Wright was succeeded in the presidency by Mrs. Pritchard, the daughter of Albert Sidney Johnston, and now Mrs. A. H. Voorhies is the President, and the Chapter numbers nearly four hundred. Mrs. Wright is the President of the California State Division. It seems that it is the woman of many home duties who can do most in a public way, as

Mrs. Wright has been a model wife and mother and has reared twelve children, besides having the motherly care of about as many young orphaned relatives.



MRS. SELDEN S. WRIGHT.

HISTORY REPORT OF ARKANSAS DIVISION.

BY MRS. RICHARD B. WILLIS, HISTORIAN, U. D. C.

Ladies of the Arkansas Division: When elected last autumn to the office of Historian, I wrote to various women in authority that I felt constrained to resign, as I was already abundantly supplied with occupation. From various sources I received the information that it mattered very little whether I resigned or not, as the office was a sinecure and the officer would probably be a figurehead. I therefore decided to accept.

Let me here explain that I am forced to believe that a totally false conception of this office prevails among many of our members. It is set down in the National Constitution, Article XI., that the objects of the United Daughters of the Confederacy are historical, educational, memorial, benevolent, and social; to fulfill the duties of charity to the survivors of the War between the States; and to collect and preserve the material for a truthful history of the war.

In order to collect materials for my work I sent out printed circulars to our Chapters and to many veterans, asking that any interesting incidents, hitherto unpublished in permanent form and connected with the war in Arkansas, might be sent me. Most of the Chapters failed to answer at all. Some sent material in no way connected with the history or men of Arkansas, and many, alas! many responded after this fashion: "We really haven't done any work along that line. Hope to see you at our next convention." "Who are you for for

President?" "Can't send you any items along your line. But don't forget that Mrs. So and So is in the field." . . . A soldier is ordered to charge the enemy's guns. He replies: "We are not much on fighting, but who are you for for colonel?"

If we are true, if we are patriotic, if we are loyal, we shall sink all desire for the elevation of ourselves and our candidates into the more noble purpose to report more truly the cause and its adherents. For president I am for the woman who cares nothing for the office, much for the truth; nothing for personal honor, all for the honor of our great Division.

But to proceed with my report. A programme of work and study was made out for the first six months of 1903, in accordance with the general plan of the National Historical Committee. Some Chapters have studied it and are pleased with it. More have let it alone. The report calls for the study of constitutional principles which were the basis of the Confederate government; the growth of sectional jealousy through the decades preceding the great war, and studies from the works of Alexander Stephens, J. L. M. Curry, and Jefferson Davis. The short poems of Hayne, Pike, Lanier, etc., were interspersed with the heavier work of the programme, while a course of parallel reading was indicated, including valuable historical novels and biographies.

That part of the programme which seems scholastic and dry, please lay at the door of the National Historical Committee. If any part commends itself as attractive and entertaining, charge up to me. I believe all the study outlined ought to be done by intelligent Daughters of that Confederacy which now lies palled and shrouded amid shadows dark with disaster and defeat, but shadows which still gleam with the stormy splendor of heroism and devotion. The present Historian begs to suggest that every Chapter and every Camp give special attention during the ensuing year to the collecting and preserving of unpublished deeds of courage which have come within the ken of any member; that these acts be recorded in clear and definite form and sent promptly to the next State Historian.

The first Chapter to respond to my solicitation was the David O. Dodd Chapter, of Pine Bluff, giving the beautiful story of the young hero of seventeen years of age who perished on the scaffold by order of Gen. Steele, when by a word which would reveal the source of his information he might have saved his life. Most of us are familiar with the account of his martyrdom, published in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN of July, 1897. But the narrative is the especial property of the Arkansas Division of the U. D. C.; and when this Division publishes a permanent record of the acts of its dead heroes, there will shine upon its pages no name more illustrious than that of David Dodd.

Another Chapter, the Dandridge McRae Chapter, of Searcy, furnished matter of such interest that it is destined to be entwined with much of the war history of our State. Dandridge McRae, the general after whom that Chapter is named, appeared first as captain early in 1861. His splendid powers of organization were constantly in demand by the Confederate government, and we find that, on one occasion, his regiment received the flag offered by the ladies of Little Rock for the best drilled regiment of State troops. We see him later as colonel, as brigadier general, taking active part in the battles of Oak Hill, Elkhorn, Corinth, and Helena, besides numerous less famous engagements. After Oak Hill, Gen. McCulloch, in speaking of him, said: "McRae contributed much to the success of the day by his coolness and bravery." Gen. Hindman also referred to him as "that gallant and indomitable

officer, Dandridge McRae." At the battle of Helena, Graveyard Hill, taken by McRae and Parsons, was the only stronghold of the enemy mastered during that critical engagement. The Chapter bearing his name is proud of his laurels and of his fame.

Another event worthy of permanent record is the story that so thrilled Arkansas readers some months ago—the story of Col. W. H. Martin, who, at Kennesaw Mountain, saw that a forest fire raging between the two opposing lines was scorching the wounded Federal soldiers. Col. Martin sprang upon the breastworks and, waving his handkerchief as a flag of truce, begged that the Federal sufferers might be rescued. The Confederates leaped their breastworks and assisted in carrying their wounded foes to a place of safety, then resumed the battle. A gallant Federal officer, riding up to the Confederate lines, uncovered his head and presented to Col. Martin two handsomely mounted pistols with the remark: "Col. Martin, you may win glorious victories, but you will never win one more glorious than this of to-day." Surely

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

We can lay no garland on his grave to-day, but the admiration of the women of the South is his until the sea gives up its dead.

Another soldier of whom Arkansas has a right to be proud is Maj. James Forbes Barton, who, in very early life, moved from Tennessee to Arkansas to cast in his lot with the younger commonwealth. When she seceded he threw himself heart and soul into the Southern cause, showing a high degree of executive ability as well as great courage on the field. On one occasion, when the Trans-Mississippi Department was in dire need of arms and the river was studded with Federal gunboats, Maj. Barton, at great risk to himself, made four trips across the river and succeeded in landing thirty thousand stand of arms, thus relieving an extremely embarrassing situation. On

another occasion Gen. Kirby Smith, being in great need of medicine for his sick and wounded, informed Maj. Barton of the fact. Very soon a Federal medicine transport sailing comfortably up the river was deftly landed by Maj. Barton, and soon the command was amply supplied with quinine and laudanum. His daring was so great that his achievements seemed like magic, and he was regarded as a notably dangerous enemy. A large reward was offered for his capture; but the brave man was never caught, although the vengeance of the torch devastated his home and other property. When Arkansas became a common weal of common woe under the touch of Powell Clayton, he went back to Tennessee, where he died after years of honor and success.

Other papers of interest have been added to our history department. One of these is an article on Col. Ben Chism, of Paris, Ark., which alludes to the memorable capture of the Petrel in 1864 by one hundred dismounted Confederate cavalrymen, the Petrel itself being in the immediate vicinity of a number of Federal gunboats and thousands of Federal cavalry. The exploit was one of breathless interest, and a detailed account of it has been promised by Col. Chism, who was the leader of the expedition.

Another valuable paper, "Reminiscences of the War," by A. F. Huntsman, gives incidents both thrilling and amusing of the march northward under Sterling Price. The boyish, fun-loving spirit of the soldier comes out in the account of Gen. Churchill's horse deciding to make an excited disappearance just when the General is trying to collect his troops to meet an unexpected attack; also in the picture of Dave Ross sitting placidly upon his knapsack finishing his morning cup of coffee, which he feared might not keep hot, while the fight evidently would. The only paper giving the record of Arkansas men east of the Mississippi is one read by Capt. Bell, of the Twelfth Battalion of Arkansas sharpshooters, sent to our department by our honored President, Mrs. Benton. It gives a thrilling account of the part played by this battalion at the memorable siege at Vicksburg. It makes our blood tingle to read of the brave Federal at the lone pine tree, the exploits of the gun, "Crazy Jane," and the tremendous charge on Arkansas's part of the fortifications when only one man, an Irish color bearer, succeeded in forcing an entrance, declaring his intention of carrying his flag to Vicksburg or Hades (visions of mule meat and rats for ration left him no considerable doubt as to which place he had reached). It is pleasant to read of the friendly hobnobbing of foes before the fateful day of surrender, and of the magnanimous Federal who casually changed canteens and haversacks with Capt. Bell, exchanging for the Confederate's empty one a haversack full of ham, head sugar, and coffee, and a canteen full of whisky. We should preserve papers like this. They sound like sweet, sad music in the ears of the old; in the hearts of the young, like the blast of the war trumpet heralding deeds of prowess and chivalry.

But some feminine as well as masculine reminiscences are included in our historical repertory. Mrs. Genevieve Wilson, of Little Rock, member of the J. M. Keller Chapter, details the audacious deeds of a fun-loving Southern girl. They are worthy of permanent record in our archives. On one occasion, with girlish élan, she perforated with a pistol ball the heel of a Yankee six-footer who dared to address an insulting remark to her. Once she went to bed with all her mother's silver, proclaiming with woeful exclamation that she had a virulent type of smallpox, thereby accelerating the exit of the gentlemen in blue who had come yearning for silver spoons and forks *a la* Benjamin Butler. But most ludicrous of all, on one occasion she donned the uniform of a Federal officer, and in



MISS FRANCES YATES, FORT WORTH,
Sponsor for Texas Division, U. S. C. V., New Orleans reunion.

stentorian tones commanded that two drunken malaperts of Gen. Steele's command should be swung up by their thumbs for hours. To her own amazement, the order was carried out, both victims and executioner being too intoxicated to know that the order emanated from a mischievous Southern girl, not from a superior officer of the Federal guards.

Perhaps most of you have seen or heard the touching paper read by Mrs. Anderson, of the J. M. Keller Chapter, last January in Little Rock. Our historical department should include it. Never again shall there be a chance to wear a hoop skirt with éclat and also with cavalry boots, ammunition and pistols stuffed therein. Never again shall she dash alone in the twilight seven miles on horseback through a gloomy forest to tell a Confederate captain that he must change his base of operations or be captured by a vastly superior Federal force. Truly the blood must have coursed with riotous excitement through the veins of youth in those days, when laugh and jest were set to the accompaniment of jingling spurs and clanking saber, and when every shadowed shrub shrouded the possible form of a lurking foe!

Ladies, while these occurrences are undoubtedly worthy of note and preservation, there are thousands of other accounts of stirring scenes and acts of heroism eminently worthy of your attention. Stories that fall from the lips of gray-headed veterans are fair prey for our historian.

In laying down my office I should like to speak for my successor not only a more prompt and hearty coöperation on the part of Chapter Historian and veterans, but also a more complete realization on the part of us all that one of the primary reasons of our existence as an order is the commemoration of the deeds of the past.

According to the dictum of the National Committee, it devolves upon us to have at our monthly meetings intelligent study of our constitutional history and of the literature and poetry of the South. How many of our Chapters do this? It also devolves upon us to examine and know what sort of histories and history teachers are influencing our children, so that we may be sure they are guarded from false shame as to the political actions of their ancestors. A few months ago a letter was received by me from a veteran who, in referring to the patronizing and forgiving tone assumed by history writers anent the statesmanship of the Confederate soldiers, utters these memorable words: "We do not know as we lay ourselves down one by one to sleep in the dust of death whether we do so in the secret conviction of our children as traitors or heroes. To men who went in rags, nakedness, hunger, and hardship to fight a fight that this generation would otherwise have had to face, that is hard to bear."

An objection frequently urged against the perpetuation of the United Daughters of the Confederacy is that it tends to keep alive sectional feeling in a reunited country. To those more noble than such Thessalonians, this is not so. Some of us heard last April at the Arkansas Federation of Clubs the touching words of the President of the G. A. R. Circle of Little Rock, who embodied in her brief greeting the thought that her and our work is one and the same, to aid the living and to honor the dead soldiers who fought, and perhaps fell, for what they held true and dear. The women of the North and South may unite in strewing flowers on the graves of both blue and gray.

This thought calls to mind the old myth held by our sturdy Teuton ancestors of the Valkyrie, the peerless daughters of Woden. Horsed on coursers of northern light, these daughters of the gods descended to the battlefield and lifted to their arms the souls of those who had died with courage and

honor. On wings of wind and fire they bore those heroes to the grand feast hall of the all-father, the "mysterious and star-paved Walhalla or dwelling of the gods." There the souls of these warriors spent an immortality of honor and joy in company of heroes and gods. We too, the women of America, have our star-paved Walhalla for our noble dead. And, like the Valkyrie, we admit none but the truly great, brave, and gentle. We welcome no officer or private who warred on defenseless women and children; whose march was marked by the ashes of hundreds of happy homes, whose track left starvation and misery, the sobs of widows and orphans, helpless and hungry. Our temple of fame shall never be polluted by perpetrators of vandalism and brutality. The splendid scorn of our Valkyrie would scorch and shrivel into nothingness by such pretense of honor and chivalry. The warriors who find rest in our sacred halls are those who, whether famous or obscure, honored the sacredness of womanhood, in memory of the mother who bore them, and spared the helplessness of childhood in memory of the Babe of Bethlehem. Welcome are such to our Walhalla.

"The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But they shall flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds."

Let it be the spirit and purpose of our order to work for the propagation of the truth without malice or bitterness, but with energy and sincerity. In generations to come the student of military tactics will continue to place the achievements of Lee, Jackson, Johnston, and Forrest on the very summit of the pinnacle of fame. The world knows our leaders. But let us humble women of the South rescue from oblivion the thousands of deeds of subordinate officers and private soldiers who, by faithfulness, loyalty, and heroism, have wreathed the brow of old Arkansas with immortelles of glory and stars of honor.



MRS. J. A. CUMMINGS, BOWIE, TEX.,
Chaperon to New Orleans reunion.

GOVAN'S BRIGADE AT PICKETT'S MILL.

BY STAN C. HARLEY, GURDON, ARK.

In giving some facts as I know them concerning the battle of Pickett's Mill or Burnt Hickory, Ga., on May 27, 1864, I hope to give every brigade and regiment as full credit for

what they did as I can. It is conceded that the brunt of that engagement was borne by the Texas Brigade, under Granbury, in Cleburne's Division; but there is diversity of opinion as to what other troops took part. None of the statements concerning that battle have mentioned Govan's Arkansas Brigade. I was a member of Company C, Sixth and Seventh Arkansas Regiments (consolidated), and we were in that fight from start to finish. I was among those sent forward in the morning to drive in their skirmishers and ascertain if their works were occupied. We succeeded and found them empty, but that there was a large force to our right maneuvering to flank our position. My regiment at that time was the extreme right infantry of the army. The cavalry joined on our right. We fought the Yankees as they advanced, and kept their skirmishers at bay until their main line would advance, then we would fall back and take another position, with similar results. This continued until we reached our line of works, which we had left in the morning. It was then about three o'clock.

Soon after we reached our works, Granbury's Brigade of Texans passed in the rear of our line at double-quick and took the place of the cavalry immediately on our right, which Gen. Wheeler says was that of Gen. Humes. The fight commenced at once with great fury, and continued for about three hours, or until dark. The enemy made repeated assaults on Granbury's Brigade and the right half of the Sixth and Seventh Arkansas Regiments, but were repulsed each time with heavy loss. During the fight they overlapped Granbury's Texans on the right, and the Eighth and Nineteenth Arkansas Regiment (consolidated) was taken out of line on the left and placed on Granbury's right in open field, and it lost, in a very short time, ninety killed and wounded. As to what infantry troops were farther to the right of the Eighth and Nineteenth Arkansas Regiments I don't know, but will say that some claim honors in that fight who are not entitled to them.

In the April number of the VETERAN for 1901, W. R. Campbell, of the Fourth Louisiana, takes Comrade B. L. Ridley to task for saying: "On Friday evening, May 27, 1864, at New Hope, after our fight of the 25th, when the enemy tried to flank us on the right, another heartrending scene of death and destruction took place. Granbury and Lowry, of Cleburne's Division, met the flank movement, and in one volley left seven hundred and seventy of the enemy to be buried in one pit." One error in this statement is of omission rather than commission. If Lowry's Brigade took any part in that engagement, I do not remember hearing of it. That Govan's did is beyond denial. I should like to hear from some of Lowry's Brigade touching this matter. Govan's Arkansas Brigade and Lowry's Mississippi and Alabama Brigades were together during the entire war, and I do not believe they (Lowry) will claim any honor not due them. Of course Comrade Ridley did not mean literally that "in one volley seven hundred and seventy Yankees were left to be buried in one pit." The fact is, it was about three or more hours of the closest fighting in which we were ever caught, and that is saying a good deal.

This same Comrade Campbell, of the Fourth Louisiana, in the April (1901) VETERAN says that his brigade did that terrific fighting at New Hope on the 27th of May. He says: "Comrade Ridley gives a correct statement of the battle of May 25, 1864, but is in serious error as to the command that did such terrific execution on the 27th. Gen. W. A. Quarles's Brigade, consisting of the Fourth and Thirtieth Louisiana, Forty-Second, Forty-Eighth, Forty-Ninth, Fifty-Third, and Fifty-Fifth Tennessee Regiments, had been on garrison duty in Mobile and along the Gulf Coast, but were rushed forward

to reinforce Gen. J. E. Johnston's army. The brigade left the cars at Marietta, Ga., on the evening of May 26, and marched immediately to New Hope Church. . . . The brigade lay in reserve just behind the lines at the church, and rested until late in the evening of the 27th, when it was moved rapidly to the right some four miles, when it was halted and fronted in line of battle. We heard light skirmishing in front by the cavalry, and were kept in line of battle until dark, when we moved forward, all the brigade, except the Fourth Louisiana, being to our left. We advanced across a field some three hundred yards, then into a thicket of undergrowth, where the land had been cleared a year or two previous, and from that into a dense skirt of woods, when a perfect hailstorm of bullets cut through the limbs over our heads. Suddenly the firing ceased. We passed the cavalry pickets, and very soon struck the Yankee line, which lay in ambush behind a hedgerow. They rose and poured a crushing volley in our faces at not more than fifteen paces; but strange to say, they shot high and did very little damage. We returned the fire and charged, advancing with a yell up a hill. They still shot over us, and the elevation was just enough for our fire to be very effective. We forced them back some two or three hundred yards, recovered the lines when they were forcing the cavalry back, and then lay in line of battle on the field until about 1 A.M. on the 28th, when Granbury's and Lowry's Brigades relieved us. We moved back a short distance and got some much-needed sleep, having had no rest for three days previous. The Fourth Louisiana went into action that night with seven hundred and sixty muskets and very near a full line of officers. When daylight came, being refreshed and rested, a great many of the boys went out in front where we fought the night before, and found the ground literally strewn with the dead and wounded Federal soldiers. There was fully one-third more on the field than we carried into action, due to our fighting them up the hill and their overshooting. Our casualties were exceedingly small, only twenty-five."

I have thus quoted at length what Comrade Campbell says about the battle of May 27, 1864. Evidently he is writing about a different engagement altogether.

Gen. Wheeler says, in his report of that battle: "Quarles's Brigade also reported to me during the fight, but too late to join in the action." Comrade Campbell says that his regiment did this "terrific execution after dark." The battle was over before dark. The enemy had been repulsed at every point, and had fallen back into a deep ravine in front of Granbury and the regiments of Govan's Brigade, from which they were driven after dark by a front attack by Granbury's Brigade and a left flank attack by a heavy skirmish line from the Fifth Arkansas of Govan's Brigade. The battery just to the left of the Sixth and Seventh Arkansas Regiments and their left wing contributed largely to the successful repulse of every attack that was made upon Granbury and the right wing of the Sixth and Seventh Arkansas by an enfilading fire that was kept up during the engagement.

Gen. Johnston says about this fight: "At 5:30 P.M. on the 27th Howard's Corps assailed Cleburne's Division and was driven back about dark with great slaughter." Our loss in each (Twenty-Fifth and Twenty-Seventh) was about four hundred and fifty killed and wounded. On the 27th the enemy's dead, except those borne off, were counted—six hundred. B. L. Ridley says seven hundred and seventy, but my recollection is that we buried the next day one thousand and three. Gen. Sherman, however, makes no report of this fight. In giving his losses by corps he states Gen. Howard's loss, during the month of

May, to have been five hundred and seventy-six killed and missing, and one thousand nine hundred and ten wounded. Why he put his killed and missing together is a mystery.

Comrade Campbell says in conclusion: "I am confident that Capt. Ridley is mistaken about Granbury's and Lowry's Brigades doing the terrible execution mentioned on May 27." Capt. Ridley's mistake was in not stating what troops actually took part in the fight. If Lowry's Brigade did, I do not remember it, and should be well pleased to hear from them relative to it.

INITIATION OF THE GEORGIA CAMPAIGN.

BY W. H. DAVIS, FOURTH TENNESSEE CAVALRY, DALLAS, TEX.

In the winter of 1863-64 Gen. Kilpatrick was placed in command of all the cavalry attached to Sherman's army. If I am correctly informed, Gen. Kilpatrick and Gen. Joseph Wheeler were at West Point at the same time, possibly in the same class. Soon after assuming command, it was reported that Kilpatrick had sent a communication to Wheeler informing him that, as soon as the weather would permit, he would pay him a visit. Wheeler replied: "Come ahead when you are ready. We will give you the warmest reception you ever had."

The opposing armies were in winter quarters—Sherman's at Ringgold and Johnston's at Dalton, Ga. Wheeler's Corps was encamped at Tunnel Hill, about seven miles north of Dalton. "Paul's People" were brigaded with the First Tennessee, Ninth Tennessee Battalion, and Second Georgia, under command of Gen. W. Y. C. Hume, the four regiments being camped along the main road leading to Ringgold.

About May 1, 1864, Lieut. Rice McLean was in command of a picket of sixty men three miles in advance of our camp, with his vedettes one-half mile still in advance, occupying five stations—two to the right, two to the left and one on main road. The writer was on the first station to the right of road.

All nature was attiring itself in the verdant robes of spring, and the world looked too beautiful to stain it with human blood. The pale moon's soft rays broke through the drifting clouds and seemed to reproach our warlike attitude. The thousands of the mellow-voiced whip-poor-wills echoed their doleful notes through the leafy forest and up the mountain side, and had the semblance of lamentations over our wild work of human destruction called glorious war.

When the aurora's first rays were tinging with gold the floating clouds in the Orient, the cry of "Halt!" and reports of two rifles rang out on the balmy air. All the vedettes beat a hasty retreat, and rallied on the forty men at the picket base, who, with Lieut. McLean, were in their saddles awaiting the enemy's advance. There were barricades across the road at intervals of about two hundred yards from the vedette line to our main camp, which impeded the advance of a brigade that was essaying to carry out Kilpatrick's threat. Behind the first barricade, about one hundred feet in rear of our base, Lieut. McLean took up his position and awaited their approach. We could hear them sometime before they came in sight, the road being tortuous and skirted by dense woodland on each side. It was not yet good daylight when we delivered a solid volley into their vanguard, who retired on the head of their main column, which proudly came on, elated by the vain-glorious threat of their unworthy chieftain. Again the sharp crack of sixty rifles gave that "warm reception" promised by "Little Jo," and our brave lieutenant led us to the next barricade, located in the edge of a woodland beyond an opening, and deployed to the right and left of the road behind a heavy worm fence, dismounted, each man holding his own horse. This time the enemy's advance emerged into the open very

cautiously, and deployed as skirmishers. Again sixty rifles licked out their forked tongues of fire and sixty missiles of death went whizzing on their mission of destruction. Mounting our horses, we galloped to the next barricade, to again advise our foes that we had not left the country, when we could see old Paul at the head of the regiment with his long black plume waving from a ponderous sombrero, standing at a halt. We delivered another volley, and under shelter of the timber galloped across the valley to meet him. He ordered Lieut. McLean to form his men on the right of the road, while he formed his "People" and Ninth Tennessee Battalion on the opposite side. But a few moments elapsed until we could see the dark outline of two regiments emerge from the woodland. Lieut. McLean and his men had just abandoned, and form in line of battle just in the open, about two hundred yards distant. At this juncture Jim Nance's old bugle sounded "Forward!" Advancing to a branch that meandered through the valley, some fifty yards in our front, a sheet of flame shot out from the enemy's line, when Nance blasted the "Charge!" With that proverbial Rebel yell we swept up the hill without firing a shot until within easy pistol range. We let go our carbines, dropped them in the sling, and with our six-shooters proceeded to do business "wid 'em." The Yanks soon discovered that the Johnnies had come to entertain them with that "warmest reception" of which Gen. Wheeler had admonished their vaunting chieftain. They wheeled about and besought shelter from the adjacent forest, while Nance continued blasting "Charge!" and our six-shooters kept up the sweet music that characterized the fiddle of Nero during the conflagration of the Eternal City. After driving them through the forest named and the open beyond, we came upon two regiments dismounted and lying behind a fence in the edge of another woodland, who poured a galling fire into our line, which, of necessity, by this time was more or less disorganized. We at once retreated to the woodland we had passed, and moved by the left flank unobserved around a hill sheltering us from view, and fell upon the dismounted men on their right flank, pouring into them an enfilading fire, which caused quick and disastrous rout. This forced them to retire to a position beyond where had been our extreme outpost, two regiments forming at the foot of an elongated hill that rose solitary from a level plain, and two regiments in open fields to the left and opposite this hill.

In the meantime a battery of three twelve-pound howitzers had been brought up to our line and planted on a hill to the right of main road, about on line with our quondam vedette stations and about three hundred yards from the line now occupied by the enemy. Old Paul at once decided to charge the two regiments at the foot of the hill afore mentioned, which had to be done over level fields entirely open. Successful in this venture, we discovered our full strength to our enemy as we gained the hill. All this time our line in the open was completely exposed to the fire of the two regiments in the field. Ed Ownsby, of my company, and myself went to the right of the hill and rode as nearly to the top as we could, dismounted and climbed over afoot to a point on the western slope opposite the left flank of the men in the field, and took up positions behind two majestic oak trees and commenced, unobserved, an enfilading fire directly down the enemy's line. We were taking deliberate aim; and the end of their line being not over one hundred yards distant, I cannot see how we could miss hitting either a man or a horse every shot. At this period our ammunition was about exhausted, and old Paul withdrew the major portion of his command, under cover of the hill, to the foot of the elevation occupied by our battery.

The Yanks, quickly discovering this fact, made a charge. Ownsby and I, seeing our predicament, started for our horses. Arriving at the foot of the eastern slope of the hill, we had a head-end collision with ten bluecoats, who were as much surprised as we were, but demanded our surrender. Seeing our situation at a glance, we put spurs to our horses and darted across the road ahead of them. We had a running fight across a cornfield, the Yanks in hot pursuit, both they and ourselves emptying our six-shooters as we went. During our run, and as we approached the fence on the opposite side of the field, I said to Ownsby: "Ed, we are in for it this whack." Our horses seemed to realize how closely we were being hemmed up, and cleared the fence as though it were not there. Old Paul had the precaution to let down gaps at intervals in the fence for the skirmishers he had left in front. They passed through, closely followed by the Yanks. Simultaneously the battery and our line "let fly," and no doubt the bluecoats thought "Sheol had broken loose in Georgia, and no pitch hot." Anyway, we confirmed them in that belief in about a pair of minutes, for we put them north of the Chickamauga in a jiffy.

This was the initiation of the famous Georgia campaign, and from this time until the surrender, May 2, 1865, there was scarcely a day that "Paul's People" failed to inhale the sulphurous odor of gunpowder.

INCIDENTS OF THE VICKSBURG SIEGE.

EXTRACTS FROM A SERIES OF PAPERS BY C. S. O. RICE.

My company, Company M, Seventh Tennessee Cavalry, of which I was lieutenant, was detached from the regiment first as couriers for Gen. Loring and afterwards on picket duty from Snyder's Bluff, on the Yazoo River, to Vicksburg. It was while on this duty that I witnessed that daring feat [already published in the VETERAN.—ED.] of a Federal officer. A considerable force of our men were fortified at Snyder's Bluff, where Gen. Grant landed some 8,000 or 10,000 men, and formed in lines as if to charge our works. Just then a Yankee dashed through their lines and rode at breakneck speed directly toward us. As he left, the Yankees fired volley after volley, apparently at him, but he continued coming, whipping his horse with his hat. As he got near us he yelled out: "Hurrah for Kentucky!" He rode up to us, stopped, and exclaimed: "Hello, boys! How are you? I'm with you. God bless all of you!" The men began to crowd around him and ask questions. Finally it was suggested that he had better go to headquarters. When he saw that he was to be taken to the commanding officer to be interrogated, quick as a flash he wheeled his magnificent horse, drove the spurs into its sides, and went like a bird back to his command. It was so bold and so quickly done that none of our men thought of firing at the gallant fellow until he was several hundred yards away, then only two or three straggling shots were fired at him. As he neared the Yankee lines they cheered him vociferously. It was evident that he had come up to get a look at our strength and fortifications, for soon after his return the gunboats opened on us.

On the 17th of May, 1863, we were ordered inside the fortifications of Vicksburg, and were in the besieged town until the surrender, the following 4th of July. While in Vicksburg we acted as couriers for Gen. Pemberton, and patrol of the city. Rations soon became scarce. Meat was a thing of the past, but great are the resources of a soldier. One day a shell killed one of our mules, and some of the boys cut a bucketful of steaks from the beast, and we were soon enjoying a good repast. All that we did not cook at once we converted into

"jerked" meat. This we did by making a cane platform, spreading the meat on it, and building a fire underneath. This, with the aid of the sun above, soon gave us a lot of dry, well-preserved meat. Now some fastidious youths of to-day will say: "O, I could not do that!" Neither would I now, but then I was hungry. I stood it as long as I could. I was as hollow as a gourd, and when my back began to cave in I thought it about time to eat anything I could get. The Federals had by parallels worked close up to our fortifications and made rifle pits, which they filled with sharpshooters, so that it was about worth a man's life to raise his head above the fortifications. Our men would show themselves only when rising to repel a charge. We soon learned to protect ourselves from the exploding shells, that at night would look like a rain



C. S. O. RICE.

of fire on the doomed city, by digging holes in the sides of the hills, and when the fire was excessively heavy we would crawl into our dens. No one can imagine the hardships and suffering our men underwent lying in the trenches continuously day and night, under the burning sun by day and the heavy dews by night, without sufficient force to relieve them and man the works, while during a greater portion of the time they had not bread and meat enough to sustain themselves. No wonder that thirty per cent of them were "*hors de combat*" when we surrendered.

We knew that surrender was inevitable, yet feelings of deep depression came over us when we were ordered to "stack arms." Being Gen. Pemberton's escort, we were allowed to retain our side arms, but some of our servants who wanted to go out with us were not allowed to do so. Mine came to me and gave me his watch and all the money he had, \$2.50 in silver, and told me to keep it for him, and if they would not allow him to pass out with us he would join us the next day outside the lines. How faithful! and how my heart was touched by it! On a former occasion, when I was left in a sick camp, he remained with me; and at night, when everything was still, I heard his voice lifted earnestly in prayer of supplication that his young master might fix his heart on things above, and that a kind Providence would protect and preserve his life. Imagine at this day the close relation and love that existed between master and slave! His contact with the Southern white man gave him a moral training that was the wonder of the world. While our men were

out in the field of battle, what kept the farm hands growing meat and bread to feed them? Was it fear of his master, who was away in the army? What enabled our refined women to remain at home for four years of the war, surrounded by a throng of blacks, without a thought of fear, but a feeling of protection?

My first night out from Vicksburg will long be remembered. I left the city with three small pieces of jerked mule meat, and a little sugar in my haversack. We camped on a large plantation, and I got an old negro woman to cook me something to eat. She brought me a thick pone of corn bread and a panful of clabber, and I then partook of the most sumptuous repast I ever enjoyed. My messmate, A. B. Jayroe, told me the next morning that his supper the night before was twelve ears of green corn. I did not doubt his statement, as neither of us could hardly travel that day.

I arrived at home to enjoy for a short time, under my parole, the love and association of family and friends, and, above all, the sweet smiles of a rosy-cheeked, brown-eyed little maid—"the girl I left behind me"—whose picture I carried with me through the hurtling fire and smoke of battle for four years, and who, at its close, linked her fortunes with mine, and has shared with me life's sunshine and shadows for nearly forty years.

RED-LETTER DAYS IN DIXIE.

BY KATE MASON ROWLAND, THE EDITOR, NEW YORK.

As the table of dates and topics given in the April *Editor* includes holidays peculiar to the Northern States and omits those essentially Southern, I offer a supplement to these subjects where "timeliness" is a chief consideration. The following table embraces the legal holidays in the fifteen Southern States.

It is, of course, a popular error to speak of "national holidays." The Federal government may make holidays for the District of Columbia and for the territories, and it may give holidays in the departments over which it has control, the post office and custom house; but it can do no more. The President of the United States "recommends" a day of Thanksgiving, but in each State the Governor must, or may, appoint the day. It is optional with the State to accept the recommendation of the President, and so make the day a legal holiday.

The Legislature, in most cases, fixes the dates of these holidays. In the State of Arkansas, however, there is but one legal holiday fixed by statute, and that is Arbor Day. All other holidays are made each year by the Governor's proclamation. In Maryland, on the contrary, all of the holidays are made by the Legislature except Arbor Day, which it is the Governor's duty to designate by proclamation. The date is not fixed, but it is generally in the first half of the month of April. Arbor Day is not found as a legal holiday on the statute books of the Southern States, outside of Arkansas.

Attractive articles could be written of the holidays of the *ante-bellum* period in the South; the days of the patriarchal life on the plantation, when the English Church festivals were holidays alike to master and servants. The Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide then lasted for a week at a time. And though as a popular festival Thanksgiving Day was then unknown in the South, yet it had always been under the name of Harvest Home, a Church of England day, and so observed in the South by the descendants of English Churchmen. The Prayer Book of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States had always provided a service for this day, "to be used yearly on the first Thursday in November, or on such

other day as shall be appointed by the civil authority." And though the "thanksgiving" was for all God's "mercies," it was "especially for the returns of seedtime and harvest."

CALENDAR FOR THE FIFTEEN SOUTHERN STATES.

January 1: New Year's Day, legal holiday in all these States.

January 6: Epiphany, or "Twelfth Night," church festival; popular superstitions, literature, and poetry.

January 8: Battle of New Orleans, legal holiday in Louisiana.

January 19: Lee's birthday, legal holiday in Virginia, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina; holiday by "common consent" in Alabama, Florida, and perhaps other States.

February 2: Candlemas, Ground Hog Day; popular superstition, etc.

February 14: St. Valentine's Day.

February 22: Washington's birthday, legal holiday in all the States.

February 22: Movable feast, Mardi Gras, or Shrove Tuesday, legal holiday in Louisiana and Alabama.

March 2: Date of Texas Declaration of Independence, legal holiday in Texas.

March 17: St. Patrick's Day.

April 10: Movable fast, Good Friday, legal holiday in Maryland, Tennessee, Alabama, and Louisiana.

April 12: Movable feast, Easter.

April 21: Battle of San Jacinto, legal holiday in Texas.

April 26: Confederate Memorial Day, legal holiday in Alabama, Florida, Georgia, and Mississippi.

May 10: Death of Stonewall Jackson, Confederate Memorial Day in South Carolina and North Carolina; legal holiday in these States. Observed in Richmond, Va., as "Oakwood Memorial Day."

May 20: Mecklenburg Independence Day, legal holiday in North Carolina.

May 24: Confederate Memorial Day in Alexandria, Va.

May (second Friday): Confederate Memorial Day in Tennessee.

May 30: Confederate Memorial Day, legal holiday in Virginia. Observed in Richmond as "Hollywood Memorial Day," observed as "Confederate Memorial Day" in Wytheville, Bedford City, Fairfax, and perhaps a few other places in Virginia.

May 30: Federal Decoration Day. Legal holiday in Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and West Virginia.

June 3: Birthday of Jefferson Davis, Confederate Memorial Day in Louisiana; also in Louisville, Ky.; Winchester, Warrenton, Culpeper, Va.; Memphis and Knoxville, Tenn.; Frederick, Md., etc. Legal holiday in Louisiana, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia. Holiday by general consent in Alabama.

June 6: Confederate Memorial Day in Baltimore, Md.

June 9: Confederate Memorial Day in Petersburg, Va.

June 13: Confederate Memorial Day in Woodstock, Va.

July 4: Legal holiday in all of the Southern States; designated as "Independence Day" in North and South Carolina, West Virginia, and Kentucky.

September 1: Labor Day. Legal holiday in all of these States except Mississippi, Maryland, and Louisiana. November 25 is the Labor Day holiday by law in New Orleans.

October 12: "North Carolina Day." Legal holiday in North Carolina.

November (fourth Thursday): Thanksgiving Day. Legal holiday in North and South Carolina, and in all other States any Thursday in November so designated by the Governor.

December 25: Christmas. Legal holiday in all the Southern States.

KENTUCKY AND MISSOURI IN CONFEDERACY.

Extracts from "Life of James Murray Mason," Confederate Commissioner to England, are sent to the *VETERAN* in reply to Mr. J. Randolph Smith's advocacy of eleven columns to the Davis Memorial Arch. In an account of his interview with Earl Russell, February 10, 1862, the following occurs:

"He took but little part in the conversation, asking only one or two questions. One was as to the internal condition of Kentucky, Missouri, and Tennessee, and he referred also to the alienation of Northwestern Virginia. I told him that as far as the three States named were concerned, they were now members of the Confederate States; that we knew a very large majority of their people were with the South, and none who knew the actual condition of things doubted that they would remain so; and that as to Northwestern Virginia, the pretense of a separate government there was an empty pageant, credited only by the government at Washington, and by it alone for the purposes of delusion."

Extract from the inaugural address of President Davis, delivered in Richmond, Va., February 22, 1862:

"Our Confederacy has grown from six to thirteen States; and Maryland, already united to us by hallowed memories and material interests, will, I believe, when able to speak with unstified voice, connect her destiny with the South."

K. M. R. writes from Baltimore concerning these extracts:

"The above citations should be sufficient to convince Mr. J. Randolph Smith that we had thirteen States in the Southern Confederacy. If the President of the Confederate States and their accredited Commissioner to England are not good authority as to their number—in February, 1862—the case is hopeless. 'The Bonnie Blue Flag' gave eleven as the number of States in the Confederacy under the Provisional Government. With the inauguration of the permanent government there were thirteen States."

THEY WANT MORE THAN ELEVEN COLUMNS.

BY MRS. S. R. M'CUTCHEN, WARRENSBURG, MO.

As a devoted Daughter of the F. M. Cockrell Chapter, U. D. C., of Warrensburg, Mo., and a native of Kentucky, reared and educated there, and as, by adoption, a Missourian, I protest against Mr. J. Randolph Smith's idea to omit the fair and noble States of Kentucky and Missouri from columns to the Davis monument. For shame! He should not express such sentiments. Only eleven columns! No! no! a thousand times no! I would advise Mr. Randolph Smith to read up on the history of Kentucky and Missouri previous to and during our great war and see how Gov. Magoffin positively refused men and ammunition to subjugate her Southern sister States—not stepsister—when Lincoln called for 75,000 men. I well remember how the Federal government, against the protest of the Governor of Kentucky, poured its "hireling hordes" on her soil at a place on Dix River, called at that time Camp Dick Robinson, now Camp Nelson; how her brave sons flocked to the standard of the South under Buckner and Morgan and John C. Breckinridge. Where can you find braver, grander, or more loyal men than Kentucky furnished the Southern Confederacy? Even our great chieftain, Jefferson Davis, was born on her soil and educated there. Her Albert Sidney Johnston, her Morgans, her Gen. William Preston, her Humphrey Marshall, her Col. Grigsby, her Col. B. H. Young, and a multitude of other brave men left their all to share the fortunes of the South. True, regiments were recruited from these States for the Federal government, but they were not of those to the "manner born." Kentucky could no more help herself than the other States South in the final struggle.

So, too, in grand old Missouri. Her Sterling Price, her Gov. Jackson, and her noble Shelby attest too well her attitude at the beginning of this "gigantic struggle." Then her heroic daughters were not lacking in their courage and devotion to the South in those stormy days. St. Louis and Kansas City, where there were Federal prisons, are witnesses to their imprisonment. No matter how many men fought from North Carolina! They were brave, but none were braver or more loyal to the Southern cause than grand old Missouri's sons and daughters. Shall Confederate organizations be left out in Kentucky and Missouri? Shall all the Daughters of the Confederacy of these States, who have worked so lovingly and so faithfully for the Davis memorial, be left out? To one of Missouri's noble daughters belongs the honor of originating the Daughters of the Confederacy. Would he leave out Mother McLure, of St. Louis, and Mrs. Hepburn, of Louisville, and other as noble women who worked and prayed for the Confederacy?

When Gen. Bragg's army came into Kentucky, ragged and hungry, Kentuckians, men and women, contributed both food and clothing without stint. There was nothing too good for the Confederate soldier to them. They were *all* heroes, and O how proudly and gladly did we daughters help them! So it was with Missouri. When Price's army moved through this State, the mothers and daughters were glad to share what had been left them, for the Federals had robbed them of the very necessities of life, yet through their love to the great cause they gave all in many instances. Ah, none but her sons and daughters know what hardships they endured for the Confederacy! And then not to be represented? Jefferson Davis had no truer advocate in his halls of council than George G. Vest, no better soldier than Francis M. Cockrell. Yes, and could the sacred ashes of our chieftain speak, he would exclaim: "Yes, Kentucky is my birthplace. I love her sons and daughters, for none were braver or more faithful. Yes, Missouri stood almost alone during her strife with the Kansas Jayhawkers previous to the war." Kentucky and Missouri soldiers proved themselves on the battlefields of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Franklin, and, indeed, on all the battlefields east and west—Fort Donelson, Richmond, Gettysburg, Vicksburg. On land and sea their soldiers made a name that can never die. Gen. Elijah Gates, with both arms shot and dangling at his sides, rode with the bridle reins in his teeth upon the breastworks of the enemy at Franklin, leading the First and Third Missouri. There, too, Cockrell's brigade flag received thirteen bullets.

All honor to brave old Kentucky and grand old Missouri! Yes, let us reverentially build the Memorial to the man who represented the loved cause of Dixie, and keep it holy in our Southern hearts in Kentucky and Missouri!

Mrs. V. Y. McCanne, Moberly, Mo., sent \$1 for the "Bill Arp" Memorial, and incloses a letter on the eleven columns proposition in the Davis Monument, in which she states, in reply to J. Randolph Smith in the December *VETERAN*:

"This word of defense is in memory of brave men who gave 'their all,' even their lives, for the cause they espoused.

"There are some dark memories for Missouri when the trouble was beginning. With the Federals pouring into the State on three sides, old men, young men, and boys, whose last memories were their mothers' kisses and tears, started through dangers innumerable to fight their way to Price because their principles and sympathies urged them to aid the South, while they hoped for better conditions for Missouri.

"Mr. J. Randolph Smith reproaches Kentucky and Missouri with 'having Federal governors.' Can he think the North

would let two such States go without an effort to hold them in the union? Yet Missouri was in the unique position of having two governors at the same time. The Southern governor went with the army to Southwest Missouri, while the Federal authorities had sworn in another at Jefferson City.

"Grand old Kentucky! Seeds of Republicanism were scattered by the army, even to the confines of the moonshiners, that keep up the turmoil yet; but the unconquerable principles of democracy rule her sunny plains, and they are bred in the very rocks of her hills.

"One finds it hard to quote, and hard not to quote, from this strange jumble. For instance, 'Kentucky, Maryland, and Missouri gave to the Confederacy some of the bravest men who followed Lee and Western commanders; but when the memorial to President Davis is completed, let us erect no columns to these States, step-sisters to the Confederacy.' Adding that 'only eleven stars should be on the Confederate flag, and especially on the Crosses of Honor.'

"Again, speaking of the seceded States and the stars, 'some Yankee, seeing we were Rip Van Winkles, and thinking it hard that the Union, with all the world to draw upon, should be kept out of Richmond four years by eleven States, added two, and we, yet half asleep, not only did not resent it, but adopted it, to our hurt.' The two were Kentucky and Missouri, graveyards even then through their desperate fighting to keep the Federals from the South. How will that sound to men who fought with Price, McCullough, Bowen, Cleburne, Shelby, Gates, Cockrell, and Morgan, and scores of gallant officers in Missouri and Kentucky. When troops were wanted at Corinth, these Missourians went cheerfully from Elk Horn to the river, many of them marching barefoot through the snow, the long road full of appalling privations; their homes were falling in sacrifice, between Federals and bushwhackers; between their ideas of State rights and coercion, their State was tottering, with none to save; yet they went, full of the splendid courage that pulsed through the South, hoping against hope.

"If, when returning from the war, homeless and sorely discouraged, these men had the faintest suspicion of the feeling Mr. Smith avows with such delicate candor, they crushed it as a base ingratitude against their kind.

"What purpose can be served now with such stuff? Our children get a false impression of their fathers' motives. It carries a wrong conception of the loyalty of an honest people toward a magnificent government. Both sides have much to forgive, if we have any government.

"It is a singular coincident that the same number of the VETERAN has a letter from a G. A. R. man in New York, who speaks of the 'foolish bitterness over the war, and the issues that had to be fought to a finish,' and who warmly commends the editor of the VETERAN for the 'heroic struggle he is making for his comrades.' Such men set us right with other people and make us feel right as well. It is the hero who gives credit to bravery on the other side. Gen. Lee's beautiful life was a sacrifice to the land he loved, yet he was just to the government from the time he laid down his arms. He lived to see Kentucky and Missouri rising from the fires that swept them; he lived to see bitter sectionalism dying, the spirit that would oppose the 'thirteen columns,' a spirit that is too narrow for a generous people to comprehend."

SAM BOX, WESTVILLE, IND. T., PROTESTS.—In the December, 1903, VETERAN Comrade J. Randolph Smith, of Henderson, N. C., favors eleven columns for the Davis Memorial. The good brother is living in delusion, and his suggestions, if car-

ried out, would do a great injustice to thousands of good, patriotic citizens and soldiers in Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, whose loyal devotion to the South was never questioned and who have stood the test of time, by excluding them from any of the honors of the Davis Memorial for the crime, as 'he alleges, of failing to secede from the United States and for tolerating the rule of Federal Governors, etc. As to Missouri, we had a Southern man for Governor tried and true until he was driven from his seat by the Federal army, and for a time marched with the Confederate forces and directed their movements, and at the first opportunity convened the Legislature in extra session in the city of Neosho, where they passed an ordinance of secession, declared the State out of the Union, and sent delegates to both branches of the Confederate Congress, who were recognized and received by President Davis and the Richmond government into the councils of the Confederacy. Comrade Smith loses sight of the fact that those were border States and were soon overrun by the great armies of the North, which later on swept over every Southern State and drove our noble and devoted President, whom we wish to honor, from his seat. I cannot believe that a majority of the people of the South condemn these tried, true, and patriotic people for failing to perform an impossibility by holding in check the combined forces of the North and the outside world. We gave up our homes and country to the invaders inch by inch, never failing to inflict the greatest damage to them in our power. It was an easy matter to be a Southern man in the South from 1861 to 1865, but it was quite different in the border States under the iron heel of oppression. Again it should be remembered that to the Missouri soldiers belongs the honor of being the last to quit the contest. The remnant of Shelby's Brigade of Missouri Cavalry maintained the Confederate banner, defiantly and triumphantly, until July 1, 1865, when it was sadly and solemnly weighted beneath the waves of the Rio Grande River. The folds of this last flag had been ornamented by the queenly hands of Arkansas's fairest daughters and presented to Shelby's old brigade as a token of admiration for their desperate fighting and knightly soldier qualities, and, as they had never lost a banner, they were determined that this one should never fall into the hands of their enemies. I feel sure that I represent the sentiments of 99 per cent of the Southern people of Missouri when I say that when the time comes they will expect and insist on being accorded the same honors and rights in the Davis Memorial given to other Southern States.

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SEVEN OF ELEVEN SURVIVORS CO. F, TWELFTH ALABAMA REGIMENT, PHOTOGRAPHED IN OPELIKA NOV. 26, 1903.

FIRST SERG. T. H. CLOWER.

C. C. DAVIS.

R. W. DRAKE.

SERG. N. R. SIMMONS.

G. P. WARE.

CAPT. R. E. PARK.

SERG. J. H. EASON.

There was a reunion at Opelika, Ala., on last Thanksgiving of surviving members of the Macon Confederates, from Tuskegee, Ala., which was Company F, of the Twelfth Alabama Regiment. The captain of the company, R. F. Ligon, became Governor of the State, and David Clopton, who was on the Supreme Bench of his State, was a private. He was later quartermaster of the regiment before his election to the Confederate Congress. The members of this company, which comprised one hundred and five originally, and was recruited until it aggregated one hundred and forty-four, were worth two million dollars. Many of its members became commissioned officers in other regiments. It is sad to relate that only seven survivors out of the one hundred and forty-four met at Opelika recently. Among these was the only living commissioned officer, who was captain of the company, Robert E. Park (now State Treasurer of Georgia, and lives in Atlanta), Sergeant Thomas H. Clower, late Mayor of Opelika; Sergeant Nathan R. Simmons, Superintendent of Streets, Opelika; Sergeant James H. Eason, connected with the Plant Railway System at Montgomery; Hon. Robert W. Drake, late sheriff of Hale County, Ala., and a prominent planter; Mr. Columbus C. Davis, of Tuskegee, Ala.; and Mr. George Pierce Ware, of Auburn, Ala., both successful and popular farmers, and all men of high character and influence in their various localities.

These gentlemen dined with Mr. and Mrs. DeLay, the son-in-law and daughter of Mr. G. P. Ware, and supped with Hon.

and Mrs. T. H. Clower. They feasted on Thanksgiving turkey, with cranberries, barbecued pig, delightful salads, fruit, and pound cake, ices, and all the elegant *et ceteras* which accompany splendid Thanksgiving occasions.

These gentlemen had a group picture taken, and upon weighing at the public scales the following were learned to be their respective weights: Capt. Park, 222 pounds; Hon. T. H. Clower, 185 pounds; Hon. R. W. Drake, 246 pounds; J. H. Eason, 187 pounds; G. P. Ware, 175 pounds; N. R. Simmons, 167 pounds; C. C. Davis, 139 pounds.

These members read over the list of the members of old Company F, and discussed affectionately the few living and the host of dead comrades with whom they had shared the dangers and hardships, the humors and excitements of four years.

Of those present, Mr. Davis was one severely wounded at Strasburg, Va.; Mr. Ware was wounded at Seven Pines and Snickers Gap, Mr. Simmons at Chancellorsville, Mr. Eason at Sharpsburg and Gettysburg. Capt. Park was wounded at the Wilderness, Gettysburg, and Winchester, and a bullet passed through his hat at Seven Pines. Messrs. Clower and Drake, than whom there were never two more gallant and intrepid soldiers, and few shared in as many engagements, were never wounded. All were in fine health and splendid spirits, and fully resolved to have annual reunions in the future.

CONFEDERATED MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The VETERAN is pleased to give a good likeness herewith of Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association. She was born in New Orleans, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Walker. While yet a young girl, she was enthusiastic for the Southern cause, and rendered valuable assistance to the ladies of the Soldiers' Aid Society in their noble work. As Miss Katie Walker she will be remembered by many of the Southern soldiers who were confined in the military prisons and hospitals of New Orleans during the war. She was educated in her native city at the Orleans Academy under Prof. Dimitry, and graduated with high honors from the Ursuline Convent, the oldest female college in the United States. In 1902 Mrs. Behan was elected President of the Ursuline Alumnæ and reelected in 1903.

In 1866 she married William J. Behan, who was an officer in that famous command, the Washington Artillery, in the Army of Northern Virginia. He was the first major general of the Louisiana Division, United Confederate Veterans, and is a valiant comrade.

Mrs. Behan is one of the oldest members of the Ladies' Southern Memorial Association of New Orleans, and is now serving her third term as its President. This is one of the largest and most active of the Memorial Associations of the South. In May, 1900, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association was organized at Louisville, Ky., and Mrs. Behan was unanimously chosen as President for a term of three years. This Confederation is composed of sixty or more Memorial Associations, the majority of these dating their organization as far back as 1865, immediately after the surrender of the remnant of Gen. Lee's incomparable army. Many of these associations existed during the four years of the war, having been formed for the purpose of aiding the soldiers who were then leaving for the seat of war. Clothing, uniforms, and provisions were supplied by these noble women, who were also constant in their tender ministrations to the sick and dying. At that time these noble women were banded together and known as Soldiers' Aid Societies.

Immediately after the surrender of the Confederate armies these same loyal and devoted women organized Memorial Associations to care for the graves of those who had sacrificed their lives on the altar of duty, and whenever practicable to remove their remains from distant battlefields to their native soil, and there erect monuments that would tell to coming generations the story of their glorious deeds. And when Jefferson Davis wrote his great work, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," and dedicated it to the Women of the Confederacy, he paid a high tribute to these women, whom he knew to be as faithful and as valiant during these trying times as were their fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons whose swords they buckled on and sent forth to battle for Southern rights.

In 1894 the daughters of these women inaugurated that grand and enthusiastic organization, the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Their work and influence has spread over the whole South, also in many sections North, and they have proved themselves worthy daughters of noble mothers. Quoting from the beautiful poem, dedicated to the women of the Confederacy, by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, of Memphis, Tenn., we can truthfully say:

"Give the laurel to the victor,
Give the song unto the slain,
Give the iron cross of honor
Ere Death lays the Southron down;
But give to these souls proven,
Tried by fire and by pain,
A memory of their mother love
That pressed an iron crown."

At the fourth annual convention of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, held in New Orleans, in May, 1903, Mrs. Behan was chosen again unanimously as President for a second term of three years. The growth and success of the Confederation is due largely to her zeal and enthusiasm.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association is coöperating with the United Daughters of the Confederacy in the erection of the Jefferson Davis Monument. A history of the "Confederated Memorial Associations of the South" is now being compiled, to be sold for the benefit of this monument.

Mrs. Behan's handsome home on Alhambra Plantation, Whitecastle, La., has been the scene of many elegant entertainments; one in particular given in honor of her guest, Miss Mary Custis Lee, will be remembered by those who had the good fortune to be present.

To those who know personally the noble, patriotic woman, it may seem odd to say that "she is one of the oldest members of the Ladies'



MRS. W. J. BEHAN.

Southern Memorial Association." The statement is borrowed. It seems incredible that Katie Walker was old enough in the sixties to take active interest in the Confederate Cause, so youthful in appearance and active is she now. The VETERAN has long desired to pay tribute to this President of the C. S. M. A., giving honor to whom honor is due, but she has not concurred in the opinion that giving her prominence was at all important to the success of the great work over which she presides. Her generous spirit in having this oldest of all Confederate organizations adopt the VETERAN as its official organ will never be forgotten by its founder.

A VETERAN WHO NEVER MISSED A BATTLE.

The author of a book on the Washington Artillery wrote of Comrade Behan: "In this battle [Fredericksburg] Lieut. W. J. Behan, who had won his spurs at Sharpsburg, first assisted in the command of the fourth company. Besides being a good officer, he enjoyed the honor of never having missed a roll call or battle during the war." He is ex-Mayor of New Orleans, his native city.

PALLBEARERS AT GEN. GORDON'S FUNERAL.

Capt. R. E. Park, State Treasurer of Georgia, sends the list:

"I have just conferred with Gov. Terrell, who had the appointment of the pallbearers at Gen. Gordon's funeral, and he gave me the following names:

"S. A. Cunningham, Nashville, Tenn.; Gen. B. A. Teague, Aiken, S. C.; Gen. W. E. Mickle, Mobile, Ala.; Gen. B. H. Young, Louisville, Ky. From Georgia there were: Gen. C. M. Wiley, Macon; Gen. S. W. Harris, Carrollton; Capt. John Triplett, Thomasville; Maj. W. W. Hulbert, Atlanta; Capt. R. E. Park, Macon; Col. W. S. Shepherd, Columbus; Capt. E. P. Howell, Atlanta; Capt. J. L. McCollum, Marietta.

"The following names were also on the list, but were not in the city, and the other, Gov. Jones, was among the orators and invited guests—namely, Col. J. T. Ellyson, of Virginia; Gen. G. P. Harrison, of Alabama; Col. J. A. Lovell, Tallahassee, Fla.; Gen. Robert Lowry, of Mississippi. Hon. Thomas G. Jones was also in the list, but he was one of the speakers and invited guests.

"The pallbearers who bore the casket were: Capt. W. H. Harrison, Thirty-First Georgia; and Privates E. D. L. Mobley, First Arkansas; J. C. Huff, Cobb's Georgia Cavalry Legion; J. H. Suttan, Thirty-First Georgia; G. N. Dexter, Third Georgia; Samuel Ogletree, J. L. Bosworth, D. J. Smith, and R. O. Ford."

GEN. GORDON'S REGARD FOR EDITOR OF THE VETERAN.

In a letter from Rockbridge Alum Springs, Va., August 21, 1899, upon notice of a suit for libel with which readers of the *VETERAN* are familiar, Gen. Gordon responded:

"I am not advised as to the character of the criticism of which you speak, and your letter gives me the first information of the suit to which you refer. Without looking into the matter at all, I have no hesitation in saying that nothing could induce me to believe that you had intentionally wronged any man, much less a Confederate soldier.

"My engagements have been so constant that, together with the confusion and dismay consequent upon the loss of my home by fire with nearly all that was in it, and my subsequent efforts to reimburse myself by lecturing, the privilege of keeping up with the progress of events has been denied me. I am here now for rest and recuperation."

GEN. GORDON IN THE NORTHWEST.

G. H. Blakeslee, of Eddyville, Neb., in renewing subscription for the *VETERAN*, refers to Gen. Gordon:

"Our papers, especially those who have ever paid some respect to the veteran soldiers—more particularly the G. A. R. papers—have but words of love and kindness for the illustrious dead of the Southland. To me, news of the death of the noble Gordon is peculiarly sorrowing. We had learned to love and appreciate his noble character. Time and again he has been with us at our meetings, and endeared himself to us with his noble patriotic words. In the home of every true soldier of the North there are but the kindest memories of Gen. John B. Gordon."

IN MEMORY OF GEN. GORDON AT DE FUNIAK SPRINGS, FLA.—Mayor G. P. Henry was called to the chair, and James A. McLean made Secretary. The Chairman paid a glowing tribute to the memory of the distinguished dead. He was followed by Wallace Bruce, President of the Florida Chautauqua, and spoke eloquently and feelingly of Gen. Gordon's life, referring particularly to his labor of love in bridging the bloody chasm, and allaying the bitter feeling engendered by four years of fratricidal war. William Rogers, Capt. R. E. Rose, Prof. Gessard, Prof. C. M. Conner, Capt. Stubbs, Capt. Colver,

and Judge McLeod made short and well-timed addresses. Mayor Henry, Judge McLeod, and Secretary McLean reported suitable resolutions, saying that 'in the death of Gen. John B. Gordon the South has lost one of her most esteemed citizens; the Confederate Veterans a wise and beloved commander; and the entire Union a splendid type of American manhood.'

PERSONAL TRIBUTE TO GEN. J. B. GORDON.

In personal tributes, Philip H. Fall, of Houston, Tex., said: "He was a soldier and a statesman. His oratorical talents were of the highest order, and often in his magnificent perorations he held his audience in perfect, magnetic spell.

"As has often been experienced by audiences of thousands, he alone could enforce order and control the vast throng. His voice was peculiarly constituted, and without effort his slightest exclamation would penetrate to every ear understandingly. His repartee was of that happy nature, never giving offense, but acting as oil upon the troubled waters.

"He was a sublime dictator, for when he spoke all else was silent, and gave ready ear to his majestic speech. Whenever his gavel fell and his musical voice called, 'Come to order, boys,' quiet instantaneously assumed its sway.

'Discord fled at the wave of his hand,
Harmony prevailed at Gordon's command;
His gavel fell, his musical voice
Gently exclaimed, "Come to order, my boys!"'

"He was the most attractive conversationalist of his generation, his mind was so completely stored with the history of the world of which any record is known. His knowledge of humanity in all its phases, his great mind, coupled with a natural grace of expression, gave him such a magnetism over those with whom he came in contact that he was at all times and in all places master of the situation."

TYPICAL SOUTHERN PRIDE OF GEN. GORDON.

Soon after the fire that destroyed Gen. Gordon's home, in the fall of 1899, he learned that a movement had been inaugurated by Veterans to rebuild it, and he immediately wrote from Rockbridge Alum Springs, Va., to Gen. Moorman, his chief of staff:

"My Dear General: I have just received your letter informing me that the Army of Northern Virginia, Camp No. 1, U. C. V., and Veteran Confederate States Cavalry, Camp No. 9, U. C. V., both of New Orleans, La., have notified you that they are taking steps to rebuild my home, lately destroyed by fire. No words that I could employ could adequately express my gratitude to those brave and devoted comrades for this manifestation of regard for me and of sympathy in my great misfortune. I request you, however, to say to those Camps, and to any others making a similar move, that I cannot permit them to carry out this generous purpose. With the land on which my home stood free from incumbrance, and with my health somewhat improved, I hope to be able by my own efforts to rebuild my home before a great while."

BOYS MADE GEN. GORDON RUN.

The story is told that on a snowy day some years ago in Atlanta, Gen. (Governor) Gordon was on his way to the old State capitol. A crowd of boys from a military school were waiting in ambush for him. Suddenly the air was full of snowballs, and the General was literally covered with snow. He gracefully lifted his silk hat and said: "Boys, I surrender." "But we want you to run," came in chorus, and with it more snowballs. "Young gentlemen, I will," he said. And he did with vigor until he reached a place of safety.

CONVENTION OF VIRGINIA DIVISION, U. D. C.

BY KATHARINE NOLAND GARNETT.

The first joint convention of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Virginia was held in Norfolk on October 21-24, 1903, in Christ Church Parish House, the delegates being the guests of the Pickett-Buchanan Chapter, U. D. C. Miss Ruth Jennings, of Lynchburg, First Vice President, presided in place of Mrs. W. A. Smoot, President, who was detained at home by illness. The convention was opened with prayer by Rev. Carl E. Grammer, rector of Christ Church, Norfolk.

Mrs. Charles G. Elliott, President of Pickett-Buchanan Chapter, made a cordial address of welcome, which was responded to by Miss Ruth Jennings.

The roll, by Chapters, was then called. Thirty-five Chapters were represented by their own delegates and fifteen by proxy. Other delegates arrived later.

The Richmond Chapter has nearly five hundred members, and the Pickett-Buchanan, including the auxiliary with one hundred and fifty members under the able management of Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, has three hundred. The Chapter reports were all of great interest and showed splendid work and increased interest in the sacred cause assumed by the Daughters of the Confederacy.

Reports of the standing and the special committees occupied the morning session of Thursday.

Thursday evening a literary session was held, inaugurated by Mrs. Philip E. Yeatman, who read an interesting paper on the duties of the Daughters of the Confederacy and the importance of instilling into the younger generation the principles of our fathers and love of the commonwealth.

Judge Theodore S. Garnett introduced Mrs. Janie Hope Marr, who read a paper on her distinguished father, Capt. James Barron Hope, quoting largely from his poems. She was much applauded by the audience. Mrs. W. W. Strother contributed a most able paper on the "Organization of Women's Clubs." Mrs. Yeatman also read a valuable paper written by Mrs. Nellie Deans Taylor, of Gloucester, on "The Causes of Secession," showing much thought and research. Interspersed between the papers were music and Southern songs, including "Dixie," in which the audience joined.

On Friday, after a morning session, an oyster roast was given the visiting delegates by the Pickett-Buchanan Chapter at Willoughby Club, which was participated in by most of the convention. It gave the ladies an opportunity to meet informally, and was greatly enjoyed. The election of officers at night resulted as follows:

Honorary Presidents—Mrs. James Mercer Garnett, Baltimore; Mrs. Philip T. Yeatman, Alexandria; Miss Mary A. Smith, Warrenton.

President—Miss Ruth Jennings, Lynchburg.

Vice Presidents—Mrs. Otto L. Evans, Amherst; Mrs. B. B. Brochenbrough, Tappahannock; Mrs. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, Norfolk; Mrs. J. C. Sitwell, Bedford City.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. Pryor Jones, Petersburg.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Stirling Murray, Leesburg.

Treasurer—Mrs. C. B. Tate, Pulaski.

Historian—Mrs. Philip E. Yeatman, Norfolk.

Registrar—Mrs. James A. Scott, Lynchburg.

Custodian—Mrs. J. H. Timberlake, Richmond.

The next convention will meet at Petersburg. The Virginia Division now numbers over thirty-seven hundred members, and is next in size to Texas.

This union of the first Virginia Division and the Grand Division of Virginia, so long desired, and yet so long delayed by force of circumstances, was accomplished on May 20, 1903,

at Lynchburg, where delegates met from both Divisions to arrange the union. The Daughters of Virginia have ever been one in efforts and one in principles, drawn together by the strongest ties of ancestry and affinity and in this great work which quickens the pulse and stirs the heart of every true Southern woman, as Mrs. Elliott feelingly remarked in her address of welcome. With the union of these two great bodies will come increased power and wider influence.

That the convention was a very successful one was evidenced by the harmonious way in which very important business was transacted, and by the fact that the deliberations of the Daughters in Norfolk have thoroughly cemented the recently formed union and assured to Virginia a "Love" that "makes memory eternal," the motto chosen from James Barron Hope by the Virginia Division, U. D. C. A red rose and a white rose worn together, representing life and purity respectively, was adopted as the floral emblem. With a cordial vote of thanks for Norfolk's hospitality, the convention closed Friday night at twelve o'clock with the long meter doxology, in which the vast audience joined with much solemnity.

THE U. D. C. OF TEXAS TO THE PRESIDENT.

Miss Katie Daffan, of Ennis, Tex., President of the Texas Division, U. D. C., forwarded to President Roosevelt the resolutions adopted by the State Convention at Houston in regard to his official recognition of Panama, in which she states:

"In pursuance of a resolution unanimously adopted by the State Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, held in Houston, Tex., I, as President of the Texas Division, U. D. C., have the honor to transmit to you the inclosed resolutions expressive of the sentiment of that body concerning your recent action in recognizing as a nation the new republic of Panama, formed after the secession of the State of Panama from the United States of Colombia.

"Those composing the membership of our organization have always rested under the profound and conscientious conviction that any sovereign State had the right to withdraw from any compact of union, where such union had ceased to subserve the purposes of its formation, and they cherish with pride the deeds of those who so bravely battled against invasion which followed upon the assertion of that right by the people of the South.

"And it is peculiarly gratifying to them to see you, in the exercise of the prerogatives of your high office, with the approval of your able Secretary of State, give to the right of secession your indorsement.

"Those whom I represent recognize that the question of secession is practically settled forever adversely to our contention, but it is gratifying to us to know that even as an abstract question it has received indorsement from such exalted source.

"We beg to tender you our assurance of esteem and to express the desire that the great government of which you are the executive head may grow in greatness and glory, and in the language of Jefferson Davis, 'On the arch of the union of indestructible and sovereign States there may be engraved "*Esto Perpetua*."'"

The resolutions referred to are as follows:

"Whereas the President of the United States, by his recent course toward the Republic of Panama, has shown to the world his indorsement of the principle of the right of secession; and whereas the people of the Northern States, by their acceptance and approval of his course, have shown that they have been led by him out of the fog of ignorance to the bright realms of truth attained by the Southern States so many years ago; therefore be it

"Resolved, That we extend to the President the approval and affiliation of the Daughters of the Confederacy of Texas, in convention assembled, for his indorsement of the principles and his vindication of the cause for which the Southern people fought so gloriously but so disastrously in the War between the States."

REMAINING LIEUTENANT GENERALS.

Many papers in the South have misrepresented recently concerning surviving lieutenant generals, mentioning that Gen. Gordon was the last of them. In fact, there are three survivors, the senior being Gen. A. P. Stewart. The others are Stephen D. Lee and S. B. Buckner.

It is understood that Gen. Wheeler's status was the same as that of Gen. Gordon's; as, while acting as corps commander at the close, he had failed to receive commission as lieutenant general. The editor of the *VETERAN* wrote Gen. Gordon in regard to his rank in 1899, and in his reply stated:

"I was informed by Gen. Breckinridge, Secretary of War, while my corps was at Petersburg, that I had been made a lieutenant general. Like a great many other cases at that period of the war, my commission never reached me. I was, however, accorded the rank and assignment, but was waiting for my commission to the last before signing officially as lieutenant general."

FLORIDA DIVISION, U. C. V.

The annual meeting of the Florida Division, U. C. V., was held at Orlando December 9 and 10. There were represented thirty-one Camps out of a total of thirty-nine.

The addresses of the opening session on Tuesday were excellent. Judge Cooper was especially happy in his words of welcome on behalf of the local Camp and the people of St. Augustine. The address of Gen. Law, the Division Commander, was received with enthusiasm and its recommendations generally adopted. Gov. Jennings made an address which, from a Northern standpoint, was replete with eulogiums on the South and nobly generous to her cause. Greetings were sent to Gens. Finley, Miller, Iverson, and Bullock. A gavel from Comrade Robert W. Davis, made of wood taken from the historic field of Manassas, was presented to the Division. At this session the sponsors and maids of honor were presented and received with the usual enthusiasm by the veterans.

At the morning session on Wednesday the report of the Adjutant General was presented, and reports of committees.

The following action was taken pursuant to these reports: Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy were urged to assist in organizing Camps of the Sons of Veterans in this State; a burial service was adopted, and the Adjutant General requested to have same printed for use of Camps; those in charge of our public schools were urged to use greater efforts to rid our schools of falsified history, especially regarding the War between the States; the Legislature was asked to make a larger appropriation for the Olustee monument, also to eliminate from the pension law the age limit of sixty-five years, and the Adjutant General requested to present these matters to the next Legislature. A committee appointed to look into the matter reported for information that the Confederate battle flag was of square shape, and not oblong, as is often seen. A Confederate States naval flag displayed in the convention attracted much attention. It is oblong with a white ground, and the Southern Cross and thirteen stars in the field, the cross in red.

Gen. George Reese, from the Committee on the Battle Abbey, reported the original amount secured, but asked a further contribution to make the work complete, which was adopted.

It was decided that the annual encampments of the Division should not be later than November 15.

Thanks were extended to the ladies of St. Augustine with a rising vote and three cheers.

Ocala, Jacksonville, Gainesville, Pensacola, and Fort Pierce contended for the next place of meeting, and Ocala won.

Gen. Law having declined to permit the use of his name for reelection, Gen. Ballentine, of the Second Brigade, was elected to command the Division for the ensuing year. Gen. Law was unanimously elected Honorary Commander for life, with all the privileges and courtesies of that position.

At the close of the Division meeting the Third Brigade held its annual meeting and reelected Gen. W. H. Jewell as Commander, making the sixth time this honor has been conferred on him.

MEMORIES OF THE SIXTIES.

A most charming lecture of personal war experiences, entitled "Memories of the Sixties," is being delivered by our distinguished friend, Gen. C. I. Walker, now living at Greenville, S. C. Although the lecture is new, he has several appointments in different parts of South Carolina to deliver it in aid of the Hampton monument and other worthy Confederate objects. Gen. Walker succeeded Gen. Wade Hampton as commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V. The *VETERAN* has given much of Gen. Walker's distinguished services in the war. Some of the many incidents of this service must prove intensely interesting as told by one who is so capable and eloquent. In his long career of active service he must have struck upon many incidents of humor and pathos which are embodied in the lecture. He commanded the Tenth South Carolina Infantry.

Gen. Walker has deeply at heart the proposed monument to the Women of the Confederacy, and the veterans owe it to these glorious women, as well as to themselves, that it be erected in the near future. Recent sad bereavements admonish us that our time on earth is rapidly drawing to a close, and diligence in such matters is imperative if we would perform our duty. Confederate organizations might secure the services of Gen. Walker and send him on a pilgrimage through the South. By his lecture, funds might be raised and enthusiasm aroused which would do much good.

Gen. Walker, an active participant, tells of the movements of armies and the most thrilling episodes. He was in contact with the private soldier—the maker of the glory of our generals and of our cause. He presents vividly facts in that immortal struggle for Confederate liberty.

Any Chapter of the Daughters or Camp of the Veterans or Sons, having any special object to advance, could materially help the same by securing Gen. Walker in this lecture. The word "lecture" carries with it to the popular mind the idea of requiring an audience of cultured or literary people, but the scope of Gen. Walker's lecture appeals to the sentiment of loyalty to Confederate memories. It will interest every loyal friend in our dear Southland, especially.

"SOME GO UP AND SOME GO DOWN."—In Hooker's "Battle Above the Clouds" a good portion of Walthall's Brigade was captured, placed on board a steamboat, and started for prison. They were consigned to the upper deck of the steamer, and as they were being marched up the steps leading to that part of the boat they met a Yankee officer coming down. Scowling on them as they passed, he said: "Suppose this boat should sink; what do you think would become of all you d—Rebels?" Quick as a flash the answer came from one of the lean, lank Rebs: "Just the same as it is now, Cap.; we would continue to go up and you would continue to go down."

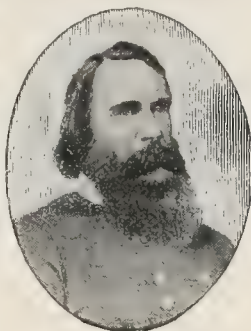


THE UNSUCCESSFUL.

We met them on the common way,
 They passed and gave no sign—
 The heroes that had lost the day,
 The failures, half divine.
 Ranged in a quiet place, we see
 Their mighty ranks contain
 Figures too great for victory,
 Hearts too unspoiled for gain.
 Here are earth's splendid failures, come
 From glorious foughten fields;
 Some bear the wounds of combat, some
 Are prone upon their shields.
 To us, that still do battle here,
 If we in aught prevail,
 Grant, God, a triumph, not too dear,
 Or strength, like theirs, to fail.
 —Elizabeth C. Cardolo, in *Century Magazine*.

GEN. JAMES LONGSTREET.

The death of Gen. James Longstreet occurred at the residence of a daughter in Gainesville, Ga. His home had been on a romantic spot in that town for many years, although as the Railroad Commissioner for the United States much of the time since the death of Gen. J. E. Johnston, his predecessor, who was appointed by President Cleveland, he stayed in Washington.



GEN LONGSTREET.

Gen. James Longstreet was born in Edgefield District, S. C., on January 8, 1821. His family removed to Alabama in 1831, and he was appointed from that State to the West Point Military Academy, where he was graduated in 1842, and was assigned to the Fourth Infantry. He was at Jefferson barracks, Missouri, in 1842-44; on frontier duty at Natchitoches, La., in 1844-45; in Texas in 1845-46, and in Mexico at the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, San Antonio, Churubusco, and Moline del Rey. For gallant conduct in the two latter engagements he was brevetted captain and major, having already been made first lieutenant February 23, 1847. At the storming of Chapultepec, September 8, 1847, he was severely wounded. He was chief commissary of the department of Texas, 1849-51; was commissioned captain in December, 1852, and major and paymaster in July, 1858.

In 1861 he resigned to join the Confederate army, of which he was immediately appointed brigadier general, and won distinction in the first battle of Bull Run, where he prevented a large force of Federal troops from supporting McDowell's flank attack. On May 5, 1862, he made a brave stand at Williamsburg, where he was attacked by Heintzelman, Hooker, and Karney, and held his ground sturdily until Hancock arrived to reinforce his opponents, when he was driven back.

At the second battle of Manassas he commanded the first corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, which came promptly to the relief of Jackson when he was hard pressed by Pope's army, and by a determined flank charge decided the fortunes of the day. When Lee retreated to Virginia, after the battle of Gettysburg, Gen. Longstreet, with five brigades, was transferred to Tennessee under Bragg, and at Chickamauga held the left wing of the Confederate forces. He rejoined Lee early in 1864, and was so prominent in the battle of the Wilderness that he was wounded by the fire of his own troops. He was in the surrender at Appomattox on April 9, 1865. Throughout the army he was familiarly known as "Old Pete," and was considered the hardest fighter in the Confederate service. He had the unbounded confidence of his troops who were ordered to him, and the whole army became imbued with new vigor in the presence of the foe when it became known down the line that "Old Pete" was up.

Gen. Longstreet took up his residence in New Orleans after the war, and established the commercial house of Longstreet, Owens & Co. He was appointed surveyor of the port of New Orleans by Gen. Grant, and was afterwards supervisor of internal revenue in Louisiana and postmaster of New Orleans. In 1880 he was sent as United States Minister to Turkey by President Hayes and under Garfield was United States marshal for the district of Georgia. A few years ago he was appointed United States Commissioner of Railroads. Gen. Clement A. Evans, now commanding the Tennessee Department, U. C. V., said, in response to an interview:

"He was one of those who believed that, the South being defeated, there was no need of keeping alive in form even the differences between the sections. Grant was his friend, and I do not believe that when Longstreet was appointed to office in New Orleans the thought of seducing him ever entered the mind of the President, nor did Longstreet regard the appointment as an attempt to win him over to Republicanism. But as time went on he committed himself beyond recall and there could be no denying the fact that he affiliated with the Republican party, which party he remained in till his death.

"You ask me for incidents or characteristic anecdotes. There was probably no general of Longstreet's rank in the army about whom fewer anecdotes could be told, other than stories of such battles as he participated in. I remember one incident, however, that I myself saw. It was during the visit of Jefferson Davis to Atlanta after the war, the time he made the speech at the Ben Hill monument, at the junction of Peachtree and West Peachtree Streets. There was a great crowd of people there, and Mr. Davis was just about to begin his speech.

"Suddenly a shout went up from the outer edges of the throng in the streets, and all eyes were turned up the street. There came Gen. Longstreet on horseback, clad in the full uniform of a Confederate general. The shouting swept in a tumultuous wave from the fringe of the crowd on through, and Rebel yell followed Rebel yell. Hats were thrown in the air and the hundreds went wild, while the soldier on the horse advanced with radiant face to meet his former chief.

"Straight up to the platform came horse and rider, the course falling back to give them an avenue. At the foot of the platform stops the man in gray, dismounted and sprang up with outstretched hand to grasp the hand extended toward him, and while the soldier and the statesman greeted one another, both beloved, the lookers-on went wild with uproarious enthusiasm.

"Now that the old fighter is dead, it is better to forget his mistakes, if he made any, and to remember only the great

things of his life, which, indeed, were many, and to honor him for their sake."

In 1897 Gen. Longstreet was married to Miss Ellen Dortch, former Assistant State Librarian. Her concise report of him will be pleasing to his old soldiers and admirers:

"When Gen. Longstreet surrendered his sword at Appomattox, his war record was made up. It stands unassailable, needing no defenders. Back of the day that opened so auspiciously for the Confederate cause at the first Manassas and the four years that followed, lives the record of a quarter of a century in the Union army."

"In those times Gen. Longstreet, at Cerro Gordo, Molino del Rey, and Chapultepec, was aiding to win the great empire of the West, in subsequent hard Indian campaigns lighting the fagots of a splendid Western civilization, and from 1861 to 1865 with his matchless military genius adding new glory to American arms, and in the struggles of a nation that fill a new star of the first magnitude to the galaxy of American valor, completing one of the most lustrous pages in the world's war history. That page cannot be dimmed or darkened. It rests secure in its own white splendor, above the touch of time."

After his appointment by President McKinley as United States Railroad Commissioner in 1898, Gen. and Mrs. Longstreet resided, for the most part, in Washington, D. C. They spent part of their time during the summer seasons at the General's summer home at Longstreet Heights, near Gainesville.

A number of years ago Gen. Longstreet's elegant home was destroyed by fire, and near its site he erected a nice cottage, which was used by him when here, and which is now occupied by his son, Randolph Longstreet.

DR. T. G. BIRCHETT.

January 1, 1904, was a sad day for Vicksburg, and the usual greeting of Happy New Year was forgotten, for as friend met friend the only words heard were: "Dr. Birchett is dead."

Dr. T. G. Birchett was born at Orange C. H., Va., June 27, 1835. He was the son of Dr. George Heith Birchett, who died in Vicksburg many years ago.

Dr. Birchett graduated at the Philadelphia Medical College at twenty-four years of age, and with the exception of a short time spent in Arkansas, Vicksburg had always been his home. He was sixty-eight years of age at the time of his death.

He went into the War between the States as surgeon for the Warren Light Artillery, but soon rose to be surgeon of Hardee's Corps, which position he held throughout the war. He was ever at the front and true to the Confederate cause to the end of his life. After he returned home, at the close of the war, he renewed the practice of medicine, and no man ever did more to relieve the afflicted than he. His kind heart would never let him refuse a call, regardless of the hour, weather, or remuneration; and the poor of the city, both white and black, have lost their best friend. All city offices were closed out of respect for the dead, and the flag on the city hall lowered to half-mast.

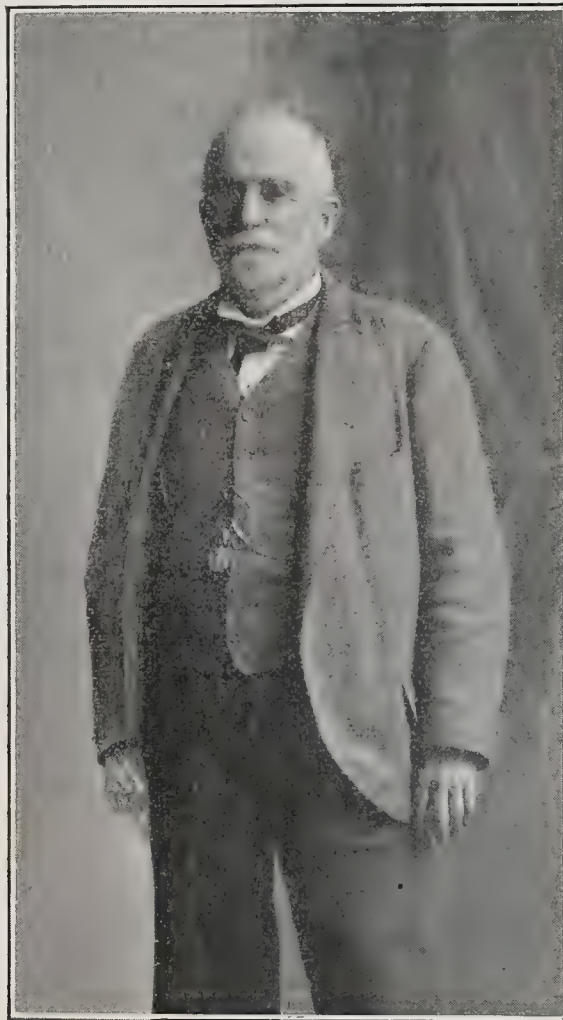
The deceased had held many positions of honor and trust. He was a member of the city council for years, twice Mayor, represented the county one term in the Legislature, was county physician at the time of his death, and surgeon of the U. C. V. Camp here. He was a Mason in high rank, a member of the K. of P. and other benevolent orders. He was also, a number of years ago, in charge of the State hospital.

Dr. Birchett returned at 1 P.M. on December 31 from a several days' hunt at Bear Lake, La., which he expressed himself as having enjoyed exceedingly. He sat and talked that night with his family till eleven o'clock, when he retired and

slept well. At six o'clock the next morning, after he and his wife had exchanged several remarks, she went, as was her custom, to unlock the door for the servant. As she started back to bed the Doctor made such a peculiar choking noise that his wife called him; but, receiving no reply, she became alarmed, lighted the gas, and hurried to his side, but in a moment the noble heart had ceased to beat.

In May, 1866, Dr. Birchett married Miss Clara Estelle Klein, daughter of the late Mr. John Klein. His bereaved wife and six children survive him: Dr. J. A. K. Birchett, T. G. Birchett, Jr., of Vicksburg; Mr. Clarence Birchett, of New York; Mr. George K. Birchett, with the Y. and M. V. R. R., and now at Gramacy, La.; Misses Nora, Estelle, and Mahala.

Never in the history of Vicksburg has there been such an



DR. T. G. BIRCHETT.

outpouring of the people to pay a last loving tribute to one so dear to all. The deep-toned requiem of Holy Trinity's bell was followed by those on the public buildings. All of the military and other organizations in the city turned out in their different uniforms to do him honor. The flags of the Third Regiment, National Guard, were draped on each side the casket; at the head was the battleflag of the Ninth Mississippi Infantry, C. S. A.; at the foot the guidon of the First Georgia Regiment; across the breast was laid his Masonic apron; his military saber, Knights Templar sword, belt, and cap crossed at the head. The entire ceremony, at both church and cemetery, was imposing to the last degree. The floral offerings, which were many and beautiful, were carried to the grave in a wagon drawn by the Doctor's old favorite horse. The services ended, the guns of the battery fired a parting salute to the lamented dead. Peace to his ashes! and may God comfort and uphold the wife in her loneliness, and the many sad hearts so sorely bereft!

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

"HEROES AND SPIES OF THE CIVIL WAR."

This is the title of a book recently issued by the Neale Publishing Company of Washington, D. C. The author, Capt. David Humphreys, Norfolk, Va., was originally a member of the old "Stone-wall Brigade," but afterwards a captain in Ashby's Cavalry. It is a record of deeds performed by daring scouts in the Army of Northern Virginia, many of them participated in by the author, and others that came under his personal observation. It is a series of dangerous adventures of scouts and spies, of fun and pathos from beginning to end, told in a way that will interest the general reader as well as the old soldier.

G. W. Feezor, Elva, Ky., would like to hear from any member of White's Battery, Wheeler's Cavalry, commanded by L. M. Pue most of the time.



The above is a picture of Mrs. Gen. George E. Pickett. She will be South in February and March under the management of the Southern Lyceum Bureau, Louisville, Ky., and there are a few open dates for her famous readings and recitals.

LOCATIONS AT GETTYSBURG.

A Southern man visiting Gettysburg sees tablets and monuments at every spot where a Federal officer fell or was wounded, from lieutenant up to general, but the places where our Confederate officers fell are unknown and unmarked. I want to get the facts from veterans now living who were there as to the spot where any officer of their command was wounded or killed, so markers can be correctly located before it is too late to get these facts. Any veteran who saw an officer killed or wounded is kindly asked to write me the particulars as to where and how done. If you can't tell location by house, ravine, road, battery, or other object, state what company it occurred nearest to and what regiment and the position of your regiment in your brigade, whether on right, left, or center of the brigade, and give the time of day as near as you can do so. Recite any act of daring or bravery you saw there, giving the name of the person engaged, and state where it occurred, that the facts may be preserved and the South shown up there as she deserves to be. Tell exactly where each of these officers was killed or wounded: Barksdale, Armistead, Pettigrew, Trimble, Hood, Semmes, G. T. Anderson, Garnett, Kemper, Avery, Fry, Heth, Scales, Latimer, and others, as they, with two exceptions, are known now only by some veteran who was an eye-witness. The Sons of Veterans are interested and want all facts obtainable. Address J. F. Means, Lock Box 615, Macon, Ga.

Dulaney M. Richards, of Dalton, Mo., would like to hear from any old comrades of the Forty-Third Virginia Battalion of Cavalry, commanded by Col. John S. Mosby, and asks especially after Jerome Wright and William Cromwell, who were both from Baltimore, Md. Comrade Richards was from Fairfax County, Va., and a member of Company

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A, Mosby's Command. With several others he was captured near Middlesburg, Va., in April of 1864, and sent to the Old Capitol Prison at Washington, D. C., and from there to Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, Mass., and confined until June, 1865.

J. H. Doyle, Granbury, Tex., writes in reference to the removal of Gen. Granbury's remains from St. John's Cemetery at Ashwood, Tenn., to Texas: "Gen. Granbury's remains were disinterred by my brother, Dr. J. N. Doyle, who was a surgeon in the Army of Northern Virginia, and brought to this place by him and reinterred in November, 1893. Our town was named in honor of this gallant General, and our county in honor of Gen. Hood."



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SEND NO MONEY.

Just write me ten names of spectacle wearers and I will do this:—First I will mail you my perfect Home Eye Tester Free. Then (after you have sent me your test) I will mail you a full \$2.50 family set of spectacles (which will wear yourself and family a lifetime) for only \$1.00—and with this I will also send a Handsome Rolled Gold Pair Free. My regular price for this full family set of spectacles is \$2.50 and your home dealers are charging from \$2.50 to \$5.00 a pair for them, which would make this set cost you about \$10.00 if you bought them from your home merchant. I am really giving away the whole set free (the dollar I will ask you to send me with your test is only to pay for this announcement). I am doing this for a short time only, just to prove to you and all other spectacle wearers in the United States that my spectacles—the Dr. Haux "Famous Perfect," Vision Spectacles—are the most perfect fitting, clearest and the best that money can buy, and I'll give you your dollar back and let you keep the spectacles also if you yourself don't say they are the best and finest you have ever bought at any price. Address:—**DR. HAUX SPECTACLE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.** **I WANT AGENTS ALSO.**
NOTE.—The above is the largest spectacle house in the United States and is thoroughly reliable.

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TRIAL TREATMENT AND 64-PAGE BOOK SENT FREE TO ANY NEEDY PERSON.

At least there is a scientific way to cure yourself of any kidney, bladder or rheumatic disease in a very short time in your own home and without the expense of doctors, druggists or surgeons. The credit belongs to Dr. Edwin Turnock, a noted French-American physician and scientist who has made a life-long study of these diseases and is now in sole possession of certain ingredients which have all along been needed and without which cures were impossible. The doctor seems justified in his strong statements as the treatment has been thoroughly investigated besides being tried in hospitals, sanitariums, etc., and has been found to be all that is claimed for it. It contains nothing harmful but nevertheless the highest authorities say it will positively cure Bright's disease, diabetes, dropsy, gravel, weak back, stone in the bladder, bloated bladder, frequent desire to urinate, albuminaria, sugar in the urine, pains in the back, legs, sides and over the kidneys, swelling of the feet and ankles, retention of urine, scalding, getting up nights, pain in the bladder, wetting the bed and such rheumatic affections as chronic, muscular or inflammatory rheumatism, sciatica, rheumatic neuralgia, lumbago, gout, etc., which are now known to be due entirely to uric acid poison in the kidneys—in short, every form of kidney, bladder or urinary trouble in man or woman or child.

That the ingredients will do all this is the opinion of such authorities as Dr. Wilks of Guy's Hospital, London; the editors of the United States Dispensatory and the American Pharmacopoeia, both official works; Dr. H. C. Wood, member of the National Academy of Science and a long list of others who speak of it in the highest terms. But all this and more is explained in a 64-page illustrated book which sets forth the doctor's original views and goes deeply into the subject of kidney, bladder and rheumatic diseases. He wants you to have this book as well as a trial treatment of his discovery, and you can get them entirely free, without stamps or money, by addressing the Turnock Medical Co., 586 Turnock Building, Chicago, Ill., and as thousands have already been cured there is every reason to believe it will cure you if only you will be thoughtful enough to send for the free trial and book. Write the first spare moment you have and soon you will be cured.

It would seem that any reader so afflicted should write the company at once since no money is involved and the indorsements are from such a high and trustworthy source.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

Agents of either sex should to-day write Marsh Manufacturing Co., 538 Lake Street, Chicago, for cuts and particulars of their handsome *Aluminum Card Case* with your name engraved on it and filled with one hundred calling or business cards. Everybody orders them. Sample case and one hundred cards, postpaid, forty cents. This case and one hundred cards retail at seventy-five cents. You have only to show sample to secure an order. Send forty cents in stamps at once for case and one hundred cards before some one gets ahead of you.

"THE K. K. K."

The favorable reception this very interesting and timely book received from the public has necessitated a second edition from the North River Publishing House. The story is one of the law's delay in dealing with crime and of mob violence resulting directly therefrom at the hands of that powerful and mysterious organization known as the Ku-Klux Klan that, almost in a single night, sprung into existence throughout the entire South during the dark days of reconstruction and almost as quickly disappeared after accomplishing its mission.

The story, briefly told, is that of a band of law-abiding citizens having captured a murderer and turned him over to the courts for trial, were so exasperated by legal technicalities and continuances for nearly two years that they took the prisoner by strategy from the sheriff and hung him on their own responsibility. The author of the book, Judge C. W. Tyler, of Clarksville, Tenn., is, in point of service, the oldest criminal judge in the State, and one of the oldest in the United States, having been on the bench over thirty years, and no one is better qualified to speak or write of the ill effects of the law's delay in dealing with crime. The book will be interesting to all classes of readers, for, aside from the moral it teaches concerning the law, there is a love story throughout abounding with pathos and a rich vein of humor which one would scarcely suspect the dignified Judge possessed, making the book interesting from beginning to end.

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to California points via Iron Mountain Route, leaving St. Louis 8:30 A.M. daily for Los Angeles via "True Southern Route;" also tourist sleeping cars on this same train for Los Angeles and San Francisco every Wednesday and Thursday. Best Winter Route to California. For further information, call on or address R. T. G. Matthews, T. P. A., Room 202 Equitable Building, Louisville, Ky.

Judge B. M. Baker, Canadian, Tex., asks that some member of Ward's Company of Artillery, enlisted at Mobile, Ala., Fifth Battalion, Cumming's Brigade, who remembers James Dempsey, sometimes called Jack Dempsey, will write him, as it will aid in getting this worthy old man in the Confederate Home.

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We Are Proud of Our Cards.

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At the last monthly meeting of Camp Tom Moore, No. 556, U. C. V., of Apalachicola, Fla., the following officers were elected for the year: Commander, P. W. Belleau; Adjutant, A. J. Murat; Secretary, William Donahoe; Collector, R. C. Blocker. These comrades have reorganized their Camp again, and in the future will hold regular monthly meetings, assessing each member (as they are few) the sum of 25 cents per month for incidental expenses.

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CANCER POSITIVELY CURED WITHOUT PAIN OR DISFIGUREMENT.

EFFICACY OF THE TREATMENT ESTABLISHED BEYOND A QUESTION OF A DOUBT.

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE BEING CURED.

A discovery of more than usual interest to the medical profession and the people at large has been made by Dr. D. M. Bye, who has been at work for years to perfect a rational treatment for cancer. After much experimenting, he has perfected a Combination of Oils which will act specifically on diseased tissue, leaving unharmed the sound. The treatment originated and perfected by him is both local and constitutional. The Oils, being powerful absorbent, are applied directly to the diseased area, in external cases, and directly over the seat of the trouble in internal cases. By their selective action on the tissue of low vitality they easily accomplish the thorough dissolution of the diseased cells and destroy the germs. Of course it is well understood that in malignant diseases all the cells are not confined to one given area, but are scattered irregularly in the surrounding tissue, some finding their way into the lymph channels and blood vessels. It is therefore essential that a remedy, in order to be effective, must have selective action, and, further, that a properly prepared Blood Purifier must be given. Such is the nature of this wonderful Combination of Oils. The special Blood Purifier acts in direct communion with the Oils, destroying the diseased cells wherever they may be found, purifying the blood, and assisting in the general upbuilding of the patient.

THE ONLY SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT FOR CANCER AND TUMOR.

We are justifiable in the claim that the Combination Oil Cure is the only successful remedy for cancer and malignant diseases. How many, many poor sufferers have been horribly disfigured and suffered untold agony at the hands of quacks who used the burning plaster? How many have endured suffering and death from the surgeon's cruel knife? Surely it should prove a blessing to sufferers that at last these torturous methods may be supplanted by a mild, safe, and certain cure. The oils are soothing and balmy, and can be used at home with entire success. Many hundreds have been cured in this way. Read what a patient says.

ATWELL, TEX., February 24, 1902.
Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Dallas, Tex.

KIND FRIENDS: Words will not express my gratitude for the great benefit received from your Oil Cure for the cancer on my lip. It is healed up all right, and I take great pleasure in recommending your wonderful Oil Cure to any that may be suffering from that loathsome disease, feeling assured that they would never regret giving it a trial.

You may use this letter in any way you see fit, and, hoping it will be a blessing to some one, I beg to remain your true friend, J. G. Moss.

This patient had a cancer involving the entire lower lip. Growing worse, he had tried burning plasters, and cancer recurred. He is well known and a Christian.

OTHERS RECENTLY CURED ARE:

Rev. Eli Rathiff, Rathiff, Ky.
Mrs. Martha Gibson, Chestnut and Theodore Streets, Dallas, Tex.
Rev. S. W. Jones, Pittsburg, Tex., wife cured of ovarian tumor.
Mrs. Leila Hunt, Bovina, Tex., cancer of breast.
Hon. T. F. Meece, Livingston, Tex., cancer in front of ear.
Mrs. U. S. Hidalgo, Orange, Tex., tibial ulcer.
Mrs. N. J. Carlton, Sardis, Miss., cancer of breast.
Martha B. Patterson, Olive Hill, Tenn., lupus.
Mrs. M. E. Hughes, Bartsel, Ark., eczema.
Mrs. J. D. White, Carthage, Miss., cancer of womb.

FREE BOOKS AND ADVICE.

Send a description of your case and receive our advice, together with illustrated books giving full information regarding the Combination Oil Cure, ALL SENT FREE. Write to-day. Your life may depend upon it. Address the Dr. D. M. Bye Co., P. O. Box 462, Dallas, Tex. (If not afflicted, cut this out and send it to some suffering one.)

COTTON AGAIN KING.

The *Manufacturers' Record* of Baltimore, in a review of the effect of the present prices of cotton on the prosperity of the South, points out that in the last five years, during which there has been a gradual rise in the price until the present very high figures have been reached, the excess in the value of the South's cotton crop over the preceding five years is \$800,000,000. The magnitude of this excess and the influence which it must have upon the prosperity of the whole country, especially upon the South, is illustrated in the fact that it is nearly twice as much as the entire capital invested in all the cotton mills of the United States in 1900, it is about equal to the present market value of the entire property of the United States Steel Corporation, it is more than the market value of the Standard Oil Company, and more than the entire capital of all the national banks of the United States. For the first two or three years of this five-year period the Southern farmers used their increased earnings to pay up debts; then they began to accumulate a little, and this year they will be in shape to spend more freely than for many years.

Commencing with 1891, there was a very heavy decline in the price of cotton, continuing until 1898-99, when the average price in New York for twelve months was six cents a pound. The crop of that year of 11,274,000 bales, the largest ever produced, was worth \$282,000,000, while the crop for the present year of about 10,000,000 bales will be worth about \$600,000,000. The value of the seed in each year was about \$50,000,000. So that the total income of Southern farmers from their cotton and cotton seed this year will be not less than \$650,000,000, or at least \$320,000,000 more than the big crop of 1898 yielded. The total production of cotton for the last five years has not been very much in excess of the total production for the preceding five years; but for the last five years the total value has been \$2,575,000,000, against \$1,775,000,000 for the five preceding years, much of the great gain being during last year and this.

W. S. Staley, of Marion, Va., was a member of the One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Tennessee Regiment from Memphis, in Gen. Preston Smith's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, and he is anxious to have some one write about these commands, which did their part in the hard fighting.

A Homely Illustration.

When you get a blister in your finger the sensation is anything but pleasant. Allow it to remain long enough, and it will fester and give you a lot of trouble. Remove the cause, and the pain will stop.

It's the same way with the whole body. When your head aches, it is nature's message sent from the stomach to the brain. Every throb is but a click in the message whose letters spell "danger—send relief." Some people, when they get a headache, rush to the drug store and swallow some powerful tablet or powder which sets the heart to thumping and the blood to racing around the body at a terrific rate. Do you? Other people take strong purgatives, which rip and tear through the stomach and bowels, leaving them irritated and sore. Do you? Still other people take Vernal Palmettona (formerly known as Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine). It is a sensible remedy to use. It removes the cause of the trouble. It helps the stomach and bowels to get rid of poisonous waste matter by stimulating their natural muscular action. It tones up and strengthens the nerves; it enriches the blood and builds up hard, healthy tissues. Only one small dose a day is required to permanently cure ailments of stomach, liver, bowels, heart, kidneys, and blood. Try it before you buy. Write us for a free sample bottle. It will do you good. Promptly sent postpaid. Formula sent in every package. Address Vernal Remedy Co., 557 Seneca Building, Buffalo, N. Y. Sold at all druggists.

S. B. Barron, Rusk, Tex., refers to the sketch of Gen. S. L. Ross in the *VETERAN* for August, in which it is stated that he was made brigadier general in the fall of 1862. He says: "As a matter of history this is erroneous. His gallant conduct as colonel of the Sixth Texas at Corinth in October, 1862, won for him this promotion, but it did not come to him till the autumn of 1863. I was with him from his promotion till the end of the war." Comrade Barron was with the Third Texas Cavalry.

The Robertson-Hemphill Purchasing Agency, of Louisville, Ky., whose advertisement begins in this issue of the *VETERAN*, is a venture by Southern ladies. Mrs. Hemphill was a Miss Polk, of Tennessee, whose family has been identified with the Confederacy. Having been in the best society everywhere, she is perfectly "au fait" in all things pertaining to the wants of her numerous customers.

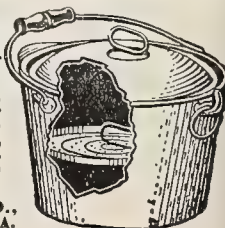
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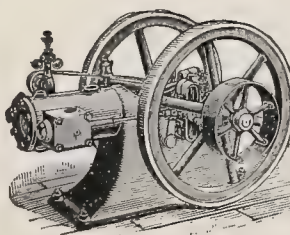
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Land that will grow corn, wheat, oats, clover, alfalfa, cotton, fruits and vegetables of nearly every description can be had at prices ranging from \$5 to \$25 per acre, owing to location, soil, and improvements.

Take advantage of some of the above dates and see this great country for yourself.

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Write to-day to W. G. Adams, T. P. A., Cotton Belt Route, Nashville, Tenn., or E. W. LaBeaume, G. P. & T. A., Cotton Belt Route, St. Louis, Mo.

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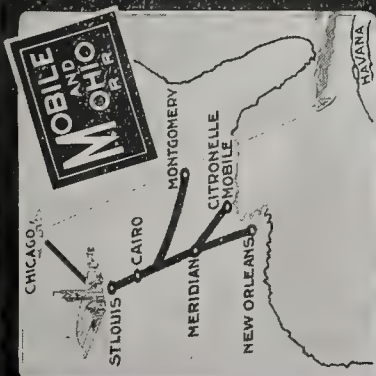
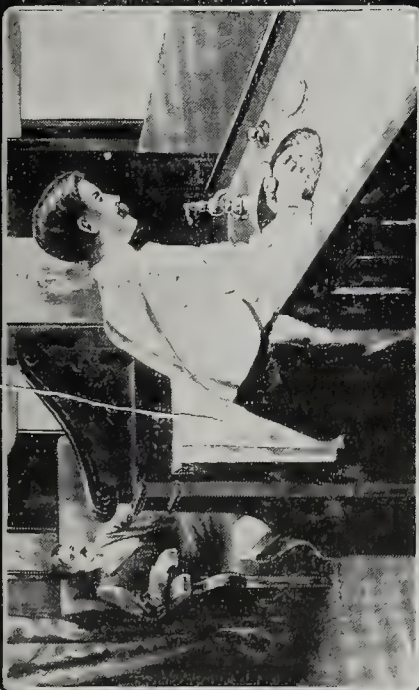
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Reliable agent wanted in every county.

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NO SMOKE : NO DUST : NO CINDERS

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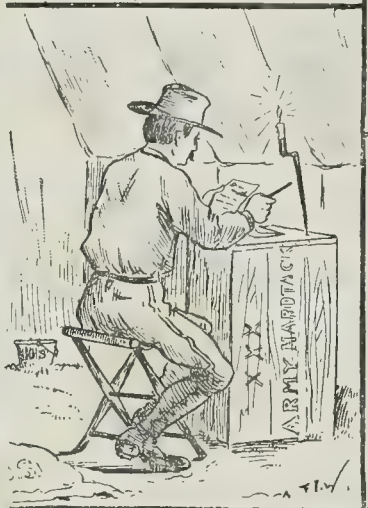
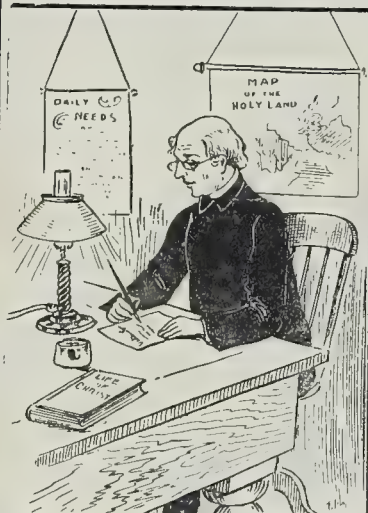
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THIS announcement won't cure you! The reading of it won't ease your aches and pains. The medicine advertised **WILL**, but if you **NEED** it, if you **WANT** it, you **MUST WRITE FOR IT**.

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How many times have you seen "Personal to Subscribers" in this paper? How many times have you **THOUGHT** you would answer it and send for a package on trial, **AT OUR RISK**? Now suit the **ACTION** to the **THOUGHT**, and write for it to-day. Hundreds of your **FELLOW-SUBSCRIBERS** have done what we ask you to do and are not sorry for having done it. You do it **NOW!** YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE!



Read Our Special Offer:

WE WILL SEND to every subscriber or reader of the **CONFEDERATE VETERAN**, or worthy person recommended by a subscriber, a full-sized **One Dollar** package of **Vitæ-Ore**, by mail, **postpaid**, sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs or dopes of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. Read this over again carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only **when it has done you good, and not before**. We take all the risk. You have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. **Vitæ-Ore** is a natural, hard, adamant, rocklike substance—mineral—Ore—mined from the ground like gold and silver, and requires about twenty years for oxidation. It contains free iron, free sulphur, and magnesium, and one package will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful, efficacious mineral water drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which nothing is added and from which nothing is taken. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Dropsy, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney, and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration, and General Debility, as thousands testify, and as no one answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. **Vitæ-Ore** has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced incurable cases than any other known medicine, and will reach such cases with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine, combination of medicines, or doctor's prescription which it is possible to procure.

VITÆ-ORE will do the same for you as it has for hundreds of readers of this paper, if you will give it a trial. Send for a **\$1** package at our risk. You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this announcement. If the medicine does not benefit you, write us so, and there is no harm done. We want no one's money whom **Vitæ-Ore** cannot benefit. Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try **Vitæ-Ore** on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. We mean just what we say in this announcement, and will do just what we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving age and ailments, and mention this paper, so we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterwards the gratitude, of every living person who desires better health or who suffers pains, ills, and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package.

CURED OF SYSTEMATIC CATARRH.

E. B. W. Coleman, of Beecher City, Ill.,
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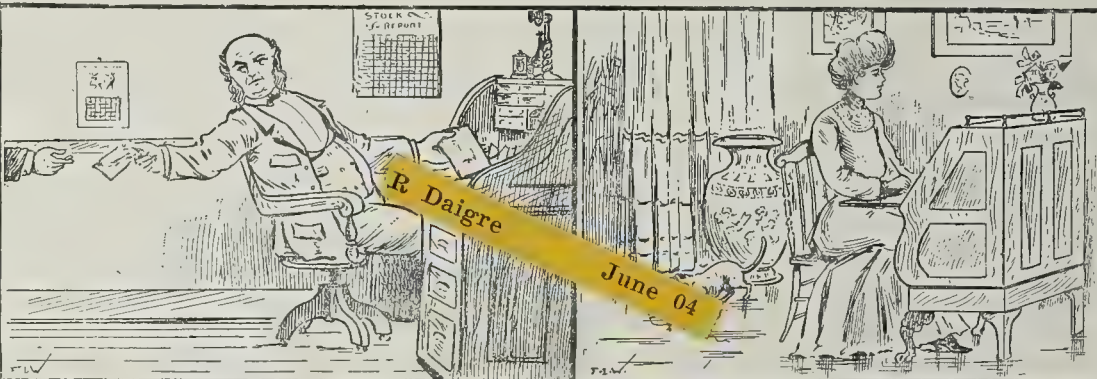
BEECHER CITY, ILL.—To the public in general; I wish to say that I cannot praise **Vitæ-Ore** enough, as I am positive that this remedy saved my life when all other medicines and doctors failed. For the last three years I have been a great sufferer from **Systematic Catarrh**, so badly that it affected every organ within me, and every one was expecting me to die. I had given up all hope of ever seeing the spring-time come again. Though I had two of the best doctors here attending me, I grew steadily worse.



I was confined to the house and my bed during all of last winter, and during the month of February gave up all hope, as did my friends and relatives. Through the generosity of Mr. Theo. Noel, I began the use of **Vitæ-Ore** on the first of March, 1901, and began to **improve immediately during the first week**. As soon as I got it I dismissed the doctors, as I thought I had to die anyhow, not having much faith or hope for a cure. In a week's time I was out of bed and around the house, and steadily improved from day to day. The inclosed picture was taken the first of May, but two months after I began the use of **Vitæ-Ore**.

I consider it a Godsend to poor, afflicted people if they will only give it a fair trial and test its merits as I have done. Myself and young son cut and put up 350 shocks of corn during the fall, besides doing lots of hard work; and I am the same man that thought the spring of the year would find me in my grave. You can proclaim with me that it is the best remedy on earth for the afflicted, and I will be glad to tell all what **Vitæ-Ore** has done for me.

E. B. W. COLEMAN.



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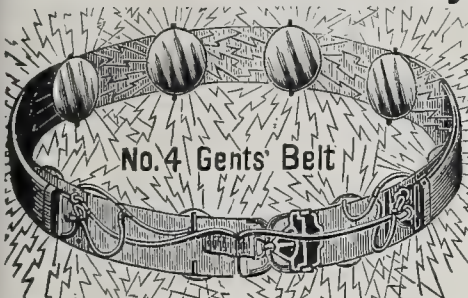
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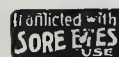


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Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important. Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.

Advertising rates furnished on application. The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1904.

No. 3. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM
PROPRIETOR.

MISS MAUD COLEMAN WOODS.

"To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

Among the many lovely young women in attendance at the Confederate reunion in Atlanta, Ga., July, 1898, the fair maid of honor for Virginia will be remembered for her beauty and grace, and the honor was well bestowed when the veterans assembled unanimously selected her as sponsor for the Army of Northern Virginia Department, United Confederate Veterans. This fair young girl, Maud Coleman Woods, daughter of Capt. Micajah Woods (Brigadier General U. C. V.), of Charlottesville, Va., since her debut had been noted for her beauty, and was regarded as one of the best types of Virginia women. She was admired for her lovely manners and amiable disposition as well as for her great beauty, and a most admirable trait was her sweet Christian character; and when the Angel of Death bore away her spirit it was but a relinquishment of the earthly life for that of heaven. With her mother and sisters she had been spending the summer months at "Clazemont," Va., the childhood home of her mother. She was ill for several weeks with typhoid fever, which the most skilled attention could not conquer.

Miss Woods was related to many of the leading families of Virginia and of the South and West. Her father, Gen. Micajah Woods, is one of the most prominent men of his State, both socially and politically. He entered the Confederate service at the beginning of the war, although but a youth of seventeen, as a volunteer on the staff of Gen. John B. Floyd, and afterwards served in Jackson's Battery of Horse Artillery. In 1863 he was appointed brigadier general to command the Second Brigade of the Virginia Division, U. C. V. Her mother was Matilda Minor Morris, daughter of Richard Morris, whom John Randolph, of Roanoke, credited with making the best speech at the Virginia Convention of 1829-30, and a niece of

Col. Lewis Minor Coleman, who resigned his professorship at the University of Virginia to enter the Confederate army and fell at the head of his battalion of artillery in the battle of Fredericksburg.

Miss Woods was educated at the Virginia Female Institute under Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart, whose distinguished husband was a kinsman on both sides. Besides many other accomplishments, she possessed a rare talent for music, and took the only gold medal awarded at the Institute the year she graduated.

One of the many honors which came unsought to this lovely young woman was the selection of her picture as a model for the medallion used as the seal of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo in 1901. She represented the type of American blonde beauty, and Mrs. Nat Goodwin — the beautiful actress, Maxine Elliott — was the typical brunette. Even this honor did not disturb the serenity of her character, and she shrank from such prominence. Her beautiful brown hair, deep blue eyes, and very fair skin, with delicate roses in her cheeks, made a picture fair to see. She was of medium



MISS MAUD COLEMAN WOODS.

height, rather slender, and her every movement was graceful.

The tribute by Thomas Nelson Page, one of her distinguished relatives, most feelingly expresses what the VETERAN would say of one so well beloved, so deeply mourned:

" . . . In the long list of her beautiful daughters, the State of Virginia never had one who by every gentle grace filled more fully the measure of that sweet womanhood which we who are of the soil love to think the distinctive stamp of her endowment. Blessed as this young daughter was with the refined beauty that belonged to her by inheritance, she was to those who had the happiness to know her yet more distinguished by the sweetness and purity of her character, the loveliness of her nature, and the charm of her manner. No adulation changed her; no trace of self-consciousness marred her exquisite simplicity. She was as beautiful and natural as a flower. When she was budding from girlhood into gracious

womanhood she was selected by the officers of the United Confederate Veterans at the grand reunion held in Atlanta to stand as sponsor for the Department of the Army of Northern Virginia. It caused much embarrassment to one of her shy and retiring nature. The very modesty with which she shrank from publicity was the crowning grace that captivated all.

"Her portrait was again, without her knowledge, selected by the committee of distinguished men who had the matter in charge to typify North American beauty at the Pan-American Exposition; but with innate modesty she begged to be left alone. It was not in public, but in private, that she aspired to shine, and there she shone. In the circle of her home, surrounded by those who loved her, she shone with the radiance which beams only from a pure and gentle breast. One could not see her there and not think of a lovely rose making all of the house sweet with its fragrance. One cannot recall her and not grieve in thinking

"How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair."

"To her graces was early added the crowning beauty of simple and unaffected Christian piety, which had descended to her with her blood from generations of saintly women, and many of her young friends testified to the influence she had upon their lives.

"At Clazemont, in Hanover, one of the old seats of boundless Virginia hospitality, where her mother before had played as a child, surrounded by those who knew and loved her best, she, on the day following her twenty-fourth birthday, sighed her gentle life away and passed without a pang into the blessed white-robed company of the redeemed."

MARKING GRAVES OF CONFEDERATE PRISONERS.

The bill appropriating \$200,000 for marking the graves of the soldiers of the army and navy of the Confederacy who died during the War between the States in Federal prisons and hospitals passed the United States Senate on the 25th of January, and is now in the House Committee on Military Affairs, with a strong probability of being acted upon favorably.

On July 19, 1866, Edwin M. Stanton, then United States Secretary of War, in an official report to Congress, said that there were 26,436 deaths of Rebel prisoners of war out of a total of 220,000 captured and held in the North. Later and more carefully gathered statistics show an increase of this death list to 26,774. Of this number, 22,865 died in Northern prisons and the remainder, 3,909, in temporary prisons and hospitals mostly in the South. There were twenty regular United States prisons for confining Confederate prisoners, but ten of them furnish almost the entire death list, as follows: Alton, Ill., 1,613; Camp Butler, Ill., 816; Camp Chase, Ohio, 2,108; Camp Douglas, Ill., 3,759; Camp Morton, Ind., 1,763; Elmira, N. Y., 2,980; Fort Delaware, Del., 2,502; Point Lookout, Md., 3,446; Rock Island, Ill., 1,922; St. Louis, Mo., 689, making a total of 21,598 that died in these ten prisons, leaving only 1,167 in the other ten places of confinement.

But the death rates of these prisons cannot be estimated from the above figures, as some of the prisons were established much longer than others, and a greater number of prisoners confined in some than in others. Rock Island, for instance, was not established until the latter part of November or early in December, 1863; and, all told, never had but 2,484 prisoners, yet according to official reports there were 1,922 deaths, something over 77 per cent. Only privates were confined in Rock Island. This, in addition to a fearful scourge of smallpox, which little effort was made to abate, may account for the excessive death rate.

JOHN B. GORDON MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

ATLANTA, GA., February 20, 1904.

This Association has been organized for the purpose of erecting a monument or statue at the capital of Georgia to commemorate the patriotism, fidelity, and noble life of Gen. John B. Gordon, one of Georgia's and the South's greatest sons.

It is unnecessary herein to attempt to speak of the splendid qualities and heroic life of this great man. That has already been done in beautiful and truthful words by the press and people not only of our Southland but throughout the entire country. His magnificent bearing, courtly manners, and warm and responsive heart has endeared him to his people, and his memory will never fade.

As he was the Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, it would seem that they would only need the opportunity to earnestly engage in the sacred work of perpetuating in bronze, or marble, the memory of his glorious deeds.

The Central Executive Committee, therefore, with confidence invoke the aid of all the Camps and organizations of Confederate Veterans in this work, and request them to contribute to the fund to be raised for that purpose. If the hundreds of Camps in the South will respond to this call, even with small amounts, the success of our object will be assured.

Subscriptions may be paid in cash, or at any time, on or before November 1, 1904, to E. H. Thornton, President Neal Loan & Banking Co., as Treasurer, Atlanta, Ga.

W. L. CALHOUN, *President and Chairman Cen. Exec. Com.*

In a circular letter from Atlanta, Ga., February 19, 1904, to the press, the Committee for the John B. Gordon Monument Association (Incorporated) states:

"Its sole object is the erection of a suitable monument at Atlanta, Ga., to the lamented Gen. John B. Gordon, soldier and statesman, and in order to raise the necessary funds the newspapers of the South are hereby requested to open their columns for subscriptions and to receive and publish subscriptions and the names of subscribers.

"We request that you at once open your columns for subscriptions, and send all moneys to E. H. Thornton, President of the Neal Loan & Banking Company, Atlanta, Ga., who is Treasurer of the John B. Gordon Monument Association. Subscriptions payable in cash or by November 1."

The committee is composed of W. L. Calhoun, President; H. L. Culberson, W. F. Parkhurst, H. L. Schlessinger.

THE J. E. B. STUART MONUMENT.—The Veteran Cavalry Association of the Army of Northern Virginia has asked the assistance of the women of Virginia in raising the fund necessary to complete the monument to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. The Association has raised the ten thousand dollars required to secure the appropriation from the Legislature, but more must be had to erect the pedestal and complete its surroundings. Do you not think that we, the women, as well as the men, owe this monument to the memory of the man who gave his life for the defense of Virginia and of Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy? *Virginians everywhere* should feel it a privilege, as well as a duty, to respond at once to this appeal. Five thousand loyal Virginians, giving the small amount of one dollar each would complete the work. Contribute liberally, but even the smallest amount will be received. Contribute in memory of the comrade dead as well as in honor of the gallant leader of the Veteran Cavalry Association.

Very truly,

MRS. N. V. RANDOLPH,
President Richmond Chapter.

CONFEDERATE DAUGHTERS IN SHERMAN, TEX.

Mrs. Edwin Moore is an ardent worker and official of the U. D. C. For two years she has been President of Dixie Chapter, No. 35, at Sherman, Tex. In that time it has grown from thirty-seven members to one hundred and forty-six, and has organized two auxiliaries—one in College Park and a Children's Auxiliary—each containing forty members, so that Dixie Chapter has a total membership of two hundred and twenty-six, the largest in North Texas and one of the largest in the U. D. C.

Dixie Chapter is the only Chapter in Texas having two auxiliaries. This condition is through the tireless efforts of Mrs. Moore and her able assistants.

Mrs. Moore has had bestowed Crosses of Honor upon the veterans of Mildred Lee Camp, U. C. V., and ninety crosses are now worn by the veterans, who prize them above all other decorations. Dixie Chapter, under her direction, has erected monuments for all the Confederate dead buried on their beautiful plot in the city cemetery; has celebrated all days made sacred by Southern memories; has sent many valuable contributions to the Confederate Home at Austin; and is in the front rank in every department of Confederate work.

Mrs. Moore's unanimous election to the office of Vice President of the Texas Division was a graceful acknowledgment of her zeal shown not alone in her Chapter work but as Chairman of Children's Auxiliaries in 1902 and auxiliaries in college work in 1903.

Mrs. Moore is an active member of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas, Federation of Women's Clubs, Dames of 1846, etc. She is State Historian of Dames of 1846, and her daughter, another well-known club woman, Mrs. Zylla Moore Cardin, is State Commandant of the Dames of 1846 for Kentucky.

Mrs. Moore, before marriage, was Miss Victoria Shannon, a daughter of Col. T. J. Shannon, one of the leading men in the early history of Texas, and Eliza Easton Shannon, a noted beauty. Shortly after the war she married Edwin



MRS. EDWIN MOORE, SHERMAN, TEX.,
Vice President United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Moore, who had a fine record as a Confederate soldier, though he entered the army when only eighteen. He was severely wounded at the battle of Shiloh. Mrs. Moore is a typical Southern lady, gracious and accomplished.

SHERMAN'S RAID THROUGH GEORGIA.

Reply to "Marching through Georgia," by Mrs. Sadie Colbert Burke,
Bainbridge, Ga.

The pride of every nation is her brave and gallant men,
Their praise is rung from mountain top and echoed in the glen;
Then here's to Sherman's "dashing boys," who won glory on
the day

They desolated Georgia homes when the owners were away.

Chorus.

Hurrah! Hurrah! We heard your "jubilee!"
'Twas sung in dear old Georgia from Atlanta to the sea.
Hurrah! Hurrah! It made old Cuffee shout,
For Marster an' de boys were gone and none to turn you out.

When you marched through dear old Georgia, leaving sorrow
in your train,

The cry of hungry children and mothers all in vain,
Your cruel song was chorused by the darky's lusty shout,
For "Ole Marse an' de boys" were gone and none to turn you
out.

The boasted "Union men" were deserters from our ranks
That gave such lordly welcome to fifty thousand Yanks;
And the spirit of our fathers would murmur in the grave
If o'er such wily traitors the dear old flag should wave.

The stars and stripes, the honored flag, our fathers' sacred
trust,

Once proudly borne by Valor's hand, you trailed it in the dust
The day you quit the battlefield and raised the private latch
To raid upon the "goobers and the sweet potato patch."

We bravely met you in the field; our pluck you can't deny,
And though your numbers trebled ours, we often made you fly.
A lesson true we taught to you at the battle of Bull Run
That a little war with Southern boys was anything but fun!

No treason moved the Southern heart, so noble, true, and
brave;

The sacred cause we loved, though dead, sleeps in an honored
grave;

And glory wreathes our heroes' names on Fame's bright page
to-day.

God bless the men that fought and lost, our men that wore the
gray!

The author of this poem gives the following incident as the inspiration for the reply to "Marching through Georgia:" "An old friend of mine, a noble Southern woman, was spending some time in New York when Gen. Grant was buried there. In the long procession that followed him to the tomb were many Southerners, and among them our honored Gen. Gordon. For some cause the procession was halted just as Gen. Gordon was in front of a fashionable hotel, where my friend was stopping. He was soon recognized as he sat upon his splendid charger, the sunbeams falling sweet and golden upon his bowed head. In a moment a bevy of children came out on the veranda and lustily sang 'Marching through Georgia.' O the shame! the insult to our noble general, who stooped to do them honor! Knowing my ability in rhyming, my friend wrote me an account of this, and suggested that I reply. I did so with trembling hands and throbbing pulse, and set the words to music. Mrs. Pickett, widow of our great general, tried to get it published, but there was an enemy in every music house, and it was lost for several years. Through perseverance on Mrs. Pickett's part, the song was found in the post office at Washington and returned to me."

PERILOUS ADVENTURE AT BATTERY WAGNER.

BY JUDGE H. D. D. TWIGGS.

The incident above referred to took place during the siege of Battery Wagner, S. C., a short time prior to the bombardment and assault upon that historic fortress, which occurred on the 16th of July, 1863, resulting in the complete repulse of the Federal forces, and one of the most signal defeats of the war, the numbers engaged considered.

Although the writer has heretofore given a very full account of this great siege, bombardment, and assault in several addresses which have been printed, no reference was made to the episode hereinafter described, for the reason that he was one of the participants in the same. At the special request, however, of some of his comrades in arms, he has consented to send it to the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, being largely induced to do this because of the pleasure it gives him to make public the conduct of his gallant associates upon the occasion referred to.

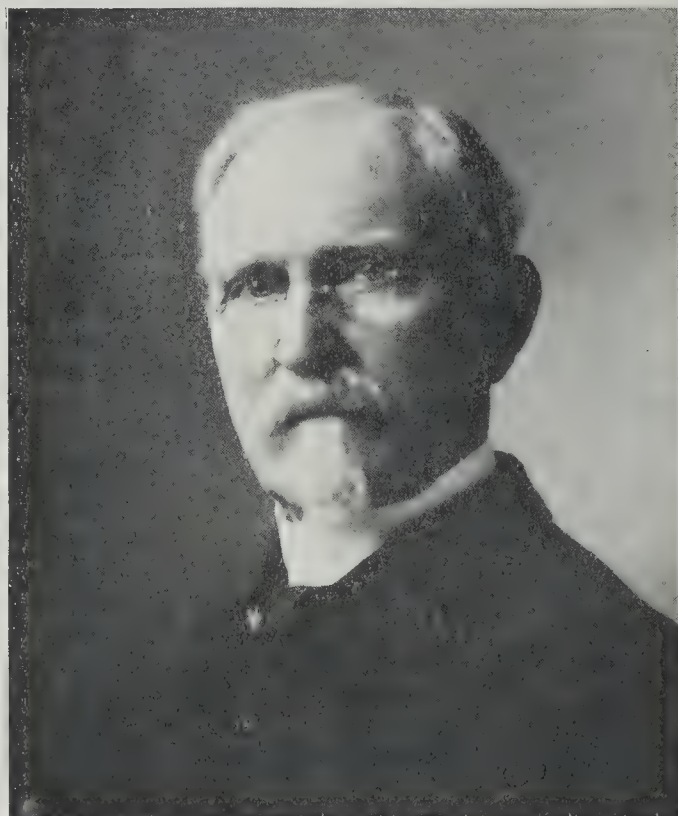
Battery Wagner was situated on Morris Island, about six miles from Charleston. Its guns commanded the channel approach to that city, and the possession of the island was considered the key to the city. The enemy had effected a landing on the southern end of the island, and, moving up their forces, had erected heavy batteries about sixteen hundred yards in front of Wagner. The latter, which was occupied by our troops, was a large bastioned earthwork, inclosed on all sides, and situated upon a neck of the island, so narrow that the battery (more properly fort) extended across its full width two hundred and fifty yards at that point from the sea or ship channel on one side to Vincent Creek, a deep and narrow salt water creek, on the other. This island was a long, low, sandy, sea island, almost denuded of growth, save a few palmetto trees, a number of which grew along the banks of Vincent Creek. There was situated near the banks of this creek an abandoned two-story wooden house, much nearer the enemy's works than ours, of which a small body of the enemy took possession; in fact, it was the headquarters of their night outpost picket.

From the upper windows of this house a band of sharpshooters had been constantly harassing the garrison at Wagner by firing plunging shots in their elevated positions from their long-range rifles, and scarcely a day passed without some soldier in the open parade of the fort being killed or wounded. Of course, the troops could not perpetually remain under cover in the stifling bomb proofs, and they were necessarily exposed to the rifle fire of this unseen, pitiless foe, who were dealing death day after day in their ranks. They could not be dislodged by infantry, as they had the near support of ten thousand troops in their own works (our force in the fort being less than fifteen hundred men). They could not be shelled by artillery, because we were day and night strengthening our works, and any artillery demonstration from our fort would have resulted in drawing upon us the concentrated fire of all the enemy's siege guns, which were of the heaviest caliber.

In the daytime the enemy's pickets were withdrawn from the house, leaving only the sharpshooters to do their daily, deadly work. No feasible expedient could be adopted to burn this house and abate this intolerable nuisance, and night only brought relief to the harassed garrison.

It was possible for a very few men, under the shelter of the creek bank in places, and the scant growth of shrubbery, to approach the house in the daytime, but no considerable number could do so without being seen at once, and it was, of

course, impracticable to do so at night. At the time mentioned I was a captain of infantry, but detached from my regiment in Virginia, and was temporarily assigned to staff duty as inspector general with Gen. William B. Taliaferro, who commanded Fort Wagner. One morning in July, 1863, about a week or ten days before the bombardment and assault on the 18th of July, described in my address, Lieut. J. J. Doughty, of Augusta, Ga., who is still living in that city, received a box of eatables from home, and invited the writer,



JUDGE TWIGGS.

Lieut. W. M. Hitt, and Lieut. Thomas Tutt, also of Augusta at that time, and Sergt. Hopps, from Missouri, to dine with him in his quarters in the fort. We were enjoying, as only ravenous soldiers could, the delicious viands which tender hands at home had stored away in this precious box, and had nearly finished our meal, when one of Tutt's men came in hurriedly and reported, with a voice quivering with emotion, that a well-known comrade of his command (whose name the writer has forgotten) had just been shot dead in the open fort by one of the enemy's sharpshooters from the house referred to. Tutt sprang from his seat, his dark eyes flashing fire, with a strange light gleaming from their depths, and, looking into our faces, said, with his own set hard with determination, and with fury written in every line: "Boys, let us get a rifle apiece and drive the d—d rascals from that house and burn it, or perish in the attempt." There were five of us present—Tutt, Doughty, Hitt, Hopps, and myself in the party. We were all quite young, and the strange magnetism of Tutt, who was our senior by several years, and his determined bearing immediately fired us all with an enthusiasm which I will never forget, and, without taking time to reflect upon the peril or the consequences of the enterprise, we agreed, and at once formed our plan of action. Gen. Taliaferro had gone that day to the city of Charleston, and, in his absence, the command of the fort devolved upon Col. Charles H. Olmstead, formerly of this city, but now living in New York. We quickly made our plans, and, each procuring a rifle and ammunition,

we secretly left the fort about 3 P.M. on the perilous expedition. Being a staff officer, I was enabled to pass the party out at the sally port, and, crouching low and stealthily, in Indian file, Tutt being in the lead, we glided slowly up the creek, taking advantage of its banks, the palmetto trees, and occasional sand dunes to hide us from view (which we found it to be a very difficult matter to do). The house was about fifty yards from the creek, and, when we had reached a point about one hundred yards from it, we halted, and, lying down together behind some stunted shrubbery, held a council of war. It was impossible to retreat then, because the sharpshooters had evidently seen some movement, and, with their rifles in hand, we could see them at the windows, looking intently in our direction. The space between us and the house was a perfectly open sand area, without the slightest shelter or protection. There was not a moment to lose, as the enemy was growing more and more suspicious. There were eight sharpshooters in the house, but at the time we did not know the number. There were only five of us. We at once concluded to make a dash for the house. The enemy were at the windows on the side of the house looking toward our fort. We had crept to a point nearly opposite the end, so that they could only get a few oblique shots at us from the windows before we could pass the line of fire, the end of the house interposing its friendly shelter after passing this line. At a signal from Tutt (who, by common consent, became our leader), and on the full run we rushed for the building, a scattering volley being fired at us, providentially without effect. Meeting together on the opposite side of the house, we ran pellmell into the building through the open door in the back of the same. The enemy seemed stunned by the suddenness of the attack, and we were fairly in the hall before they were enabled to start down the narrow stairway to meet us. A general fusillade followed. The vivid flashes of the rifles lighting up the hall, which was soon filled with dense smoke, caused them to retreat to their former position, and Tutt, raving like a demon, started upstairs alone, but we pulled him back. He then, in a loud voice, ordered the house set on fire, which we at once

did, retiring to the open area in the rear after the fire had made considerable headway, which we started immediately under the stairsteps. The building was old and dry, and burnt like tinder, and it was a case of the enemy being cremated or leaving the house. Some of them ran out of the doors, and others jumped from the windows. We stood around with our rifles cocked, firing at them as they appeared. They made a feeble resistance, shooting wildly, and the survivors took to their heels. Several of them were shot and the others made good their escape.

By this time the musketry and the burning building had aroused the respective garrisons of the two forts, which swarmed in masses on their parapets; we were at easy rifle range of the Yankee garrison, and if we attempted to retreat across the open area of sand, death to us would have been the inevitable result. The only way back by the creek margin was already swept by a hurricane of bullets, the enemy evidently supposing that there was a large body of us concealed in the shrubbery near the now consumed house. We realized too late that we were caught like rats in a trap. In front of us, two hundred yards nearer the enemy's works, was a little hillock or sand dune on this open area of sand, and, although it brought us much nearer the Federal works, we made a dash for it in order to shelter ourselves from the terrific fire which was now concentrated upon us by the thoroughly aroused Yankee garrison. With only a slight wound received by Hopps, though some of us had our clothing torn by bullets, we providentially gained the sand hill, which was only a few feet higher than the surrounding plane, and each of us sank down at full length behind it, and for the time being were comparatively safe from the enemy's leaden missiles, which sung around us, intermixed with that ominous sound of the bullet—s—t, s—t, s—t, s—t—familiar to all soldiers who saw service in that war.

It was our purpose in seeking this shelter to remain there until night had set in, and then slip back to Wagner under cover of darkness, but it was not so ordered. After lying in the position described, under the pitiless rays of a scorching July sun for some little time, the enemy's fire greatly slackened, and I stealthily peeped over the sand dune to take an observation, when, to my horror, I saw a full company of Yankee infantry, which had silently moved out of their works, rapidly approaching us, the sunlight flashing from their bright bayonets as they marched. Turning to my companions, I said: "Boys, look yonder; it's all up with us now." Certain death or capture indeed seemed inevitable, and we each realized it. The invincible Tutt, however, swore that he would not be taken alive, and seemed inexorable in this determination, although we assured him that any resistance we might then make would be unavailing against such a body of men, numbering thirty or forty rifles, and would end in our butchery by an exasperated foe. Tutt persisted, however, and, indignantly scorning the idea of surrender, without further parley discharged his rifle full at the approaching enemy. This, of course, settled the question, as nothing was then left to us but to stand by our reckless and intrepid comrade, which we did for all we were worth. With elbow touching elbow, and our heads alone visible above the sand bank, we kept up a steady fire upon the line of blue rapidly nearing us. At the first volley they halted, returned the fire, and then with huzzas came for us on the full run. The situation was appalling, but we continued to pour our fire into them. Occupying a position prone on the sand, and our vision obscured by the smoke of the guns, we did not see the effect of our shots, and did not know until afterwards informed by Col. Olmstead, who



LIEUT. W. M. HITT, ATLANTA, GA.

watched the scene closely with his field glass, that several of the enemy were carried off by their comrades. What was it, then, that shook the island from center to circumference? Turning our heads in the direction of the sound, we witnessed a sight which sent the blood tingling in our veins. The entire face of Wagner was enveloped in rolling clouds of smoke, lit up with crimson flame from bastion to bastion by the guns of the fort. The heaviest batteries of siege guns on this entire face of Wagner were suddenly opened upon the approaching Federal infantry. Charlie Olmstead, my old schoolmate, who was commanding in the absence of Gen. Taliaferro, had come to the rescue. The artillery fire, conducted by that accomplished and gallant soldier, Lieut. Col. J. C. Simpkins, of South Carolina, and chief of artillery, was directed with wonderful precision, and the shells passing over our heads and bursting beyond us uncomfortably close, in the very face of the enemy, scattered them like chaff before the wind. But something we had not counted on followed. The Yankee fort immediately opened their batteries of heavy guns upon Wagner, and one of the most terrific artillery duels I ever witnessed during the war was thus precipitated between the respective forts, and all stirred up by our little band. The scene was grand and awe-inspiring, both sides shelling furiously over our heads at each other. Of course all the infantry on both sides were driven from the parapets by this terrific artillery fire. It was plain that this demonstration on the part of Col. Olmstead was made to safely cover our retreat, and we rapidly raced for our works through the heavy sand and under the rays of the hottest sun I ever felt. We arrived safely, completely winded and exhausted. Once in the fort we separated, and silently crept to our respective quarters. Col. Olmstead soon made his appearance, and placed the writer under arrest. The Colonel had, without orders, assumed a grave responsibility in the prompt and gallant

action he had taken to save us, and save us he did, as but for his conduct not one of us would have been left to tell the tale. The heavy firing on the island had greatly excited the people in Charleston, and Gen. Taliaferro hurried back to the fort, reaching it a little after dark. Olmstead met him at the boat landing at Cummings Point and related to this grim old soldier all that had passed. They then came together into my quarters (also the quarters of the General), and, feigning sleep, I overheard their conversation. "Well," said the General, "the boys destroyed that infernal nuisance, the house, did they?" "Yes," responded Olmstead. "Good," grunted the old General. Then, nodding toward me as I lay on the floor, "Release him from arrest when he wakes up," which Charlie was only too glad, of course, to do.

Tutt and Hopps not long afterwards joined the ranks of that great army underground—they were spared the great sorrow of the final disaster, when the sun of the Confederacy went down at Appomattox. They were both killed. Three of us survive—J. J. Doughty, of Augusta, Ga.; William M. Hitt, now of Atlanta, Ga.; and the writer. "May both these boys be spared for many years to come, for truer soldiers and more gallant men never faced a foe!"

THE FIRST STEAM TORPEDO BOAT.

Comrade J. H. Tomb, of St. Louis, who was a chief engineer in the Confederate Navy, writes as follows: "It will no doubt interest many of your old veteran readers, who are now watching the active work of the Japs on the Russians with modern torpedo boats, to know that the first steam torpedo boat that ever made a successful attack upon a ship was commanded by a Confederate naval officer. On the night of October 5, 1863, in the harbor of Charleston, Lieut. W. T. Glassel, C. S. N., in command of the steam torpedo boat David, attacked the United States ship New Ironside. This was the first successful attack made by a steam torpedo boat; and while the Ironside was not sunk, she was so disabled that she did not fire another gun on Charleston. At that time we did not know the extent of the damage done, but afterwards learned from the official report of the chief carpenter to Rear Admiral Dahlgren that it was so extensive as to warrant him in advising that the ship be docked as soon as she could be spared from the harbor. In justice to the memory of Lieut. W. T. Glassel, one of the bravest officers in the Confederate navy, it should be known that to him belongs the honor of making the first successful attack with a steam torpedo boat known in history. The torpedo was charged with sixty-five pounds of rifle powder."

The Daughters of the Confederacy of Coleman, Tex., have undertaken to raise a fund for the erection of a Confederate monument on the square, feeling that it will not only beautify the courthouse park but will be an inspiration to the coming generations and perpetuate the memory of those who fought and fell for the cause of the South. Mrs. J. P. Ledbetter is Chairman of the Committee, and directs that contributions be left with Mr. Cameron, of the Coleman National Bank, or Mr. Collins, of the First National Bank. An entertainment is soon to be given at the courthouse for the benefit of this fund.

CAPT. R. E. HOUSE.—Any one seeing this notice who knew or served with Capt. R. E. House in the war will greatly oblige me by giving the name of his company, regiment, and other information relative to his service. He entered the service at Wetumpka, Ala., and served in the battles in Tennessee.—Mrs. Cone Johnson, Tyler, Tex.



LIEUT. J. J. DOUGHTY, AUGUSTA, GA.

FIRST STATE MONUMENT AT VICKSBURG.

Massachusetts has erected the first monument in the Battle Park at Vicksburg to the Twenty-Ninth, Thirty-Fifth, and Thirty-Sixth Regiments of her volunteers. "The Volunteer," as the statue is called, stands upon a huge block of native Massachusetts granite; and the sculptor, Mrs. Theo Alice Ruggles Kitson, has, with wonderful accuracy, portrayed the



VICKSBURG SCHOOL CHILDREN ASSEMBLED AT THE MONUMENT.

American volunteer soldier, it matters not from what section or State he comes. The frank, open, fearless expression; the free and easy poise in the bold swinging route step; the light marching trappings—all emphasize the sculptor's correct conception of the American volunteer as distinct from the conscript, the mercenary, the adventurer, or the pillager.

The statue was unveiled at the park in the presence of an assembly composed largely of ex-Federals and ex-Confederates. The sculptor, assisted, at her request, by Miss Marie Estelle Coleman, who originated the Daughters of Confederate Veterans and was made first President of the organization, drew the cords that held the bunting. Gov. Bates, of Massachusetts, made a patriotic address, in which he frequently referred to the gallantry of the Confederate volunteers.

"What do we here? We dedicate this memorial of stone and bronze to the Massachusetts men, living and dead, who have participated in the greatest war of all time. We dedicate it in appreciation of their sacrifice and valor, and, so dedicating it, we recognize the sacrifice and the valor of all engaged in that conflict, wherever they fought and whether they wore the blue or the gray.

"Mississippi, with her traditions, leading her like a hand stretching out from the past, was quick to respond for the cause of the South. Massachusetts, led also by traditions of the past, was quick to respond for the North.

"Vicksburg was defended by men indomitable and brave. Never did the inhabitants of any town, ancient or modern, win more deserved renown for their willingness to suffer rather than yield. Reduced to the direst extremity of famine, living on mule meat with starvation hideously staring at them, burrowing in the cliffs that they might escape the shrieking shells that had already destroyed their homes, they nevertheless cheerfully accepted all as incidents of warfare; while the Confederate army, with annihilation threatening it, continued its heroic defense till all hope of success was gone and until further effort could result in nothing save needless carnage."

In his address of welcome, Gen. Stephen D. Lee, member of the Vicksburg Military Park Commission, concluded a patriotic address as follows:

"Governor Bates, I welcome you and your distinguished party, coming more than a thousand miles and representing one of the greatest and proudest of the original thirteen States, to do honor to and perpetuate in enduring bronze and stone the courage and patriotism and devotion of the sons of Massachusetts, in the mightiest and bloodiest and most costly struggle of modern times.

"On the banks of this the greatest river in the world the most decisive and far-reaching battle of the war was fought. Here at Vicksburg over 100,000 gallant soldiers and a powerful fleet of gunboats and ironclads in terrible earnestness for forty days and nights fought to decide whether the new Confederate States should be cut in twain, whether the great river should flow free to the gulf or should have its commerce hindered. We all know the result—the Union army, under Gen. Grant, and the Union navy, under Admiral Porter, were victorious. The Confederate army, under Gen. Pemberton, numbering 30,000 men, was captured, and Gen. Grant's army set free for operating in other fields.

"It was a staggering blow, from which the Confederacy never rallied. The regiments from your State took an honorable part in the campaign here, and it is well your State should honor their memory."

U. D. C. CONVENTION IN ST. LOUIS OCTOBER 4-8.

Mrs. A. T. Smythe, of Charleston, President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and Mrs. A. W. Rapley, of St. Louis, President of the Missouri Division of the U. D. C., have, it is understood, agreed to hold the annual convention of the Daughters in St. Louis October 4-8, instead of the usual days in November. Confederate Day at the World's Fair will be October 7, and that date has been set apart by the management to the Daughters of the Confederacy.

At the Charleston convention it was ordered that representation be as follows:

Alabama.....	88	Maryland.....	37	South Carolina.....	80
Arkansas.....	48	Mississippi.....	83	Tennessee.....	68
California.....	27	Missouri.....	40	Texas.....	233
District of Columbia.....	5	Montana.....	5	Utah.....	1
Florida.....	30	New York.....	14	Virginia.....	126
Georgia.....	82	North Carolina.....	92	West Virginia.....	29
Indian Territory.....	7	Ohio.....	5		
Kentucky.....	64	Oklahoma.....	1	Total.....	1,218
Louisiana.....	62				

HISTORY COMMITTEE, U. D. C.

Mrs. Augustine T. Smythe, President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, has appointed the following ladies on the History Committee, U. D. C.: Mrs. James Mercer Garnett, of Maryland; Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, of South Carolina; Mrs. S. P. Pugh, of Louisiana; Miss A. C. Benning, of Georgia; Mrs. Ida V. M. Hardy, of Mississippi.

In connection with the sketch of Company F, Twelfth Alabama Regiment, in the February VETERAN, page 81, the following paragraphs were unavoidably omitted. The record membership of that company is a credit as well to the regiment and the State from which they served.

It will be interesting to note that of the surviving members of this company letters were read from Rev. William A. Moore, of Neches, Tex.; Mr. Fletch S. Zachry, of Tyler, Tex.; Mr. George P. Ward, of Willhite, La.; and Mr. J. S. Porter, of Lawrenceville, Ga.

Toasts were drunk to absent comrades; to the memory of those who had crossed the river, and to the charming hosts and hostesses who entertained the company.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

EVIDENCES OF APPRECIATION.

The editor of the VETERAN was at a meeting of the Atlanta Camp recently, and the greeting is recalled with pride.

In his eminently practical way, Capt. R. E. Park, Treasurer of Georgia, asked that the editor make such statements as he desired about his work, and he replied that he had but little to say for the VETERAN, that he had never solicited a subscriber, and he preferred that others speak of that. He did appeal most earnestly for the "Bill Arp" Memorial, and begged that Georgians take up the matter and contribute liberally.

Responding, Capt. Park rather rebuked the editor for his modesty, and said that he ought to have discussed the VETERAN. He is as liberal a contributor, including members of his family, as any other to the memorial referred to. In making an earnest appeal for the VETERAN, he said that all Confederates in particular ought to be constantly diligent for increase of circulation.

When Capt. Park had finished speaking, Gen. Clement A. Evans rose and said: "I am glad indeed that Capt. Park has spoken so warmly and justly about our visiting comrade. It is one good soldier giving well-deserved praise to another. I would say that our cause had no braver soldier in battle than Cunningham, and no more earnest and valuable exponent and defender in peace. The flag of the VETERAN, which he has edited and published so many years, has been flying at the front to represent the whole truth and worth and sacredness of our Confederate history. We are indebted to the persistence and fidelity of its editor, the soldier, who is our welcome guest to-night, for the great good it has done. It has not made him rich, and never will, but it has done better by giving the riches of truth to others, the riches of his comrades' esteem, and the personal satisfaction that his life has been well spent, and all spent for one great and sacred purpose."

Judge W. L. Calhoun, who was long President of the Confederate Home for Georgia and is now the President of the committee to erect an equestrian statue to Gen. Gordon, followed Gen. Evans. He bore cordial testimony to the fact that, in the years he had served his comrades in Confederate matters, he had never made any request of the VETERAN that was not complied with promptly and liberally, and he commended what his associates had said.

As the guest was about departing for an early train, Capt. W. H. "Tip" Harrison, Adjutant of the Camp, and who would make a good brigadier, joined in the hearty expressions, and said: "I will send you ten new subscribers soon."

The VETERAN has no occasion to murmur. It is evident that a hundred thousand persons read every issue, and it is rare now that there are orders to stop it except on account of death, and its continuation to the family after death is an injunction often made by comrades that will be sacredly regarded. None of the following owed the VETERAN anything, and of course none knew of the other's action. Enough of kindly notices have come in correspondence during the past two months to satisfy the most ardent desire for human indorsement.

It is a coincidence that these notes from such distinguished persons should come in such proximity to each other. These good friends will pardon the publication of their letters.

FROM COMMANDER TEXAS DIVISION, U. C. V.

Enclosed \$10⁰⁰ from Jan'y 1904 for 10 years.
in N. Y. Exch. Jan 1904-1914
K. M. Van Zandt
Fort Worth Texas.

MRS. DAVIS SENDS CHECK FOR \$5 FROM NEW YORK.

Dear Sir,

I enclose my
subscription for the
coming year to the
"Confed. Vet." on which
you may count as
a yearly contribution

Yours truly,

V. Jefferson Davis

Hotel Grand.

Feb. 18th 1904.

INCLOSURE FROM GEN. GEORGE WASHINGTON CUSTIS LEE.

P. O. Burke, Virginia,
23 Feby., 1904.

Dear Sir: - I enclose check
for \$5⁰⁰/₁₀₀, with which
please credit me on account
of subscription to "Confederate
Veteran", and oblige.

Yrs. truly,

G. W. C. Lee

CORRECTION.—In the last issue of the VETERAN the notice referring to the services of Gen. Longstreet as Railroad Commissioner stated that Gen. Jos. E. Johnston was his immediate predecessor in this government position. That was an error. Gen. Wade Hampton succeeded Gen. Johnston. President Cleveland appointed Gen. Hampton during his second term as President, and upon his resignation President McKinley appointed Gen. Longstreet.

REUNION DATES CHANGED TO JUNE 14, 15, 16.

Upon learning that September would be a very inconvenient time for many people of the South, particularly in the cotton-producing sections, the Committee, by unanimous vote, has rescinded the date and submitted the matter entirely to the Commander and Department Commanders, suggesting, however, that June 14, 15, and 16 would be agreeable to Nashville.

The VETERAN informed the Commander in Chief, Gen. Stephen D. Lee, who replied as follows:

"Thanks for your telegram announcing action of the Executive Committee as to date of reunion. Your Nashville people could not have acted more nicely than they did, and our comrades everywhere ought to appreciate their yielding their date to our wishes for a change. . . . Also, I feel that we should in deference to our hosts accept the new dates in June. Let us all work for a great reunion."

Later Adj. Gen. Mickle telegraphed the VETERAN that the date suggested by Nashville is accepted, and that everything possible will be done to make the reunion one of the largest and most successful ever held.

LEE TO THE REAR.

Comrade R. J. Harding, of Jackson, Miss., writes: "So much has been said about the 'Lee to the rear' incident that, having been a member of the Texas Brigade, I wish to add my testimony to that given heretofore as to the claims of the Texas Brigade. But it will be seen from histories of the Army of Northern Virginia that Gen. Lee, on several occasions, attempted to lead his troops in battle. At the Wilderness, on May 6, he tried to lead the Texas Brigade; later, in the fighting around Spottsylvania, he attempted to lead Howe's Mississippians, and the Virginians at the 'Bloody Angle.' In all of these attempts he was prevented by the men around him, as he would have been by any body of soldiers in his army had the same opportunity presented itself."

Capt. R. D. Funkhouser, of the Forty-Ninth Virginia, Pegram's Brigade, Gordon's Division, writing an interesting account of the same incident, says: "It is a confusion in dates that has caused the controversy. On the 6th of May Gen. Lee did attempt to lead the Texas Brigade, and on the 12th he did attempt to lead the Forty-Ninth Virginia to recover the salient at Spottsylvania, lost by Gen. Edward Johnson's forces. Gen. Gordon came up just at that time and requested Gen. Lee to go to the rear, which was shouted by the men, 'Lee to the rear!'"

THE LEE MEMORIAL DINNER IN NEW YORK.

The fourteenth annual banquet of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York City was the most elaborate affair of the kind in the history of the Camp. It was given at the Waldorf-Astoria, and was indeed the grandest ever given at this famous hostelry, not excepting that given to Prince Henry.

After the banquet a grand ball was given in the Astor Gallery. The boxes were decorated with Virginia creeper and bunting and filled with beautiful women. About four hundred ladies and gentlemen were on the floor and in the boxes, and perhaps as many more filled the space behind the boxes. The direction of affairs throughout was by Maj. Edward Owen, Commander of the Camp, who has given several other entertainments of similar character, with each a little better than the former.

The following were among the toasts: "The President and the Army and Navy of the United States;" "The Memory of Robert E. Lee;" "Virginia, Her Washington, Her Lee;" "The Capture of New York by the Confederates;" "United Daughters of the Confederacy."

CIVIL SIDE OF THE CONFEDERACY.

In some recent correspondence information is asked about the civil side of the Confederacy—as to how it provided the means to equip and sustain the armies in the field, how it built ships, foundries, and arsenals. This correspondent, Taylor McRae, of Fort Worth, Tex., says the Selma arsenal was built by his uncle, Colin J. McRae, for the government, and he was afterwards financial agent for the Confederacy in England and France. It was here that the famous steamer Tennessee was built and launched and the iron to sheet her molded or wrought. His questions on the subject create the desire for some contributions from those who are well-informed, and the VETERAN requests such contributions for publication.

WITH THE FIRST TENNESSEE IN MEXICO.

A comrade, writing from Hammond, La., says: "There is now in the Confederate Home at Austin, Tex., a gallant old soldier, Capt. William R. Bradfute, who is the last living officer of the famous First Tennessee in our war with Mexico, where he rendered distinguished service. When the War between the States began he was captain in the Second United States Cavalry, but resigned and accepted an office on the staff of Gen. Ben McCulloch. Capt. Bradfute is now nearly eighty years old, but prefers living on his pension as a Mexican veteran and in the Confederate Soldiers' Home, both fairly earned by his own hands, than to be dependent upon relatives or even his own son, Dr. Champe Bradfute, of Baltimore, Md. Why should not the Cross of Honor be conferred on this old Veteran? It is the last reward the old man can ever get for his services to the Confederacy."

GEN. CLEMENT A. EVANS'S STAFF.

In assuming command of the Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V., Gen. Evans issues General Order No. 1, stating that the staff of the late Commander of this department is hereby continued as the staff of the present Commanding General; also that the headquarters of the department will be continued as heretofore established, at Columbus, Miss.:

Brig. Gen. E. T. Sykes, Columbus, Miss., Adjutant General and Chief of Staff; Col. H. C. Myers, of Memphis, Tenn., Assistant Adjutant General; Cols. R. P. Lake, of Memphis, Tenn., Quartermaster General; Alfred M. O'Neal, Florence, Ala., Inspector General; E. L. Russell, of Mobile, Ala., Commissary General; W. L. Calhoun, Atlanta, Ga., Judge Advocate General; W. J. McMurry, Nashville, Tenn., Surgeon General; H. F. Sproles, Vicksburg, Miss., Chaplain General.

The Aids-de-Camp are colonels, and are as follows:

L. L. Middlebrook, Covington, Ga.; R. M. Howard, Columbus, Ga.; W. D. Ellis, Sr., Atlanta, Ga.; Charles S. Arnall, Atlanta, Ga.; B. F. Eshleman, New Orleans, La.; Arstude Hopkins, New Orleans, La.; W. H. Rogers, New Orleans, La.; J. M. Dickinson, Chicago, Ill.; Samuel L. Robertson, Birmingham, Ala.; D. P. Bestor, Mobile, Ala.; J. A. Kirkpatrick, Montgomery, Ala.; J. V. Harris, Key West, Fla.; W. R. Garrett, Nashville, Tenn.; W. J. Crawford, Memphis, Tenn.; G. D. Shands, Oxford, Miss.; George M. Helm, Greenville, Miss.; S. A. Jonas, Aberdeen, Miss.; T. C. Carter, Meridian, Miss.; W. A. Montgomery, Edwards, Miss.; E. Q. Withers, Holly Springs, Miss.

They will report by letter to the Lieutenant General Commanding, Atlanta, Ga.

T. M. Emerson, of Manchester, Tenn., wishes to hear from Dr. W. H. Cooper and Dr. Price, who were on duty with him at the State Hospital in Nashville when Fort Donelson fell, and until Nashville surrendered to Gen. Buell's army.

"UNFURL THE FLAG," A REMINISCENCE OF 1865.

BY COL. LUKE W. FINLAY, MEMPHIS.

Recounting the reminiscences in life often bring with them unexpected joys. Those of the past half century in the United States have not, at all times, been of the most pacific nature, and yet they often teach historic lessons, forecasting characteristics and qualities varying with the characters and manhood of a people.

We recall now, briefly, scenes simple and yet full of romance, and none the less of character. The organization of the Tennessee regiments numbered Fourth, Fifth, Nineteenth, Twenty-Fourth, Thirty-First, Thirty-Third, Thirty-Fifth, Thirty-Eighth, and Forty-First Tennessee and the Fifth Confederate into one in April, 1865, under James D. Tillman as colonel, the writer as lieutenant colonel, and C. S. Deakin as major, and the undaunted presence of that company of veterans that were ready to welcome death rather than desert the post of duty are facts of history now.

It will not be taken amiss by the distinguished officer, and I am sure it will be read with marked interest by all our people who value the services of men who were willing to give their lives upon the altar of duty, if I here state a fact little known, occurring amid the confusions of the hour; if I here present what his superior officers thought of Col. Tillman in that elder day. It was a critical time. Richmond had fallen. Appomattox was an event of nine days before. It was in these words:

"BIVOUAC ARMY OF THE SOUTH, April 18, 1865.

To Whom It May Concern.

"*Greeting:* Know all men by these presents, that James D. Tillman, colonel of the Forty-First Regiment, Tennessee Volunteer Infantry, has recently been appointed colonel of one of the Tennessee regiments in this army, and that this regiment was composed of the remnants of the Fourth, Fifth, Nineteenth, Twenty-Fourth, Thirty-First, Thirty-Third, Thirty-Fifth, Thirty-Eighth, and Forty-First Tennessee Regiments and Fifth Confederate Regiment, and that the commanders of these regiments composed of remnants of the aforesaid old regiments consolidated, were selected and appointed because of their experience, efficiency, and gallantry.

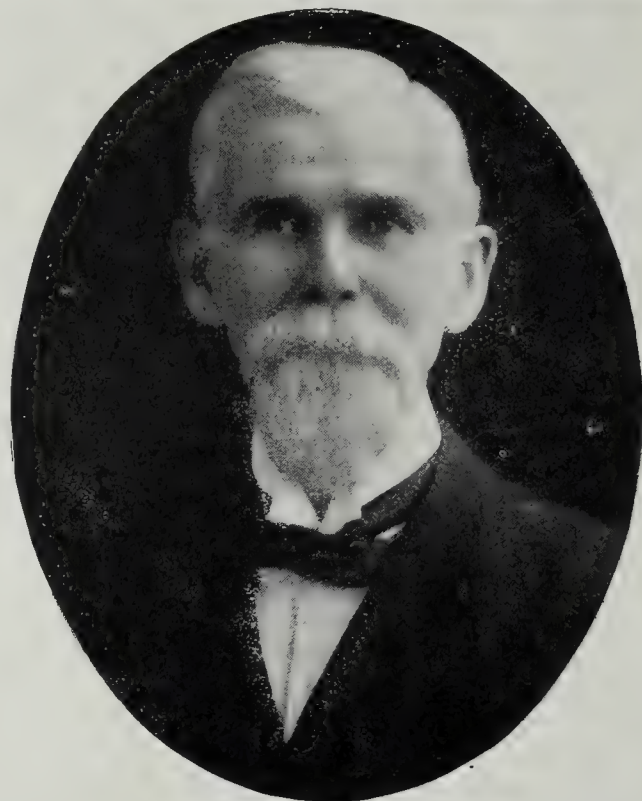
"John C. Brown, Major General; C. L. Stevenson, Major General; William B. Bate, Major General; W. J. Hardee, Lieutenant General."

From Belmont to Bentonville they had stood manfully at their post of duty, and were yet ready for the continued struggle. These Tennesseans, in the vigor of manhood, veterans and inured to arms, though having just attained manhood, bore themselves with the spirit and dash and intrepidity that had marked them on many a field. The colors the ensign bore were the workmanship of the ladies of Montgomery, Ala. How the soldiers treasured this gift! How they looked upon its beautiful folds as they flashed in the sunlight!

The capitulation at Greensboro, N. C., then took place. The armies of the North gladly moved toward the national capital, and those of the South moved toward their respective States. The former were not less glad to see the end of that era of carnage. At the last fight incidents occurred which showed on the one hand the prowess of the soldier of the South, and on the other the willingness of the soldier of the North to defer further fighting. In the last engagement a Tennessee regiment penetrated Sherman's line of battle near the center, broke through to the rear, marched around by the flank, and retook its place in Johnston's army after the lapse of three or four days, and exhibited a heroism that had not been bowed

down by misfortune and impending defeat. The words of the able and devout Dr. John B. McFerrin, in the valley near Greensboro, as he told in his original discourse, "For we have no continuing city here," were the last ones to an assembled body upon this field.

Westward we took up our line of march. We were on our way home. Our route lay through Asheville, N. C. This little city, upon the banks of the French Broad, a dashing, leaping, restless stream, nestled in the mountains, beautiful for situation, as the eye sweeps from the forceful waves that roll, dash, foam, and jostle at the base of this enchanted place, to the far-off mountains—always has been, from the days the Indians roved over her hills and dales, and always will be, a noted spot. "Verdure and blossom and the smile of coming spring are upon every hillside and valley." In that trying struggle, her heart full of loyalty for the South, her lovely daughters sang songs of daring and inspired others with the love of liberty. At the first call to arms her manly sons, moved by the teaching of their fathers and the spirit of 1776, gathered under the folds of the Southern banner. We were approaching Asheville. These valiant soldiers were quietly marching onward toward the West. As I saw them marching on the route step home, serious, patient, thoughtful, I could not but recall their valor on many a field. What thoughts were coming into their minds? To many, visions of their once beautiful homes were but a memory. Deserted farms and smoldering chimneys alone told the sad tale of their once happy childhood and boyhood and home life. Did the vision of the past or the forecast of the future make their imprint upon their youthful countenances? Did they foretell the wonderful endurance and patience thereafter exhibited in the sad years of reconstruction through which we have passed? Where are they now? How many have passed over to the other side?



COL. LUKE W. FINLAY.

On many an occasion, as I stood at the head of that column and looked down its ranks, I was filled with joy at their presence and thought of their heroic valor on many a field. The Greeks that followed Xenophon in his retreat were not more

loyal to their colors, or braved greater dangers than these. No Roman had ever led braver men. Gustavus Adolphus never commanded more heroic soldiers, and the Revolution of 1776 had no worthier. Quietly, patiently, over the mountains, uphill and downhill, and along that rocky road to the West, they kept the line of march.

Who were these Tennesseans? Some had participated in the repulse of Grant at Belmont; in the staggering blow given him at Shiloh; in rolling back the fresh levies of McCook and the veterans of Gilbert under Buell at Perryville; helped deal the heavy blows given Rosecrans at Murfreesboro; witnessed the retreat at sunset of Thomas from Snodgrass Hill in the great battle of the River of Death; saw the recoil of Sherman's splendid brigade of Sheridan's Division as it was forced back upon Hooker at Missionary Ridge; were in the war waltz of Joe Johnston with Sherman in the Georgia campaign; passed over the works on the bridge of death at Franklin; pressed Thomas with his threefold forces to the gates of Nashville; endured the hardships and sacrifices of the retreat from Tennessee; stood steadfastly upon the field at Bentonville.

As we approached Asheville I thought of the loyalty of her citizens; of the attachment of her people to the cause we had espoused; of the lives of sacrifice and valor, as illustrated by her sons, from Manassas to Gettysburg and from Gettysburg to Appomattox, and it occurred to me that they would like to see once more a body of soldiers marching under the flag of the South. Even our enemies in that day recognized the prowess of our soldiery. The distinguished James G. Blaine, failing to see there were two sides to this cause, writes of them: "Never perhaps was an army organized with fighting qualities superior to those of the army put into the field by the Confederates. They fought with an absolute conviction, however erroneous, that their cause was just." But there was a higher plane which he never reached. They were not "rebels." They were not traitors. Like the Saxons, they had gone down before superior numbers at Hastings. But Saxon manhood survived the Norman victory. The soldiers of the North came as enemies into their homes, and they had rushed to arms as a brave people ought and as a brave people ever will. As we approached the city I said to my senior in command: "Let us unfurl the flag once more; let Asheville's mothers and daughters see the battle flag waving over the sons of Tennessee." A distinguished Federal soldier had taken charge of the city. My senior said: "No, it might give offense." After proceeding some distance he turned to me and said: "I wish you would take command of the regiment. I desire to see a friend on business some two miles out." After his departure on that beautiful May morning in 1865, I said to the ensign, "Unfurl that flag."

"Unfurl that flag!" and every startled man
Full into line, firm, soldierly, had sprung.

The listless look was gone, the languid eye
Now flashed again with patriotic flame—
The heads just bowed were proudly held erect,
And warriors hearkened as the orders came.

Now those who bore their arms passed swiftly on,
And ranked themselves unbidden at the front,
While step to step, a ragged wall of gray,
They marched as soldiers from the battle's brunt.

And 'Dixie' wakes the echoes of the hills
With stirring notes as spirited and true
As when at first Confederates, brave and strong,
Rung out her changes as they met the blue."

He slipped the covering off the flag. At the command "Attention!" that band of men walked erect and the ensign lifted his colors. In a moment you could see the effect upon that body, who had so often stood under its folds in the hour of battle. Like the white cockade mounted in the sight of the followers of Bruce, the effect was electric—the eye was kindled, the soul filled, and the boys with sturdy tread followed the ensign, animated by the simple strains of fife and drum. "Did they, like birds in spring, show gladness and become melodious? or was it the electric spark of sympathy and the heroic sense of fidelity to their cause?" The fifer and drummer took their places at the head of the column, and struck up a Southern air as we entered the city. Those with guns took their places at the head of the column following the music—the colors held by the ensign, with the color guards around it—the others following in line of march. As we entered Asheville at the command, "Right shoulder, shift arms," the command, with heads erect, with wills unbowed, with an energy of movement instinct with life and love of liberty, moved forward along the various streets from its eastern limit to its western slope. Strangely, but nevertheless in truth, there were some soldiers in Federal uniform that did not manifest joy as we passed, but from every cottage and every residence, from every door and every window waved a kerchief. Here and there, perhaps, tears fell as the inmates of that home thought of an unburied son or brother upon the fields of Virginia. At any rate, the heart of Asheville was touched and showed its sympathy. We passed the academic grounds. Along the fence in its entire front the girls stood, admiring and wondering at the approaching line. On a vacant lot, on the opposite side of the street, stood Clingman, Vance, and others, noted soldiers and citizens of Asheville. As the battalion approached and reached the line of girls, the nearest said: "Let me touch that flag." She caught it and kissed it, and the next did likewise, and as the ensign passed every one in that long line paid this tribute of love and sympathy to the flag borne by the Confederates—the workmanship of ladies of Alabama's capital.

"With reverence they kissed the flag in tears,
As one by one each maiden with bowed head
Came softly forward, while their hallowed thoughts
Had ushered in the presence of the dead.

And so the story of the buried love
Will live through time, sped on from tongue to tongue;
With harps attuned unto the heart's own chord,
That last unfurling shall be softly sung."

Westward and homeward we moved and passed along down by the banks of the French Broad, thinking of our homes, and the singular romance became a memory.

SIX HEROES ROUTED A FEDERAL REGIMENT.—Lem Wilson writes from Ona, W. Va., December 28, 1903: "In the October VETERAN, page 445, P. G. Carter, Celeste, Tex., inquires for the four comrades who went with him and M. B. Hylton on scout duty south of Newtown, Va., as Gen. Early was on his way into Maryland in 1864, on which occasion a Federal regiment was charged by six men and driven from town, and the six Confederates dined at the table of the Federal colonel after he left. The four names wanted are: Thomas Meritt, Joseph Stewart, Israel Johnston, Lem Wilson, and the writer—all of the Eighth Virginia Infantry. I am glad to have learned about the two comrades who led us, it seemed, into the jaws of death; yet it was easily done. Grit carried us on, and the dust scared the Federals off fast."

THE BATTLE OF RAYMOND, MISS.

BY J. V. GREIF, PADUCAH, KY.

For the truth of history I wish to correct a mistake made by Comrade Nelson in the January issue of the *VETERAN* as to the date of the battle of Raymond, Miss. This battle was fought on May 12 instead of the 16th. I was at Jackson, Miss., when Gregg's Brigade moved out, and remember distinctly Col. McGavock's "Bloody Tenth" Tennessee. This was on the 11th of May, and the battle was fought the next day, the 12th.

I was a member of Company D, Third Kentucky Regiment, Buford's Brigade, Loring's Division. Six companies of our regiment had been mounted only a short time previous at Meridian, Miss., and, under the command of Col. R. P. Thompson, ordered to report to Gen. Gregg, and were with him in this fight and covered his retreat to Jackson.

On the 14th the enemy attacked Jackson, and the small force there held them in check until everything was removed, our forces retiring over the Canton road with Thompson still covering the rear. When our troops returned in a few days to Jackson they found the enemy had burned up the greater part of the town. In the meantime we had moved out to Champion Hill or Baker's Creek, and fought the enemy there on the 16th. Gen. Johnston was now in command, and maneuvered us about the Big Black River. On the night of July 4 we arrived at the railroad bridge, where we met Breckinridge and French's Divisions with the pontoons. During the night a courier arrived informing Johnston of Pemberton's surrender, and the next morning we began our retreat to Jackson, with Loring's Division in the rear and Buford's Cavalry covering the retreat. We fought the enemy all the way, and so closely did they press us that they arrived in Jackson almost as soon as our rear guard. After several days' fighting we fell back across Pearl River, then back to Lake Station. It was in this campaign that the Third Kentucky Regiment, being without colors, were presented by Gen. Hardee with one of his battle flags, a blue flag with a white crescent [the kind that Cleburne's men used], which we carried until the ladies of Canton, Miss., presented the regiment with a large silk flag.

SWETT'S BATTERY AT JONESBORO.

BY JOSEPH ERWIN, STARKVILLE, MISS.

Reading about Swett's Battery in the November *VETERAN* reminds me of another incident in which this battery was conspicuous. The fight at Jonesboro was on, or about, August 1. Hardee's Corps had marched all night, and reached Jonesboro about daylight. Our battery consisted of two twelve-pound Napoleons and two twelve-pound Parrotts. Capt. Shannon had been wounded on the 21st of July in the fighting around Atlanta, and was not with us at Jonesboro, and Henry Steele was in command, with Lieut. F. M. Williams in charge of the second section. On reaching Jonesboro we were ordered to unlimber and feed. We rested until about ten o'clock, when we were ordered out to meet Kilpatrick's Cavalry, which we did, driving them back and capturing two pieces of artillery. About noon we were again permitted to rest, but not allowed to unharness the horses. Being worn out from marching all the night previous and the morning fighting, many of the boys were soon sound asleep under and around guns, but about two o'clock we were roused up and ordered out to meet Sherman's army.

It was a grand and fearful sight to see that great army coming like a monster wave to engulf us. They were several lines deep in our immediate front in an open field. Breckinridge was on our right, and no men ever put up a more gal-

lant fight than did those Kentucky boys that day at Jonesboro. Govan, with his game little Arkansas Brigade, was supporting us, but courage and heroism availed nothing against such overwhelming odds. We poured grape and canister into them, cutting great gaps in their lines; but they closed them up with fresh men, and came on to the very muzzles of our guns. Then the order was given to cease firing. Lieut. Williams repeated the order, and started to the rear, but looking back saw that G. G. Pegram, gunner of the fourth piece, had not heard the order, and was still working his gun. He went back to stop him, when he was mortally wounded, and died in the hands of the enemy. That night our forces fell back to Lovejoy Station.

A day or two afterwards, the enemy having fallen back to Atlanta, Jo Craig and I, with three other comrades whose names I have forgotten, went over the battlefield of Jonesboro and found a grave marked with the name of "Lieut. F. M. Williams, C. S. A." We procured a coffin, dug up his poor body, placed it in the coffin, and reinterred it in the same grave. No better or braver soldier ever died for the cause we all loved. He was my messmate and sleeping companion for three years of the war. He was a Christian soldier and gentleman, whose example induced many of the boys to lead better lives; always ready to do and, if necessary, to die in the discharge of his duty, as shown in that last act of his life by going back into the fire of battle to enforce an order issued by his superior.

If there are any members of the old battery living, I should be glad to hear from them.

LEE AND JACKSON DAY.

Letter from Judge John N. Lyle, Waco, Tex.:

"In the December *VETERAN* I am made to say: 'I note with gladness the decay of Camps,' etc. Of course 'sadness' is what I meant.

"The Daughters of the Confederacy here, in response to the request of the survivors of the Stonewall Brigade, celebrated the 19th of January as 'Lee and Jackson Day.' A well-arranged programme was admirably rendered. Short orations on Lee and Jackson were delivered, and the occasion was enlivened by songs and instrumental music. Only a few Camps and Chapters paid attention to the resolutions passed by the Stonewall veterans at Staunton. A copy was sent to the general convention of the U. D. C. at Charleston and to some State conventions, but it is evident that no notice was taken by many of these organizations. The request, in these resolutions, was reasonable, and the suggestion of a celebration on the 19th of Lee's and Jackson's births jointly has met with unanimous approval wherever mentioned. The Daughters at Charleston must have been absorbed with too many other important matters. It cannot be that they were indifferent to the memory of so beloved a hero as Stonewall Jackson. If they think that his fame needs no celebrations to keep it alive, I agree with them. If they fear that the association of his name with that of Gen. R. E. Lee in a celebration will detract from the reputation of the latter, their fears are groundless. If there was any difference in the greatness of the two men, they were too far beyond ordinary mortals to differentiate and draw contrasts.

"From the Camps nobody expected anything. The Veterans are now 'chimney corner' men; few of the Camps get up celebrations, and few of the individuals attend those gotten up by the Daughters. As to the Sons, when you get beyond a parade where they can display themselves, they are not worth killing. If the Daughters don't take them under their wings, the organization will perish from the earth."

"THE HERO OF MOBILE BAY."

LIEUT. J. R. EGGLESTON, C. S. NAVY, RAYMOND, MISS.

Editor Confederate Veteran: Inasmuch as newspaper accounts have been widely circulated that the late Lieut. Thomas L. Harrison, C. S. N., was the "hero of Mobile Bay" in the celebrated battle there, and a Confederate coat labeled "Worn by Thomas L. Harrison, the Hero of Mobile Bay," is said to be among the war relics in the Missouri Room at Richmond, I ask the favor of your columns to place on record the facts in the case. I ask it not only in justice to the memory of men who did perform heroic deeds in the fight, but to that of my old friend, Tom Harrison, who, if living, would never have permitted a claim so utterly without foundation to be put forth in his behalf.

But first let me make it plain by what authority I speak. I was on the staff of Admiral Buchanan during the whole time that he was in command of our naval forces in the waters of Alabama. I was ordnance officer of the station and flag lieutenant when the Admiral was afloat. When Farragut's fleet began to gather off Mobile Bay, Admiral Buchanan went down there, and left me at the office to equip and mount the guns of the ironclad Nashville, and then to join him. Having performed my duties as ordered, I was on my way down in a river boat when we met another that gave us news of the battle that had taken place that morning (August 5, 1864). So, while to my regret I was not in the battle, I was yet in a position to have accurate knowledge of what happened.

Farragut entered Mobile Bay with eighteen ships of war, four of them monitors, that mounted in the aggregate 199 guns with 2,700 men. To oppose this great fleet, Buchanan had the ironclad ram Tennessee and the frail wooden gunboats, the Morgan, the Gaines, and the Selma, mounting in all 22 guns, and with 470 men.

As there was no escape for the Confederate vessels, Buchanan would have been justified in surrendering without firing a gun, as a regiment would surrender to a division under such circumstances. But the old Admiral was not made that way. He headed the Tennessee directly for the Hartford, Farragut's flagship, seeking to ram her. But the latter, being greatly superior in speed, easily eluded her antagonist. The whole Federal fleet then concentrated their efforts on the Tennessee, and soon, with rudder chains shot away, she lay a helpless hulk in the midst of her enemies. Then she was necessarily surrendered by her immediate commander, James D. Johnston. Admiral Buchanan had already been carried below severely wounded.

In the meantime the Gaines had been fought by her gallant commander, John W. Bennett, until she was sinking under his feet, when he beached her near the guns of Fort Morgan.

Capt. P. M. Murphy had placed his little walking beam river boat Selma athwart the bows of the Hartford, and poured raking shots into that vessel until Farragut, "annoyed," as he says he was, detached Jouett in the Metacomet, of ten guns, to capture the dare-devil little Confederate with four guns. The Selma surrendered, but not until her deck was covered with her dead, among them her executive officer, Lieut. Comstock. "Stand to your guns, men!" were his words as he fell forward with his breast torn away by a fragment of shell. There was "the hero of Mobile Bay."

There were others, already alluded to, but there was not one on board the Morgan who had the remotest claim to be so called. That vessel had not received a scratch. Her immunity from harm was accounted for in one way only by army, navy, and citizens of Mobile at that time, and that is: she was never in

range of the enemy's guns. Her commander was George W. Harrison, her executive officer "Tom" Harrison. Only the captain of the Morgan can be held responsible for the management of the vessel in the fight. None the less it is enough to make any man belonging to her then turn in his grave to hear himself spoken of as "the hero of Mobile Bay."

There was an episode connected with the part played by the Morgan in the battle that set the town a-laughing for a week at least. Every naval officer knew that a fleet of steamships could and often had run by land batteries without receiving any great damage; but because we expressed such opinions quite freely we were sharply criticised by the *Mobile Register*, edited by Col. John Forsyth, whereupon Commander G. W. Harrison sent a polite invitation to Forsyth to be his guest on board the Morgan during the expected fight. It was not until the Morgan got back from Mobile, like the one Spartan that escaped from Thermopylae, that Forsyth acknowledged the invitation. He then published Harrison's note, with the customary regrets, all the greater inasmuch as he lost an opportunity to view the battle without being in the slightest danger of getting hurt.

ACCURATE HISTORIC RECORDS.

BY JOHN H. MARTIN, OF HAWKINSVILLE, GA.

Forty years obscure the memory of us all to a greater or less degree, and I am not able to plead not guilty to this infirmity, but there are some things that I feel I cannot be mistaken about, so vividly were they impressed upon my mind during the sanguinary conflict of the Confederate war.

I have from time to time noticed a number of inaccuracies in statements in the *VETERAN* and other publications made by those who wore the gray. These statements have gone uncorrected and unquestioned, and, as they have been made by those who were participants in the bloody events described, they bear the impress of historic value, and when the Confederate veterans have all passed away, these statements will be cited as indubitable proof of the correctness of events as narrated. Is it not, therefore, a duty that we all owe to each other and to the chivalric dead and to our loved cause to correct the errors as far as in our power lies? Believing that we should, I, for the first time, write for publication any of my recollections of the Confederate war, and in this article narrate some of the inaccuracies that I now recall.

In the November, 1903, issue of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*, under the title "Incidents of Battle at Gettysburg," Comrade Dick Reid, of Nashville, Tenn., states thus: "Gen. Bob Toombs, with his Georgia Brigade, marched up to where we were in position." He then describes the kind of horse Gen. Toombs rode, and mentions what the General said about dodging balls. Now, the fact is, Gen. Toombs was not at the battle of Gettysburg. He was not at the time an officer in the Confederate service. He resigned his commission as a brigadier general on March 5, 1863.

My old army friend, Capt. Laurence E. O'Keefe, who was with me in the Seventeenth Georgia Regiment and who now resides in Atlanta, Ga., has furnished me with Gen. Toombs's farewell address, and I herein inclose to you a copy of it.

There is one point in the address that I call especial attention to, and that is, not one of his brigade was ever court-martialed, and I would add to this, if there was ever one of this grand old brigade court-martialed after he left us, I fail to remember it.

Gen. Henry L. Benning succeeded Gen. Toombs, and Gen. Benning was in command of the brigade at Gettysburg, and a nobler man or braver soldier than he was never unsheathed his sword from the moment the sunlight of victory broke forth

and streamed over the plains of Manassas on through the alternating periods of cloud and sunshine down to the ill-starred night that settled over fated Appomattox.

Comrade Reid is also mistaken as to the location of the brigade, or a part of it at least. Benning's Brigade was composed of the Second, Fifteenth, Seventeenth, and Twentieth Georgia Regiments, the Seventeenth being the regiment that he organized and which was mustered into the Confederate service on August 31, 1861, and which he commanded until his promotion to brigadier general.

As it took all my time and attention to properly handle my own Company D, of the Seventeenth Georgia, I was not in a position to know what was going on outside of my own regiment, for the lines of blue in our front made matters decidedly interesting to us.

Mr. Reid says there were one hundred and eighty-six pieces of artillery, and that he was at the extreme gun on the left waiting to open fire on Cemetery Heights, when Toombs's Brigade came up and began to deploy for the purpose of protecting the artillery against a charge. Now, in order to reply to this, I shall have to give my recollections of the battle of Gettysburg, and it will be seen that they differ from those of others, for I have never seen a published article on this battle to all the statements of which I could subscribe, and in this I am sustained by the recollections of others of my old comrades, who saw and remember them as I do.

On the 1st day of July, 1863, when the fighting first began, Longstreet's Corps was between Chambersburg, through which we had passed, and Gettysburg, and we were put on a forced march to reach Gettysburg. After we had crossed a stream of water a few miles from Gettysburg, we began seeing the Federal dead, which continued as far as we went on the road leading into Gettysburg, and near the limits of the city we filed to the right. Hood's Division, composed of two Georgia regiments, one Alabama, one South Carolina, and the brigade known as the Texas Brigade and composed of the First, Fourth, and Fifth Texas and Third Arkansas, five brigades in all, formed the extreme right of the Confederate army. On the afternoon of the 2d day of July the division was behind a strip of woods which screened it from the enemy; and passing through this strip of woods the division was formed in line of battle immediately in front of the woods by the intrepid Hood, who, I think, was on his battle horse, the roan pony.

My impression is that we were formed facing westward, but as to the points of the compass I was not thinking, but I know that in our rear was a strip of woods, in our front a field, at the edge of the field farthest from us and in the direction that we charged was a stone fence, behind which were Federal soldiers galore. Behind the fence and the soldiers there was a battery on a hill with a flat top, on which was the battery. The right side of this little mountain was steep, and there was adjoining a rugged ravine or gorge,



GEN. HENRY L. BENNING.

and on its right another rock-ribbed hill; in rear of the small mountain on which was the battery was a narrow valley, and then loomed up a round-top mountain. Amid the rain of bullets, shot, and shell the division swept onward, driving the enemy before it, and stopped not until the little valley was reached. The battery was captured, but by which troops I know not, but then thought, and yet think, it was by Hood's Division, for it covered and extended beyond the mountain on both sides in its charge. I have seen it stated by some of our distinguished officers that Benning's men did not get up until this battery was captured. I know not how it was on top of that little mountain where the battery was, for the Seventeenth Georgia went through the ravine or gorge and had passed by the battery and was near the little valley's edge before the battery was captured, for while we were in this ravine, and nearly through it, the Federals fired a terrific storm of bullets upon us from above and on the mountain on which was the battery, and this continued until the music of the unmistakable Confederate yell announced to us the joyous tidings that our men were on the top and were charging, and soon those firing upon us were routed from the mountain top.

Notwithstanding repeated efforts to drive us out and back, we held our position, and that night the Seventeenth Georgia was moved to the left and on the little mountain on which the battery was captured, and remained thereon that night and the next day until near dark. At the time of the charge on Cemetery Heights by Pickett's Division, on the 3d of July, and during the terrific cannonading, I know we were still there facing the round-top mountain, but I am unable to state positively that none of the brigade were moved to the left and near Pickett, but I do know that the Seventeenth Georgia was not, and that there was no artillery in our front other than that of the enemy. It seems improbable that any part of the brigade would have been moved away after our severe losses, and the fact that it required all of it to hold our own front intact, and I never knew or heard of any of the brigade being sent to the left.

I do not think any part of Benning's Brigade or of Hood's Division were at the point designated by Mr. Reid. When the Seventeenth Georgia charged in through the ravine, the bloodiest spot I saw during the war, the ever-ready and reliable old Texas Brigade was immediately to our right, and was as usual covering itself with glory by its magnificent fighting. I do not think there were any troops to the right of the Texans in that memorable charge. From what I have read since the war about the Devil's Den and its location, I am led to believe that where the Seventeenth Georgia went in was its mouth, and that the Texans invaded the den itself.

In no history, statement, article, address, writing, or panorama that I have ever seen has Hood's Division received the credit due it for its work at Gettysburg. In my opinion the charge of this division at Gettysburg was the grandest and most daring and most sublime exhibition of heroic courage displayed during the war, and was such as to give grounds for the declaration of one of the officers of the captured battery that it was not composed of mortal men, but it seemed as if the demons of hell itself were turned loose, so terrific was the onslaught.

GEN. ROBERT TOOMBS'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS.

In a letter to the officers and men of Toombs's Brigade, dated Richmond, Va., March 5, 1863, Gen. R. Toombs said:

"Soldiers, to-day I cease to command you. I have resigned my commission as brigadier general in the Provisional Army of the Confederate States. The separation from you is deeply painful to me. It is only necessary now for me to say that,

under existing circumstances, in my judgment, I could no longer hold my commission under President Davis with advantage to my country or to you, or with honor to myself. I cannot separate from you without the expression of my warmest attachment to you and admiration of your noble and heroic conduct from the beginning of this great struggle to the present time. You left your wives and children, kindred, friends, home, property, and pursuits at the very first call of your country, and entered her military service as soon as she was ready to accept you. From that day to this you have stood, with but a few brief intervals, in sight of the public enemy or within hearing of his guns.

"Upon your arrival in Virginia, in the summer of 1861, you were incorporated into the Army of the Potomac. You have shared with that army all its toils, its sufferings, its hardships and perils, and contributed at least your share to its glorious career. You have been in the front, the post of danger and of honor, on all the great battlefields of Northern Virginia and Maryland, from Yorktown to Sharpsburg. Neither disheartened by the death of comrades or friends, nor by disease or toil, or privations or sufferings or neglect, nor intimidated by the greatly superior numbers of the enemy, whom you have been called upon to meet and vanquish, you have upon all occasions displayed that heroic courage which has shed undying luster upon yourselves, your State, your country, and her just and holy cause.

"Nearly one thousand of the brave men who originally composed your four regiments have fallen, killed or wounded in battle. Your dead you have buried on the battlefield, shed a manly tear over them, left 'glory to keep eternal watch' over their graves, and pressed on to new fields of duty and danger.

"Though it may seem to be the language of extravagant eulogy, it is the truth, and fit, on this occasion, to be spoken. You have fairly won the right to inscribe on your battered war flags the proud boast of Napoleon's Old Guard: 'This brigade knows how to die, but not to yield to the foe.'

"Courage on the field is not your only claim to proud distinction. Since I took command over you I have not preferred a single charge against or arraigned one of you before a court-martial; your conduct never demanded such a duty.

"You can well appreciate the feelings with which I part from such a command.

"Nothing less potent than the requirements of a soldier's honor could, with my consent, wrench us asunder while a single banner of the enemy floated over one foot of our country. Soldiers, comrades, friends, farewell! R. TOOMBS."

SUGGESTIONS FOR ACTION AT STATE REUNIONS.

John Witherspoon DuBose, connected with the State Department of Archives and History at Montgomery, Ala., and also author of the "Life of William L. Yancey," writes Hon. John W. Bush, of Birmingham, a brigadier general of the Alabama Division, U. C. V.:

"Sir: Your energy and intelligent direction in your office must be appreciated by the veterans of your command, and I shall take advantage of your kindly permission to suggest to you a view of the opportunities of this annual reunion, so happily observed in Alabama, to enlarge the sphere of influence of the noble organization.

"It is known of all veterans of the Southern Confederacy that the published histories taught in schools and universities or stored on the shelves of American libraries are not only painful to be read by the older people of the South because of their general inappreciation of the truth, and frequent misrepresentation of the facts pertinent to the origin and career

of the Confederate States, but they tend to poison the minds of the sons and daughters of that generation of Southern people who strove so heroically, men and women, on the front of battle and in the retirement of home, to check the march of the invader, to the end that justice, tranquillity, and the fruits of peace and liberty might possess the land.

"My contemplation of a simple expedient of reform in the manner of celebration at the annual reunion is here presented. I think the Veterans should have an orator from their own ranks, charged with the duty of preparing and delivering before them in convention assembled at each reunion a formal address relating, among other things, to the social, industrial, and political character of the Southern men at home who went to the field. Let me explain: The men who, within a few months or a few days after leaving home, were able to follow Stonewall Jackson a hundred miles in three days on foot and win three pitched battles on the line of march; who were able to ride with Forrest and support his transcendent genius in every emergency. We have got to look to the home life of these men before we comprehend the motive of the Confederacy and its glorious career so brief.

"I would suggest incidentally that the Sons of Veterans appoint an orator also in the common reunion season, and take him from their own numbers only.

"The two addresses should be printed in pamphlet, and the pamphlets bound in one and generally distributed among the two organizations. Every public library in the State and in the South should possess a copy of the publication.

"I am confident that with this system of preservation of history firmly fixed in the proceedings of the annual reunions other important efforts to the same high end would follow, which I need not trouble you here to consider.

"It has been my apprehension that the effect of all cotemporary efforts to commemorate the valor and fidelity of the Southern soldier might stop with the record of the field of active war. Certainly it would be quite agreeable to the victor in the great strife to find some excuse for remaining amongst us seven to ten years after Appomattox with armed garrisons whose sole duty was to create voters of a certain



MISS IDA LIVELY,

Sponsor Bowie-Pelham Camp, No. 572, U. C. V., New Orleans reunion, 1903.

kind only, and even now in the second generation to deny us the presidency as an immutable punishment.

"Posterity should know of the relative strength of the Southern Confederacy and of the Northern States, in resources of war, in 1861 before judgment is rendered upon the course of the South then. Posterity should hear from the paroled Confederate soldier and how he conducted himself from 1865 to 1875. There can be no history in the premises without this knowledge.

"In a word, let the reunions annually see to it that the present disposition to set down the Southern soldier as a gallant fool and chivalric knave, a kind of bull butting the engine, shall be corrected.

"If I might suggest here a good starter for reform in the character of that history so universally corrupting of truth, as we now teach it in schools and colleges, I should advise that the reunion of Veterans and Sons of Veterans in every State may adopt some such plan of utterance and publication as here intimated."

CALIFORNIA SPIRIT OF THE CONFEDERACY.

California is fast forging to the front in the interest manifested in Confederate matters. There are no more loyal or devoted Confederates than can be found in that sunny land, though doubtless many have long been separated from Southern brethren and Southern interests. The following letter will give an idea of what is being done to keep "the boys" together out there. It is given in the hope that it will be an inspiration to comrades in other sections where it has seemed impossible to keep Camps together, or where no Camp has ever been organized:

"HEADQUARTERS CAMP 770, U. C. V., Los Angeles, Dec. 4, 1903.

"To Our Comrades: We come to you with a message—a message concerning the welfare of Confederate Veterans—and we beg of you to listen and heed these words:

"Camp 770 is in a flourishing condition—never better than now. We have forty-two members on our active roll in good standing. There have been one hundred and sixty names enrolled; several have died, a few have resigned, and many have 'straggled;' but we expect to close up and be good members yet. It is our purpose to go to every Confederate Veteran in Southern California, asking him, in the name of fraternal brotherhood and warm comradeship, to enroll himself in our Camp. To those whose names are not on our roll we say: We want you with us. Send in your name, company, regiment, brigade, and division, when and where you enlisted, and when and how you left the service of the Confederacy.

"We intend to create a growing interest that will make our meetings large and enjoyable, meetings that all will be pleased to attend, and touch shoulder and elbow with his comrade. We meet on the last Saturday of every month. You surely will be able to give one evening each month to comradeship. The initiation fee is only one dollar, and monthly dues are small. They are put to good use, in helping any comrade that may be in distress, cheering his sick bed, brightening his dying hour, and giving him decent burial. These are duties we owe; let us pay them cheerfully, gladly. We are joined together by the strongest tie of friendship, for benevolence and social intercourse; not for preferment or financial gain; our only aim is to help each other. We are not numerous, are growing old, and we should all be united, so as to render the few remaining months and years as contented, happy, and tranquil as close comradeship can make them.

"Comrade, we are starting a movement for the purpose of erecting a hall, where Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and Daughters of the Confederacy can have a meeting place, a home; where we can take our visiting friends; where we can have, accessible to all, at all times, Southern literature, newspapers, magazines, histories, etc.; where we can place our relics, our pictures, and mementos; where we can hold our meetings, business and social, have our entertainments, and place over our front entrance 'Home of Confederates.' Now, comrade, we want your help, your countenance, and aid in this matter, if it be only a kind, cheery word.

"Committee: C. H. Hance, Chairman; Dr. W. C. Harrison, Adjutant; Ben Goodrich."

STONEWALL JACKSON.

BY A. H. RUTLEDGE.

"Let us cross over the river and rest in the shade of the trees."

From war's stern calls and all the roaring strain
Of charging vanguard's rush,
Into the silence of eternity,
Into the evening's hush.

From the loud thunders of the civil strife
And bloody Fate's decrees,
Into the quiet of a well-won rest,
Under the shade of trees.

Schenectady, N. Y.

SOME CONFEDERATE WAR INCIDENTS.

BY GEN. J. C. MCORE, MEXICO, TEX.

When my regiment, the Second Texas Infantry, was organized, at Galveston in 1861, not being able to procure Confederate gray, the men were supplied with Federal blue uniforms captured at Texas military posts. When, in March, 1862, we were ordered to report to Gen. A. S. Johnston, then at Corinth, we marched across the country to Alexandria, and thence were conveyed by steamer and railroad to our destination.

Not believing Federal blue a life-prolonging color for a Confederate's uniform in battle, I sent an agent with a requisition on the quartermaster at New Orleans for properly colored uniforms. He met us at Corinth a few days before marching for the Shiloh (or Pittsburg Landing) battlefield. When the packages were opened, we found the so-called uniforms as white as washed wool could make them. I shall never forget the men's consternation and many exclamations not quoted from the Bible, such as "Well, I'll be d——!" "Don't them things beat h——!" "Do the generals expect us to be killed, and want us to wear our shrouds?" etc. Being a case of Hobson's choice, the men cheerfully made the best of the situation, quickly stripped off the ragged blue and donned the virgin white. The clothing having no marks as to sizes, articles were issued just as they came, hit or miss as to fit. Soon the company grounds were full of men strutting up and down, some with trousers dragging under their heels, while those of others scarcely reached the tops of their socks; some with jackets so tight they resembled stuffed toads, while others had ample room to carry three days' rations in their bosoms. The exhibition closed with a swapping scene that reminded one of a horse-trading day in a Georgia county town. A Federal prisoner at Shiloh inquired: "Who were them hell-cats that went into battle dressed in their graveclothes?"

As the reader probably remembers, when the Confederate army was defeated at Shiloh, it fell back to Corinth, closely pressed by Gen. Grant's forces. For several days previous to our evacuation of that place, our division was kept in line of

battle day and night, and therefore it became necessary to have cooked rations sent out in wagons from camp. The enemy had a heavy siege battery posted in front of my brigade, which fired shells twelve or eighteen inches in length. Occasionally one of these, striking a tree or large limb, would proceed to execute a series of lively somersaults. One day the Second Texas regimental teamster had delivered his load of cooked rations and started back to camp. He had often been cursed by the Texas boys for his slow motions, but there was no occasion for such on that occasion. He had gone but a few yards when one of these long shells struck a near-by tree and dropped near his team. The frightened driver stood up in his stirrups, bawled and slashed his passive mules, bobbing up and down in galloping motions of body, while his team could be urged into only a gentle trot. As the Texas boys watched his frantic efforts to escape, their yells might have been heard half a mile.

I hired a negro boy to act as hostler, and when on the march he rode one of my horses and had an easy time; but like some other people, Sandy could not endure promotion without being spoiled. Though he was wearing much better shoes than many soldiers, he asked for a new pair on the morning of the first day's battle at Corinth. I remarked that I had none to give him, but could tell him how to get them without trouble. He anxiously inquired how to do so, and I replied with a serious countenance: "We are going to get into a fight to-day, Sandy, and you follow along at a safe distance behind our men, and when you find a dead Yankee just help yourself to his shoes." Sandy's eyes bulged out like a dead lobster's; and I walked off leaving him scratching his head. I did not see him again until we went into camp on our retreat after the second day's fight. He came to me with a sickly grin, and being asked where were his new shoes, he replied: "Now, boss, I'se gwine to tell ye de God's trufe. I done jist as you told me, and when I clum ober

de first line of bresworks I see a big dead Yank layin' flat on his back with blood all over his face. He had on bran'-new boots, and I says to myself, 'Dem's my boots for shore.' So I picks up one foot and begins to pull off de boot sorter easy like; but O, my goodness gracious! he jist riz up on one elbow and says, 'You black imp of h—! what ye doin' here?' Well, sur, I drapt dat boot, tuck to my heels, and nebbber looked back tell I got to de wagon camp. No, sir-ee, no dead Yank's boots for me."

When Gen. Grant's forces broke through the center of Gen. Bragg's lines on Missionary Ridge, they began sweeping right and left in the rear of our rifle pits. Gen. Cheatham ordered J. K. Jackson and myself to place our brigades in line, perpendicular to that of the rifle pits, and hold the enemy in check until the artillery could be withdrawn from the right of our line. Jackson's brigade being on the right on this new line, mine passed in the rear to extend the line to the left. As we were doing so, a lank, six-foot Georgia "cracker" was noticed gazing over his front file's shoulder with open mouth and bulging eyes. Just at that moment a pretty heavy volley was poured into us. This was more than the Georgian could stand. He wheeled about, rushed through our ranks with gun at a trail, went down a slope half-bent, looking back over one shoulder exclaiming: "Good Lordy, how they is shootin'!" In a few yards he reached a large fallen tree, and as he tumbled over it headforemost he was heard to cry out: "Now I lay me down to sleep." Perhaps his remains are sleeping there yet.

CAPTURE OF GARRISON AT NEW CREEK.

BY T. J. YOUNG, SEVENTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY, AUSTIN, ARK.

Editor Veteran: I have never seen any account of the details of the capture of New Creek, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, by Gen. Thomas L. Rosser, and, as I was a participant in that event, I submit the following, hoping it may revive the memory of some of my old comrades on that raid. At the time of which I write, the fall of 1864, New Creek was in the rear of Sheridan's army, and was one of the posts from which he drew supplies. On the 26th of November Gen. Rosser, in command of Ashby's old brigade, to which my regiment, the Seventh Virginia Cavalry, belonged, left the valley of the Shenandoah, crossed North Mountain, arrived near Moorefield, in West Virginia, and halted to feed and rest before making a dash on New Creek. While the brigade was thus resting the General took Company F, of the Seventh Regiment, as a bodyguard, and rode into Moorefield, a short distance ahead. The town was occupied by a company of Independent Confederate scouts, under command of a Capt. McNeil, who informed Gen. Rosser that a small body of Yankees were camped at the river, about a mile beyond. Taking McNeil's company and his bodyguard, he went forward, charged over the Yankee camp, killing and capturing a portion of them, and in the meantime he had sent back orders for the brigade to hurry forward. We rode all night through the mountains, and reached New Creek just before daylight on the 27th. The escaped Yankees from the squad we had routed the evening before had also been on the move all night, some on the road just ahead of us, others by near cuts through the mountains, but all making tracks for their friends at New Creek. Squads of these fugitives were passing through their pickets continuously, giving account of the little skirmish, but as they had seen only two small companies they naturally supposed it was a small scouting party of Confederate cavalry that would not dare go so far inside their lines as New Creek, so that when our advance rode up just before day the pickets supposed it was another bunch of



MRS. E. C. BOWER, SAN FRANCISCO.

their fugitives, and we had no trouble in "taking them in out of the wet."

The surprise was complete. The Federal garrison were asleep when we rode into their camps, and when we woke them up and told them we were Rosser's men, they would not believe us until we began to line them up under guard and take possession of their arms, commissary stores, etc. We captured the entire garrison, about eight hundred strong, four pieces of artillery, a large amount of ammunition, wagons, horses, and mules, and quantities of quartermaster and commissary supplies. We were compelled to burn and otherwise destroy most of these, as Sheridan had heard of our raid and was pushing a force forward to cut us off; but our dashing young commander was equal to the occasion, and we went out safely with our prisoners from one of the most complete and successful raids made during the war.

THE BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO AGAIN.

BY A. H. HEINER, GREENVILLE, TEX.

Capt. B. L. Ridley, in his account of the battle of Murfreesboro in the February number of the *VETERAN*, page 67, speaking of the rout of the right wing of the Federal army and the gallantry of the Confederates, says: "Men, although mortally wounded, continued the pursuit until they fell fainting from loss of blood. Col. Loche, of the Texas Regiment, they say, slapped his hand over the wound in his breast, to stop the blood, and halloed, 'Charge them, boys,' and followed on until he fell." Col. Loche commanded the Tenth Texas Regiment Dismounted Cavalry, which formed part of Gen. Ector's Brigade, in which were the Tenth, Eleventh, and other Texas regiments of dismounted cavalry. Unfortunately, however, for Capt. Ridley's statement, Col. Loche was not even present at the battle of Murfreesboro, and his regiment was commanded by Lieut. Col. Earp, who was conspicuous for his brave and gallant bearing throughout that sanguinary conflict.

Col. John C. Burks, of the Eleventh Texas Cavalry, is the man intended to be mentioned by Capt. Ridley. Ector's Brigade was in McCown's Division, and formed the extreme left of the infantry of Gen. Bragg's army, the Eleventh Texas forming the extreme left of the brigade, the line being still further extended to the left by Wheeler's Cavalry. McCown's Division had taken position Monday evening, and lay in line of battle that night, the next day and night, and just at daylight Wednesday morning (the 31st of December) began the assault on the right wing of Rosecrank's army, which terminated in the rout spoken of by Capt. Ridley.

It was just as the first line of the enemy was breaking and giving away that Col. Burks, while leading his men, received the fatal wound in his breast. He shouted, "Forward, boys," fell from his horse, and was borne from the field. We buried him near Shelbyville, after the army retreated to that place, he not having died for a day or two after receiving the wound. From that lonely grave the noble ladies of Shelbyville had the remains removed, soon after the close of the war, and deposited in the beautiful cemetery, near the town, which had been prepared by them for the purpose of caring for the Confederate dead.

Here the remains were tenderly cared for by the same loving hands until the summer of 1895, when, on the occasion of an annual reunion of the survivors of his old regiment at Clarksville, Red River County, Tex., his old home, the remains were again disinterred and, with appropriate ceremonies, conducted by the old veterans of the Eleventh Texas

Cavalry, were again gently and tenderly laid to rest, by the side of his wife, in the beautiful cemetery near the town, there to await the final resurrection, when both land and sea shall give up their dead. It was a grand and solemn scene, drew a large concourse of people, and will never be forgotten by those who were present.

Col. Burks was the idol of his regiment, and a great favorite with the entire brigade, which he had often commanded as the senior colonel. The bloody field of Murfreesboro was not stained with the blood of a nobler, truer, and braver soldier than Col. Burks.

The writer was present, saw Col. Burks when shot, helped to bury him at Shelbyville, and was present at the final interment of his remains at Clarksville, Tex., and gives the above for the truth of history.



MISS PEARL B. GARRETT, ALTHEIMER, ARK.,
Sponsor for J. Ed Murray Camp, Pine Bluff, at New Orleans reunion.

THE BURSTING OF THE "LADY POLK."

BY A. G. G.

Forty-two years have elapsed since the event occurred which I am about to relate. Time blunts one's memory, nevertheless I fancy that I have a distinct recollection of the material facts relating thereto.

On the high bluff just above the town of Columbus, Ky., overlooking the "Father of Waters," stood Fort De Russy. At the time of which I write it was the best-planned and best-constructed fort that had been built by the Confederate army. The water batteries, located not far from the edge of the water during a high river, were composed of many ten-inch Columbiads and eleven-inch howitzers, which could do great execution in close quarters. On the high bluff above, solitary and alone, surrounded by a special palisade with a well-filled powder magazine within a few feet of her, was mounted an eight-ton rifled Dahlgren gun, which carried one hundred

and twenty-eight pound cone-shaped projectiles. This gun was called "Lady Polk" in honor of the wife of the commander of the army encamped around Columbus, Gen. Leonidas Polk. This gun had never been fired till the 7th day of November, 1861, when, during the battle of Belmont, which was in progress across the river, the enemy came in view and Capt. Keiter was ordered to test her capacity.

The projectiles prepared for this gun had copper saucers attached to the bottom with flanges fashioned to fit the rifles. Upon attempting to load, it was found that the flanges were too large, and files were used in making them smaller. This consumed but little time, however, and in a few minutes "iron gateposts," as the Yankees called them, were falling with demoralizing effect into the ranks of the enemy. After being fired a few times, the heat expanded the gun and the projectiles were placed in the same without having the flanges filed. The enemy retreated, the battle was fought and won, and "The Lady Polk" was left loaded.

Three or four days after the battle Gen. Polk and staff rode into the fort and wended their way to the big gun, which had become famous from the wonderful execution which she had done. Capt. Keiter, under whose command the gun was, was questioned by the General with reference to her condition; and, learning that she had been allowed to remain loaded, sent an orderly to Gen. McCown requesting his presence. (McCown was commander of the heavy artillery forces.) Upon his arrival he informed Gen. Polk that, inasmuch as the flanges were too large before the gun was fired, and after a few rounds went down with ease, showing conclusively that the gun had expanded from heat; and that as the gun had cooled off it had contracted and settled firmly around the bottom of the projectile, any attempt to fire it would result in its explosion. Here was a dilemma—the only long-range gun in the fort rendered worthless by a little bit of neglect which was hardly censurable. Gen. Polk could not well conceal his annoyance. When McCown had finished, he remarked: "I think we shall have to make the attempt." Gen. McCown said, "You will excuse me if I do not remain to witness it;" and, turning away with his staff, heard the order for a detail to "man the gun."

Capt. Keiter mounted the parapet to the left of the gun and a few paces to the rear. Directly a sergeant came with seven men. They took their stations; the gun was already "in battery" and elevated. At the command "Ready!" the cap was inserted in the vent and the lanyard hook attached.

There was a breathless silence. Gen. Polk and staff sat mounted upon their horses about fifty feet from where Capt. Keiter stood. A look of anxiety pervaded the countenance of every one present who suspected that danger was near. "Fire!" rang loud and shrill the voice of Keiter. The lanyard was pulled. The earth shook for miles around, and a dead rumbling sound which seemed to go into the earth instead of upward followed. A dense black smoke arose and the dust and smoke obscured everything from view. For a moment all was still; then came the groans of suffering. Men rushed to see the result, feeling that a horrible scene had been enacted. There lay Capt. Keiter dead; Gen. Polk was lying by the side of the body of his horse and was being raised up in a fainting condition; Maj. Ford, of his staff, was gasping his last breath; here and there lay men uninjured apparently, yet unable to rise from the great concussion; yonder lay one poor fellow suffering agony, with his back broken. Where were the sergeant and his seven men who manned the gun? Here were an arm and a severed head, over there the memberless trunk of a human body disemboweled. "Great God, they are blown to atoms!" cried one who had joined in the search, and such

was literally true. As much of their remains as could be found was gathered up, put into boxes, and buried with military honors.

The gun burst into three parts, one of which, weighing two or three tons, fell near the tent door of the giver of this bit of history. The powder magazine exploded with the bursting of the gun, both giving out but one sound.

I see Lieut. Arthur Winston now, standing weeping over the corpse of his friend and commander; Capts. W. Y. C. Humes, Andrew Jackson, Jr., and James A. Fisher are close by; Gen. Frank Cheatham and staff are approaching.

They carried Gen. Polk to his headquarters, as some thought, in a dying condition. In a few weeks he was on duty, but never a well man again.

Only ten lives were lost, yet I venture that no event transpired during the whole war, according to its magnitude, that caused more regret than the bursting of the "Lady Polk."

PRESIDENT U. D. C. HONORED AT HOME.

The Rome, Ga., Chapter Daughters of the Confederacy has presented, as a token of esteem, a handsome silver loving cup to Mrs. Hallie Alexander Rounsaville, retiring President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. There were present the presentation members of the Woman's Club, N. B. Forrest Chapter Daughters of the Confederacy, Xavier Chapter Daughters of Revolution, and visiting Daughters. In the receiving line, with Mrs. Rounsaville, were the ex-Presidents and present officers of the Rome Chapter. Inscribed upon the cup were the following words:

"Presented to Mrs. Hallie Alexander Rounsaville, President U. D. C., 1901-03, by Rome Chapter, No. 28, Rome, Ga., December 25, 1903."

Mrs. Mary Shropshire, ex-President and senior member of the Chapter, presented the cup, in a short address, which touchingly proved her affection for the recipient and the Chapter she represented.

Mrs. Rounsaville accepted the loving gift in a gracious manner and genuine "impromptu speech" as until addressed by Mrs. Shropshire she was unaware of the occasion of the function.

That the guests were bidden for a special occasion was felt on entering Mrs. Terhune's spacious home, beautifully decorated with Confederate flags, which scheme of color, red and white, was verged to a climax in the daintily laden table, whose viands were also in Confederate colors. Each cut glass bowl surrounded with a laurel wreath pierced here and there with a Confederate ensign, over which innumerable candles shed a soft, cathedral light typical of the hallowed love with which these colors are revered in the heart of each Daughter of the Confederacy.

PUBLISH ROLL OF VETERANS AT REUNIONS.—W. R. Houghton, Esq., of Birmingham, Ala., who served in Company G, Second Georgia Regiment, sends the VETERAN an elegant pamphlet containing a roll of the Veterans registered at the Birmingham reunion of the Alabama Division November 4, 5, 1903. The list gives Alabama Veterans first arranged by regiments consecutively: Infantry, cavalry, artillery; then the States, giving the command with the name. The pamphlet comprises 34 pages, the title-page being ornamented with the Confederate battle flag. It will go nicely in a letter envelope. The book is published and sent out with the compliments of Camp Hardee. Comrades in charge of registration are commended to procure one of these booklets as a model to work by. The only error or fault apparent in the list is lack of alphabetical arrangement of the names.

FIGHTING AROUND VICKSBURG.

BY S. C. TRIGG, LEBANON, TENN.

I saw an article in the *VETERAN* sometime back from one Gen. Young, which was not very complimentary to the Missouri troops, commanded by Gen. Bowen, in and around Vicksburg. Gen. Young stated in his article that the Missouri troops came into Vicksburg in a very demoralized condition without giving any reason for this, which I think, in justice to these troops, ought to be given. I was a member of this command, and know of the battles, marchings, etc., in that campaign.

On April 29, 1863, we fought the enemy's gunboat at Grand Gulf, Miss. On the first day of May we checked the right wing of Grant's army at Port Gibson, thereby saving the Confederate army from capture. On the morning of the 16th of May we fought the battle of Baker's Creek. This battle was opened by an artillery duel on our extreme right. Gen. Bowen's command was in reserve on our extreme left, some two and a half miles from the firing line of the artillery. We were double-quickened to that point, and had just arrived there when the battle opened along the whole line. We were then ordered back to the left wing; the enemy had flanked our line and were getting between us and Vicksburg. Advancing in front of the enemy, we began to form on left by file into line. Just as the brigade was doubled, the enemy began an enfilading fire down our line so heavy that we could not form, and had to fall back two or three hundred yards, where we formed and charged, breaking three of his lines of battle and destroying a number of ordnance wagons. By this time the whole army was in retreat to the bridge over Big Black River. This move closed the day's marching and fighting. On the 17th of May Bowen's Brigade was placed in the breastworks on Big Black River, above the railroad bridge, which position was on the extreme left of Gen. Pemberton's army. Fighting began in the early morning, and about 8 A.M. there was a general advance by the enemy. The center of our line was broken, and a large part of the First Missouri Brigade was cut off from the bridge. To escape capture we threw all our arms and ammunition away, and those who could swam the river. Col. Gates, with nearly all of his First Missouri Regiment, was captured. This is why the Missouri Brigade came into Vicksburg in such bad condition. I am not one of those soldiers who can tell all about the movements, positions, etc., of the many different commands in a fight. I always, when in battle, had just as much as I could look after in my front. Twice during that campaign the First Missouri Brigade saved Pemberton's army. And if it had not been for this command, there never would have been any siege at Vicksburg. This siege began on the 18th of May, and on the 22d the enemy made a number of assaults on the Confederate works, but were repulsed along the whole line, leaving many dead in our front. A few days after a flag of truce was sent to Gen. Grant asking permission to bury the dead. My regimental commander and myself were sent out with this flag of truce. Both Federal and Confederate colonels were from the State of Indiana, and were old friends before the war. The writer of this article heard the Federal colonel say in substance that if it had not been for the assault made on his line at Baker's Creek by the First Missouri Brigade there never would have been any siege of Vicksburg, for they would have crushed Pemberton's army. While in Vicksburg Bowen's command was held in reserve, and moved to different parts of the works as the situation required. Old soldiers who saw service know what it means to be the reserve column.

PRIVATE SOLDIER MONUMENT AT PARIS, TEX.

One of the handsomest monuments erected to the private Confederate soldier by any one Chapter of the U. D. C. is that at Paris, Tex., built by the Lamar Chapter, No. 258, and recently unveiled with appropriate ceremonies. The monument is artistic, emblematic, and historic. It was designed by Capt. O. C. Connor, who has been the mainstay and support of the Daughters in their efforts to raise the \$5,000 necessary to pay all expenses, \$4,600 of this amount going to pay for the monument proper. The base, nine feet square, is of red Texas granite, and surmounting it are the gray Texas granite blocks and the bronze figure of the private soldier.

The impressiveness of the monument is not so much in the height, which is only twenty and a half feet, as it is the massive solidity of the structure and the admirably blended proportions of the whole. On the four sides of the sub-base are the bronze busts of President Davis, Gens. R. E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, and Stonewall Jackson. Beneath each bust is an appropriate inscription, indicative of the man.

Mrs. O. C. Connor, President of the Chapter, whose active and untiring efforts succeeded in building this magnificent monument, pulled the cord that dropped the veil from the figure, amid the applause of the vast assemblage, and Judge Rufus Hardy, of Corsicana, delivered the address. The busts of President Davis and his distinguished generals were unveiled separately. Mary, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs.



THE PARIS (TEX.) MONUMENT.

Jesse Pierce, uncovered the bust of Mr. Davis, and Hon. W. Hodges delivered a eulogy on the life and character of the distinguished patriot and statesman. Hon. E. S. Connor paid a beautiful tribute to R. E. Lee, when the bunting fell exposing the beloved and well-known face of the greatest captain of modern times. The placid but stern face of Stonewall Jackson was unveiled by Miss Everita Bray, and Hon. Fred Dudley responded in an address vividly portraying the life and character of Lee's greatest lieutenant. Private J. M. Long, who lost a leg at Shiloh, where Albert Sidney Johnston lost his life, responded when the bust of this distinguished soldier was uncovered. The proceedings were interspersed with recitations and vocal and instrumental music by the young people present.

REMINISCENCES OF CAMP CHASE, ETC.

Capt. J. M. Killough, Waco, Tex:

"In the *VETERAN* for October, 1902, C. L. Daughtry inquired for information or address of a Mr. Robinson and others who were in Camp Chase during the winter of 1864-65. I should also be pleased to hear from Capt. Robinson, as we made the trip together from Atlanta, Ga., to Camp Chase. We occupied the same berth in Barracks No. 3 until he was transferred through the influence of Northern relatives or friends as Secretary for the hospitals outside the inner prisons. Capt. Robinson was a Northern man by birth, a Georgian by adoption, a Confederate soldier by choice, and a prisoner at Camp Chase by accident, having been captured while in a convalescent hospital not many miles from Atlanta. A braver or truer man never lived.

"I, with five other men from Starnes's Fourth Tennessee Cavalry Regiment, was captured on the same day on the fighting line near a small village called Lawrenceville, Ga. That day's fighting may never be mentioned in history, although it was about the hardest fight I was in during the years that I followed the immortal Forrest, lasting from early in the morning till late in the afternoon, when we were offered the alternative of surrendering or being killed, and some of the boys already had more Yankee lead in their bodies than they could carry comfortably. After a short consultation, allowed us before the killing would begin, we decided, on account of the wounded, we would surrender.

"One thing happened there that was not often the case after a hard fight: We were complimented by the Yankee major commanding as the best fighters he had ever met, and when I informed him that we belonged to, and were trained up in, Forrest's old brigade, he gave me his hand with the remark that no wonder Gen. Forrest accomplished everything he undertook when followed by such men.

"Capt. Robinson asked to join our squad the following day while we were being corralled at Gen. Thomas's headquarters in front of Atlanta, saying that he felt lonely with the sickly looking men he was with. He and I kept a diary from that day, recording all events of note during our stay with Gen. Thomas, and from there to Camp Chase. His would be interesting reading, telling in a few plain words of the trials, sickness, and deaths of a prison life, and of many happenings of Camp Chase during the cold winter of 1864-65. We knew the talented Col. Hawkins, and might tell something about that parole. I have written this much in the hope that some member of Capt. Robinson's family or himself, if living, might communicate with me. My diary containing his address was stolen from me while being transferred under guard from Camp Chase to Richmond, Va. My recollection is that his mother and family lived in Franklin, Conn."

PERILOUS FEAT BY PARTY OF SCOUTS.

BY GEORGE D. SHADBURNE, CHIEF OF WADE HAMPTON'S SCOUTS.

It was the winter of 1864-65. The armies of Lee and Grant lay inactive in front of Petersburg and Richmond. . . . Grant had ordered Sheridan to depopulate the Valley of Virginia, and that gallant (?) general, after marching up and down the Shenandoah Valley, driving women and children before him in hunger and want, had left nothing but a blackened wilderness behind him; and then, feeling that he had obeyed his orders to the letter, dispatched to Grant: "I have devastated the Valley of Virginia until a crow flying over it must carry his rations with him."

Amongst the most obnoxious of the raiders that ran riot in our country at that time was a company of negro cavalry that patrolled the road from City Point to Norfolk. I had long been anxious to get at them; for if there was anything that we hated worse than another, it was a negro soldier. So on the evening of January 22, 1865, we crossed the Blackwater. The day had been one of heavy rains, but toward night the heavens cleared and it became intensely cold. We concealed ourselves as best we could in the woods beneath the banks of the Blackwater and built fires and made ourselves comfortable. Two men were sent to the telegraph road, ten miles distant, to cut the telegraph wires, as we knew that would bring the black rascals out.

The country through which we passed to reach our objective point was one of treachery and disloyalty. A company of home guards had been formed there, and at the toot of a horn they would assemble, day or night, and there was then certain death to the intruder unless he was too smart for them. Hence any exposure in our movements would have worked our ruin. We remained in our place of concealment until the hour of midnight, then we stole cautiously forth, in single file, leading our horses so as to keep them completely under control, and slowly advanced. The ground by this time was frozen hard, so that we left no traces of our march behind. Thus quietly we passed through this sleeping land of treachery, and at dawn of the 23d we were well ensconced in our place of ambush. It was in a heavy wood of "old field pines," the original forest having been denuded many years before. These pines were as thickly studded as their bulk would permit. About ten paces from and above the road we lay safely concealed. Some distance back of us the road crossed a small creek spanned by a wooden bridge. There one of our number was placed, with instructions to fire when the column had passed, unless he heard infantry approaching; then we in ambush were to fire upon the passing force, rise from concealment, give the Rebel yell, and charge into the open road; then mount our horses and pursue until all the black guards were killed or captured. Our number was sixteen, composed of eleven regular scouts, four Confederates that I had picked up for the occasion, and one man in blue, who had come to us by chance. He was a tall, handsome fellow, fully equipped and mounted upon a magnificent horse as black as night, with knightly trappings and a Mexican steel bit, a veritable Bucephalus. He had come to us and requested that we receive him as one of our band, which we did, but kept our eyes on him.

The regular scouts were Sloan, of North Carolina; Tanner, Smith, and Simmonds, of Georgia; McIlwain and Rife, of Mississippi; Waller and Latham, of Alabama; Cleel, of Texas; —, of —; and Capt. Shadburne, of Texas, chief of scouts.

The day was icy cold, and with great difficulty the men kept above the freezing point; but they were used to such hard-

ships, and did not complain. In order to while away the time and keep the blood in circulation, they told stories, boxed, and jumped up and down, slapping their hands about them, and forgot their hunger, for we had nothing to eat. Our horses were tethered in the woods about one hundred yards in the rear of the rendezvous.

Slowly the time passed until the hour of two o'clock; then we heard the not-far-distant tread of approaching cavalry, and at once every man assumed his proper place, lying upon the ground face downward. The pulse of each scout quickened, his blood coursed freely, and his heart palpitated anxiously at the thought of the coming strife, and he clutched tightly his trusty weapon and uttered a hasty prayer, feeling the premonitory shudder always experienced by the brave soldier just before the shock of battle. On came the unsuspecting foe—by twos they rode—until they were abreast of us, about fifty in number. We were eagerly ready, every gun was cocked and presented; all waited anxiously for the signal shot of our man at the bridge. The column passed, and still no shot was fired. Could it be that infantry was coming, and that the woods would be scoured? Such was my second thought, and the moment was ominous; for if such were the position, all would be lost. Then the signal shot was fired. Our man had waited for the rear guard to pass. The enemy was beyond our reach, and our only hope was to mount and charge. This was ordered, and every man hastened to his horse, but all did not charge; the four volunteers remained behind. The eleven and our friend in blue bore down upon the sable foe, who stood his ground and poured toward us a galling fire. Then I commanded "Maj. Jones," with his "battalion," to flank to the left. Simultaneously five of my men diverged in the woods to the left, and all charged gallantly forward and re-formed not twenty paces from the foe. Then the Rebel yell was sounded, and right into their ranks we dashed, pouring a deadly volley into their very faces. A moment more and the enemy broke and fled wildly, the scouts keeping in hot pursuit. On they ran, and the rout was complete. As each scout overtook a negro, he sounded his death knell and continued on. Thus for six miles we pursued them, when no longer was there a negro in sight, and the day was won. With one long-continued Rebel yell we wheeled about and pursued the backward march.

In counting our losses and the results of victory, we found that we had lost our friend in blue. He at the first onslaught, when the charge was sounded, dashed madly to the front, firing as he went, and never stopped until in the very midst of the enemy, where his body was literally riddled with bullets. Poor fellow, he was a brave man, even though a deserter. He fills a nameless grave like many another of that cruel war. This was our only loss, and the only other casualty was the fall of McIlwain. In making the charge at full speed his horse stumbled and fell, throwing the rider over his head. He (McIlwain) was a six-footer, weighing about two hundred pounds, and, as his fall was a heavy one, he was badly bruised, but no bones were broken; and, though *hors de combat*, he was in the pursuit to the finish and enjoyed it. In the affray we killed eleven negroes, wounded a number more, captured two white prisoners, twenty horses, and a fine ambulance, containing, among other things, six dozen eggs and five gallons of good whisky, all of which we held as a New Year's present.

It was but two hours till nightfall, and we made a hasty retreat for the Blackwater, where we arrived at sundown. The bridge over the Blackwater had been partially destroyed sometime before, there remaining only the framework and a few planks. We had been able to cross on these the previous

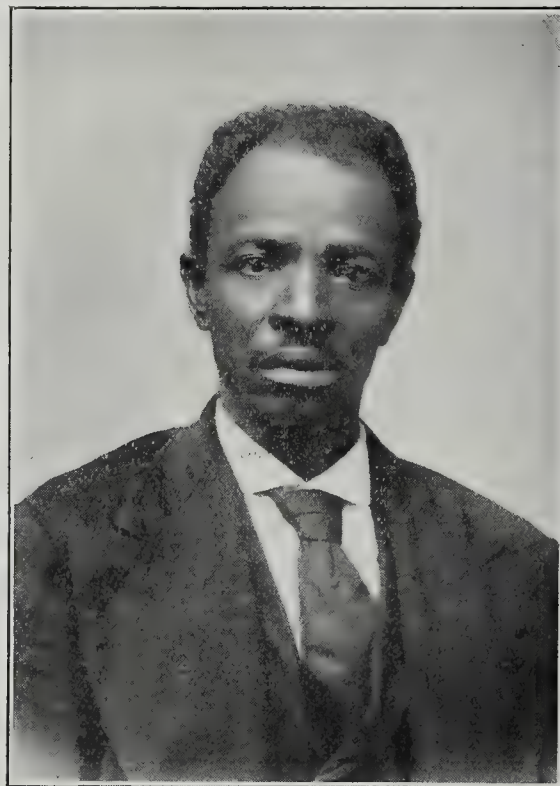
night; but now, with the ambulance and additional horses and night coming on, we were indeed in a dilemma. We hastily strung the planks in three rows, two rows of single ones, just the width of the ambulance apart, for the wheels of that vehicle to revolve upon and another row of double planks over which we led the horses. With much difficulty we succeeded in getting all the horses safely over, save one attached to the ambulance, which fell from the side of the bridge and pulled with him that conveyance itself. Finally, with much exertion, we extricated the horse, and he floundered to the other shore, and thither we propelled the ambulance. Then followed a division of the spoils, and it was an hour in the night before we sought food and shelter. We had fasted for sixteen hours and were fatigued. We greatly enjoyed the hospitality of our Virginia friends. The citizens were overjoyed at our victory. Many of the horses we had captured had been stolen from these citizens. They were returned, and the owners were hearty in their thanks and laudation.

FAITHFUL SLAVE AND FRIEND.

[Tribute by Vice President Ladies' Memorial Association, Rome, Ga.]

Wilson Carter was born a slave of William H. Mitchell in Morgan County, Ga. He is now sixty-six years old, and has been in the service of the family all of his life. He was a humble, obedient slave until "set free," since when he has been a circumspect, law-abiding citizen, and commands the sincere respect of his whole circle of acquaintance, the white people, especially, being counted his friends.

In early life Wilson was a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church. After his marriage in 1867 he joined the Methodist Church through courtesy to his wife. All these years he has led a most exemplary life, and in consequence has secured for the comfort of his old age more than a competency, for he owns a comfortable home and has money at interest, to which he adds his monthly salary. He has never served other than the family in which he was born, and to-day is the honored, trusted gardener and coachman, carrying



WILSON CARTER.

the keys, etc., for young William H. Mitchell, who accords "Uncle" Wilson every indulgence, which beguiles him into feeling his importance as "general supervisor" of the domestic matters of the home.

In the beginning of the War between the States Wilson accompanied his young master, W. T. Mitchell, who went out with a volunteer company from Columbus, Ga., and was in active service mainly in the Army of Tennessee, following the hardships and severe fighting consequent to "Sherman's bloody march," including the dreadful battle of Chickamauga, where his young master gave up his precious life on the battlefield. Wilson, true to his trust as body servant, was near by, and after the fight he made his way alone, recovered the lifeless body, prepared it with all the care and tenderness possible, wrapped it in his blanket, dug the grave, buried it himself, marked the place, then took his weary, desolate waiting until some chance to make his way home to the stricken family, which chance came with the wounding of young Willis Banks, a brother of Dr. E. A. Banks, to whom the VETERAN paid tribute a year or so ago. Only those who witnessed these heartbreaking scenes can conjecture the agony of such a home-coming.

In the course of six months a call was made for recruits, and boys sixteen and eighteen years old voluntarily rushed to fill the places and avenge the death of their loved ones. Then it was a younger son, Frank H. Mitchell, brother of the brave boy who fell at Chickamauga, volunteered to leave home and risk all for his country, and again faithful Wilson, with all the horror of his first experience fresh in his mind, expressed his willingness to accompany the second son, which he did, and remained in service until honorably discharged at the sad and final surrender.

Doubtless the desire to accompany "Mars Frank" was stimulated by the fact that he had nursed him in his childhood, and realized his ability now to care for him as he would be exposed to the rigor and hardships of war. What a proof of this noble negro's loyalty and affection! Any Southern heart can well understand why this faithful servant should continue to occupy in this family a prominent place of trust, tenderness, even sacred affection, which prompts full confidence in our daily intercourse, yet with never a tinge or suspicion of familiarity on his part. All the little niceties of his early training are punctiliously practiced, even to the leaving of his hat outside the door when he enters the house. He is the bearer of all important letters, notes, and documents of every description, and worthily supports the acknowledged title of "Faithful Wilson." In all probability this and much more will be recorded of Wilson when with him "time shall be no more," but I think it a fitting tribute now, and it will certainly be very gratifying to him to feel assured that we recognize his solid virtues, and there could be no greater proof of our appreciation than that he should see it published in your patriotic, loyal VETERAN, thereby constituting him a "Confederate hero."

THE OLDEST MOTHER OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY W. P. CHAMBERS.

The VETERAN for September, 1903, contains a short sketch of the life of Mrs. L. Neely, of Dallas County, Tex., in which it was claimed that she was probably the oldest living woman who had sons in the Confederate army. Since then I have made inquiries, and find that Mrs. Easter Sumrell Cooley, of Wayne County, Miss., is probably entitled to the appellation of the "oldest mother of the Confederacy."

Easter Sumrell was born in South Carolina September 15,

1805. When she was about eight years of age her parents removed to the Territory of Mississippi, arriving at Fort Winchester, on the Chickasha River, in 1813. In 1820, when about fifteen years of age, she was married to Harbard Cooley, who died in December, 1867. Several children were born to them.

Five of the sons—viz., Albert, Moses, Nelson, Berry, and Martin Van Buren—served in the Confederate army. One of these did not live to see the struggle ended, and three others have since died, leaving only one, Moses Cooley, who is seventy-two years of age.

Mrs. Cooley's whole life since she was eight years of age has been spent in Wayne County, Miss. She is now well on in her ninety-ninth year. She has long been a member of the Baptist Church.

ABOUT THE BATTLE AT DRURY'S BLUFF.

E. F. Compton, Company B, Seventh Virginia Infantry, writes from Front Royal, Va., February 4, 1904:

"In the VETERAN for May, 1903, Frank B. Heckman inquired concerning his father's sword. Being present when he was captured, I write what I know about it. Gracie's men did not capture Gen. Heckman as was stated; he was captured by Sergt. Blakey, of Company F, Seventh Virginia Regiment. It was late in the evening, and, I think, on May 15, 1864. We were ordered to be ready to attack Butler at daybreak the next morning. Gen. Gracie formed in front with our brigade (Terry's, of Pickett's Division) supporting. The order being given to forward, we moved at a brisk step. Their pickets soon opened on our advance and fell back to their main line, in the edge of the woods. The fog was very heavy. The Alabamians raised a yell and went forward, and the firing was terrific. We were halted a short distance in the rear, where we suffered heavily. Four men of my company fell from one volley. Very soon Gen. Gracie came galloping back to Gen. Terry, asking for support, saying that his men were lying down. We went forward with our characteristic yell. My company was the extreme left of the line, next to James River. When we reached their temporary breastworks, they gave way, some of them surrendering. We were pressing forward when our sergeant major came rushing in saying that we were separated; to incline to the right. In the undergrowth and fog we could not see twenty paces ahead of us, and supposed that the whole line had been carried, which was not the case. By this time the bullets were cutting the twigs over our heads; then we saw the Yankee line in our front, facing the other way. Our boys were all giving command, and in the dark it sounded as if there was a large number of troops. We met a few Yankees coming back. Just then Gen. Heckman was captured. He had said to Blakey: 'Forward your men in. My men are being cut all to pieces in there.' Blakey saw at once that he was a Federal, and demanded his surrender. He said: 'I am your prisoner, but would like to surrender my sword to a field officer.' Blakey took his pistol and told him to go with him and he should have that privilege. The entire line surrendered at once, and the General turned his sword over to Col. C. C. Flowerree, of the Seventh Virginia Regiment, who now lives in Port Gibson, Miss., and will take pleasure in giving any information he can concerning it. Col. Flowerree was captured at the High Bridge two days before Lee's surrender. We did not get as many prisoners as Mr. Heckman reports. My recollection is that there were five hundred and twenty-seven, while there were only about sixty Confederates behind them, with the balance of the brigade fighting them in front. This is as I remember of what I saw of the Drewry's Bluff battle."



[The three sketches for "Last Roll" following were supplied by the Dixie Chapter, U. D. C., Anderson, S. C.]

CAPT. J. B. ALLSTON.

Capt. Joseph Blythe Allston died very suddenly while visiting in Anderson, S. C., January 29, 1904. During the Confederate war he was captain of a company in the Twenty-Seventh South Carolina Regiment, and distinguished himself on several occasions. He was captured at the fall of Fort Fisher, kept in prison at Fort Delaware until the close of the war. He was wounded twice—at Drewry's Bluff and at Pocatigo.

J. A. PRUITT.

Mr. Joshua A. Pruitt, a brave Confederate soldier, who served in Company E, Twentieth South Carolina Infantry, died at his home, Anderson, S. C., January 27. He was so severely wounded at Petersburg that he had to be sent home. As soon as he was strong enough he returned to the front and remained till the end of the war. Aged seventy-five years.

J. F. CLARDY.

Mr. L. F. Clardy, of Anderson, S. C., died January 21, 1904. At the outbreak of the Confederate war he entered Company D, Fourth South Carolina Regiment. He was transferred afterwards to the Eighteenth South Carolina Regiment. His war record was fine. He was in a number of important battles. In the explosion of "The Crater" he was captured and kept in prison until after the close of the war at Fort Delaware and in other Federal prisons. His age was sixty-three years. He did splendid work for the redemption of South Carolina in 1876. He commanded a company of "red shirts" at Dacusville, Pickens County.

LIEUT. ROBERT JOHN BIGGS.

Lieut. Robert John Biggs died at Josiah, Tenn., November 27, 1903, aged sixty-five years. He was sworn into service as second corporal of the Wigfall Grays, Fourth Regiment Tennessee Volunteer Infantry, at Germantown, Shelby County, Tenn., May 15, 1861. He was promoted to first corporal in December, 1861; elected second lieutenant in April, 1862; promoted to first lieutenant July, 1862.

He figured in the battles of Perryville, Ky., and Jonesboro, Ga., and was wounded at the latter place. In December of 1862 Company C, of the Wigfall Grays, and Company H, of the Tennessee Guards, were consolidated, which gave the company a surplus of officers, and Lieut. Biggs was one of the extra officers sent off on detached service, and was not returned to the company till August, 1864.

J. W. SQUIRES, OF DICKENS, TEX.

Joe W. Squires, a member of his Camp, passed away on December 11, 1903, in his fifty-eighth year. Our comrade served under Gen. McCullough in the War between the States, and was faithful in the discharge of his duty as a soldier. His comrades and neighbors testify that he was an honest, upright, and useful citizen. He died at his home near Dick-

ens, Tex., after months of great suffering with cancer of the throat. May his sleep be peaceful!

A committee composed of John A. Green, T. B. Love, O. S. Ferguson, and R. L. Collier extended sympathy to the family and commended the wearing of badges with the mourning side displayed for the usual period.

COL. H. CLAY KING.

A noted man of Tennessee, Col. H. Clay King, died near Nashville December 10, 1903. He was a native of Kentucky, was educated in the University of Alabama, and began the practice of law at Paducah, Ky., at the age of twenty-one years. He enlisted early in the war in the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, but later he personally equipped a Kentucky company. Afterwards he commanded a regiment of cavalry, and so impressed the enemy that Gen. Stanley, of the Union army, said Col. King was "one of the bravest and most fearless men" he had ever known. He was captured at Shelbyville, Tenn., and held a prisoner for a year and a half. His family surviving him are wife, four daughters, and one son, who are a high credit to their native land.

CHARLES H. SMITH.

Mr. Charles H. Smith, of Berryville, Va., who served in the Sixth Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A., and was President of the Clarke Cavalry Association, died recently from the effect of an amputation of a leg. He was buried by the Clarke Cavalry and the J. E. B. Stuart Camp, Confederate Veterans. Without further knowledge of his service, it may well be presumed that he was a gallant soldier and a most worthy citizen.

MAJ. J. A. CHEATHAM.

Maj. John Anderson Cheatham was born near Nashville, Tenn., June 6, 1826. He was the third son of Leonard Pope Cheatham and Elizabeth Robertson and a great-grandson of



MAJ. J. A. CHEATHAM.

Gen. James Robertson, the founder of the city of Nashville. About 1850 Maj. Cheatham moved to Arkansas, where he was engaged in planting on an extensive scale when the War between the States opened. He assisted his kinsman, Col. Sam G. Smith, in recruiting the Sixth Arkansas Infantry, with which he served until he was appointed, in 1862, major on the staff of his distinguished brother, Maj. Gen. B. F.

Cheatham, with whom he served until the close of the war, surrendering with the army of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Bentonville, N. C. After the close of the war, Maj. Cheatham returned to Tennessee, but in a short time resumed his planting operations in Arkansas. In 1882 he married Mrs. Lottie Wall Cheatham, the widow of Col. Edward Cheatham, and made his home thereafter in Memphis, where he died November 13, 1863.

GEN. H. KYD DOUGLAS.

Gen. Henry Kyd Douglas, distinguished Confederate soldier, jurist, author, and public speaker, died at his residence in Hagerstown, Md., in the sixty-fourth year of his age, surrounded by members of his family. While his condition was serious for several months, his death was a shock to his people. Several years ago his health became impaired, and he sought strength and recuperation by frequent trips South and North. But nothing availed him. During his illness he became greatly emaciated.

Gen. Douglas possessed a national reputation as an eloquent and graceful speaker and lecturer, while a soldier of experience and capacity. He was born in Sharpstown, W. Va., September 29, 1840. He was the son of Rev. Robert Douglas and Mary, daughter of Col. John Robertson. He was educated at the Franklin-Marshall College, in Pennsylvania, and graduated in 1859, after which he studied at the law school of Judge Brockenborough at Lexington, Va., graduating in 1860.

At the breaking out of the War between the States he entered the Southern army as a private in the Second Virginia Regiment, attached to Stonewall Jackson's Brigade. He rose rapidly in rank to orderly sergeant, lieutenant, and then captain of his company.

He was selected to carry the celebrated order from Gen. Jackson to Ewell, in the spring of 1862, which brought Ewell to Jackson and ended in driving Banks out of the Valley of Virginia and in the famous Valley campaign of Stonewall Jackson. The ride of nearly one hundred miles was made one night in a drenching rain, through an unknown country, by various roads around the Massanutton Mountain, and over the Blue Ridge. He rode six different horses. Some of these horses he had to get from the inhabitants along the route. He had been ordered to deliver the dispatch by daylight the next morning. He did it, and, having handed it to Gen. Ewell at headquarters, he fainted from exhaustion.

Ewell made such a report of Douglas's ride that Gen. Jackson at once appointed him on his staff. He served on the staff during the Valley campaign, and afterwards as assistant inspector general, and again as assistant adjutant general.

After the death of Gen. Jackson, Douglas was major and assistant adjutant general and chief of staff on the staffs of Gens. Johnston, Early, and Gordon. Toward the close of the war, at Petersburg, he was appointed colonel of the Thirteenth and Forty-Ninth Virginia Regiments (consolidated), and placed in command of the brigade known as the "Light Brigade," formerly commanded by Gens. Jubal A. Early and A. P. Hill. There was no brevet rank in the Confederate army, and the surrender took place before Maj. Douglas received his commission as brigadier general, although it had been ordered upon the recommendations of Gens. Lee and Breckinridge. His brigade was placed by Gen. Gordon as the rear guard of the army for the first two days of the retreat from Petersburg to Appomattox. In this retreat he lost half of his men, and was wounded twice. On the morning of the surrender his brigade was at the front with the cavalry corps, and was the last brigade of infantry to surrender. During his time of service he was wounded six times, but only once (at Gettysburg) dangerously.

After the war Gen. Douglas was arrested in Shepherdstown for having his photograph taken in uniform, and was put in close confinement in the basement of a Catholic church at Martinsburg, W. Va. He was then tried by a military commission for treason, breach of parole, and violation of military orders. He sought to employ his own counsel, but was refused, and he defended his own case. He was acquitted on the first two,

but was convicted on the last charge, and sentenced to Fort Delaware for three months. *En route* to Fort Delaware he was taken to Washington and confined in the penitentiary with Mrs. Surratt, charged by witnesses, together with Gen. Edward Johnson, Gov. Letcher, and others, with knowing something about the assassination of President Lincoln. The charge was shown to be false, but Gen. Douglas was held in confinement four weeks "as a witness." On being released he was again arrested and sent to Fort Delaware to serve the sentence already referred to. He was released about September 1, 1865. He then began the practice of law in Winchester, Va.

He was a member of Gov. Carroll's staff at the Centennial in 1876; and in 1877, when the strikes broke out, he was placed in command of the Western Maryland forces along the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, and with headquarters at Cumberland, and afterwards at Sir John's Run. He was a witness in the Fitz-John Porter case, and one of the maps returned by the court in their finding is named the "H. Kyd Douglas" map, being Jackson's line at Manassas. Col. Douglas took the First Battalion to Yorktown Centennial, and was appointed by Gen. Howard to represent the South as one of the three general field officers. He was at the head of the First Regiment, Maryland National Guard, from its incipency, and continued with it until he was appointed associate judge of the Fourth Circuit by Gov. E. E. Jackson, April 8, 1891.

In 1892 he was appointed Adjutant General of Maryland by Gov. Frank Brown, and continued four years in the office. During his incumbency the great coal strike in the George's Creek region of Maryland was ordered, and on the call for troops to preserve order Gov. Brown ordered Gen. Douglas to take command and support the civil authorities. His brigade included the Fourth and Fifth Regiments. The movement of troops to Frostburg was made with great celerity.

During his temporary service on the bench as an associate judge, Gen. Douglas displayed every qualification for the position. He made a great many friends by wise discrimination and courtliness of manner. But he was essentially a soldier by inclination and experience in early life. Personally, he was slim and straight as an arrow, commanding in carriage, a typical soldier.

Gen. Douglas delivered his lecture on the "Confederate Volunteer" in Boston about twenty years ago. A great audience gathered to hear him and gave him an ovation. He spoke entirely from the Southern standpoint, and stated distinctly that he was not there to apologize for the South or to concede that the position of the South was in any respect wrong.

Gen. Douglas was never married. His father was a minister of the Reformed Church, descended from the celebrated Douglasses of Scotland. His home was Ferry Hill, a fine residence in Washington County, overlooking the Potomac River and Shepherdstown beyond. This place came to Gen. Douglas, and he owned it all his life. For the past twenty-five years Gen. Douglas lived in a beautiful house on Potomac Avenue, Hagerstown, his half-sister, Mrs. Nannie Beckenbaugh, and her two children living with him.

PHILLIPS H. S. GAYLE AND MARY ARMISTEAD GAYLE.

"They were lovely and pleasant in their lives,
And in their death they were not divided."

The blue curtain of the skies that shuts from mortal sight the glory of the "better country" has parted to admit into that celestial paradise two whose lives and hearts were knit

together with the bonds of everlasting affection. For forty-seven years and four months of happy married life they had walked together. On the 7th of May, 1903, Mrs. Gayle passed away, and on the 22d her husband's spirit went to meet her in the Father's home.

They were both natives of Alabama, Mrs. Gayle being born in Green County March 28, 1837, and Mr. Gayle in Cahaba, Dallas County, April 13, 1831. Mrs. Gayle was the daughter of Col. William and Lucy Armistead, formerly of Virginia. She received a classical education at the select school of Mrs. Meade, in Richmond. Mr. Phillips H. S. Gayle was the son of Matthew and Amaranth Gayle. His parents were originally South Carolinians, and his near kinsman, John Gayle, was the seventh Governor of Alabama. Graduating with high honors at the University of Georgia, he received the medal for oratory, and prepared to enter upon the practice of law.

When the Confederate States came into existence, he at once allied himself with its interests, and he became the private secretary of Gen. Leroy Pope Walker, Secretary of War. As such he sent the telegram from the capital of the Confederacy, commanding Gen. Beauregard to fire on Fort Sumter, "the shot that rang around the world."

But his soul longed for more active service, and when the Cabinet moved to Richmond he resigned his position as secretary to the Secretary of War and entered the field service of the Confederate army.

He declined to accept any office, but often performed duties of trust. Under his personal care the wife and daughter of his commanding general were safely escorted through the lines to their home.

At the close of the war he, like the majority of the Confederate soldiers, was compelled to battle with depressing financial circumstances, but in that patient way which characterized him through life he began upon a small salary. Among the first positions that he held was that of bookkeeper and confidential clerk of one of the largest wholesale firms of Montgomery. With his fine business training and sterling qualities, he soon became a member of a leading cotton firm of the State, and continued his successful business career with them until his death. He was gentle, kind, and considerate to his employees, and was consulted with every confidence by those with whom he came in contact in his business life. His word was his bond, and his name was the synonym of honor and uprightness. He never injured any one by word or deed, and no man in Alabama possessed a wider influence for good or had a more enviable reputation. He was the best of husbands, and as a father

"Quick in love, wakeful in care,
Tenacious of his trust, proof in experience,
Severe in honor, perfect in example,
Stamped with authority."

Phillips and Mary (Armistead) Gayle were married January 30, 1855. Their four children were William Armistead, Joseph Phillips, Lucy Herbert, and Mary Semple, who married Dr. William Lamar Law.

No note of discord or disturbance ever marred his fireside. He and his family were woven together in bonds of love, and the home love was radiant with the influence of his ripened Christian character.

From the early age of twenty, when at the university, his lovely Christian disposition began to exercise its influence upon his fellow-students, and continued with associates to the last moment of his long and useful life. He so lived that men took notice of him "that he had been with Jesus," and now

there are many business men of Montgomery who are trying to imitate his Christian life and sterling qualities.

He was known throughout the State as an active Christian layman. Although favored with a fine university education, and living in an atmosphere of refinement and culture, yet his heart yearned toward his brethren who were not so fortunately situated. He delighted at all time to be identified as a Christian worker among the poor, and remembrance of his gentle presence at the bedside of the sick and dying adds luster to his worthy memory.

Among all his Christian graces he was preëminently a patient man. While his sufferings were of the most intense character, he never complained. His last words were a testimony to his faith in the highest powers, but, impressive as they were at that time, they confirmed the testimony of his long and useful life, which had been one of consecrated faith and love.

Mrs. Gayle was one of the charter members of the Ladies' Memorial Association, and also of the Sophie Bibb Chapter, U. D. C. During the eventful years of the War between the States she was unselfish in her devotion to the cause. No call was ever made on the women of the South or of Montgomery, whether for private necessities or public emergencies, that was not responded to by her. Clothing for the boys in the field, and loving, generous care for the families of the absent ones were among the constant evidences of her loving heart. Her husband was in the front of the fray, and her two brothers were Maj. Robert and Lieut. Col. Herbert Armistead, of the Twenty-Second Regiment of Alabama Volunteers. Both were slain in battle—the one at Shiloh and the other at Franklin. They gave generously of their means for the equipment of that splendid body of men who were so courageously and faithfully led by Gen. Deas.

The family of Armistead are descended from a long line of patriots and brave men. Among them was the gifted Speaker Robinson, of Virginia, who was the first Speaker of the House of Burgesses, the friend and compeer of George Washington. There was also the Armistead of Fort McHenry defending the flag while Francis Scott Key was writing the "Star-Spangled Banner;" and at Gettysburg the only stone erected by the Federals at the crest where the tide of battle turned, and the tide of Confederate success began to wane, bears the name of Louis Armistead. A short while before Mrs. Gayle's death a touching incident occurred. Veteran Cooper, of the Twenty-Second Alabama Regiment, brought to her the flag of that regiment, which had first been received from the ladies of Mobile by her brother, Maj. Robert Armistead. When the color bearer was killed in the last action of the war, Veteran Cooper took the flag from the faithful hand of the dead and bore it home.

Mrs. Gayle was always actively interested in the work of the Memorial Association, but persistently declined to accept any office, though often solicited to do so. For more than a year before her death she was the constant companion and nurse of her invalid husband. This devotion sapped her strength, and she became an easy prey to pneumonia, but she bravely kept her place by his side until forced to leave in the unselfish fear lest her cough might disturb him. Quickly the end came, and he knew it not. Friends and loved ones passed softly to and fro about the lovely form from which the spirit had vanished, fearing lest a sob or sigh might tell him of his bereavement. It was only fifteen days before her beloved husband fell on sleep and was laid beside her in "God's Acre."

Perhaps in no trait of character were they more congenial than modesty. Honors possessed for them no charm. Home was their chosen sphere, and yet as patriots and in the Church

they were prominent. Their service in the Methodist Church was a mutual pleasure, and is a part of the history of a congregation which must ever gratefully remember their quiet help in times of need.

Mrs. Gayle's gentle womanliness and amiability found a counterpart in one of the kindest hearts that ever beat in manly breast. Together they lived and loved, serving each other, their home, their country, and their God.

A prominent trait of this noble woman was that she seemed to possess the secret of perpetual youth. Years only added to the grace and charm of her light and winsome manners. Always hopeful, looking on the bright side of every subject, keeping abreast of the age in her reading and her thoughts, she was the center of attraction for the young people who knew her. Her piety was unostentatious. It had not the noise of the cataract, but resembled the deep calm of the flowing river. It was like the dew in the quiet manner in which it performs its ministry. It falls silently and imperceptibly; it is noiseless, no one hears it dropping; it chooses the darkness of the night, while men are sleeping, and when no man can witness its beautiful work. It covers the leaves with clusters of pearls; it steals into the bosom of the flowers and leaves a new cupful of sweetness there; in the morning there is new life and fresh beauty everywhere—the fields are green and the gardens more fragrant, and all nature speaks with a new splendor. It was in this manner that this lovely couple did the best work of their lives, and in so doing preferred that their influence should be felt rather than seen or heard. Their best gifts were scattered so silently and secretly that no one in this life will ever know by what hand they were dropped.

J. H. CONNER.

J. H. Conner, aged fifty-seven years, died December 11, 1903, in Dallas, Tex. He had been in Dallas about two months. The body was sent to Forney for burial. He was a member of the Twenty-Sixth Mississippi Regiment. He made a gallant soldier, was jolly, good-natured in camp and on the march, and was beloved by his comrades. He was blessed with a loving and devoted family at Forney. His reputation was that of an honored and exemplary Christian gentleman, true to his country, to his family, and to his God.

The men who wore the gray were right,
And right can never die.
We'll not forget. We'll not forget.

W. H. COFFEY.

W. C. Dorion writes from Bolivar, Tenn.:

"I notice in the VETERAN inquiry about W. H. Coffey, Company B, Fourth Tennessee Infantry Regiment. He died at Forrest City, Ark., on October 24, 1902, aged sixty-one years. He was born and reared in Hardeman County, Tenn., and left Bolivar with his company (the Pillow Guards) May 15, 1861. When the Fourth Regiment was stationed at Columbus, Ky., Coffey was one day standing guard by an open field, in which a regiment was being drilled. Orders were to allow no one to pass out the lines without a written permit from Gen. A. S. Johnston, who had lately arrived and assumed command at Columbus. About fifty soldiers had crowded near the guard, looking at the drilling regiment, when Gen. Johnston rode up with his orderly close behind. 'Halt!' Coffey commanded the General. The order was at once obeyed. Gen. Johnston took off his cap and, holding it in one hand, said: 'Does any one here know me?' One of the boys blurted out: 'It's Gen. Johnston.' 'Excuse me, General; I—I—I—beg your pardon,'

said Coffey, manifestly frightened. 'All right, my man,' was replied. 'You have done your duty.' Then came the Rebel yell."

DR. R. W. MITCHELL.

A committee composed of J. M. Williams (Chairman), Capt. G. B. Malone, Dr. Al Elcan, J. C. McDavitt, and S. A. Munson, appointed at the November meeting of the Confederate Historical Association, has prepared a memorial of their late comrade, Dr. R. W. Mitchell, of Memphis, in which the following is recorded:

"In the historical sketches of prominent Tennesseans in the 'Confederate History' and sketch in the late Col. Keating's 'History of the Yellow Fever Epidemic in 1878-79,' Dr. Robert W. Mitchell is prominently mentioned. Beautiful tributes are paid him by the daily press of Memphis, at the time of his demise, in which his character as a man, a citizen, a soldier, and physician was so impressively and truthfully portrayed. It would be a matter of supererogation on our part to do more than indorse and emphasize the sentiments of high regard and esteem therein expressed for our late comrade, and we herewith refer to them for a more extended account of his life and character, and attach, as part of our report:

"There is nothing left for your committee to do except to speak of his services to the Confederacy during those eventful years from 1861 to 1865, and to give a brief biographical sketch of his life.

"His record during the War between the States was no less meritorious and noteworthy than has been his services to his people and to the city of Memphis during the long years which have intervened since the close of that war and up to the date of his death, which occurred on the 2d day of November, 1903, at his home, No. 110 Adams Street, Memphis, where he had lived for so many years, beloved and respected by all who knew him.

"He was born in Carroll County, Tenn., on August 26, 1831, but when quite a boy moved with his parents to Mississippi. In 1858 he moved to Memphis and commenced the practice of his profession (medicine); but the war cloud which was hovering over our country soon burst forth in all its fury, and the sound of the drum and bugle was heard throughout our Southland, calling her sons to arms.

"Dr. Mitchell immediately volunteered his services to Tennessee, his native State, and was commissioned as surgeon of the Thirteenth Tennessee Infantry Regiment, and later, when the One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth Tennessee Regiment was consolidated with the Thirteenth Tennessee, he held the same position as surgeon for both regiments until after the battle of Murfreesboro, when he was promoted to brigade surgeon of Gen. Preston Smith's Brigade.

"Gen. Smith being killed at Chickamauga, Gen. A. J. Vaughan took charge of the brigade. He was wounded and permanently disabled at Cartersville, Ga. Then our own Gen. G. W. Gordon was put in command of this famous brigade of Tennesseans, and led it in all of its conflicts, to the bloody battle of Franklin, right into the jaws of death. In all the skirmishes and battles of this brigade Dr. Mitchell was at his post of duty, ministering to the wants of the dying and wounded soldiers and looking after their health when in camp or on the march, and was always solicitous for their welfare, securing for them the best of everything obtainable. He was by nature tender and sympathetic in his feelings.

"Another crucial test to duty and love for his fellow-man was demonstrated during the fearful yellow fever epidemic in Memphis in 1878-79, which almost depopulated our city. He stood faithfully at his post, visiting the sick and dying at all

hours of the day and night. Thus we find him true as steel in every capacity in which he was called, never shirking an obligation or a sense of duty.

"He died as he lived, the highest type of the Southern gentlemen, '*Sans peur et sans reproche*,' therefore be it .

"*Resolved*: 1. That in the death of Dr. Mitchell we have lost a gallant old comrade, a true friend, and worthy citizen.

"2. That we regret his departure from our midst and feel the loss keenly, but humbly bow to the will of God, who 'doeth all things well.'

"3. That we tender our sincere condolence and deepest sympathies to the bereft widow and relatives of our deceased comrade."

JAMES WILLIAMS MOORE.

Another old veteran has laid aside the habiliments of war and peacefully surrendered in obedience to the command of his great General and Master.

James Williams Moore, son of George Milas Moore, and Elza Crook, grandson of Williams Crook and his wife, Sarah Latimore Evins, was born in Lawrence District, South Carolina, November 21, 1836; and died at his home, "Wildwood," Marshall County, Miss., September 15, 1903, surrounded by his family and many lifelong friends. In 1843 his parents moved to Marshall County, and in their colonial home established the hospitable customs of their native State. No wayfarer, however humble, was ever turned away, and when the Confederate war called for the Southern sons, this home was quickly converted into a place of rest for those who were sick or wounded. There they received the most careful nursing. From this home of comfort and plenty went on May 27, 1861, two bright, promising sons—George and James Moore. They became members of Company G, Seventeenth Regiment, Barksdale's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. Gen. N. S. Feathers was captain until the reorganization, when Gen. Seers was elected in his stead. The blood of four generations of soldiers coursed through their veins. Revolutionary history is embellished with the names of Moore, Moseley, Crook, Williams, Evins, John Patton, and his wife, Sarah Caldwell Latimore who was cousin in blood and spirit to John Caldwell Calhoun. With the spirit and inspiration of their grandsires they went joyfully to battle for the cause of their insulted country. The mothers' and fathers' parting command, like the Spartans of old, was: "Shirk no duty: if necessary, return wrapped in your blankets." George, the pride and joy of his family, was so brought to them to fill a young soldier's honored grave in the family lot. James remained the entire time, surrendering at Appomattox. It was said of him by an old comrade that he was loyal to every trust, unpretentious, always cheerful, and participated in every battle, excepting when wounded. After the conflict was over, he returned to his home, and began life anew on the old plantation, where he remained until death.

On December 22, 1868, he married Miss Janie McFadyen, granddaughter of Col. Kilpatrick, of Mississippi. Five children blessed their union. His greatest pleasure was in attending the yearly reunions of old comrades and reading the pages of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. The aged mother's heart enshrines in deathless love the memory of her brave boys who wore the gray.

T. J. McGEHEE.

Comrade T. J. McGehee, a veteran, was buried in Columbus, Miss., November 24, 1903. Comrade W. A. Campbell wrote of him a few years ago an account of his extraordinary ex-

perience. He was badly wounded in the leg, was left on the field, and captured by the enemy, and carried to the hospital, where the surgeon in charge said that they must amputate his leg to save his life. McGehee said he did not want it done, but the surgeon said he would not ask him, and when he attempted to operate, McGehee, who was left-handed, hit the surgeon with all his force and knocked him down, which so enraged him that he jumped on McGehee and cut him badly. After the war he made a good citizen.

CAPT. K. R. JONES.

"Capt. Kenneth Raynor Jones died at New Berne, N. C., June 10, 1903. He enlisted in May, 1861, in Company I, Twenty-Seventh Regiment, N. C. T., and served throughout the war. He was in many of the great battles, and was wounded four times. He was a man of high character and well beloved. He served his country well, both as a soldier and civilian. At the time of his death he was Commander of Camp New Berne, No. 1162, U. C. V."

The above terse sketch is by J. J. Wolfenden, successor to Capt. Jones as Commander of the New Berne Camp.

MRS. ELIZA C. RIVES.

Full of years and full of good deeds, Mrs. Eliza C. Rives entered into rest December 3, 1903. Ann Eliza Johns Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, having heard of the death of the mother of our esteemed President and wife of the brave Col. Rives, who heartily and nobly espoused the Confederate cause and gallantly fell in the battle of Pea Ridge, and desiring to place on record our great sorrow occasioned by the death of this noble and patriotic woman; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Mrs. Rives this Chapter recognizes that we lose one of our best beloved and most zealous members, and that our city loses one of its most admired and lovable women, who, as a dutiful and sweet daughter, loving sister, faithful and devoted wife, tender and affectionate mother, true friend, and Christian exemplar, deserved and received the love and admiration of all who were so blessed as to enjoy her acquaintance.

Resolved, That this Chapter deplores the loss of one of those matchless Confederate women who, during the four years of war by their patriotism and devotion and by their privation and sacrifice, encouraged the Southern soldiers to heroic deeds, which could be inspired only by their cheering words and angelic ministrations. We are not unmindful that since the close of the struggle Mrs. Rives's interest in, and work for, the comfort and welfare of the Confederate soldiers have been unabating and her endeavor to defend the principles for which the South contended and to commemorate and perpetuate the memory of those who wore the gray has been unceasing.

Resolved, That we shall ever cherish the memory of this gentle, kind, sweet, and lovely Christian Confederate woman, and our highest aim will be to emulate her many noble virtues.

Resolved, That we tender to our President, Mrs. Berryman Green, her brothers, sister, and other relatives, our heartfelt sympathy in their great bereavement, and commend them to Him who alone can speak peace to the aching heart, for that consolation which He alone can give.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our records, a copy mailed to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and copies sent to our President, Mrs. Berryman Green, and Mrs. W. I. White.

Mrs. W. T. Harris, Mrs. Agnes H. Macgill, Mrs. Alice W. Jordan, Mrs. C. W. Guerrant, Mrs. Harry Wooding, Committee.

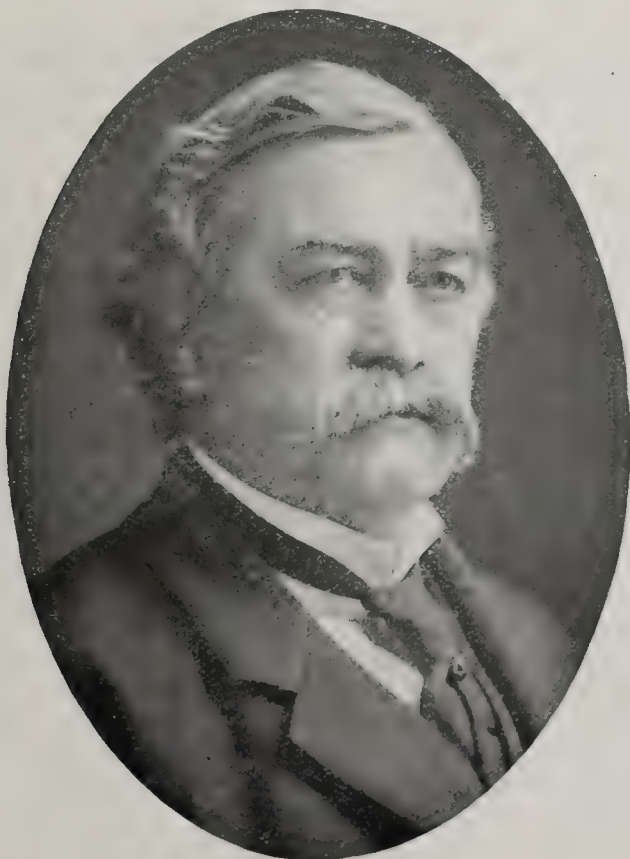
CAPT. W. R. GARRETT.

Capt. William Robertson Garrett was born at Williamsburg, Va., April 12, 1839; and died in Nashville, Tenn., February 12, 1904. His father, Dr. Robert M. Garrett, and Mrs. Susan Winder Garrett, his mother, were members of the most prominent families of Virginia.

Capt. Garrett graduated with the degree of A.M. at William and Mary College, and afterwards took a law course at the University of Virginia. In April, 1861, he entered the Confederate service as a private in the Thirty-Second Regiment, but a short time afterwards was elected captain of artillery, with which he served through the Peninsular campaign with such marked ability that at the expiration of the enlistment of his company, May, 1862, he was offered several staff positions, all of which he declined to accept a commission to raise a battalion of partisan cavalry for service in Tennessee. These troops, with Holman's Battalion, were consolidated and formed the Eleventh Tennessee Cavalry, with Capt. Garrett as adjutant, and became a part of Dibrell's Brigade under Forrest, until after the battle of Chickamauga, when they became a part of Gen. Wheeler's Division under Gen. Joe Johnston.

When Hood retreated from Tennessee they again became a part of Forrest's Command, Bell's Brigade, and surrendered with it at Gainesville, Ala.

Soon after the war Capt. Garrett married Miss Flournoy Batts, of Pulaski, Tenn., and afterwards devoted his entire time to educational matters, for which by taste and study he was so eminently qualified, as evidenced by the many important positions he has filled. He was President of Giles College, Principal of Cornersville Academy, Superintendent of Public Schools for Giles County, Professor of Mathematics in the Montgomery Bell Academy, also of the University of Nashville, Principal of the Nashville Military Academy, State



PROFESSOR W. R. GARRETT.

Superintendent of Public Schools, and at the time of his death was Professor of American History in the Peabody Normal

College for Teachers, and editor of the *American Historical Magazine*.

Capt. Garrett always took an active interest in the U. C. V. Association, and at the time of his death was a member of the Historical Committee of the Association and a trustee of the Confederate Memorial Association.

The following tributes are from leading veterans who knew his merits to every sentiment of honor and gratitude:

Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Columbus, Miss., Commander in Chief U. C. V., February 15:

"Your telegram announcing the death of my dear friend, Col. W. R. Garrett, caught me on the road. Truly our greatest and best are falling rapidly. Gordon just the other day; now the modest, true-hearted, hard-working, loyal, conservative Garrett has followed him. I leaned on my friend in all historical matters, and felt what he wrote I could sign without hesitation. He will be a great loss to us, for he, like yourself, was one of the workers, and they are so few among us now."

From Gen. Clement A. Evans, Atlanta, Commander Army of Tennessee Department, February 13:

"Your telegram struck me as a hard blow. I know no man whom I admired, respected, and loved more than our noble friend Garrett. He was so true, so brave, so gentle, so talented, and so industriously occupied in doing for his Southern land, his whole country, his Church, and his friends that it does seem he ought to have lived and served many more years.

"Indeed, I have been bereaved so often of late that I cannot stand the strain as I ought. I am fighting a hard battle against despondency, and my daily call on the God whom I serve and trust is for his help.

"I should like to keep my chosen friends with whom I have so long walked in the comradeship of mutual regard—but so be it. God takes us one at a time, and yet it seems now as if his hand is gathering his own in clusters."

Gen. George Reese, Pensacola, Fla., February 16, 1904:

"Yours conveyed the sad news of the death of my friend, Col. Garrett. I could call him friend, for I had every assurance of this from our association together, especially on the Memorial Committee. I was always highly impressed with his sterling worth, his honest, straightforward bearing, and his earnest advocacy of the cause of the Veterans. I shall miss his support and counsel. I had anticipated great pleasure in meeting him at Nashville during the next reunion. How fast are the old veterans passing away! Soon they will all be gone. I trust we all may be prepared to meet the summons when it comes!"

From Col. A. G. Dickinson, of New York City:

"I regarded Col. Garrett as one of the purest men I ever knew. I felt at all times perfect confidence not only in his honesty and integrity but in his desire to do at all times what was right and just. I sincerely grieve at the sad loss we all have sustained who 'knew him but to love him.' He was a good man and an honor to his race. Manly, dignified, and noble, but gentle and modest as a woman."

The ancestral home of the Garretts at Williamsburg, Va., is one of the most interesting in America. The mansion is conspicuously aristocratic in tone and is still well preserved. The Post settlement there was made in 1607, the house was erected in 1673, and has been in the Garrett family for three generations. A pleasing discussion occurred between Capt. Garrett and Col. Dickinson, also a native of Williamsburg, of a contemplated visit, at their last meeting with the C. M. A.

REV. J. T. HARRIS.

From Thurber, Tex., W. E. Saunders sends notice of the death of Rev. J. T. Harris on the 23d of September last, after an illness of more than two years. As a Confederate soldier, he had made a spotless record, serving his country faithfully and fearlessly during the first two years with Company A, Fourteenth Texas Cavalry, and then to the end of the war with Gano's Texas Cavalry. For valor he was promoted from the ranks to captain, and all who served under him loved him for his kindness and bravery. He organized the Erath-Comanche Confederate Veteran Association some fourteen years ago, and this has grown to be one of the strongest organizations of the kind in the State. Comrade Harris was aid-de-camp on the staff of Gen. W. L. Cabell, and was one of two Confederates honored with complimentary membership in the Grand Army of the Republic, the other being Gen. James Longstreet. He was held in high esteem as a man of brilliant intellect, strong moral character, and a friend stanch and true.

COL. GEORGE J. CHAPMAN.

Following close upon his former superior officers—Gens. Longstreet and Gordon—Col. George J. Chapman, of St. Louis, Mo., answered the final roll call. He was born in St. Louis, where his mother, Elizabeth Chauvin, and his grandfather, Jacques Chapman, had been born, the latter in 1782. Col. Chapman served four years in the Confederate army, and was a prisoner of war at Rock Island. After the war he entered the business life of St. Louis. Death came to him after a year's illness from the effects of wounds received in battle. The only surviving relative is Sylvester T. Chapman, of St. Louis.

CAPT. DANIEL R. MCKISSICK.

Many hearts were saddened by the news of the death of "Uncle" Dan McKissick at his home near Hiwassee, Benton County, Ark. He was known and loved by almost every one in the county, and a kindlier, truer spirit never inhabited mortal body. In the tribute by Camp Cabell, of Bentonville, of which he was a member, the following is given of his life:

"Daniel R. McKissick was born in Bedford County, Tenn., in August, 1837. He came to Benton County, Ark., when seventeen years of age, and lived for sixty-eight years at the home where he died. He was a soldier of two wars—a private in the war with Mexico and captain in the Confederate army—and as a soldier he was always at his post of duty among the bravest of the brave and ever true to the principles for which he fought. Intensely Southern in all his feelings, he never doubted for a moment that the cause of the South was a just and holy cause.

"Capt. McKissick was a man of remarkably strong character—a modest, brave, just, and fearless man in every relation of life, and no man of the county was more loved and respected than he. On the 13th of October, 1903, he was laid to rest by the old comrades of the Confederate army who knew him best and loved him most, and there by the side of father and mother he awaits the resurrection morn. A loving and devoted wife is left to mourn his loss."

SAMUEL L. RICHARDS.

Comrade Samuel L. Richards died at his home in Stafford County, Va., on January 13. Comrade Richards moved to Texas in 1859, and at the beginning of the war enlisted in "Terry's Texas Rangers," and made a brave and faithful soldier to the close. He returned to his home in Milam County,

Tex., after the surrender, where he lived until a few years since, when he moved back to his old home in Stafford County.

FRANK M. SIMMS.

Comrade F. M. Simms, of Mobile, died at his home in that city October 20, 1903. The Raphael Semmes Camp, U. C. V., of which he was a member, attended in a body. Rev. G. C. Tucker officiated. In conformity with his request he was buried in the Veterans' lot, Magnolia Cemetery, among his comrades who had gone before. He was born in Covington, Ky., July 6, 1842. Early in life he moved to the far South, and in 1861 he joined the Sixth Texas Cavalry, and was held in the latter part of the war a prisoner. The tributes by his comrades is evidence of his faithfulness as a Confederate soldier, and the tradesmen of the city took such part as indicated his merits as an honorable business man.

He is survived by his wife, one son, James Simms, and two stepsons, C. T. and W. G. Peterson.

SAMUEL L. RICHARDS.

At Scotland, Va., at the home of his sister, Mrs. Winnie Briggs, Samuel L. Richards passed peacefully into another world on the 13th of January. He had been in declining health for about a year, but not dangerously ill till a short time before his death.

Comrade Richards left the parental roof in 1859, and located in Texas and led an active life till the war broke out. Responding to the call of his adopted State, he served gallantly and bravely for the entire four years as a member of Terry's Texas Rangers. After the war he resumed his previous occupation, but returned to his native State about five years ago, welcomed by friends and relatives. By his request, his Confederate badges and old army pistol were placed in the casket with him, and thus he carried to the grave evidence of devotion to that cause for which he so freely offered up his young manhood.

CAPT. WASHINGTON TAYLOR.

After a severe stroke of apoplexy, Capt. Washington Taylor died the following day, February 8, at his home in Norfolk, Va. He was one of the best known residents of the city, prominent in all circles, and universally esteemed.

Capt. Taylor was born February 22, 1848, and when but fourteen years of age entered the Confederate army, August 3, 1862. He was appointed courier for the provost marshal in Petersburg, where he served till 1864, when he was appointed adjutant of a battalion of local troops with the rank of lieutenant, and served in Richmond under Maj. H. C. Scott until paroled April 27, 1865.

After the war he entered the business life of his city, and in 1877 established the wholesale firm of Washington Taylor & Company, with which he was connected till death. He was always prominent in business circles, having been Treasurer of the old Chamber of Commerce and a member of the Board of Trade and Business Men's Association. He was married in 1879 to Miss Emily Herman Whitehead, who, with three children, survives him.

At the time of his death he was Quartermaster General of the Grand Camp of Virginia Confederate Veterans, having occupied this office continuously since it was created. He had served as Commander of Pickett-Buchanan Camp of Norfolk, and for many years was Chairman of the Executive Committee of that organization, always manifesting great interest in its welfare. He was a member of the Norfolk Light Artillery Blues for many years, and acted as commissary of subsistence on the staff of the Fourth Virginia Regiment, being retired with the rank of captain.

CARD OF THANKS FROM MRS. GORDON.

BISCAYNE, FLA., February 13, 1904.

To the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Gordon has read with heartfelt appreciation the resolutions passed by the Camps of Veterans and Chapters of Daughters of the Confederacy, and she desires to thank them most earnestly for these and all other expressions of their love and respect for Gen. Gordon and their sympathy for herself and family in this hour of their great sorrow. It is Mrs. Gordon's purpose to send separate acknowledgment to every Camp of Veterans and Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy which has sent resolutions passed in regard to Gen. Gordon's death, or has taken any part in the tributes paid to him. It has been impossible, however, for her to secure a complete or accurate list of those who sent flowers, and in the great number of resolutions being sent it is possible that some may go astray. She has already learned of several that have not reached her. For this reason Mrs. Gordon desires to give additional acknowledgment in this public way.

TRIBUTES TO GEN. GORDON.

In halls of State he lies to-day,
Our Southland's gifted son;
And mourning thousands will attest
His many victories won.

Victorious over strife and hate
He stood, the fearless one;
And dared to lift his voice for right
'Mid throngs in Washington.

In Congress halls, in thrilling tones,
He told of Southern wrongs.
How brave he stood 'mid clash of words
Will history's page adorn!

On many hard-fought battlefields
His brilliant record shows;
From humbler rank to higher place,
How rapidly he rose!

How the dear old veterans loved their chief!
How they'll miss his words of cheer!

A brilliant statesman, hero, chief!
Our Southland mourns to-day.
In loving tribute all will join
Who wore the blue and gray.

CORDELIA ELIZABETH MOORE.

Birmingham, Ala.

MEMORIAL EXERCISES IN INDIAN TERRITORY.

A large delegation of the Daughters of the Confederacy, with Division President, Mrs. W. T. Culbertson, of Savannah, arrived from South McAlester and were met by the President and members of Chapter No. 40 of McAlester, and escorted to the Methodist church, where everything was waiting. The church was profusely decorated with United States flags and Confederate flags and the national flag of the Choctaw Nation. On each side of the pulpit was hung the picture of Gen. Gordon. As the procession entered the church, Prof. T. S. Slaughter played the death march. Ushers conducted the Veterans to the right of the pulpit, the Sons to the left, and seated the Daughters in the center, seats having been reserved for them.

"Let us pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees" was sung by the assembly.

Col. James H. Reed, Commander of Jeff Lee Camp, explained the object of the meeting.

Then followed the reporting present of the Daughters of the different Chapters and the Camp of Sons of Veterans.

Official Orders issued by Gen. W. L. Cabel, Commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, and of Gen. John L. Galt, Commanding the Indian Territory Division, commending memorial services were read.

Resolutions of respect to Gen. Gordon, adopted by Jeff Lee Camp and by Stonewall Chapter, U. D. C., and Sons of Veterans, were all read.

Rev. Brewer delivered an address upon the part of the Veterans; Mrs. W. T. Culbertson, Division President, made an address upon the part of the Daughters; and Dr. A. S. Riddle, of South McAlester, delivered an address on the part of the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

The choir then sang "America." Miss Emma Stalcup, of South McAlester, rendered a fine solo, accompanied by the organ, after which the congregation sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee," which closed the exercises.

Let us ever cherish with sacred memory the immortal name of Gen. John B. Gordon, a soldier, a statesman, a patriot, a citizen, and a friend. The wisdom of his counsel is forever denied us, yet through the memory of his noble life we shall ever feel that inspiration to do and dare which is right.

It was on the red and rugged hills of Virginia, where the blood of our patriot fathers sanctified and made sacred its soil, that he wrote his name, and not upon the pinnacle of ambition's mount.

Though that furled flag under which he was laid away will never be unfurled again, yet the name and fame of Gen. John B. Gordon will live through the succeeding generations. The life and character of this sainted hero will long be fresh in the memory of the South. The speaker said of him personally:

"I knew him in the private walks of life. I saw him in the quiet association of his friends, and the very atmosphere seemed laden with love and tender compassion. I saw him when the political passion had taken possession of the reason of mankind. I watched him unsheath his glistening sword of argument and debate and thrust it deep into the heart of wrong and political oppression; I saw him stand proud and erect, but not exultant over the corpse of the political oppressor made lifeless by the sword of his brilliant genius. I heard him pray to the God whom he loved and whose mandates he acknowledged with humble submission and adoration."

GEN. GORDON MOURNED IN MISSOURI.

Gen. Elijah Gates, Major General Commanding the U. C. V. of Missouri, states: "Citizen, soldier, statesman—he has left his impress on the pages of history, and the world is better that he lived."

Gen. Gates designated Sunday, Jan. 31, 1904, as a day to be observed as memorial day by every Camp in the State; that they meet in their halls or in convenient churches and "hold memorial services for our loved and lamented commander."

Camp Cundiff, No. 807, U. C. V., held a very impressive memorial service in the Francis Street M. E. Church, South, at St. Joseph. Gen. Gates presided.

Capt. John C. Landis, Adjutant General of the Division, read the general order convening the meeting.

Dr. C. M. Bishop, pastor of the Church, delivered an able and touching address on the character and life of Gen. Gordon. The music for the occasion was highly appropriate.

The resolutions, which were offered by Col. James W. Boyd, Judge John H. Duncan, and Capt. Rufus H. Todd, Commander

of the Camp, were adopted by a rising vote. They were as follows:

"Gen. John B. Gordon was an ideal soldier, a fearless and chivalric fighter, a great general, a true statesman and honest man, pure in thought, gentle in words, kind in acts, with a heart full of love for all mankind and an abiding faith in his Father in heaven.

"Whether riding through the fiery furnace of war, or enjoying the sweet repose of peace, in victory or in defeat, in prosperity or adversity, he always followed the path of rectitude as he understood it with an unyielding and deathless devotion. No sacrifice was too great for him to make; no suffering too severe for him to endure; no obstacle sufficient to deter him when duty called.

"In the beginning, from a high sense of honor, the captain clamored for service in the Confederate army. Soon the world saw him win renown at Seven Pines, was thrilled with his martial fury at Malvern Hill; was lost in admiration and wonder at his prowess at Sharpsburg, where he held back four intrepid lines of blue with one thin line of gray till his own body was pierced with five balls, the last one striking him squarely in his face.

"Again, when these wounds had partly healed, we see the flash of his saber in the death revel at Chancellorsville; we hear his command ringing through the direful, dismal, bloody thicket at the Wilderness. At Spottsylvania, when one of his men seized the bridle rein of Gen. Lee, he gave his pledge to his great commander to make that glorious retrieve. We follow him through the raging volcano at Gettysburg, and later we see him lead the last charge of the lost Confederacy at the conclusion of the great tragedy, which closed at Appomattox.

"Then he surrendered in good faith, sheathed his sword, and became a grand and noble citizen of our entire country.

"No wonder they twice made him Governor of his State. With love and devotion his people gladly sent and resent him to the Senate of the United States.

"No honor was too great for him to deserve, nor too high for them to confer upon him.

"He was Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans.

"The last order issued from the headquarters of that organization announces: 'He is dead.'

"The last of the rank is gone.

"The last salute of seventeen guns the Confederate soldier is to ever hear has been fired, but the valediction it bears will echo through the camps for a thousand years, and its reverberations will never die.

"There are lights which the 'taps' cannot put out, there are lives which death cannot extinguish. The requiem may be sung or said, the eulogies may be ended, the tents may be struck, the flags may droop at half-mast, the funeral parade may be over, the muffled drums may cease to beat, the last salute may be fired, taps may be sounded, the captains and the camps, the ranks and the file may depart, the dust may be consigned, the grave may be closed, the sun may go down, and darkness shroud the earth, but—

"Gen. Gordon still lives. He can never die.

"*Resolved*, That with heartfelt anguish and sorrow, we deplore his loss to our common country.

"*Resolved*, That we extend congratulations to every Camp of the United Confederate Veterans, to every Confederate soldier living or dead, to the noble men and women of the South, to the brave and kind-hearted people of the North, the East,

and the West, that such a man as John B. Gordon lived in America.

"*Resolved*, That our order has sustained an irreparable loss.

"*Resolved*, That we tender to Mrs. Gordon, the brave and noble woman who followed his fortunes in war and in peace, and to the other members of his family, our deepest sympathy. May a divine Providence keep 'watch and ward' over them, and may the memory of his life ever be to them and us a holy inspiration!

"*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of our Camp, and that a copy be mailed to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for publication, and that the resolutions be forwarded to Mrs. Gordon and the family of our departed comrade."

PUBLIC SERVICE AT WARRENSBURG, MO.

At a memorial service to Gen. Gordon at Warrensburg, Mo., Miss Edmonda A. Nickerson made an address, in which she said:

"This reunited country owes a great deal to this dead soldier. He was everywhere and under all circumstances the strenuous advocate of harmony, reconciliation, and peace; and from his high stations in political life he ever sought to heal the antagonisms of sectional strife, to save the coming generation from a heritage of bitterness and hate, and to lead the people all over this land to love one another again. And thus it is that this great country, from one confine to the other, will regret his death and do honor to his memory as one of those illustrious men that the great God in his goodness has sent upon the earth to lift up this republic to the highest pinnacle of national greatness and to do honor and glory to the American name.

"And as for the dead warrior, statesman, and orator, the whole world knows that it is now all well with him. His whole career was the life of a Christian man. In the silent communion of his tent, on the battlefield launching thunderbolts of war, and in the quietude of domestic life, he lived in the continual presence of the Almighty Being and drew all his heroic inspiration from him."

DAUGHTERS IN CLINTON, MO., PAY TRIBUTE.

The ladies of the K. K. Salmon Chapter, U. D. C., met January 20, 1904, at the home of Dr. John H. Britts, Clinton, Mo., in a memorial service to honor Gen. John B. Gordon, whose death occurred recently.

Though the rain poured all day, there was a large attendance of the members, the Confederate Veterans of the city, and a few friends.

"America" was sung by the ladies of the Chapter, then the roll was called, and answered by every member with quotations or original sentences expressing their high appreciation for the exalted services of the great hero and statesman, and testifying to the tender love of all the people of the United States.

Then an address was given by Judge James B. Gantt, of the Missouri Supreme Court, who served in the Virginia Army of the Confederacy, and who participated in many of the memorable battles where Gen. Gordon was one of the commanders. His relation of incidents was very interesting and sometimes pathetic. Judge Gantt was followed by John Temple Graves, the great Georgia orator, who paid a most eloquent tribute to the ladies of the South, and spoke of the rich heritage Gen. Gordon left to the country in so pleasing a manner as to excite the enthusiasm of all present.

In the absence of the President and Vice President, the meeting was presided over by the Secretary of the Chapter with grace and dignity.

The service was concluded by a song, "Tenting On the Old Camp Ground," in which the Veterans and others joined.

G. A. R. VETERANS HONOR GORDON.

The O. M. Mitchel Post, of Atlanta, held a meeting in honor of Gen. Gordon's memory, and the following resolutions were adopted:

"Whereas the courage of conviction cherishes no resentment in the hearts of those who are willing to imperil their lives in the maintenance of their standard of duty; and whereas the sentiment, 'Enemies in war; in peace, friends,' has been conspicuously exemplified in the life and character of Gen. John B. Gordon, whose broad liberality and never-failing courtesy have made him the exemplar of all that brave men love and the world admires; therefore be it

"Resolved, That in the death of Gen. John B. Gordon we recognize an irreparable loss—great not only to his comrades in arms but to his country at large. He passes from our midst with the proud distinction of capturing, in time of peace, the heart of every gallant soldier who opposed and defeated his cause in war. We each feel that we honor ourselves in paying this tribute to his memory. Gen. Gordon's record as a soldier reflects additional luster upon the arms of his antagonists. He was a leading advocate of peace and good will between those once engaged in deadly strife—in reestablishing that spirit of unity and reconciliation without which we would remain in constant peril as a nation. We feel grateful to him; we honor, love, and respect him."

BY GORDON'S BIER.

In the center of the capital building the body had been placed. Heaped on every side of the coffin a bank of flowers was piled in profusion, sent by loving hands from many States, while at his head there rested a floral banner of the Confederacy, with the last battle flag worked out in roses and violets.

On all sides of the dome above the bier the battle flags of the Confederacy drooped at half-mast.

A gray-headed veteran leading a curly-haired child by the hand was among the number that passed the casket to take a last look at his beloved commander. The child's gaze fell



below the coffin lid and saw only the bank of flowers. "Ain't the flowers pretty?" broke in the childish voice. "But what does it all mean, grandpa?"

A. C. FERGUSON.

McElhaney Camp, of Lebanon, Va., sends resolutions on the death of A. C. Ferguson, who was lieutenant of Company G of the Twenty-Ninth Regiment of Virginia Infantry, and one of its best and most valued members.

TRIBUTE TO GORDON.—"Jim Moss" Camp of U. C. V., of Arlington, Ky., met on the 16th of January, and through a committee appointed for the purpose, composed of W. H. McMurray, J. H. McConnell, and W. J. Gweder, paid a tribute of love and respect to the memory of Gen. Gordon.

VETERANS ARE CROSSING OVER.—E. R. MacKethan, Commander North Carolina Division, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, writes in the *Fayetteville Standard*: "Since our last issue the grim specter, Death, has again passed, noiselessly and unseen, through the sadly depleted Gray Camp, 'making up his detail for to-day,' and an important one it is—a lieutenant general, a major general, two captains, and a private.' Surely this tour of duty must be an important one. . . . And, as we follow to the bank and try to look beyond, we fancy that we see a mighty host standing at attention in silent and serried rank, and then turning and looking back on the Gray Camp, scattered and tattered, we see the reason for the detail for to-day, for the bulk of the army is already massed on the other side. They are only waiting for the rear guard to join them, when, forever united, they will pitch their tents 'under the shade of the trees' that are beside 'the pure river of the water of life.' And here there be other 'American' hosts and other 'American' heroes, and hosts and heroes of all nations, for the watchword is 'Peace' and the water of the river is 'pure and clear as crystal' and 'the leaves of the tree for the healing of the nations.'"

A NOTABLE BOOK.*

The motto of this book might well be: "Strike, but hear." The author did not conceal from himself or his readers the fact that his side of the money question has had to run the gantlet of ridicule and prejudice—owing, as he believes, to a misconception of the facts and principles involved in its consideration. His earnestness warms into enthusiasm. His spirit is fair, his candor transparent. That he has given thorough study to his subject, no reader can doubt. That he aimed to maintain a judicial frame of mind throughout the entire discussion seems to us clear, albeit at times he exhibits a little impatience in dealing with perversity that looks almost as if it were willful and ignorance that refuses instruction. It will be easier to denounce and satirize this book than to disprove its facts and refute its arguments. It holds that the so-called demonetization of silver was largely blameworthy in its motive, unconstitutional in its method, and will surely prove more and more disastrous in its effects. What is said will startle some of its readers, displease some, and convince some. Every citizen who wishes to get a clear and full understanding of this vital question will do well to read it. He who fails to do so will himself be the loser—so we think and make free to declare.

*THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR ON SILVER. By A. L. Fitzgerald, Judge of the Supreme Court of Nevada. Ainsworth & Company, Publishers, Chicago, Ill. Pages 364. Price, \$1.50. For sale by Hunter & Welburn, Nashville, Tenn.

DIXIE.

BY JOSEPH M. BROWN, MARIETTA, GA.

Comrades, hear the war drum rattle,
 Trumpets, too, call to the battle.

Ho, awake! Ho, awake!

Ho, awake, Dixieland!

The voice of Justice cries: "I need you!"

Honor shouts: "Southrons, I'll lead
 you!"

Ho, awake! Ho, awake!

Ho, awake, Dixieland!

Chorus.

I'm glad I live in Dixie,

Ho, awake! Ho, awake!

In Dixie's land I'll take my stand

To live or die in Dixie.

I will live, I will live,

I will live for God and Dixie.

Hark, the words of proud Oppression,
 "Sunny land, Glory's possession."

Ho, awake! Ho, awake!

Ho, awake, Dixieland!

"Thy white cotton fields, I crave them,
 Thy mounts rich with gold, I'll have
 them."

Ho, awake! Ho, awake!

Ho, awake, Dixieland!

Right, which God withholds from no
 man;

Purity, jewel of woman.

Ho, awake! Ho, awake!

Ho, awake, Dixieland!

Clasp ye hands before the altar,
 Swear that ye will never falter.

Ho, awake! Ho, awake!

Ho, awake, Dixieland!

Rouse, ye sons of might and duty;
 Wake, ye daughters, types of beauty.

Ho, awake! Ho, awake!

Ho, awake, Dixieland!

Strike, ye brave, like bolts of thunder!
 Fair ones work till foes shall wonder!

Ho, awake! Ho, awake!

Ho, awake, Dixieland!

Hark, the shouts of triumph ringing!

Hark, the pæans fair ones singing!

Ho, awake! Ho, awake!

Ho, awake, Dixieland!

"God of justice, thou hast blessed us!
 God in holy love e'er rest us!"

Ho, awake! Ho, awake!

Ho, awake, Dixieland!

A PHYSICIAN CURES HIS WIFE
OF CONSUMPTION.

Dr. Stevens-Noyes, Rochester, N. Y., is in receipt of a letter from one of the leading physicians of the State of Kentucky, who by the use of the Dr. Stevens's East India Consumption Cure saved his wife from this terrible disease after fourteen years of sickness and suspense. A copy of this letter, which is a powerful testimonial to the efficacy of Dr. Noyes's remedy, with hundreds of other testimonials, is sent free, together with symptom blanks, etc., to all who suffer from Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, etc., by addressing Dr. Stevens-Noyes, Rochester, N. Y. The advertisement of Dr. Noyes appears elsewhere in this paper.

"HEROES AND SPIES OF THE
CIVIL WAR."

The above is the title of a delightful little volume of 220 pages by Maj. D. Humphreys, which has just come from the presses of the Neale Publishing Company, of New York and Washington.

Maj. Humphreys was a member of the original Stonewall Brigade, and later served with Ashby's Cavalry Command, and always as a gallant soldier. In this little volume Maj. Humphreys has set down a wealth of personal experiences and reminiscences in a style at once graceful and charming. The book is full of those little touches that give the reader a clearer and more intimate insight of the events of the great struggle narrated than could the most pretentious history.

The typography and presswork of the book are excellent, and the volume has a handsome frontispiece picture of the author in uniform. Pp. 223; \$1.50, postpaid.—*Virginian-Pilot*.

Mrs. Ed Rodgers, of Hillsboro, Tex., seeks information as to the company and regiment to which her father belonged. He was James C. Simmons, of Tennessee, and was a lieutenant and stationed at Columbus, Ky., in 1861. She thinks he must have belonged to a Tennessee regiment raised at or near Dresden, Tenn.

In the notice about the encampment of the Florida Division a mistake was made in giving the place of meeting as Orlando, as it was held at St. Augustine. Ex-Gov. Francis P. Fleming was elected Brigadier General for the Second Brigade, vice Ballentine, promoted to Major General. Gov. Fleming was unanimously elected by the Camps on January 4, and

SO EASY TO FORGET.

In 999 cases out of every thousand the directions which accompany a physician's prescription of proprietary medicine tell you to take a dose three or four times a day, either before or after meals and on going to bed. In 999 cases out of a thousand this rule is never strictly followed. You start in to observe it religiously, and succeed pretty well at first, but soon you begin to skip doses, then the medicine fails in its intended effect. It's so easy to forget.

If the remedy is a liquid, the business man loses a dose in the middle of the day, unless some thoughtful wife, mother, or sister gives him a spoon and makes him take an extra bottle to the office. Most men hate to do this. If the medicine is in tablet form, the chances are he will never think of it until he reaches for care on his way home. It's so easy to forget. This applies to men and women alike.

The proprietors of Vernal Palmettona (formerly known as Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine) had sense and foresight enough to make their remedy so that only one dose a day is necessary. It is easy to remember to take it after the last meal or on going to bed. It stands in a class by itself. If you are pestered with indigestion, constipation, liver trouble, bowel trouble, or any skin affliction resulting from bad blood, Vernal Palmettona is what you need. Try it at our expense. Write for a free sample bottle. It will do you good. Address Vernal Remedy Co., 557 Seneca Building, Buffalo, N. Y. Sold at all druggists. 62

FINE
CALLING
CARDS.

100 FOR 35 CENTS.

Engraved Effect—Our Own Process. White, crisp cards in full style. Two-cent stamp for samples.

We Are Proud of Our Cards.

The Ohio Plate Co., Dept. C., Cincinnati, O.

in obedience to Special Orders No. 10, assumed command of the brigade and appointed Col. A. D. Williams, M.D., his adjutant general.

THROUGH PULLMAN SLEEPING
CARS

to California points via Iron Mountain Route, leaving St. Louis 8:30 A.M. daily for Los Angeles via "True Southern Route;" also tourist sleeping cars on this same train for Los Angeles and San Francisco every Wednesday and Thursday. Best Winter Route to California. For further information, call on or address R. T. G. Matthews, T. P. A., Room 202 Equitable Building, Louisville, Ky.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

Agents of either sex should to-day write Marsh Manufacturing Co., 538 Lake Street, Chicago, for cuts and particulars of their handsome *Aluminum Card Case* with your name engraved on it and filled with one hundred calling or business cards. Everybody orders them. Sample case and one hundred cards, postpaid, forty cents. This case and one hundred cards retail at seventy-five cents. You have only to show sample to secure an order. Send forty cents in stamps at once for case and one hundred cards before some one gets ahead of you.

The Robertson-Hemphill
Purchasing Agency,

923 Third Avenue,

Louisville, Ky.

Shopping of all kinds given prompt attention.
 Gowns made. Satisfaction guaranteed.

CATARRH CAN BE CURED.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

THE YOUNG HERO.

BY HELEN HAMLETT, ALVIN, TEX

"Father, I'll go!" Our country's call
Had summoned the brave to fight.
"You are too young! You are my all!
My son, can this be right?"

Ever, till now, had youthful choice
Yielded to parent's nod;
To his brave heart his country's voice
Is as the voice of God.

It is his country's hour of need!
Heartbreak, handclasp, good-bye!
He rides away on gallant steed
To fight—perhaps to die.

Mother and sister, sad your lot.
It was his country's call.
His lonely grave is a hallowed spot.
Your tears forever fall.

Our best and bravest, went they forth
To nobly do their part.
We prize them for the priceless worth
Of each heroic heart!

Buried beneath the soil they loved,
Or toiling, struggling on;
Heroes who have their valor proved,
Our hearts' applause have won.

Dr. R. R. McGregor, of Covington, Tenn., wants to know if Miss Eliza Haley, of 1864, is still alive. She was a sister of the Haley in the firm of Hill & Haley, of Memphis, Tenn., cotton merchants of that time. The Doctor says that if she never changed her name some man lost a fortune, as she proved her worth to the poor Confederate soldiers.

Capt. D. Eldredge, Historian Third N. H. Volunteers, No. 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass., wishes to correspond with some survivor of "the fifty" officers who were sent to Hilton Head, 1864, to be placed under fire, but were not. He also says: "The records disclose the fact that among the burials of the dead at Gettysburg was a female soldier—Confederate. There should be a story connected with the case." Who can write it up?

"On the Parallels; or, A Story of the Rappahannock" is a record of active service by a private, Mr. Benjamin Borton, "on the other side," a member of the Twenty-Fourth New Jersey Volunteers. The book is dedicated "to all those who died and suffered from the effects of the Civil War." It is well written, free from all prejudice, and gives the daily routine life of a private in camp, on the march, and in battle so faithfully as to be interesting to every old soldier, Confederate or Federal. There is not quite as much humor in it as there might be, for which the author, however, is excusable, as his first experience with us was at Fredericksburg with his command in the assaulting column on Marye's Heights, and his next and last was at Chancellorsville, on Hooker's right, where Stonewall Jackson struck—times and circumstances not altogether as cheerful for him as they might have been.

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A. W. McCants, of Pinckneyville, Ill., is anxious to find in what company and regiment Joshua McCants enlisted. He was in a Texas regiment of cavalry, and thinks he was first lieutenant and afterwards acted as captain.

In the sketch of Comrade J. J. Malard, given in the January number of the VETERAN, a mistake was made in saying "he moved to Cherokee County, Ala," as it should have been Cherokee County, Tex.

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Mrs. Sallie Lee McCandless, of Meridian, Tex., writes that if the friends of Bird Dar, of Missouri, do not know his fate in the war, she will be glad to tell them about it. Mrs. McCandless was then Sallie Lee Wortham, of Graves County, Ky.

Sterling Price Camp, of Bozeman, Mont., at its annual election in November, 1903, elected the following officers: Commander, C. P. Blakely; Lieutenants, A. J. Smith, H. F. Cowherd, Charles Kreeling, E. D. Ferguson; Quartermaster, G. B. Williams; Adjutant, White Calfee.

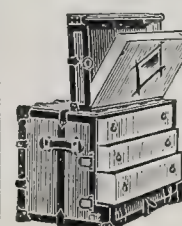


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(To be sung to air of "Bonnie Blue Flag.")

O yes, we all are Southern men,
And love the tale to tell
How in the past our noble sires
So bravely fought and fell.
They fought for Southern liberty
With courage grand, sublime;
Their praises shall go sounding down
The corridors of time.

Chorus.

Hurrah! Hurrah!
For the men who fought for right!
They made a glorious record, and
Their sons will keep it bright.

O yes, we all are Southern men,
Who proudly tell the world
We love our Southern banner,
Though it be forever furled.
We love the men who fought beneath
The glorious Stars and Bars;
Their glorious record shall remain
While night brings out the stars.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF ROBERT LEWIS DABNEY, D.D.

"The Life and Letters of Robert Lewis Dabney," by Thomas Cary Johnson, recently published by the Presbyterian Committee of Publication, Richmond, Va., is one of those rare books which are interesting not only to the general reader but to the special student. As pastor, educator, philosopher, and soldier, Dr. Dabney touched life at all points.

The book is largely autobiographical, for Dabney was a great letter writer of the old school, and it is this personal element which gives tone and color to the narrative. He was always a serious student, but he had a fine sense of humor and told an anecdote well. His letters to his mother and brothers, and later to his wife, often sparkle with fun and good stories.

The life of the South as shown in his own home and in the letters of his more mature age is simple and charming. He painted with fidelity the hardships and disadvantages as well as the pleasures and attractions of the planter's life, and throws real light on the social, political, and industrial organization of the South and on the homes, employments, culture, and religion of the people. Students of our ante-bellum civilization and the historian who is endeavoring to reconstruct a society which disappeared with the Great War will find the book invaluable.

The fine account of the structure and functions of the old Virginia Court, the

pictures of eminent jurists and statesmen, will be of great interest to lawyers; while his personal reminiscences of Stonewall Jackson, whose distinguished chief of staff he was, his narrative of camp life, and his understanding of Jackson's campaigns will delight all old Confederate veterans. Taken all in all, few books have been produced in recent years of greater interest and value to all classes of readers. See advertisement in this number.

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The closing of these offices is the result of skillful work done by the Railway Ticket Protective Bureau, which was organized by the railroads at the suggestion of William A. Pinkerton, head of the celebrated Pinkerton Detective Agency, on the same general lines as the Jewelers' Security Alliance and the American Bankers' Protective Bureau.

The depredations of the ticket brokers upon the revenues of the railroads in the United States and the extent to which the influence of certain scalpers had permeated the offices of the railroads, so that clerks and others having access to tickets could find a ready market for stolen tickets, had grown to such an extent that it became absolutely necessary for the railroads to take active measures against them.

The bureau had accumulated considerable evidence which it was about to submit to the courts, when, on the 14th day of January, J. P. Billups, General Passenger Agent of the Atlanta and West Point Railroad, reported to Joseph Richardson, the Atlanta representative of the bureau, that he had just discovered that forty mileage tickets, representing forty thousand miles of transportation, had been stolen from his ticket department. Mr. Richardson immediately telegraphed the headquarters of the bureau in Chicago, and on the 16th one of Pinkerton's expert operatives arrived in Atlanta. This operative and his assistants traced some of these tickets into and others out of Severance & Weinfeld's office. A clerk in the auditor's office of the West Point Route was arrested on the charge of larceny and committed to jail. He implicated a negro, who was found by the Pinkerton people in St. Louis and taken to Atlanta. At his preliminary trial he pleaded guilty, and it is understood that Weinfeld and Stephens will plead guilty when their cases are called in the Superior Court.

Thus far the protective bureau has confined its prosecution to the brokers themselves; but it is understood that their campaign will in future include passengers who travel on scalpers' tickets, as it is impossible, it is claimed, for them to use tickets obtained from the scalpers' offices unless they commit the crime known to the law as false impersonation, which is a felony and is a penitentiary offense.

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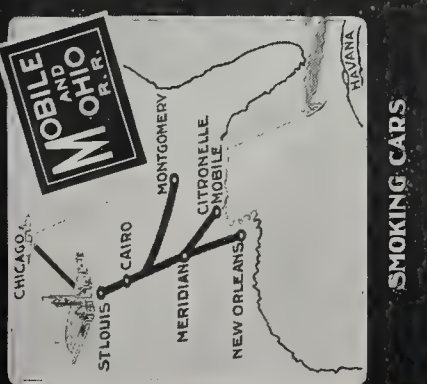
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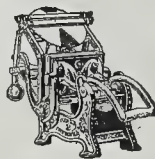
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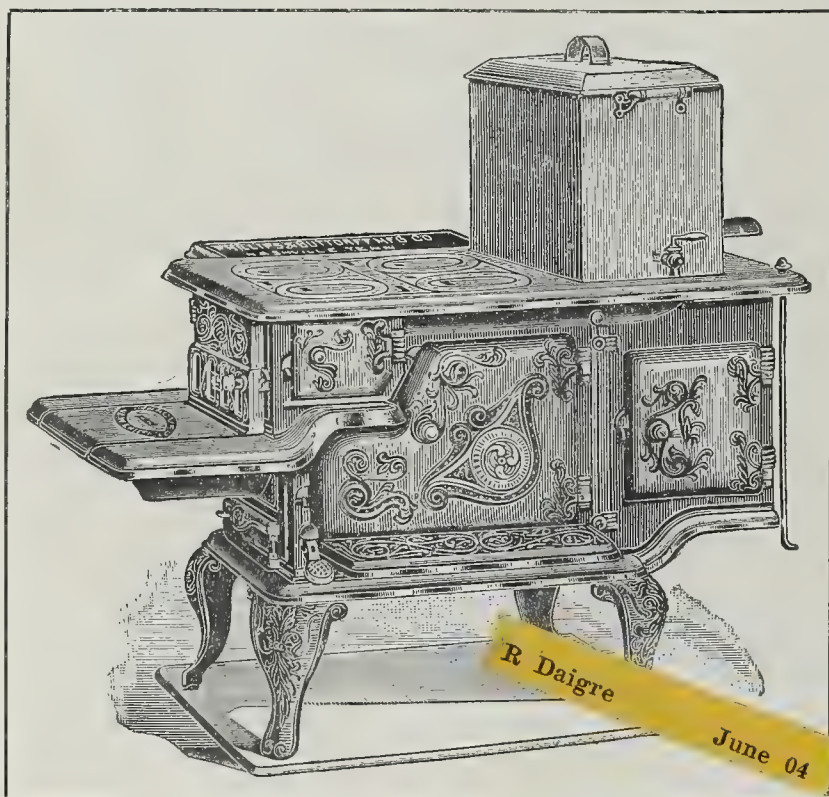
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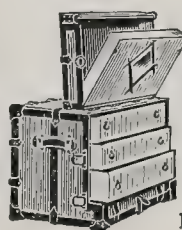
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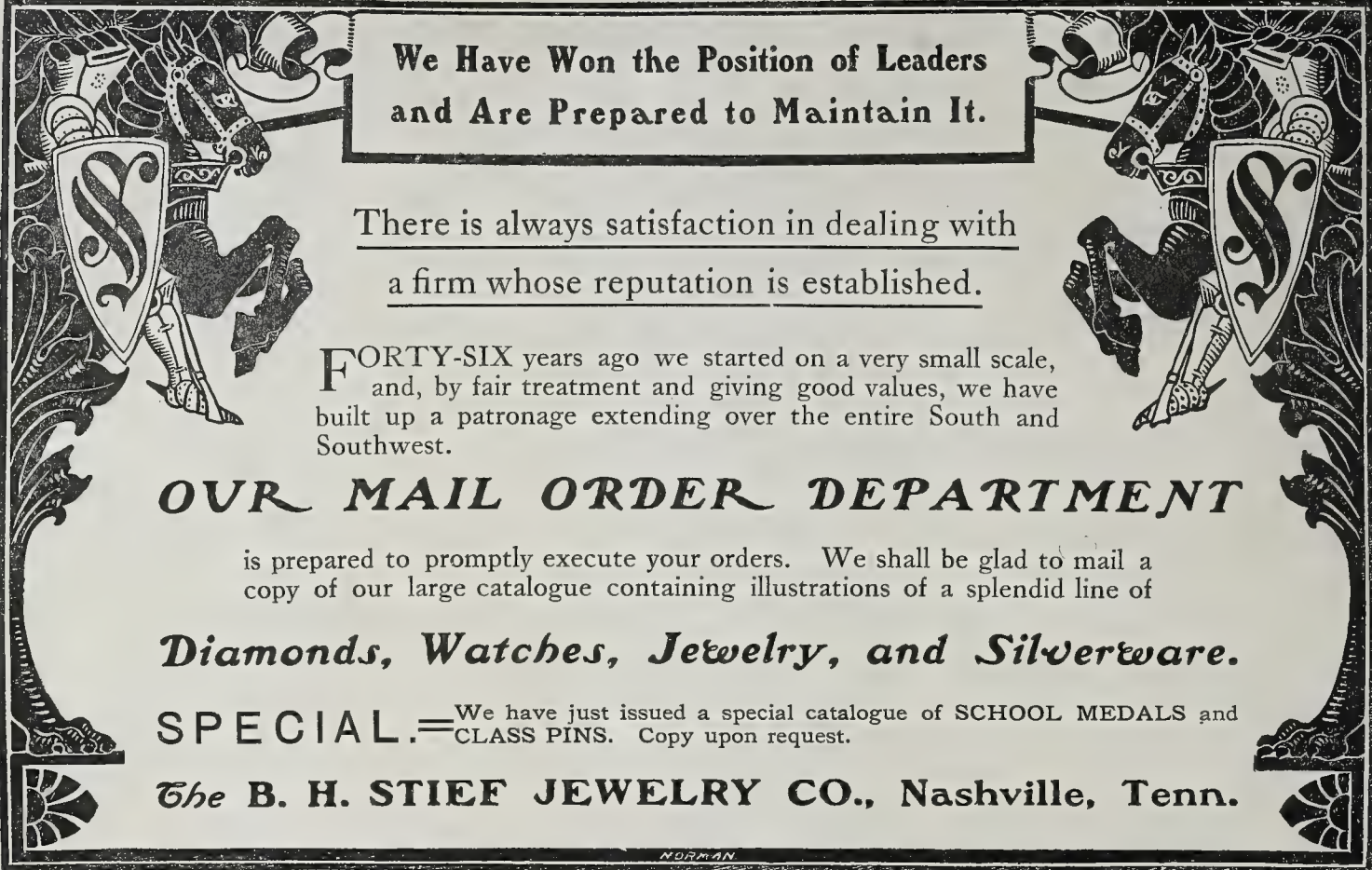
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NASHVILLE PREPARES FOR THE REUNION.

The VETERAN, being the authorized voice of Confederate organizations, avoids extravagance of expression, and in its life of eleven years and more it has treated Nashville with less consideration than any other city. The extraordinary circumstances causing the great reunion of 1904 to be entertained here, however, make it fitting and just to give her people due credit for what they are now doing in behalf of coming guests.

While all the Confederates, their Sons, and the Daughters are doing their part with the enthusiasm which has ever characterized them, the business people and the public, regardless of former affiliations, are united in heart and hand to honor the men who wore the gray forty years ago. The spirit that immortalized William McKinley above any of his fellow-Presidents of the United States, when he said in Georgia, "I feel that the time has come when we should share with you [meaning the South] in caring for the graves of the Confederate dead," seems to be that of everybody in Nashville, and all the people are of one mind to do honor to these coming guests. They are not ambitious for display or filling their coffers, but to make the men who suffered as never did such an army of patriots, for so many years, realize as fully as possible that such sacrifice is appreciated and worthy of all kindness and all honor. What is said of Nashville in this respect may be emphasized for Middle Tennessee. Many counties are doing far more than was expected of them. They intend to prove worthy the expression of the lamented John B. Gordon. When informed that Nashville had invited the reunion, he wrote: "I am glad to know that Nashville has consented to receive us again next year. . . . We ought to bring the expense within the ability of a larger part of our cities, so they might feel inclined to take care of us." His successor, Gen. Stephen D. Lee, at the last reunion urged less extravagance in entertaining, and Nashville, in conformity with that spirit, will not spend money so lavishly upon decorative printing to advertise the city for business purposes, and maybe not so much for sponsors and side issues, but every Confederate Veteran who comes will find as royal greeting and service as were ever given to conquerors of human hearts, and the greeting in Nashville will exceed that which would be given them if they had established the Confederacy.

HOW COMRADES CAN GET TOGETHER.

Whether these reunions are to be continued several years or not nobody can tell, but a plan is proposed that can be made to give more satisfaction than ever occurred before. It is one for which comrades have fervently prayed and gone home to die

without the realization. It is the project of the editor of the VETERAN, and it is his greatest ambition to see it accomplished. Every Veteran who has attended a reunion—however much joy and comfort he may have had—has gone home in deep sorrow over the failure to see some comrades who were to him as brothers. This disappointment and sorrow may be practically avoided, and the plan is announced this early so that every comrade may contribute to its success.

The outline is as follows: By the best line of travel in Nashville is the great Vanderbilt University, with more than seventy acres of shaded lawn matted with blue grass. It is suburban, inclosed, and as delightfully situated as if made for the purpose. The plan is to have a gathering, of Veterans only, on the campus of this university at four o'clock of Wednesday, the 15th of June. Places for the different State Divisions to form will be designated by signs, alphabetically arranged, and upon arrival comrades are to go to the place of State from which they served and wait until the membership of each State is perfected. It is possible for any Veteran who may be in Nashville to find his old companions by this plan.

Gen. W. E. Mickle, the Adjutant General, has been informed of the project and cordially approves it, having named the hour of four o'clock on Wednesday, the 15th, the business session of that day being concluded about two o'clock. It is intended to designate in these grounds by clear signs the different States, and upon arrival Veterans are to go to the place of States designated from which they served and appear in three lines, the cavalry in front, next the infantry, and then the artillery. The men are to face the west, so that the first regiment will be to the right. The States will be designated in alphabetical order, with a place for miscellaneous commands. The Commanders, or the different Adjutant Generals, of these States in the U. C. V. should be present to give directions until these organizations of States are perfected.

The Chancellor of the Vanderbilt University, Dr. James H. Kirkland, has been apprised of this plan and gives cordial assent to our use of the campus. *No visitors are to be admitted to the grounds except Confederate Veterans.*

After the greetings, which comrades *know* will be the best that ever can happen in this world, addresses may be exchanged and family associations can follow where members of families are in the city.

Comrades, with years of anxious watching and study, this plan exceeds all others, and your approval is asked. Write this office that you will coöperate and that nothing but sickness will prevent your being in line with your comrades.

HOME FOR CONFEDERATE WOMEN OF TEXAS.

Since its struggle for independence the South has always kept in mind and heart those who so freely and bravely gave their best in its behalf, and every State of the Confederacy has made provision in some way for its battle-scarred heroes, and the many monuments that have been, and are still being, erected all over the South testify to the love and admiration for its defenders. But a grave oversight has been made in passing over the work done by the noble women who sacrificed and toiled for their husbands, sons, and brothers. There are homes for the indigent soldiers with good records, but many are not willing to leave their wives in order to be thus taken care of. One poor old fellow said: "I would not give up my wife for a thousand homes."

It is gratifying to know that this need has been recognized and that the Daughters of the Confederacy of Texas have inaugurated a movement to provide for the needy wives and widows of Confederate soldiers. The following extracts from an article by Mrs. M. A. Zumwalt, of the Houston Daughters of the Confederacy, explain the undertaking, which is in coöperation with the Veterans and Sons of Veterans of Texas. At the late convention of the Texas Division, U. D. C., an urgent appeal was made by Maj. Chenoweth, superintendent of the Confederate Home, and W. P. Lane, Commander of the Sons, in behalf of a Home for the Mothers of the Confederacy, to which the Daughters responded nobly. Mrs. Zumwalt says:

"Our organization has made no provision for the indigent and helpless wives and widows of our worthy and noble heroes, but we have worked unceasingly, putting our best energies in force in the building of homes for our maimed and indigent soldiers and providing all the comforts possible so that their last days may be made comfortable. . . . Our attention has been called by our old soldiers to the needs of a home for the mothers of the Confederacy, those dear old souls who were left at home with the care, support, and protection of the families, in many instances toiling all day in the field trying to make bread for those dependent on them and at night working until past the midnight hour carding, spinning, weaving, knitting, sewing, trying not only to clothe the children, but to send a blanket, a pair of pants or socks to the loved ones in the war and with the frenzied fear that at any moment they might hear that their heart's idol had fallen. For the four long years the women of the South faced worse than death.

"I am proud that our veterans have a home and a place of comfort where they can spend their declining days. Many veterans who are entitled to go would rather suffer for the real necessities of life than forsake their true and faithful old wives, whose limbs are too feeble and whose hands are too tired to any longer fight life's battles, but have no place provided to rest their weary heads.

"While the attention of the people of Texas has never been called to this fact before, I feel that it is only necessary to do this. I am sure that our prosperous State, with the smiles of heaven beaming on every nook and corner, with her innumerable advantages and the ever-increasing productions of our broad hand, will provide a home for helpless wives and widows of the soldiers of 1861 to 1865. Trusting ourselves to the generous-hearted, patriotic people of our State, we ask your assistance in this work. We are not asking for a palatial home, but we do want a good, comfortable building, one commensurate to our needs. And for this purpose our efficient State President, U. D. C., Miss Katie Daffan, has appointed committees from the different Chapters throughout the State."

While the foregoing indicates that the State should make this provision, Mrs. Zumwalt indicates that it is not their purpose to wait for State appropriation, and locally she states:

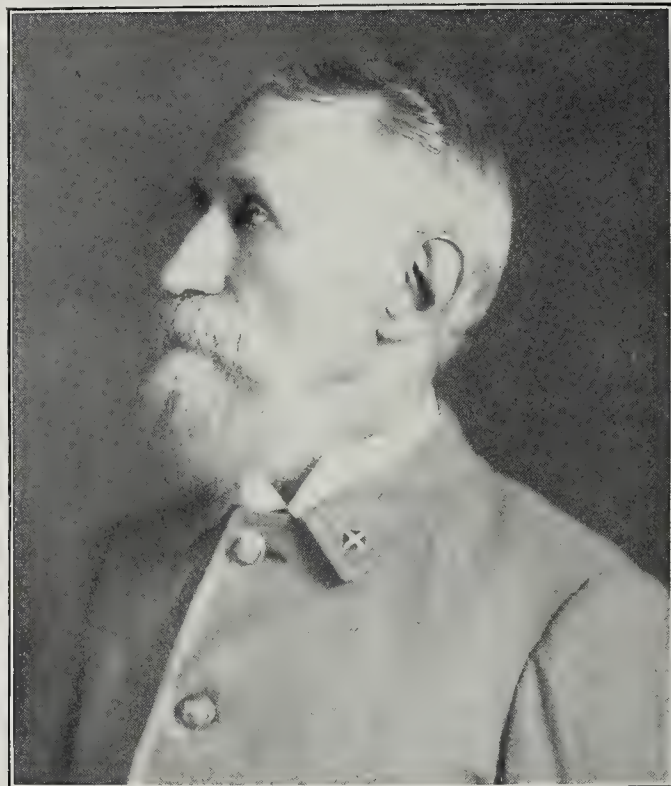
"The committee for Houston is composed of the following ladies: Mrs. Seabrook Sydnor, Mrs. I. M. E. Blandin, Mrs. M. A. Zumwalt, and Miss Laura Hobby, and we are arranging for a merchants' carnival to take place sometime in April. We ask committees of ladies of the city to see the different business firms and solicit representation, and we hope no one will refuse to allow us to advertise them, as the cost will be a mere trifle and the results to them very beneficial.

"Houston was heavily taxed to entertain our State Convention, U. D. C. After paying all expenses, the two Chapters had each \$61.40 left, one Chapter appropriating its share to assist in furnishing the library in the Confederate Home in Austin, and the other Chapter to the Home we now have in view, placing our Chapter under lasting gratitude.

"As Chairman of the South Texas District, I have sent out through her instructions circulars to the different Chapters in the district requesting them to take immediate action to raise what money they can this year, so that we can have a Home as soon as possible for these old mothers; the work has already been too long delayed."

NEW COMMANDER OF THE GEORGIA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Peter Alexander Selkirk McGlashan, successor to Gen. C. A. Evans, Georgia Division, U. C. V., was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, May 19, 1830, the son of James McGlashan, a Waterloo veteran and, afterwards, merchant in



GEN. P. A. S. M'GLASHAN.

Edinburgh, the grandson of Peter McGlashan, last chief of the clan of that name. He emigrated through Savannah, Ga., in 1848 to the West, and in 1856 joined his fortunes with Gen. Walker in Nicaragua. After the failure of the Walker expedition, he returned to the United States and engaged in business in Thomasville, Ga.

At the outbreak of the War between the States he joined the Twenty-Ninth Georgia Regiment, in service on the coast; afterwards the Fiftieth Georgia Regiment, and was elected first lieutenant of Company E. He went to Virginia in June, 1862, and participated in all the campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia until April 5, 1865, meanwhile rising in rank from first lieutenant to brigadier general, his commission as brigadier general being the last signed by President Davis before the fall of Richmond. He was wounded in the battles of Sharpsburg and Cedar Creek, was captured at Sailor's Creek and sent to prison at Johnson's Island. He was in the capitol prison, Washington, the night that President Lincoln was assassinated. He was released from prison August 25, 1865, and reentered business in Thomasville, Ga., of which city he was elected Mayor in 1866. He was elected captain of the Thomasville Guards in 1874. He moved to Savannah in 1885. He is now President of the Savannah Confederate Veterans' Association, formed in 1887, known as Camp 756, U. C. V. His wife was Annie Willis Seixas, a great-grandniece of Gen. Nathaniel Greene.



The engagement of Miss Ethel Tillman Heard, the charming Sponsor of the South at New Orleans, 1903, to Dr. S. M. DeLoffre, of Fort Assiniboine, Mont., has been announced. The marriage will take place at high noon on the 6th of April at the First Presbyterian Church, Columbus, Ga. After a luncheon for the wedding party at the home, the bride and groom will leave for their Western home via St. Louis. Hosts of friends of this popular couple join with the VETERAN in hearty congratulations.

THE CONFEDERATE BATTLE FLAG.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee, U. C. V., in Louisville, Ky., last November, differences of opinion in regard to the shape and design of the Confederate battle flag were discussed, and a resolution was adopted that a committee of five be selected to ascertain all acceptable data regarding the origin, shape, and design of this flag, and prepare a resolution to be submitted for consideration to the U. C. V. Association at the next annual convention, which will be held in Nashville June 14-16. This committee was also directed to ascertain the laws of the Confederate Congress relating to the battle flags and the flags adopted on March 4, 1861, May 1, 1863, and March 4, 1865.

The committee is composed of Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, Washington, D. C., Chairman; Col. Fred L. Robertson, Tallahassee, Fla.; Gen. J. F. Shipp, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Col. J. Taylor Ellyson, Richmond, Va.; Gen. A. C. Trippe, Baltimore, Md.

In giving his official approval to the action of the Executive Committee, Gen. Gordon had instructed them to secure all possible information as to the State, naval, and other flags carried by regiments or companies, or flown at sea or on the coast during the War between the States. This committee desires all information possible on these matters to be submitted to the Convention U. C. V., and any one having information pertaining to the subject is requested to forward the same to Dr. S. E. Lewis, 1418 Fourteenth Street, Washington, D. C.

THE TROUSDALE HOME FOR CONFEDERATES.

On September 20, 1903, a handsome Confederate monument was unveiled at Gallatin, Tenn. It is a superb structure to cost but \$2,000. The inspiration to this great undertaking by the comparatively small Chapter, U. D. C., came through the munificent donation of Mrs. Julius A. Trousdale. It was the ancestral home of the Trousdale family.

The Trousdale house was built on part of the land that was granted to Capt. James Trousdale by the State of North Carolina, the original grant of which, dated 4th day of December, 1784, is still in possession of the Trousdale family. James Trousdale was a captain in the Revolutionary War, and settled on this land in 1796. In 1801 the Legislature of Tennessee appointed commissioners to locate and purchase a site for the county seat of Sumner County. They selected Capt. Trousdale's farm, a town was laid off, and one of the lots was bought by John H. Bowen, a distinguished lawyer, who built a large brick house, which was not entirely completed at his death, in 1822. Gov. William Trousdale, a son of Capt. James Trousdale, bought the house soon after the death of Mr. Bowen. Gov. Trousdale died in this house in 1872. His widow continued to live on the place until her death, in 1882; then J. A. Trousdale came into possession. He was a son of Gov. Trousdale, and was born in this house. In 1880 he married Miss Annie Berry, of Davidson County. Five children were born to them, all dying in infancy except one daughter, Mary, who completed her education in New York and returned to her home in June, 1899, and died in this house in August, 1899. Her father, who was much attached to her, followed in a few weeks, dying in September. By his will he gave his property to his wife, Mrs. Annie B. Trousdale, and in a short time after his death she gave the house and grounds to a corporation chartered for the purpose of perpetuating the history of the Confederate States and the Confederate soldier. This corporation is under control of Clark Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy. The grounds had been in possession of the Trousdale family (except the short time of Mr. Bowen's ownership) from 1784 to 1900.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, GALLATIN, TENN.

Gallatin, Tenn., exceeds even any city of the South in its Confederate possessions excepting Richmond, Va. The R. E. Lee Camp of Richmond owns a superb building, which property was acquired mainly through the bold business methods of the late Norman V. Randolph and a few others who made a large investment for the Confederate cause, guaranteed the safety of it, and gave all the profits to the Home and the cause. The VETERAN feels safe in the statement that this is the most valuable Confederate domicile, at least, in the country.

ADDRESS BY THE HON. J. W. BLACKMORE.

The speech of James W. Blackmore accepting the monument on behalf of the Confederate Veterans of Sumner County, Tenn., on September 19, 1903, concerning the Home and the people of his county at the dedication of the monument, is as follows:

"The events of this day naturally recall to the minds of those present who participated in or witnessed the stirring times of 1861, the scenes and events of that period when, forty-two years ago, the men of the South, at the call to arms, left the plow in the furrow, the youth their schoolbooks on the desk, and all turned from the ordinary pursuits of peace to learn the art of war and to devote their lives and their services to their country's cause; when, full of vigorous life and thrilled with high resolves, they took into their custody the flag of the Confederate States, intrusted to them by the delicate hands and cheering words of fair daughters and Spartan mothers, amidst tears for their departure and benedictions accompanied by the presentation of the Bible as the word of their counsel, and marched away to be assigned to their places in the armies of the infant Confederacy. Three thousand sons of Sumner County went thus to war—sons whose sires and grandsires had sounded the first note of defiance to the wrongful exactions of the mother country in the Mecklenberg declaration, served in the War of the Revolution, fought with Sevier and Shelby at King's Mountain, builded with Robertson and Sevier the commonwealth of the State, subdued the forest, and laid the foundations of highest civilization, who under Andrew Jackson won the second war of American Independence and brought hostile savages of the South into subjection, who under Scott and Taylor planted the flag of their country on the palace of the Montezumas and added an empire of agricultural and mineral wealth to the domain of their government. Whether these were worthy sons of such patriotic sires, let the ensanguined fields of the South, from Seven Pines to Appomattox in the East, and from Fishing Creek to Bentonville in the South, attest. We call to-day upon the battle-scathed fields of Fishing Creek, Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Gettysburg, Brice's Cross Roads, and Harrisburg to answer how they bore themselves upon those historic fields, with what fealty they clung to the flag intrusted to their keeping, and with what valor they defended the sacred cause of their altars and their firesides.

"Whether as cavalry, acting 'as the eyes and ears of the army' under 'the war child' Wheeler, or in the dashing charge under the lead of the invincible 'Wizard of the Saddle,' Forrest, or scouting or raiding under that paragon of partisans, John H. Morgan, or as infantry under the leadership of the immortal Lee along the Chickahominy and in the Wilderness, and with the gallant and patriotic Bragg by 'the river of death,' and the beloved 'old Joe' Johnston from Dalton to Atlanta, the sons of Sumner offered their lives and poured out their blood in attestation of their faith in the justice of their cause. During four years of exposure to hardship and deadly strife at arms,

with privations unsurpassed even in warfare, they were actors in battles and events which will ever be accorded prominence on the gilded pages of history. The soldiers of the Confederacy, after waging an unequal contest for four years, were at last vanquished by overwhelming numbers and superior advantages of those they fought.

"He perished, but his wreath was won;
He perished in his height of fame.
Then sank the cloud on Southland's sun,
Yet still she conquered in his name.
Filled with his soul she could not die;
Her conquest was posterity.'

"Returning to his desolate home to repair his lost fortunes, the Confederate soldier had again to struggle with poverty, with adverse political policies and altered conditions which threatened to subvert the social fabric and desecrate the ark which contained the covenant of racial superiority. For another decade he withstood with political integrity and fidelity to his high ideals of citizenship the determined efforts of a vigilant and dominant political faction to fasten on him political disgrace and ignominy.

"But the soldier of the South could never have won the distinction he has attained in the world's history if he had not been encouraged and cheered in the times of conflict, in peace and war, by the noble women of the South. They held up his hands while in the armies of the Confederacy he smote the Amalek on the plain and in the valley. The faith of the women of the South was unfaltering in the direst trials and darkest hours. If the soldiers withstood the shock of battle in the front of the foe, it was because they knew that loving hearts were sympathizing with them and praying for them at home, and that angelic hands would minister to them when wasted by disease or suffering from wounds; and in the privations and sacrifices made necessary by losses and devastation of war the fidelity and devotion of Southern women shone as beacon lights amid the surrounding gloom. The woman of the South and the soldier of the Confederacy seemed to have been made for each other. She had the utmost confidence in his manhood and valor, and the soldier loved her with the devotion that one pays to the soul's ideal of purity and womanliness. No war can be fierce enough, no disaster can be so great as to divorce the Southern soldier from his love of Southern woman or the Southern woman from her devotion to the Southern soldier and his cause. True to the cause he espoused, and to her faith in the integrity of his honor, she has with jealous eyes guarded the utterances of the Muse of History, and has, with a fine heroism, maintained the justice of the cause for which father and husband fought, and out of her sentiments of regard for its righteousness has wrought the beautiful symbol of the Goddess of Fame crowning the vanquished with the victor's wreath. Pygmalion could not have been more enamored of his Galatea than the daughter of the South is wedded to her ideal soldier, which finds embodiment in the soldier of the Southern Confederacy.

"When bronze and granite shaft shall crumbling lie
In ages hence, in the Southern woman's heart will be
A folded flag, a brilliant page unrolled,
A deathless song of Southern chivalry.'

"This spirit is manifest here to-day, and this monument erected by Clark Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy is eloquent, in granite and bronze and in symmetrical beauty, of the honor and esteem in which the Daughters of Sumner County hold the deeds and sacrifices made by Sumner's sons in maintaining and defending the cause of the South in the

War between the States and aiding in winning from disaster and defeat that highest of encomiums upon the government for which they fought—

“No nation ever rose so white and fair,
None fell so pure of crime.”

“This spotless fame, won by the Confederate States during its brief but brilliant career, is cherished by every true Confederate soldier, and held as dear as life. It is due to those who sacrificed their lives on the gory fields of the South, or languished and died from disease, in the field, or in inhospitable Northern prisons in defense of the rights and honor of their home land, that this reputation and characterization of the shrine for which they fell shall be cherished and preserved. Many of the sons of Sumner who gave their lives for the Southern cause sleep to-day where they fell, with no mark but the high tide of the battle wave, and no monument but the affections of their people, to tell where they lie.

“With shouts and cheers they marched away
On glory’s shining track;
But ah! how long, how long they stay!
How few of them came back!”

“Many, after surviving the rigors and dangers of four years’ deadly strife, and aiding valorously in rebuilding the fortunes of the South, and as exemplary citizens maintaining the dignity and honor of their sections, in times of peace, have passed over the river and into the beyond. The survivors of that war are to-day the aged citizens of the country. While they look back on the ensanguined fields of the past, they now begin to realize that ere long there will be none of them left to gather about the camp fires or answer to the roll call here. They turn their eyes with unfaltering trust to the hills beyond the present, and feel that the safe-keeping of their records and of those who have gone before is in good hands. If those who have heretofore passed out of this existence are permitted to look again upon the scenes of their mortal probation, how interested must the departed spirits of Confederate soldiers of Sumner County be in the ceremonies and in the events of this day! It must be delightful, even to immortals, to know that they ‘live in hearts they leave behind,’ and what greater exultation could be afforded the soldier spirit than to know that after the lapse of years, through many vicissitudes and changing scenes, his memory is yet sacred, and the sacrifices he made for his country are not forgotten. The Muse of History opens again to-day for another generation the records of the past, and names dear to us in bygone days are bright and teeming with fondest recollections. As in the past, Clark Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, has been active and zealous in preserving the history of the Confederate soldiers of Sumner County and rearing memorials to their honor, so, it is believed, they will in the future continue to labor for the truth of the history of the South, and in honoring those who made that history.

“In the name of Sumner’s sons whose spirits went out in the red tide of battle, or succumbed to the ravages of disease in distant States, and those who since the war have crossed over the river and now rest beneath the shade of the trees, and those who yet survive and are permitted to see and enjoy the beautiful scene presented to their visions to-day, I thank Clark Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, for this beautiful memorial to the dead and loving tribute to the living.”

PRESENTING THE MONUMENT.

The following is the presentation address of Mrs. Bennett D. Bell at the unveiling of the monument:

“As President of Clark Chapter, Daughters of the Confed-

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eracy, it becomes my pleasing duty on their behalf to offer to you to-day the realization of a patriotic dream of this small but loyal and devoted band of Daughters—descendants of as brave, courageous, and patriotic men as ever claimed a page in the history of the world.

“It has been our cherished purpose to build a monument to our Confederate soldiers in some degree befitting their glorious deeds, and to-day marks the fruition of our hopes.

“Tennesseans have ever been brave and patriotic. The beautiful valleys, the picturesque mountains, the plains and meadows, the hills and forests, the sparkling waters, the sunny skies, the soil and climate of our beloved Tennessee have ever produced and been the home of soldiers, heroes, and patriots.

“Before the white man had crossed the Atlantic and planted foot on the shores of America, the lordly red men roamed the boundless forests of Tennessee and made their homes on her fertile soil. The fierce Chickamaugas, the most daring and dangerous of all American Indians, and the brave Cherokees dwelt in the mountains and valleys of East Tennessee, and the warlike Chickasaws built their wigwams on the Western border of our State and floated their bark canoes on the bosom of the great Father of Waters. Middle Tennessee, then, as now, favored of all lands, was claimed by all these tribes as their beloved hunting ground, and these savage natives of our State loved their country, and ere it was surrendered to the white man every foot of it was made historic by the commingling of the blood of these patriotic red men with that of our own hardy ancestors, who, grown tired of oppression, had flung down the gauntlet to Great Britain at the battle of the Alamance, and, having lost in this first encounter with the mother country, had crossed the mountains in search of liberty and freedom.

“In 1780 Sevier and Shelby, with five hundred fearless frontiersmen, every one a soldier and hero, leaving their homes on the beautiful Watauga, went to the rescue of their common country, then in peril from red men and Briton, and at King’s Mountain, the greatest combat of the war of the Revolution, by personal valor and matchless leadership, destroyed the British army under the gallant Ferguson, and turned the tide of battle that resulted in the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown and made every American a freeman.

“What Tennessean is not proud to feel that Texas owes her independence and subsequent statehood to Tennessee and Tennesseans? What Tennessean does not recall with sadness, though with patriotic pride, the tragedy of the Alamo, where brave Tennesseans poured out their lifeblood as a sacrifice to freedom?

“Crockett, Bowie, Travis, and Houston are names as familiar and sacred to Tennesseans as to Texans.

“In 1846, when the President of the United States, a gallant Tennessean, issued his proclamation declaring war against Mexico, and the Governor of Tennessee called for 2,800 volunteers, thirty thousand of her heroes answered the call of their country to go to the torrid and inhospitable plains of Mexico and earned for Tennessee the proud title of the Volunteer State.

“Some of these gallant volunteers—God bless them—are with us to-day; fast growing old but still with the hearts and courage of soldiers.

“We are not many, we who pres-
Beside the brave who fell that day,
But who of us has not confessed
He’d rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey?”

“These heroes distinguished themselves at Monterey, Buena

Vista, Cerro Gordo, and at the City of Mexico, where they led the charge upon the castle of Chapultepec.

"In this memorable war that added an empire to our domain, and planted our flag in the Hall of the Montezumas, Sumner County not only led in the number of her volunteers, but distinguished herself in the heroism of her soldiers upon these battlefields and gave to our country such leaders as Bate, Blackmore, Trousdale, and others.

"But when we come to 1861-65—that period which tried the hearts of men as they were never tried before—we bow our heads in reverence and awe. Such devotion, such unselfishness, such patience, such endurance, such courage and bravery, such loyalty and patriotism have not a parallel in the history of the world.

"It is this, Confederate soldiers, that we, after the smoke of battle has long since disappeared and impartial history has been forced to recognize your claims to greatness, and the peaceful hand of time is fast thinning your ranks—it is this, I repeat, that we, Daughters of the Confederacy, come to commemorate and in this testimonial of bronze and marble to perpetuate.

"In the War between the States Tennessee was one great battle ground, four hundred and eight battles and skirmishes having been fought upon her soil. Freely she gave of the flower and chivalry of her manhood, 115,000 of her sons giving themselves a willing sacrifice to their country, and the ashes of her sacred dead sleep on every battlefield from Gettysburg to the Rio Grande and in the inhospitable soil of every prison cemetery of the North.

"To recount all the deeds of heroism of the soldiers of the Volunteer State and to name all her heroes would be impossible. Her leaders were distinguished for their matchless valor and her rank and file for their dauntless courage and unwavering and unfaltering fidelity to duty. In every great battle fought in this greatest of wars at Manassas, Shiloh, Chancellorsville, Chickamauga, Gettysburg, Franklin, Richmond, Murfreesboro, Nashville, and many others, the Tennessee soldiers with Tennessee leaders were first in the assault, in the charge, wherever duty called, fighting, bleeding, dying for their country.

"At Appomattox, when the immortal Lee sheathed the sword and furled the flag, battle-scarred, weary, and sad, with ranks decimated by death on the field of battle, in the hospital and in prison, they answered to the 'last roll call,' and were ready to continue the unequal contest at the command of their great chieftain, or to return to build up their ruined and desolated homes.

"Confederate soldiers, having all these things in our hearts and the living and the dead in sacred remembrance, to build this monument has been a labor of love. This modest shaft but poorly represents all the love that is in our hearts for you; it but faintly pictures the honor that we would do you. Marble and bronze cannot express the admiration, the reverence that we feel, but we have molded in imperishable bronze and placed upon this shaft the figure of a Confederate soldier, to us the type of bravery, of honor, of valor, of patriotism. We have chiseled upon this granite the inscription:

*'There is no nobler spot of ground than where exalted
valor lies.'*

We have carved upon it the battle flag under which so many times they marched to victory and which at last went down in defeat, but never in dishonor. We have carved upon it the dates 1861-65, the four years that witnessed more great battles, more deeds of heroism, than any four years of the world's history. We have carved upon it a wreath of ivy, emblem of

the Daughters of the Confederacy of Tennessee, and which signifies, 'In perpetual remembrance,' our State motto.

"On behalf of Clark Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, I now present to you this monument, a poor expression of the hope we have long cherished to erect in enduring stone a memorial to our Confederate soldiers. No shaft could be tall enough to measure the love we bear them, no sculptor's chisel has grace to carve into expression the reverent admiration we have for them, but their monuments are built upon a thousand battlefields, and their deeds will live forever on the pages of history and in the hearts of the Southern people.

"With our love, with our tears, we dedicate forever this hallowed spot to the memory of the Confederate soldiers.

"How many a glorious name for us,
How many a story of fame for us,
They left; would it not be a blame for us
If their memories part,
From our land and heart,
And a wrong to them, and shame for us?
No, no, no. They were brave for us,
And bright were the lives they gave for us,
The land they struggled to save for us
Will not forget
Its warriors yet,
Who sleep in many a grave for us.
But their memories e'er shall remain for us,
And their names, bright names without stain for us,
The glory they won shall not wane for us;
In legend and lay,
Our heroes in gray
Shall forever live over again for us.'

SENATOR CARMACK'S SPEECH.

Senator Carmack, the orator of the day, was introduced by Judge George E. Seay, and said:

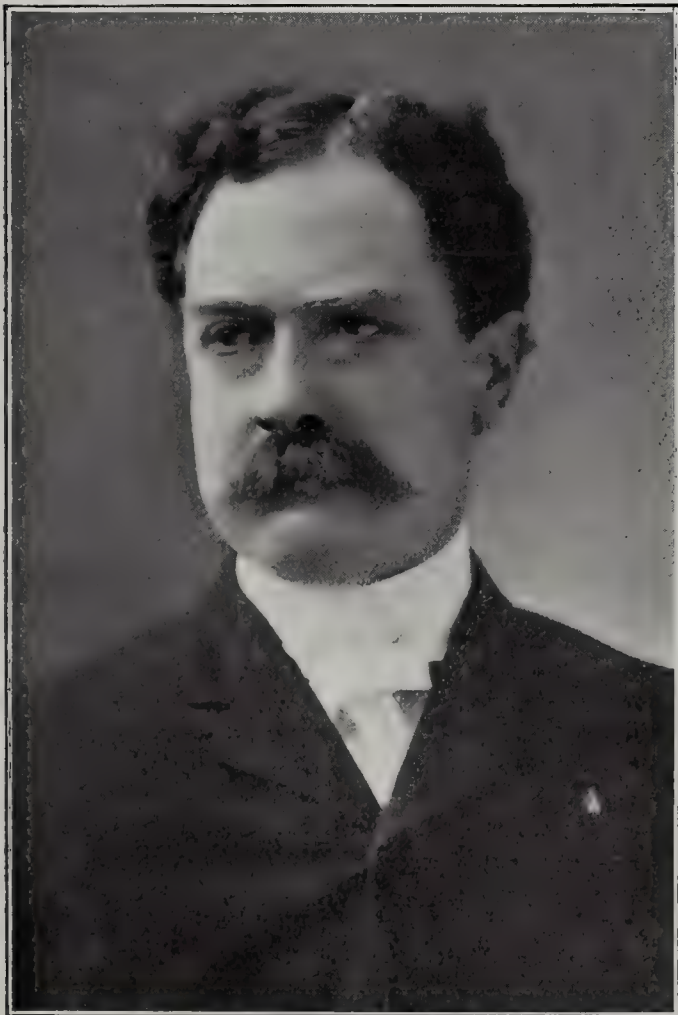
"*Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:* I am always pleased when I have an opportunity to meet the fair daughters and the stalwart sons of my native county, Sumner; but I am doubly pleased to meet you on an occasion at once so solemn and so inspiring as this; so full of sorrowful memories of the past, and yet of hope and inspiration for the future. If we cannot think without sorrow of the noble dead whom we here commemorate, neither can we recall their glorious deeds without a thrill of pride and a renewal of hope for a country whose womb is so fruitful of heroic sons.

"I am glad to meet you here on this sacred spot, which one of the noblest of our Southern women has dedicated in love and tears to the memory of the Confederate soldier. And so long as this monument shall stand, and even after its fragments have mingled with the dust at its base, her name will be loved and honored, linked with that of one who belonged to 'the knightliest of a knightly race,' whose sweet and unsullied life in time of peace was in vivid contrast with the record of his valor in time of war; for I believe that Tennessee lost one of the noblest and most stainless of her chivalry when the gentle and heroic spirit of Julius A. Trousdale passed over to the other side of the river to rest in the shade of the trees.

"I rejoice that I, as one of those whose cradles were rocked in the storm of war, am permitted to testify for a new generation our fidelity to the memory of our hero dead, our love and admiration for those, broken with time as with wounds, who will soon have gone to join their loved companions on the farther shore. In the course of nature they will ere long have passed into the shadow of that solemn and inevitable hour. I trust that no one of them will go to the grave broken-hearted

by the ingratitude of his countrymen, his dying hour embittered by the thought that his wounds and sufferings are forgotten. This monument, let me say, is raised not simply to tell the world of the valor and fortitude of the Confederate soldier—they have builded for themselves a monument more lasting than brass and higher than the regal summit of the pyramids, a monument broad based on the universal admiration of mankind, and which will tower to heaven when the stateliest memorials of princes shall be trampled into formless and unhallowed dust. No, my friends, this monument is not to perpetuate their glory. Its chief purpose is to proclaim that you, my countrymen, are proud to honor their deeds and to claim them as the noblest heritage of yourselves and your children forever. If you shall ever cease to do so, this monument to their glory will be a monument to your shame.

"I know that no such dishonor will ever brand the laureled brow of this proud and historic old county—a county which gave three thousand of her best and bravest to the cause of the South; whose valor was tried and tested in the blaze and thunder of the greatest war that ever shook the earth, who stood with the suffering South through four stormy years on the red edge of battle, until every field was drenched and every river ran red with the blood of her sons. And suffer me here to pay my humble tribute to one of the many hero sons of Sumner County, one whose name will be ever glorious in the records of fame, who, thank God! is still spared to be the shepherd of his people, a shining example of civic virtue as of martial valor. Full of years, full of fame, and full of honors, he will bear with him to the grave the blessings of his country and a record without the spot of an unworthy or an unknighly deed. Until Sumner County becomes ashamed of an integrity



SENATOR E. W. CARMACK.

that knows no weakness and a valor that knows no fear, it will exult in the name and fame of William B. Bate.

"No, ladies and gentlemen, never, never, never will the time come when there will be a son or a daughter born of the blood of Sumner County whose eye will not dim with tears or kindle with fire for the deeds and sufferings of their sires.

"Happy is that land, my countrymen, that is filled with the memorials of great deeds and glorious sufferings, whether they be of triumphs nobly won or of inevitable disasters proudly and heroically borne. It needs not that these memorials be wrought in arch and column and temple of victory. The land may be black with ruin, it may be strewn with the ashes of desolation and billowed with the graves of its dead; but it will be and remain a land of legend, a land of song, a land of hallowed and heroic memories. If the hearts of the people be not tamed to servitude; if they accept the inevitable in no craven temper, nor lick the dust in abject servility at the victor's foot; if they face the future with undaunted spirit and erected brow—every ruin will be a temple, and the very ashes of the dead will kindle with a living and heroic fire.

"My friends, I love the South not only for her shining and heroic deeds; I love her for her sorrows and sufferings, for her misfortunes and calamities, and for the dead that sleep within her bosom.

"It has been said that 'a land without ruins is a land without memories, and a land without memories is a land without liberties. A land that wears a laurel crown may be fair to look upon; but twine a few sad cypress leaves about the brow of any land, and, be that land barren, beautiless, and bleak, it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow and wins the sympathy of the heart and of history. Crowns of roses fade; crowns of thorns endure forever. Calvaries and crucifixions take deepest hold on humanity. 'Tis their sufferings that are graven deepest on the chronicles of nations.'

"My countrymen, if the South is filled with graves, it is filled also with memories. These memories of the dead past will quicken into a living future. These graves of heroes are the wombs of heroes yet to be born. Who does not feel the truth as well as the beauty of the words of Father Ryan, the poet of the lost Confederacy:

"O give me the land where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead.
O give me the land that is blessed by the dust,
And bright with the deeds of the war-slaughtered just.
Give me the land where the battle's red blast
Has flashed to the future the fame of the past.
Give me the land that hath story and song
To tell of the strife of the right with the wrong.
Give me the land with a grave in each spot,
And names in the grave that shall not be forgot.
Give me the land of the wreck and the tomb:
There is grandeur in graves, there is glory in gloom,
For out of the gloom future brightness is born
As after the night comes the sunrise of morn;
And the graves of the dead with the grass overgrown
Shall yet be the footstool of liberty's throne;
And each single wreck in the warpath of night
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right.'

"Ladies and gentlemen, in rearing this monument to the Confederate soldiers we testify to the country and to mankind our enduring fidelity to their memory, we commemorate their valor and devotion as displayed on many a bloody field. In doing so, let it be known to all that we come in no spirit of contrition for the past. We beg no tenderness of the future historian, no charity from the enlightened judgment of man-

kind. Standing in the presence of this noble and impressive monument, we proudly front the world and proclaim to the present and the coming time: 'These are our heroes, and their cause was ours.' We make for them no confession of wrong, we plead for no forgiveness of error, we ask no higher honor and no prouder fate than that by their deeds we may be judged, and our most fervent prayer is that the descendants of these heroes may be worthy of their sires. All that was mortal of the vast majority of those whose deeds and memories we revere has passed from the knowledge of living men.

"They are not dead. The blood with which they drenched the battlefields of the Confederacy has risen from the ground in a new generation of heroic sons; their hearts beat in the very bosoms that ache above their dust; their spirits will animate generations that are yet to be born. We may not look again into those fearless eyes that blenched not when death stood before them; we may not clasp those hands that 'struck for liberty the dying blow.' And yet they are not dead. 'He never dies who falls in a great cause. His bones may sodden in the sun, his head be hung on city gate or castle wall, but still his spirit walks abroad.'

"The flag they followed no longer proclaims—it will never again proclaim—the existence of a new nation upon the earth. 'The warrior's banner has taken its flight to meet the warrior's soul,' and together they stand at the bar of God, willing to be judged. But let us never forget that the cause of the South was sanctified by the prayers of her peerless daughters; that it has been baptized in the blood of her sons; that your fathers died for it; that your mothers prayed for it. When I appeal to you, therefore, to cherish those hallowed memories of the past, when I beg you to let no disrespectful word escape your lips for the cause that sleeps with the ashes of your sires, I do so by authority of the divine injunction to 'honor thy father and thy mother.'

"Ladies and gentlemen, thoughtless or malevolent persons have sometimes reproached us for honoring our fallen heroes, and have demanded of us as a pledge of our loyalty to a reunited country that we give their memory to oblivion and their graves to the wilderness. They know not what they ask. They would have us prove our loyalty to the Union by proving ourselves recreant to the noblest sentiment that could swell the bosom of an American patriot. The valor of our Southern soldiers, the fortitude of our Southern women, and the fidelity with which we cherish the memory of their deeds and their sufferings are but the measure of our devotion to a reunited country and to the flag that waves over it from the lakes to the gulf, and from sea to sea. If the time shall ever come when the people of the South cease to exult in the glorious deeds of our Southern heroes and the matchless devotion of our Southern women, when their eyes will no longer swim with tears as the sorrowful memories of the old heroic days come trooping back, then indeed may we be scorned as a degenerate and ignoble race who could not be loyal to any country or faithful to any flag. No, my friends, the world respects us for what we are doing to-day. It will despise us if we ever renounce our own glorious past.

"The victors have a right to ask of the South that she submit in good faith to the issue of that war upon which she staked her cause. That submission the people of the South have made. Proudly, patiently, with a silent heroism which outshines all the deeds of valor that were ever done in the crash and roar of battle, they have accepted the new duties and obligations placed upon them, and have lived up to them with a martyr's courage and a martyr's faith. All this the victors of that war may ask of us, but no more. We admit

that we were defeated; we will not admit that we were wrong. We admit that our adversaries had a larger army, but we will not admit that they had the better cause. Let me say to you, my countrymen, there were some things that were not surrendered at Appomattox. We did not surrender our rights in history, nor was it one of the conditions of surrender that unfriendly lips should be suffered to tell the story of that war or that unfriendly hands should write the epitaphs of the Confederate dead. We have a right to teach our children the true history of that war, the causes that led up to it, and the principles involved. We need not confess that our fathers were traitors; we need not prove our fidelity by defaming the dead and calumniating the blood in our own veins. We resent such accusation not only because it is defamatory of our fathers but because it would be most mischievous teaching for coming generations not only in our own country but throughout the world. The world has paid its just tribute to the characters of the Southern leaders and the Southern soldiers. History has already placed the statesmen, the military chieftains, and the armies of the South beyond the reach of hatred and detraction. In the name of the young men of America, in the North as well as in the South, I protest against the effort to make them believe that crime can outrival virtue in the greatness of its achievements and the sublimity of its sufferings.

"No, my friends, it is not necessary to the safety of the country that coming generations of the South should be taught that their fathers organized a treasonable rebellion against the government. They have a right to know that their fathers fought for a right which belonged to them under the Constitution. The doctrine of secession was maintained by the ablest publicists of the North as well as of the South. The very first treatise on the Constitution, written by the then leader of the Philadelphia bar, asserted the right of a State to secede from the Union. On no less an authority than that of Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, the men who framed the Constitution regarded it as an experiment, and did not question the right of a State to secede if it so desired. The first secession movement in this country had its origin in New England, and not in South Carolina. Only sixteen years before South Carolina seceded, the State of Massachusetts, by solemn act of its Legislature, threatened to secede.

"And, my countrymen, whatever else may be said of the secession leaders, they were bold, they were brave. They did not wait for a favorable opportunity, when the nation was weakened and distracted by a foreign war, to put their doctrine to the trial of arms. With a courage so great that their enemies have described it as sheer folly and madness, they challenged the power of a great nation, vastly superior in numbers, with practically unlimited resources and unlimited credit. Without an army, without a navy, without munitions of war, without factories to supply them, without money, without credit, without even a government, they entered upon that contest. Against the appalling odds of nearly five to one they maintained it through four terrible years, and for a long time the issue of battle hung doubtful in the balance. All this the impartial historian must say of the Southern secessionists; that same historian must say of the New England secessionists that they organized their rebellious conspiracy without any just cause of quarrel with the Union, and when the nation was in the throes of a doubtful conflict with the greatest power in the world.

"All this we may say in no factious or sectional spirit, but because it is truth and a part of the history of our country. We have a right to teach all these things to our children, teaching them at the same time that we have accepted in good

faith the reconstruction of our government; that the causes which once threatened to divide the country have passed away, and that henceforth the strength and glory of the South are bound up forever with the strength and glory of the Union. After all, these States are united by stronger bonds than the phrases of a written constitution. We are bound together by a common interest, a common heritage, and a common hope.

'Our Union is river, lake, ocean, and sky;
Man breaks not the medal when God cuts the die.'

"Those who were loyal to the Confederacy will be as loyal to the Union, and those who are to come after them will be animated by their spirit and example. We rouse no spirit that is dangerous to the Union or to the peace of nations when we glorify their deeds. War is glorious only when it is fought for noble ends and when those who fight are inspired by noble motives. The Confederate soldier fought not for greed or conquest. He fought for home and fireside and country, inspired by the same sentiment that nerved the soul of the Roman hero who kept the bridge 'in the brave days of old.'

"But, my countrymen, while we honor the heroes, let us never forget the heroines of the South. It is related that when the sons of Rizpah fell victims to the vengeance of David and their outcast bodies were left unsepulchered on the hill, she spread sackcloth upon the rock, and from the beginning of harvest until water dropped upon them out of heaven she suf-

fered neither the birds of the air to rest upon them by day nor the beasts of the field by night.

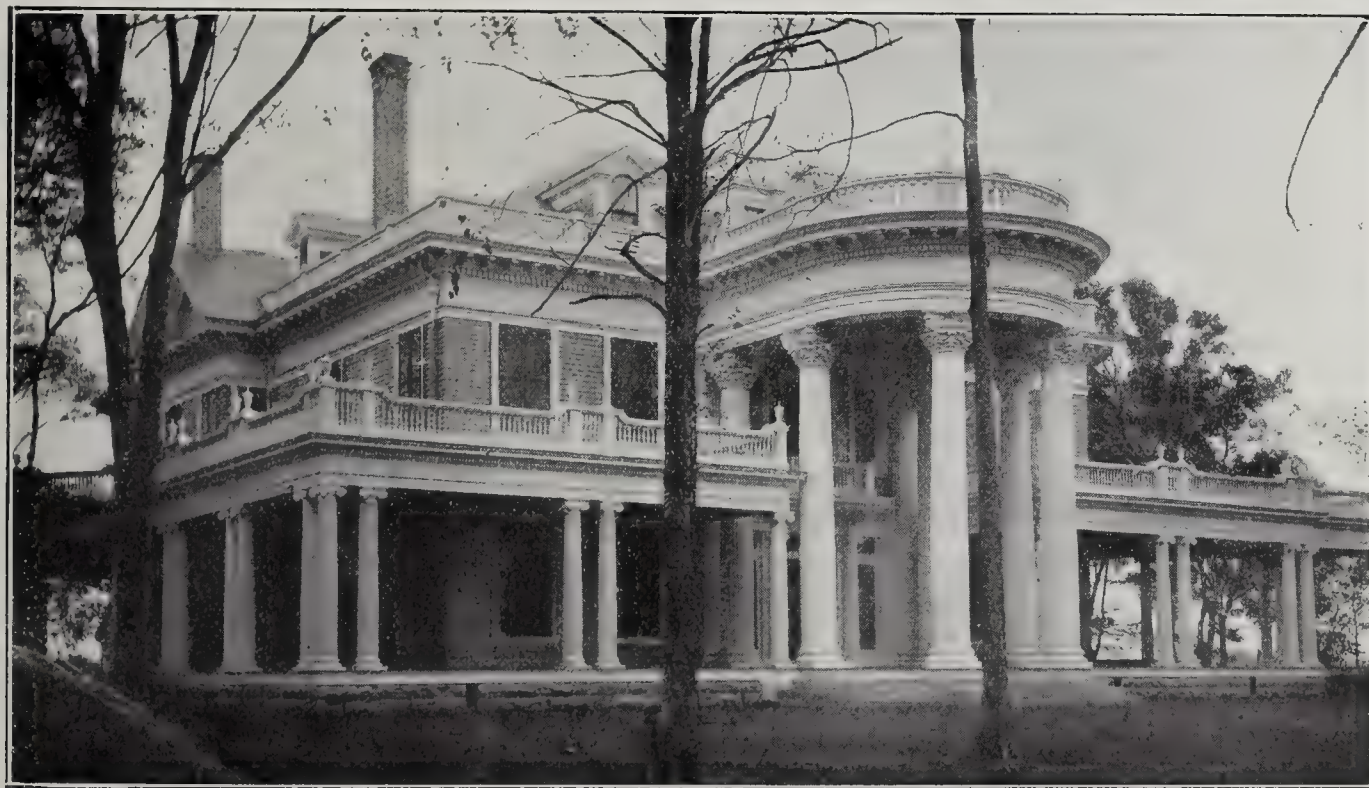
"When the Southern soldier returned to his ruined home, there in the humble doorway stood the Southern woman like an angel of hope, cheering him on to victories of peace more glorious and renowned than those of war; and through all the years that have passed, through all the time of hate and malice and persecution, she has remained like Rizpah upon the rock, guarding with sleepless vigilance the ashes of her dead. We do well to build monuments to the valor and prowess of the Southern soldiers; but if the power were mine, I would raise a monument to the Southern woman whose shaft would pierce the skies."

Gov. Frazier and Senator Bate made brief addresses after Senator Carmack closed.

Clark Chapter served dinner, and in the afternoon there were receptions, speech-making, and happy commingling of comrades and friends.

The monument, which cost \$2,000, consists of a granite shaft twenty-five feet high, surmounted by the figure of a Confederate soldier. On the front of the shaft is the inscription, "There is no nobler spot of ground than where exalted valor lies;" Confederate battle flag above.

On the lower base is inscribed: "Confederate Soldiers." On one side is a shield, over which are crossed trumpets carved with "C. S. A.," and on the other is a wreath enclosing the dates, "1861-65, erected by the Daughters."



LANGLEY HALL, NEAR GALLATIN, TENN., ON PROPERTY OF THE TROUSDALES FOR A CENTURY.

It is pleasing and appropriate in connection with the foregoing to present a view of Langley Hall. It is built on the farm bought by Capt. James Trousdale, father of Gov. Trousdale, more than a century ago, and has been in possession of the family ever since. This new residence is near the site of the original and about one mile from Gallatin.

The magnificent house here illustrated, the residence of B. W. Allen, Esq., is new, but follows quite rigidly the old colonial style of architecture. There are the hard-wood floors, water and gas works exclusively for the place; all desirable modern improvements; in fact, everything necessary to com-

fort and convenience, but the colonial style in yellow and green blinds, tall Corinthian columns, etc., is adhered to in the exterior, while the interior is much in accord. The main stairway is quite of the style of that in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, with porcelain-finished banisters, frescoed walls with highly artistic and delicately painted decorations. It is much larger than is realized from the point of view taken by the artist. The plate is used by courtesy of *The Building News*, Evansville, Ind. This magnificent home is the gift to Mrs. Allen by her niece, Miss Kate Trousdale, with whom she has lived since early childhood.

AN EMINENT SOUTHERN WOMAN.

The prolonged visit of Countess Eugenie Bertinatti, of Castellamonte, Italy, during the past few months has been a source of sincere pleasure to relatives and friends. This distinguished lady is a native of Tennessee, her parents having been of the earlier settlers in one of the richest sections of Middle Division of the State. Her paternal home, that of Col. Humphrey Bate, built of brick while Tennessee was a part of North Carolina, has been in the Bate family for many generations. She is a sister of Maj. H. C. Bate and closely related to United States Senator Bate.

The Countess first married at an early age Mr. Council R. Bass, by whom there were four children, two of whom blessed her life to mature years, but now all have passed away, and when the great war of the sixties occurred she resided upon her large estate between Vicksburg and Greenville, Miss. During much of the war she lived there in comfort and was rarely disturbed. On one occasion, however, some Federal forces drove from the premises her horses and cattle and hauled away supplies. This loss was so serious that she went to Vicksburg to see the commanding officer, Gen. Grant, whose wife was present at the interview, and so interposed in her behalf that a letter from Gen. Grant served as protection from subsequent raiding Federals. She mentions that Gen. Grant "was most kind and unassuming in manner." Being a noncombatant, she took the oath of allegiance, and was allowed exceptional courtesies by the Federal authorities in visiting one of her brothers, Dr. Bate, who, severely wounded and enfeebled, owes his prolonged life doubtless to her nursing and the supply of nutritious food.

As typical illustration of those thrilling and tragic days the VETERAN is permitted to copy herewith in facsimile a letter from President Lincoln and one from Gen. Grant:

Executive Mansion,

Washington, Jan. 15, 1864.

Adjutant General Thomas.

It is represented that Mrs. Eugenia P. Bass, owner of plantations in Mississippi about seventy miles above Vicksburg, having taken the oath of allegiance, leased and gave possession of said plantations to parties of unquestionable loyalty; and that you, acting perhaps in some mistake of fact, have leased the plantations to other parties. Please ascertain how this is, and if loyal services of her, her rights there prior to any action of yours, do not let them be disturbed. Of course I know nothing certainly about this matter.

Yours truly

A. Lincoln.

Head-Quarters Armies of the United States,

Oct. 13th 1865.

Dear Madam,

I will be in my office daily from 10 am. until 4th pm. and will see you with pleasure on any day between those hours on business.

From 7 in the evening I will, generally, be at my house in Georgetown and will see you there if preferable to you.

Respectfully

your obt. svt.
M. A. Grant
H. C.

Mrs. Bertinatti,
Georgetown
D.C.



MADAM EUGENIE BATE BERTINATTI.

As the wife of Count Bertinatti, who was Ambassador to the United States, and later to other countries, this distin-

guished woman of the South has had a most interesting experience. At this writing she is visiting her old plantation in Mississippi, especially anxious for the welfare of old servants. It is safe to state that she and the late Ellen Adair Beatty, who was known as the gifted and beautiful "Florida White," were of the most distinguished women in the United States. The latter, a native of Kentucky, died at Oxford, Miss, several years ago.

TEXAS DAUGHTERS HONOR GEN. GORDON.

The following address to the Chapters of the Texas Division, U. D. C., was sent out by Miss Katie Daffan, President:

"A shadow of deepest gloom hangs over our Southland today. The hearts of our Veterans are bowed in genuine sorrow, our Sons of Veterans stop to fervently remember that upon them will soon rest the responsibility of living on the 'work of our Confederate soldier.' The Daughters of the Confederacy, in tender grief, realize that their strongest advocate has passed into eternal rest and glory, and his beautiful life service and character will be a part of our work memorial. Gen. John B. Gordon, the brave-hearted, with courage to the end, surrendered to Death January 9, 1904.

"It was Gen. Gordon who first gave to our dearly beloved Winnie Davis the title, 'Daughter of the Confederacy.' From him did we have approval of our historical work, in all of our efforts for our soldiers, and the erection of monuments, and he oftentimes expressed himself as being delighted with the wonderful advancement, the work accomplished, and the large membership of the Texas Division.

"His soul was attuned to all that was broad and great and good in humanity, and he could say with adoring love, 'Our country.'

"Let every Chapter of the Texas Division honor the memory of our heroic dead, and let appropriate memorial service be held by each Chapter, together with the Veterans and Sons of Veterans.

"Gen. Gordon was a guest in many of our Texas homes, and our entire citizenship delighted to do him honor. His birthday occurs February 6, and I suggest that at that time we observe memorial service.

"Trusting this may meet response from all of our Chapters, for Gen. Gordon held the most distinguished office in the gift of the United Confederate Veterans, and it is in honor of the Confederate Veterans that we have our organization, Daughters of the Confederacy."

Although the foregoing comes late, it is given as an important paper from the President of the large Texas Division.

Excellent new Chapters have just been organized in Van Alstyne, Floresville, and Chapel Hill, Tex. The work in Texas grows greater each year, more and more is being done by the Daughters in their strong organized work.

"Texas Heroes' Day" was observed by the Chapters of the Texas Division March 15, commemorating the deeds of valor and many virtues of the Confederate soldiers identified with the Lone Star State—Albert Sidney Johnston, Dick Dowling, Sul Ross, Gen. Hood, Gen. Sam Green, Gen. William P. Rogers, Gen. Terry, Pelham, Pat Cleburne, and all who loved the State and were a part of the history of the State. This day will be observed annually by the Texas Daughters of the Confederacy.

Preparations are now being made by all Chapters for the observance of Annual Decoration and Memorial Day, April 26, at which time Crosses of Honor will be bestowed upon the Veterans.

FOR THE TRUTH OF HISTORY.

A subscriber, an old cadet of the Lexington Military Institute in the days of Stonewall Jackson, now living in Richmond, Va., writes:

"In the VETERAN of December an account is given of an occurrence which took place at Lexington, Va., just prior to the war. A few months ago another version of it was printed in the *Youth's Companion*. A perusal of these articles raises the query as to whether the details of war history or, indeed, any history can be relied upon.

"The *Youth's Companion* represents the occurrence as taking place on Sunday, and that Stonewall Jackson, while in church, was informed that the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute were rushing pellmell upon Washington College to wreak vengeance upon the students of that institution for resisting an attempt on the part of some cadets to pull down the United States flag from their building.

"Now, the affair occurred on Saturday, and the students of Washington College had no more to do with it than those of Harvard or Yale. It is doubtful if they ever had a flag, and the cadets did not even take the usual route to the town, which passes Washington College, but ran down the slope in front of the barracks, across the field, to the road leading directly into the town.

"The account in the December VETERAN comes much nearer being correct as to the causes leading to the affair. But both accounts say that Jackson took charge of the corps of cadets and marched them hither and thither, etc. I was a participant in the affair, and my recollection is that when the cadets reached the lower part of the main street we halted and formed into line; that we were met by some of the Institute authorities, among whom Maj. Jackson may have been present and he may have been the speaker (I do not now remember); that the cadets yielded to the argument used to get them to return to the Institute, the promise perhaps being given then (as it was at an after meeting held at the barracks) that the party guilty of the assault and battery should be arrested and the legal penalty inflicted. But that Jackson took charge of the cadets and 'marched' and 'countermarched' them, 'wheeled' them down the street, and 'drilled' them in such and such a 'field,' and, after getting them 'blown,' dismissed them to be good boys, is simply as baseless as the fabric of a vision. Neither by order from Jackson or any one else was there any 'drilling' and 'double-quicking' until we had 'cooled off.' The cadets broke ranks and went back just as they had come, every man for himself, and the corps was stretched out along the road for perhaps a quarter of a mile. I remember when I reached barracks that, not wishing to put my gun in the rack with a load in it, I fired at a little sapling in front of the barracks (and missed it).

"I do not mean in any way to reflect on the motives or veracity of those who wrote the versions alluded to, but let us all in preparing material for the future historian be scrupulously careful to get facts and omit all frills. Not only do these accounts make Jackson do what he never did, but they might create the impression that the cadets, whose gallantry at New Market won the admiration of friends and foes alike, were a lot of imbeciles who could be bamboozled without half an effort."

In report of the History Committee, U. D. C., among the books commended for use in Southern schools was the "Review of Slavery in the United States," by Mrs. Sophie Fox Sea, of Kentucky. This was mentioned as being by Mrs. Sophie Fox, and the full name is herewith given.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

The Grand Camp of Virginia Confederate Veterans has published in pamphlet form five thousand copies of Judge Christian's report as Chairman of the Virginia History Committee for free distribution.

MOVEMENT FOR THE J. B. GORDON MONUMENT.

Just as we go to press a letter from Judge William Lowndes Calhoun, President and Chairman of the Central Executive Committee of the John B. Gordon Monument Association, Atlanta, Ga., states: "We are striving energetically to succeed in our effort to raise funds for the Gordon monument."

This brief statement means much. It suggests promptness in action while it is understood that State lines are not to be considered in this tribute of love to the eminent Southerner and great-hearted patriot. Each State should take pride in its record to honor Gen John B. Gordon. Any subscriptions sent to the VETERAN will be properly acknowledged and remitted to the Treasurer, E. H. Thornton, Atlanta, Ga.

RIGHT OBSERVANCE OF MEMORIAL DAY.

Gen. P. A. S. McGlashan, commanding Georgia Division, United Confederate Veterans, writes:

"Comrades: The following resolution was passed on February 4 by Camp No. 1477, Macon, Ga.:

"Whereas the South Atlantic Baseball League proposes to open its season April 26, known as Memorial Day, and by legislative action a legal holiday, set apart as strictly dedicated to the memory of our dead Confederate soldiers; therefore be it

"Resolved, That it is the unanimous opinion and wish of Camp Macon, U. C. V., No. 1477, that our unqualified and unalterable protest be entered against the use of this day for sports, the reason being that the sacred and tender memories of this our dear Southland for our grand old Confederate heroes should not be encroached upon by anything that would lessen the interest and loyalty of our young people whose fathers stood in defense of our Southern homes from 1861 to 1865. We ask all other Camps in the State of Georgia to express themselves on the subject."

"The Commanding General wishes to indorse the above resolution, and beg that every Camp in the State will see that the day set apart for the decoration of the graves of our honored dead comrades is not desecrated by unseemly amusements."

Troup County Camp, No. 405, U. C. V., heartily indorse the above.

PRESS TRIBUTES TO "BILL ARP."

Newark (Ark.) Journal: "The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, Tenn., has started a movement to collect a sufficient fund by popular donations of one dollar each to erect a suitable monument to the memory of 'Bill Arp,' who died a few months ago. 'Bill Arp's' writings were read and admired by everybody in this part of the country, and the Journal would like to see a liberal donation to the fund sent in from Newark. We are going to start the list with \$1, and if any of our citizens wish to contribute, they can hand us their donation or send it direct to the VETERAN. The

names of all who contribute will be published in the Journal and the list forwarded to the VETERAN, to be added to the fund, and all the names will then be published in the VETERAN.

News and Courant, Cartersville, Ga.: "It is with peculiar pride and pleasure that the News and Courant notes the noble work begun by Mr. S. A. Cunningham, editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN at Nashville, of raising a fund with which to erect a monument to the late lamented Maj. Charles H. Smith (Bill Arp), of this city. . . . We notice that the list does not contain any Cartersville names as yet. Perhaps this is because there has been no local movement to help the fund along, for we are sure it is only necessary to call the attention of our people to the matter to get offerings. We have no method to suggest, but merely urge the fitness, the necessity of help from the home friends of Maj. Smith. Of course individual contributions could be sent to Mr. Cunningham, but it occurs to us that it would look better for some of our citizens to interest themselves and get up a real nice sum and forward all together. Who will start the ball rolling? Remember the shaft will be erected in Oak Hill cemetery."

ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE BILL ARP FUND.

Doster, J. W., Kingsland, Ark.....	\$ 1 00
Spencer, Dr. B. F., Weston, Tex.....	1 00
Bivins, J. K., Kildare, Tex.....	1 00
McKeen, J. D., Fulton, Ky.....	1 00
Byars, H. C., Sidney, Iowa.....	1 00
Brusle, C. A., Plaquemine, La.....	1 00
Du Buisson, C. J., Yazoo City, Miss.....	1 00
Garrett, George, Pulaski, Tenn.....	1 00
Garrett, Miss Kate, Pulaski, Tenn.....	1 00
Garrett, Miss Carrie, Pulaski, Tenn.....	1 00
Hough, E. S., Manchester, Tenn.....	1 00
Robert, Rev. P. G., St. Louis, Mo.....	1 00
Tomb, J. H., St. Louis, Mo.....	1 00
Austin, Miss C., Lonoke, Ark.....	1 00
Coker, J. C., Hartsville, S. C.....	1 00
Stephens, J. R., Franklin, Tenn.....	2 00
Gardner, D. B., Fort Worth, Tex.....	1 00
Ellison, Col. R. L., Fort Worth, Tex.....	1 00
Muggah, J. P., Patterson, La.....	1 00
Park, Capt. R. E., Atlanta, Ga.....	3 00
Park, Mrs. R. E., Atlanta, Ga.....	1 00
Park, Miss Etta, Atlanta, Ga.....	1 00
Beale, A. J., Cynthia, Ky.....	1 00
Lankford Bros., Pueblo, Colo.....	2 00
Riley, Mrs. J. H., Omega, La.....	1 00
Reed, C. A., Anderson, S. C.....	1 00
Bryan, J. T., Marianna, Fla.....	1 00
Newsom, Mrs. M. J., Marianna, Fla.....	1 00
Barry, Mrs. O. A., Sherman, Tex.....	1 00
Murphy, R. C., Natchez, La.....	1 00
Bates, J. Y., Corsicana, Tex.....	1 00
Mallette, J. H., Jr., Roanoke, Tex.....	1 00
Pickett, Fred L., Hector, Ala.....	1 00
Pickett, Hugh F., Hector, Ala.....	1 00
Pickett, James N., Hector, Ala.....	1 00
Chadwick, Mrs. E. J., Beaufort, N. C.....	1 00
Ritter, W. L., Baltimore, Md.....	1 00
Head, T. L., Hector, Ala.....	1 00

Total to date, \$129.25.

The complete list will be published later. The VETERAN believes implicitly that many others will be gratified with opportunity to contribute, and that they will not delay longer than the reunion in June. Please keep this in mind.

Official Report of the History Committee of the Grand Camp, C. V., Department of Virginia.

THE following report was submitted to the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans of Virginia at its annual meeting, held at Newport News, Va., October 28th, 1903. It was then unanimously adopted, and five thousand copies were directed by the Camp to be published in pamphlet form. A few days after this action on the part of the Camp, the author saw a statement in the newspapers to the effect that a committee had been ap-

pointed by the North Carolina Historical Society to investigate the statements contained in the report. The author was most anxious that if there were any errors in the report, they should be corrected before it was put in a more permanent form; and it was with this view that the publication has been postponed until this time.

GEO. L. CHRISTIAN, Chairman.

Richmond, February 20th, 1904.

To the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans of Virginia:

Your History Committee again returns its thanks to you and the public for the flattering and cordial way in which you have received its last report. It will be as gratifying to you as it is to the committee to know that we have heard of no attempt to controvert any statement contained in any report of this committee up to this time. It will also be gratifying to you to learn that at the late reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, held in New Orleans, the several reports of your committee were not only incorporated as a part of the report of the History Committee of that great organization, but received its unanimous and unqualified indorsement.

REGRETS OF COMMITTEE.

We had expected in this report to discuss a very different subject from that which now claims our attention. Indeed, we deeply regret that the matter which demands our attention at this time should have to be considered by us at all. But we conceive it to be our first duty to our Mother State to see that her record in the Confederate war is kept true, and not misunderstood or misrepresented by either friend or foe. We have always deprecated controversies between Confederates. We think, as Gen. Early once said, there is glory enough attached to the Confederate struggle for all of us to have a share, *that we should stand together and see that the truth of that conflict is preserved; this is all we have a right to ask, and we should be content with nothing less.*

This being our position, we repeat our sincere regret that some recent publications from representatives of our sister State of North Carolina have come to us in such a way, and that these publications emanate from such sources, that they demand consideration and attention at the hands of your committee. We again repeat our sorrow that we feel compelled to notice these matters, and in doing so we shall strive to say nothing which will even tend to detract from the fame won by the glorious "Old North State" in the Confederate war, except in so far as attempts have been made to augment that fame at the expense of Virginia.

PEOPLE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

We know the people of North Carolina and greatly admire their many virtues and noble characteristics. We knew the soldiers sent by her to the Army of Northern Virginia. We have seen their splendid bearing and frightful sacrifices on many a field of carnage, and we bear willing testimony to the fact that no truer, better, or braver soldiers ever stood on the "bloody front of battle." North Carolina is truly a great State, inhabited by a noble people, and with a record of which she has a right to be proud. We love State pride, and particularly that State pride and devotion to principle which has made North Carolina do what she could to preserve the names and records of her soldiers in the Con-

federate armies. Every other Southern State should follow her example, *no matter what it may cost to do so.*

No truer patriots ever lived or died for their country than those who fought in the Confederate armies. These men are as well satisfied now as they ever were that their cause was just. They enlisted at the command of their several States; they did their duty to the best of their ability; they are, and have a right to be, proud of their achievements, and they have a right to expect that their States will see to it that their names and the record of their deeds are preserved.

CLAIMS MADE BY NORTH CAROLINA.

Conceding, as we cheerfully do, the great fame achieved by North Carolina in the Confederate war, it seems to us, from reading the publications to which we have referred, that some of our friends from that State have not been either just or generous in some of their allusions to her sister States, and have seemed both spiteful and boastful in some of their charges, claims, and references to their "next-door neighbor," Virginia. What Virginia may have done to provoke this, we are not advised. If aught, we regret it. It is these charges, these claims and seeming reflections on Virginia alone, that we now propose to consider, as we feel in duty bound to do. In doing this we shall not imitate the course pursued by some of the writers to whom we have referred. Some of these have not hesitated to reflect on the people and soldiers from Virginia in the harshest and, in our opinion, most unjust manner. We shall not imitate these writers (1) because we feel confident that they do not, in their criticisms of Virginia and her people, reflect the real feelings of North Carolinians toward Virginians, and (2) because neither the people of Virginia nor the soldiers sent by her to the Confederate armies need any defense at our hands. The presentation of the truth of what Virginia did and dared and suffered for the Confederate cause is her complete vindication, and it is a part of this task that we now filially but cheerfully assume.

THAT SHE FURNISHED MORE TROOPS.

First: The first and most serious claim made by North Carolina is that she furnished more troops to the Confederacy than any other Southern State.

This claim has been made and published far and wide, and, as far as we know, no attempt has been made to controvert it. It generally assumes the form of a *boast*, but is sometimes made the basis of a *complaint*. We saw not long since in a North Carolina paper (the *Charlotte Observer* of May 17, 1903) a statement from the pen of a distinguished writer of that State, in which he complained that partiality had been shown to Virginia, and consequent injustice done to North Carolina, during the war, in the appointment of the general officers of the army, especially, he said, since Virginia had furnished only about 76,000 troops to the Confederacy, to North Carolina's 126,000, *or 50,000 more than Virginia.*

PRESIDENT DAVIS.

So far as the question of partiality is concerned, since President Davis, who made all these appointments, was not a Virginian, there was no reason why he should have been partial to Virginians unless their merits warranted it. And, in our opinion, no good reason is given by this writer for any such alleged misconduct on his part. We believe Mr. Davis was not only a true patriot but a great and good man, and that it would have been almost impossible to have found any one who could or would have discharged the delicate and difficult duties of his office more satisfactorily to all than he did.

But what concerns us far more is the claim made by this writer that North Carolina, with a smaller white population than Virginia, *furnished fifty thousand more troops to the Confederacy*. This claim necessarily implies that North Carolina was more loyal to the Confederate cause than Virginia, or, in other words, discharged her duty in this, the greatest crisis in the history of these States, better than Virginia.

RECORD OF TROOPS FURNISHED.

Let us examine the record on this point first, then, and see if this claim is sustained by it.

In Series IV., Vol. III., at page 95, of what are termed "The War of the Rebellion Official Records," will be found a carefully prepared official report to the "Bureau of Conscription" of the Confederate War Department, giving in much detail the number and character of the troops furnished by the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi up to January 25, 1864. This report shows that the "total number of men sent to the field" by Virginia up to that time was (page 102) 153,876, whilst the total number sent by North Carolina up to that time was only 88,457, or 65,419 less than Virginia.

This report further shows that according to the then last census there were remaining in Virginia, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, 13,248 men to be accounted for as soldiers; and in North Carolina 12,877. So that, if *every man* of those unaccounted for in North Carolina had been subsequently sent to the field, and *not one* of those from Virginia, still, according to this report, Virginia would have furnished *fifty-two thousand, five hundred and forty-three more than North Carolina*.

At page 99 of this report, in referring to North Carolina, the following statement is made:

"The Adjutant General of the State has estimated that the State has put into the service 100,000 men, but his calculations contain an apparent error, in which he has accounted for 14,000 men twice. His estimate should therefore be less than mine."

We do not quote this for the purpose of intimating that North Carolina may (unintentionally, of course) still be counting "twice," in making up the number she now claims, but only to show that her own Adjutant General did not then claim that North Carolina had furnished more than one hundred thousand men, whilst Virginia had then sent to the field, as shown by this report, one hundred and fifty-three thousand, eight hundred and seventy-six, and rather more than double the number with which she is credited by the distinguished writer to whom we have just referred.

At page 100 of this same report, in accounting for the troops furnished by South Carolina, occurs this item and statement—viz.:

"Without passing through camps 13,953."

"A large part of this number (13,953) will be found

to have volunteered in *North Carolina* regiments, having been drawn into that State by the inducements of double bounty, which was at one time offered to volunteers."

These troops from South Carolina are, doubtless, counted by North Carolina in the number she now claims, and may, to some extent, account for how she furnished 10,000 more soldiers to the Confederacy than her voting population, as shown in a then recent election, of which fact she now justly boasts.

REPORT CORRECT.

As showing that the report from which we have quoted is substantially correct, the largest number of troops we have seen anywhere claimed to have been furnished by North Carolina is that contained in the report from the present Adjutant General's office, and this number is put at about 127,000, and, of course, this includes the "total of all men disposed of" from the State—all in the field, and all exemptions from whatever cause. The report from which we have quoted above (page 103) gives North Carolina 126,623 and to Virginia (counting in the same way) 178,933, or 52,316 more than North Carolina.

COMPARATIVE NUMBER OF REGIMENTS, ETC.

Whilst this report gives the number of regiments, battalions, and batteries furnished by Virginia, it does not give the number of those furnished by North Carolina. But we are enabled to supply this apparent omission from another source, to be found in the same volume at page 722. As late as October 11, 1864, Gov. Vance wrote to Gen. Bragg (a native of North Carolina), then stationed in Richmond, asking Bragg to furnish him with the number of troops furnished by North Carolina to the Confederacy, and saying he wished this information in order to "know what North Carolina had done in comparison with the other States," in view of a proposed meeting of the Governors of the South, then about to assemble at Augusta, Ga. On this letter of inquiry there is an indorsement stating that, whilst the number of troops furnished by North Carolina could not be given without laborious research, there was then in the Confederate service from that State sixty-seven regiments, five battalions, twelve unattached companies, two State regiments doing service for the Confederacy, and nine battalions of reserves then organized. The report of January 25, 1864, above referred to, shows that Virginia had then sent to the field sixty-three regiments of infantry, forty battalions of infantry, twenty regiments of cavalry, forty battalions of cavalry, and one hundred and twenty-five batteries of artillery (page 96).

A comparison of these organizations of the two States gives this result—viz.: That where North Carolina had furnished the Confederacy, in all arms of the service, *sixty-nine* regiments, Virginia had furnished *eighty-three*; where North Carolina had furnished *fourteen* battalions, Virginia had furnished *eighty*; and where North Carolina had furnished *twelve* unattached companies (presumably batteries), Virginia had furnished *one hundred and twenty-five* batteries; and it is worthy of remark, that the report showing the number of these Virginia organizations is dated eight months in advance of that showing the number of the North Carolina organizations.

COMPARATIVE EXEMPTIONS.

Second: Another charge made by another distinguished North Carolina writer (Capt. W. R. Bond in his pamphlet entitled "Pickett or Pettigrew") is that

"citizens of Virginia were filling nearly one-half of the positions of honor and trust, civil and military," in the Confederacy.

So far as the appointment of the general officers of the army is involved in this charge, we have already said that we believed they were made by Mr. Davis solely on the merits of the appointees; and we think it will be admitted by all that some of these appointments could not have been improved upon, or perhaps made at all from any other State.

As to the charge, so far as it applies to the other military officers, this was made by Gov. Vance during the war, and if any one wishes to see a complete refutation of it, they have only to refer to the letter from Gen. Lee to the Confederate Secretary of War, dated September 9, 1863, Reb. Rec., Series I., Vol. XXIX., Part II., p. 723.

As to the *civil* positions of honor and trust of which this writer says *one-half* were filled by Virginians, and that Richmond thought *"all should be thus filled."* If he means by this to charge that Virginia had a larger number of men exempted from military duty to fill these places than any other State (as would have been reasonable, since she had the largest number in the field and was the seat of the capital, with all the departments of the government), then the report, from which we have just quoted, shows that in this he is greatly mistaken. This report, at page 103, shows that the "total exempts" in Virginia at that time were *twenty-five thousand and sixty-three*; whilst those in North Carolina numbered *thirty-eight thousand, one hundred and sixty-six*. And in the same volume in which this report is to be found, at page 851, will be found this remarkable exhibit, under the heading "Number of State Officers" in each Southern State exempted on certificates of their Governors. This last paper shows that while the number of these officers exempted in Virginia was *one thousand, four hundred and twenty-two*, the number exempted in North Carolina was *fourteen thousand, six hundred and seventy-five*, more than ten times as many as in any other Southern State.

EFFECTS OF FIGHTING OF THE "BETHEL REGIMENT."

Third: A third claim made by another distinguished North Carolina writer is that one of the effects of the fight made by the "Bethel Regiment" at Bethel was the "possibly holding Virginia in the Confederacy." (See article by Maj. Edward J. Hale, "North Carolina Regiments '61 to '65," Vol. I., p. 123.)

The only theory on which we can account for this uncalled-for suggestion is, that the writer wished to attribute to this regiment the greatest possible achievement the fecundity of his imagination could conceive of, and hence this "unkindest cut of all" at our old mother. Virginia joined the Confederacy before North Carolina; and we will show later on, by the testimony of *all* the representatives of *all* the Southern States, that no State in the Confederacy showed more devotion to the cause, and that none was ready to make or made greater sacrifices in its behalf.

NO DESIRE TO MAGNIFY WORK OF VIRGINIA.

We have no intention or desire to magnify either the services rendered by Virginia to the Confederacy or the sufferings and sacrifices of her people for the Confederate cause. Indeed, from what we know of these, we think it would be difficult to do this. But since some North Carolina writers have laid so much stress on the part performed by their State in these directions (a claim we have no disposition to contest), it seems to us both pertinent and proper to call attention to two things which apply to Virginia, but do not

apply to North Carolina or to any other Southern State. These are:

VIRGINIA A "BATTLEGROUND"

1. *Virginia was a "battleground" from the beginning to the end of the war.* No people who have not had this experience can form any conception of what it means, and this was literally true of Virginia "from her mountains to her seashore." Every day and every hour for four long years the tramp or the camp, the bivouac or the battle of *both* armies were upon Virginia's soil. Six hundred of the two thousand battles fought were fought in Virginia, and the fenceless fields, the houseless chimneys, the charred ruins and the myriad graves left all over Virginia at the close of the war marked and measured the extent to which her material resources had contributed to that struggle, and the devotion of her people to the Confederate cause. These things also showed in the utter desolation produced by the war, and in the difficulties and disadvantages the State and her people have labored under ever since.

VIRGINIA DISMEMBERED.

2. *Virginia was the only Southern State dismembered by the war.* One-third of her territory (the richest in many respects) and one-third of her people were actually torn from her by the mailed hand of war not only without her consent but contrary to an express provision of the Federal Constitution. The true history of this "political rape," as it was termed by Gen. Wise, is one of the blackest political crimes in the annals of history.

OTHER CLAIMS MADE BY NORTH CAROLINA.

Fourth: The fourth claim or claims (and the last to which we can refer) preferred by North Carolina are set forth in these very striking terms—viz.: That she was

"First at Bethel; Farthest to the Front at Gettysburg and Chickamauga; Last at Appomattox."

This legend in this form is inscribed on the cover of each of the five volumes published by the State, entitled "North Carolina Regiments, 1861-65," to be thus perpetuated throughout all time.

Of course, such claims, thus asserted, and conveying to the world what these necessarily do, should be above and beyond all criticism or cavil. Let us see if these will stand this test. Before instituting this inquiry, let us first ask, respectfully, why these claims are made at all. The learned editor of the volumes to which we have just referred disclaims that they are intended as a *boast*. But we again respectfully ask: Can they mean anything else than that North Carolina means by them to proclaim the fact that the troops furnished by her were better, and therefore did better at the important points named, than those from any other State.

It is worthy of note, too, that our friends are getting more aggressive in their claiming with the passing of time. The first form assumed by this legend, and inscribed on the Confederate monument at Raleigh, was only:

"First at Bethel; Last at Appomattox."

We next hear of it as inscribed on her memorial room in Richmond as:

"First at Bethel; Farthest to the Front at Gettysburg; Last at Appomattox."

And now Chickamauga's "bloody front" is also included. One of her writers has already claimed that "Chancellorsville" was a "North Carolina fight," and that Gettysburg ought to be so denominated, too; and so our friends go on claiming from step to step just as during the war.

"From rank to rank their volleyed thunders flew."

As before stated, we have no intention or desire to detract one iota from the fame of North Carolina, except where attempts have been made to augment that fame at the expense of Virginia. Keeping this purpose steadily before us, we now propose to inquire whether or not some of the claims set up by North Carolina in this legend do injustice to Virginia. And first as to the claim that she was "first at Bethel."

"FIRST AT BETHEL."

In Volume IV. of the "Confederate Military History," at page 19, will be found a carefully prepared account of the battle of Bethel, written by D. H. Hill, Jr., son of the intrepid soldier of that name who commanded the First North Carolina in that fight, and, therefore, one with every natural incentive to say all that could be said truthfully, both on behalf of his father and his regiment. He says: "About nine o'clock in the morning of the 10th (June) the Federals appeared on the field in front of the Southern works, and Greble's battery took position. *A shot from a Parrott gun in the Confederate works ushered in the great Civil War on the land.*"

This first shot was fired from the battery of the Richmond (Va.) Howitzers, which had already fired the "first shot" fired on Virginia's soil nearly a month before at Gloucester Point. We are not claiming, however, any special credit for having fired this conceded *first shot*, the firing of which was only fortuitous. But Virginia was at Bethel, along with North Carolina, not only represented by the commanding general, himself a Virginian, but by all three arms of the service (infantry, artillery, and cavalry), and these troops are mentioned by the commanding general, along with those from North Carolina, not only in his report of the battle but also, and in complimentary terms, in the report of Gen. (then Col.) D. H. Hill, commanding the only North Carolina troops there. Was not Virginia at Bethel, then, standing side by side with North Carolina? Did she not do her duty there as well? If she did, why the invidious claim that North Carolina was *first at Bethel*? Is this just to Virginia? We think not, in all kindness and courtesy. Bethel is in Virginia, and to claim that the troops of any other State were more prompt in defending her soil than those from Virginia necessarily reflects on Virginia.

FARTHEST AT GETTYSBURG.

AS TO GETTYSBURG: We were there, and by reason of our position on the field, we saw that battle as we never saw any other. We saw the charges of Pickett's, Pettigrew's, and Pender's Divisions. We saw some of Pickett's men go over the enemy's works and into their lines. We did not think then, and do not think now, that Pettigrew's and Pender's went so far, and we know this was the *consensus* of opinion of those around us at the time.

But be this as it may, the world's verdict is that Pickett's men went as far as men could go and did all that men could do. Mr. Charles Francis Adams has recently written of them, that the vaunted charge of Napoleon's "Old Guard" at Waterloo did not compare with that of Pickett's men, and was "as boys' play beside it."

Gen. John B. Gordon, of Georgia, perhaps the most distinguished Confederate officer now living, who was at Gettysburg, has very recently written that the "point where Pickett's Virginians, under Kemper, Garnett, and Armistead, in their immortal charge swept over the rock wall, has been appropriately designated by the government as *the high-water mark of the rebellion.*" And we believe this will be the verdict of history for all time.

Since there has been so much discussion on this point, and some of it, we think, both unfortunate and intemperate, we propose to consider this claim calmly and dispassionately, not from what we saw, or what we and others may have thought at the time of the battle, or may think now, but from the *official reports of the commanding officers*, written only a few days after the battle. These reports are the *best evidence*, and must and will be accepted as conclusive of what then occurred. We have read so much of all of these reports, Confederate and Federal, as we could find published and as would throw light on this question, and we propose to make such extracts from the most important of these as we think should settle this controversy for all time. It is proper to say in this connection that the statements contained in these reports were accepted as true at the time, and remained so for thirty years. History, both at the North and at the South, has been based on them, and it seems to us remarkable that this controversy should have arisen so long after the happening of the events as thus established. But the controversy has now arisen, and hence the necessity for appealing to the record to settle it. The question is, Which troops went "farthest to the front"—*i. e.*, penetrated the enemy's works farthest—on the 3d day of July, 1863, at Gettysburg in the famous charge of that day—Pickett's, Pettigrew's, or Pender's? We say Pickett's; North Carolinians say Pettigrew's.

In order to understand the situation and the quotations we shall make from the reports, it is necessary to state what forces constituted the "charging column" and the dispositions and alignments of these forces. This column was composed of Pickett's Virginia Division on the *right* and a part of Heth's Division (commanded by Pettigrew) on the *left*, with a part of Anderson's Division to guard the left flank of Pettigrew, and Wilcox's and Perry's Brigades of Anderson's Division the right flank of Pickett. Pickett's Division was called the "directing division," and was composed of Kemper's, Garnett's, and Armistead's Brigades—Kemper's on the right, Garnett's on the left, supported by Armistead in the rear and center. Pettigrew's Division was composed of Archer's, Pettigrew's, Davis's, and Brockenbrough's Brigades, supported by Scales's and Lane's Brigades of Pender's Division, then commanded by Gen. Trimble; Scales's Brigade (commanded by Col. Lowrance) being in rear of Archer's (commanded by Col. Fry), and Lane's being on the left of Scales, supporting Pettigrew's Brigade (then commanded by Col. Marshall). All of the reports refer to the magnificent way in which all of these troops advanced to the charge, and we shall institute no comparison between them; they were all gallant and glorious Confederate soldiers, and, we believe, the "best the world ever saw," as they have been pronounced by the present Chief Magistrate of this country.

We come now to the reports. We quote first from that of Gen. Lee, written after he had received those of his subordinates, and based upon what was contained in them, as well as what he saw on the field; and his position on the field was such that he could see the whole movement with distinctness. He says this in his official report:

"Gen. Longstreet ordered forward the column of attack, consisting of Pickett's and Heth's Divisions in two lines, Pickett on the right. Wilcox's Brigade marched in rear of Pickett's right to guard that flank, and Heth's (commanded by Pettigrew) was supported by Lane's and Scales's Brigades under Gen. Trimble. The troops moved steadily on under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, the main attack being directed against the enemy's left center. His batteries opened

as soon as they appeared. Our own, having nearly exhausted their ammunition in the protracted cannonade that preceded the advance of the infantry, were unable to reply or render the necessary support to the attacking party. Owing to this fact, which was unknown to me when the assault took place, the enemy was enabled to throw a strong force of infantry against *our left, already wavering* [italics ours] under a concentrated fire of artillery from the ridge in front and from Cemetery Hill on the left. It (the left) *finally gave way*, and the *right, after penetrating the enemy's lines, entering his advance works*, and capturing some of his artillery, was attacked simultaneously in front and on both flanks and driven back with heavy loss."

We have only to remember that Pettigrew's Division was on the *left* and Pickett's on the *right* to understand clearly what Gen. Lee here says.

We next quote from Gen. Longstreet's report, who was standing not very far from Lee and saw the whole movement. He says:

"The advance was made in very handsome style, all the troops keeping their lines accurately and taking the fire of the batteries with coolness and deliberation. About halfway between our position and that of the enemy a ravine partially sheltered our troops from the enemy's fire, where a short halt was made for rest. The advance was resumed after a moment's pause, all still in good order. The enemy's batteries soon opened on our lines with canister, and the *left* seemed to stagger under it, but the advance was resumed and with the same degree of steadiness. Pickett's troops did not appear to be checked by the batteries, and only halted to deliver a fire when close under musket range. Maj. Gen. Anderson's Division was ordered forward to support and assist the *wavering columns of Pettigrew and Trimble. Pickett's troops, after delivering fire, advanced to the charge, and entered the enemy's lines, capturing some of his batteries and gaining his works. About the same moment, the troops that had before hesitated broke their ranks and fell back in great disorder* [italics ours], many more falling under the enemy's fire in retiring than while they were attacking. *This gave the enemy time to throw his entire force upon Pickett* [italics ours], with a strong prospect of being able to break up his lines or destroy him before Anderson's Division could reach him, which would in its turn have greatly exposed Anderson. He was, therefore, ordered to halt. In a few moments the enemy, marching against both flanks and the front of Pickett's Division, overpowered and drove it back, capturing about half of those of it who were not killed or wounded."

Surely comment here is unnecessary, and no one who has read Longstreet's book will accuse him of partiality to Virginians.

We next quote from the report of that gallant soldier and splendid gentleman, Gen. James H. Lane, who was at first in command of Pender's Division, but having been relieved of that by Gen. Trimble, then commanded his own North Carolina Brigade. He says:

"Gen. Longstreet ordered me to form in the rear of the right of Heth's Division, commanded by Gen. Pettigrew. Soon after I had executed this order, putting Lowrance (commanding Scales's Brigade) on the right,

I was relieved of the command of the division by Gen. Trimble, who acted under the same orders that I received. Heth's Division was much larger than Lowrance's Brigade and my own, which were its only support, and there was consequently no second line in rear of its left. Now in command of my own brigade, I moved forward to the support of Pettigrew's right, through the woods in which our batteries were planted, and through an open field about a mile in full view of the enemy's fortified position and under a murderous artillery and infantry fire. As soon as *Pettigrew's command gave back* [italics ours] Lowrance's Brigade and my own, without ever having halted, took position on the left of the troops, *which were still contesting the ground with the enemy* [italics ours]. My command never moved forward more handsomely. The men reserved their fire, in accordance with orders, until within good range of the enemy, and then opened with telling effect, repeatedly driving the cannoneers from their pieces, completely silencing the guns in our immediate front, and breaking the line of infantry which was formed on the crest of the hill. We advanced *to within a few yards of the stone wall* [italics ours], exposed all the while to a raking artillery fire from the right. My left was here very much exposed, and a column of the enemy's infantry was thrown forward from that direction, which enfiladed my whole line. This forced me to withdraw my brigade, the troops on my right having already done so."

The troops directly on Lane's right were those of Lowrance. But if he refers to Pickett's too, then he does not pretend that his own men entered the enemy's works, as Pickett's did, which, as we shall see, is the real point at issue.

Scarcely a more striking illustration of the frailty of human memory or the unsatisfactory nature of the *post-bellum* statements relied on entirely, it would seem, by the advocates of North Carolina's claim, can be found than by contrasting Gen. Lane's report with what is said by Capt. Louis G. Young (now of Savannah, Ga., a gallant and gifted Confederate who was in charge as an aide on Gen. Pettigrew's staff), in an address recently delivered by him on Gettysburg, a copy of which he has kindly sent us. Capt. Young says:

"Gen. Trimble and his brigade (division) were not, and had not been, in supporting distance. They also must have been delayed, as was Davis's Brigade, in the woods on Seminary Ridge. Be this as it may, they were too late to give any assistance to the assaulting column. When I delivered my message I knew it was too late, and I recall my sad reflection, 'What a pity that these brave men should be sacrificed!' Already had the remnant of Pickett's and Heth's Divisions broken. *They broke simultaneously.* They had together struck the stone fence, driven back the enemy posted behind it, looked down on the multitude beyond, and, in the words of Gen. McLaws, who was watching the attack, 'rebounded like an India rubber ball.' The lodgment effected was only for an instant. Not twenty minutes elapsed, as claimed by some, before the handful of braves was driven back by overwhelming numbers. Then Trimble's command should have been ordered to the rear. It continued its useless advance alone, only to return *before it had gone as far as we had.*"

It will be seen that this statement is (unintentionally, we know) not only at variance with the report of Gen. Lane, but also with those of Gens. Lee and Longstreet, both of whom confirm Gen. Lane in the statement that Pettigrew's men gave way *before those of Pickett did*.

But let us quote again from the official reports, and this time from that of Col. Lowrance, who, it will be remembered, commanded Scale's North Carolina Brigade, which was supporting Pettigrew. He says:

"We advanced upon the enemy's line, which was in full view at a distance of a mile. Now their whole line of artillery was playing upon us, which was on an eminence in front strongly fortified and supported by infantry." . . . "All went forward with a cool and steady step; but ere we had advanced over two-thirds of the way, *troops from the front came tearing through our ranks* [italics ours], which caused many of our men to break, but with the remaining few we went forward until the right of the brigade *touched the enemy's line of breastworks* as we marched in rather an oblique line. Now the pieces in our front were silenced. Here many were shot down, being then exposed to a heavy fire of grape and musketry upon our right flank. Now all, apparently, had forsaken us."

Now the troops in front of Lowrance were those of Pettigrew, and he says they gave way a third of a mile before they got to the enemy's works. But be this at it may, he nowhere says *that any of his men entered the enemy's works*; and none of the reports that we have seen say that any North Carolina troops did this, which, as we have seen, is the real point at issue. We have already shown, and will do so more conclusively later, that Pickett's men, or some of them, certainly did this. The report of Maj. Joseph A. Englehard, assistant adjutant general of Pender's Division, then commanded by Trimble, is substantially to the same effect as those of Gen. Lane and Col. Lowrance, and for that reason we do not quote what he says. That of Col. Shepard, of Archer's Brigade, after describing the charge, and saying our lines, both right and left, gave way, says:

✧ "Archer's Brigade remained at the works fighting as long as any other troops, either on their right or left, so far as I could observe. Every flag in the brigade, excepting one, was captured *at or within the works of the enemy*." (Italics ours.)

This is the only official statement we have found which claimed that any other troops than those of Pickett entered the enemy's works. But since Archer's Brigade, which, Gen. Heth says, were the "heroes of Chancellorsville," was composed entirely of Tennesseans and Alabamians, we hardly think our North Carolina friends can mean their claim to be mistaken for what the men of this brigade did.

The report of Maj. J. Jones, of the Twenty-Sixth North Carolina, who commanded Pettigrew's Brigade after Col. Marshall was wounded, says:

"When within about 250 or 300 yards of the stone wall, behind which the enemy was posted, we were met with a perfect hailstorm of lead from their small arms. The brigade dashed on, *and many had reached the wall*, when we received a deadly volley from the left. The whole line on the *left* had given way, and we were being rapidly flanked. With our thinned ranks and in such a position it would have been folly to stand, and against such odds. We, therefore, fell back to our original position in rear of the batteries."

It will be seen that this officer does not claim that any of his men entered the works or that the troops on his *right* (Pickett's and Archer's) gave way first; but those on his *left*, the other two brigades of Pettigrew's Division. The reports of Gens. A. P. Hill, Heth, and Davis throw no light on the question, and we have been unable to find any from Gen. Pickett or from any officer of his division, except that of Maj. Charles S. Peyton, of Garnett's Brigade, which would throw any further light on this question. Maj. Peyton says this:

"Our line, much shattered, still kept up the advance until within about twenty paces of the wall, when for a moment it recoiled under the terrific fire that poured into our ranks both from their batteries and from their sheltered infantry. At this moment Gen. Kemper came up on the right and Gen. Armistead in rear, when the three lines, joining in concert, rushed forward with unyielding determination and an apparent spirit of laudable rivalry to plant the Southern banner on the walls of the enemy. His strongest and last line was instantly gained; the Confederate battle flag waved over his defenses, and the fighting over the wall became hand-to-hand and of the most desperate character; but, more than half having already fallen, our line was found too weak to rout the enemy. *We hoped for a support on the left* (which had started simultaneously with ourselves), *but hoped in vain*. [Italics ours.] Yet a small remnant remained in desperate struggle, receiving a fire in front, on the right, and on the left, many even climbing over the wall and fighting the enemy in his own trenches until entirely surrounded; and those who were not killed or wounded were captured, with the exception of about 300 who came off slowly, but greatly scattered, the identity of every regiment being entirely lost and every regimental commander killed or wounded."

Col. Walter H. Taylor, of Gen. Lee's staff, who was on the field standing by Gen. Lee and saw the movement, says:

"It is needless to say a word here of the heroic conduct of Pickett's Division. That charge has already passed into history as 'one of the world's great deeds of arms.' While doubtless many brave men of other commands reached the crest of the heights, this was the only *organized* body which entered the works of the enemy."

Gen. Long, who was also on Gen. Lee's staff, after describing the order in which the charge was made, says:

"But the tempest of fire which burst upon the devoted column quickly reduced its strength. The troops of Heth's Division (Pettigrew's), decimated by the storm of deadly hail which tore through their ranks, faltered and fell back in disorder before the withering volleys of the Federal musketry. This compelled Pender's (Trimble's) Division, which had marched out to support the movement, to fall back, while Wilcox, on perceiving that the attack had grown hopeless, failed to advance, leaving Pickett's men to continue the charge alone. The other supports, Hood's and McLaw's Divisions, which had been expected to advance in support of the charging column, did not move, and were too remote to offer any assistance. The consequence was that Pickett was left entirely unsupported.

"Yet the gallant Virginians marched steadily forward through the storm of shot and shell that burst

upon their devoted ranks with a gallantry that has never been surpassed. As they approached the ridge their lines were torn by incessant volleys of musketry as by a deadly hail. Yet, with unfaltering courage, the brave fellows broke into the double-quick, and with an irresistible charge burst into the Federal lines and drove everything before them toward the crest of Cemetery Hill, leaping the breastworks and planting their standards on the captured guns with shouts of victory."

Whilst nearly all of the Federal reports which refer to this charge do so in almost as enthusiastic terms as the Confederate, yet only two or three of them designate by name the troops who were in advance and who actually entered their works. These few, however, leave no doubt on this point. Gen. Hancock says:

"When the enemy's line had nearly reached the stone wall, *led by Gen. Armistead*" [italics ours], etc.

Gen. Webb, who commanded the brigade immediately in front of Pickett, says:

"The enemy advanced steadily to the fence, driving out a portion of the Seventy-First Pennsylvania Volunteers. *Gen. Armistead passed over the fence with probably over a hundred of his command* [italics ours] and with several battle flags," etc.

Gen. Henry J. Hunt, who commanded the Federal artillery, says:

"The enemy advanced magnificently, unshaken by the shot and shell which tore through his ranks from the front and from our left. . . . When our canister fire and musketry were opened upon them it occasioned disorder, but still they advanced gallantly until they reached the stone wall, behind which our troops lay. Here ensued a desperate conflict, *the enemy succeeding in passing the wall and entering our lines* [italics ours], causing great destruction of life, especially among the batteries."

The other reports show what "enemy" is here meant. It will thus be seen that *every one of the official reports*, both Federal and Confederate (with the exception of that of Col. Shepard, of Archer's Brigade, not composed of Carolinians), which refer to the troops who entered the enemy's works, *point unmistakably to those of Pickett's Virginians*. This is the *positive* testimony on this point, and the *negative* is almost as strong; which is that *none of the official reports from the officers commanding the North Carolina troops make any such claim for their troops*—a claim that would certainly have been made if the facts had warranted it. Not only is this true, but Gen. Lane, in his letter published long after the war in the "Southern Historical Society papers," whilst complaining (and, perhaps, justly) of the little credit given the North Carolina troops for their conduct in this charge, *makes no such claim for them*. Indeed, Capt. S. A. Ashe, of North Carolina, late adjutant general of Pender's Division, who was in the charge, in his address published in Volume V. of "North Carolina Regiments, '61-'65," whilst claiming at the close that North Carolina troops "advanced the farthest and remained the longest," says at page 152:

"Some of Pettigrew's North Carolinians *advanced to the wall itself* [italics ours], doing all that splendid valor and heroic endurance could do *to dislodge the enemy, but their heroism was in vain*."

And only a very few of the many *post-bellum* witnesses quoted from by Capt. Ashe claim any more than the official reports show. As to the value of these *post-bellum* statements, as

compared with the "official reports" prepared at the time, we cannot do better than to quote from what Gen. Lane said in the article in the Southern Historical Society papers before referred to. He says, speaking of his own report of the battle of Gettysburg:

"I am sure the public will consider this official paper, written about a month after the battle, a more valuable historical document than the many recent articles written from memory, which is at all times treacherous, and as every Confederate soldier knows, particularly so as regards the incidents, etc., of our heroic struggle for independence."

He then goes on to give instances of the unreliability of these writings from memory.

We have heretofore said we could find no official report of this battle from Gen. Pickett. The following letter explains why this report was not published. It will be found in Series I, Volume XXVII., Part III., page 1075, "Reb. Rec.," and is as follows:

"Gen. George E. Pickett, Commanding, etc.

"*General*: You and your men have crowned yourselves with glory; but we have the enemy to fight, and must carefully, at this critical moment, guard against dissensions which the reflections in your report would create. I will, therefore, suggest that you destroy both copy and original, substituting one confined to casualties merely. I hope all will yet be well.

"I am, with respect, your obedient servant,

"R. E. LEE, *General*."

We make no comment on this letter, and when read in the light of the official reports, it would seem to need none.

We do not intend to be misunderstood. We have not done so and do not intend to reflect in any way on any of the North Carolina troops. On the contrary, we think, considering the fact that they were engaged and sustained heavy losses in the first day's battle, and were thus deprived of many of their brigade, regimental, and company officers *they behaved with signal gallantry*. But our contention and our only point is: that the present claim set up by North Carolina that her troops were "farthest to the front" at Gettysburg *is not sustained by the record*.

We have recently learned that our friends from North Carolina do not now claim that their men entered the enemy's works, as some of Pickett's did. Yet they say that inasmuch as at the point where Pickett's men struck these works they were farther advanced to the front than where Pettigrew's men struck them, and as "Capt. Satterfield and other North Carolinians of the Fifty-Fifth North Carolina fell within nine yards of that wall. This settles (it) that the men from this State (North Carolina) fairly earned the title "Farthest at Gettysburg." (Note by the editor, "North Carolina Regiments, '61-'65," Vol. V., p. 101.)

We remark in the first place that the Fifty-Fifth North Carolina was in Davis' Brigade, the farthest brigade to the left (save one) in the "charging column," and being without any support, as explained by Gen. Lane, we thought it was conceded that this brigade and Brockenbrough's *were the first troops to give way*.

But surely our friends are not basing their claim on any such narrow and technical ground as is here indicated, and as surely this is not the meaning they intended to convey by this claim. We might as well claim that the picket on the flank of Meade's army or captured within his lines was "farthest to the front." Every soldier knows that the "*front*" of an army is *wherever its line of battle is (whether that line is*

zigzag or straight), and the opposing troops which penetrate that line are farther to the front than those which do not.

We have shown, we think, conclusively that the Virginians under Pickett did penetrate the enemy's line on the 3d of July, '63, in the famous charge at Gettysburg, and that the North Carolinians, under Pettigrew and Trimble, did not.

Another ground on which, we understand, North Carolina bases this claim is, that her losses in this battle were greater than those of Pickett. All the statistics of losses we have seen of the battle of Gettysburg include those in the different commands in all three days combined. Since, therefore, Pettigrew's and Trimble's men were engaged in the battles of the first day as well as those of the third, and as Pickett's were only engaged on the third day, of course the losses of the first two divisions in the two days' battles were greater than those of the last named in the one day's battle.

If our friends from North Carolina would adopt the language of her gallant son, Capt. Ashe, from whom we have already quoted, and say of Gettysburg,

"It was, indeed, a field of honor as well as a field of blood, and the sister States of Virginia and North Carolina have equal cause to weave chaplets of laurel and cypress there,"

no one in Virginia would have just cause of complaint and certainly none would ever have come from this committee on this point. But when her claim is set forth in the invidious (and, we think, unjust) form it is, *we think it not only our right but our duty to appeal to the record, and to set Virginia right from that record, and this is all we have tried to do.*

AS TO CHICKAMAUGA.

AS TO CHICKAMAUGA: We have already protracted this report too far to warrant us in investigating the ground on which this claim is based by North Carolina. Virginia was at Chickamauga, too, along with North Carolina. We have always understood that these Virginia troops did their duty on this field as well as those from any other State. This is all we claim, and all that was claimed for North Carolina until very recently. We can only remark as to this belated claim that we have read the full and detailed report of this great battle, written by the commanding general, a native of North Carolina, and in it he nowhere refers to any specially meritorious services rendered by the few North Carolina troops there.

AS TO APPOMATTOX.

AS TO APPOMATTOX: The writer had been permanently disabled by wounds before Appomattox, and, therefore, cannot speak personally of what occurred there, and there are no official reports to appeal to. From what we have heard of the surroundings there—the scattered condition of the different commands, the desultory firing, and the confusion incident to that event—we should think it difficult, if not impossible, to prove with any degree of certainty what troops were really entitled to the honor claimed there by North Carolina.

We do not know, however, that this honor is claimed by troops from several of the Southern States; and we have heard it asserted with great plausibility that the last fighting was done by troops from Virginia. We cannot prolong this report to discuss the merits of these several claims, a discussion which would, in our opinion, be both fruitless and unsatisfactory.

ENOUGH GLORY FOR ALL TO HAVE A SHARE.

In the Army of Northern Virginia nearly every Southern

State was represented. The Confederate Secretary of War says of that army in his report of November 3, 1864, that it was one "in which every virtue of an army and the genius of consummate generalship had been displayed." And this again, we believe, is the world's verdict. Is not this glory enough to give us all a share? Let us then not be envious and jealous of each other where all did their part so well.

VIRGINIA'S CLAIMS.

Virginia makes no boast of the part borne by her in that, the greatest crisis of her history. She only claims that *she did her duty to the best of her ability*. She has, therefore, no apologies to make either for what she did or may have failed to do. It is true that she was somewhat reluctant to join the Confederacy, not because she had any doubt of the right of secession or of the justice of the Confederate cause, but only because of her devotion to the union of our fathers which she had done so much to form and to maintain from its foundation. But when she did cast her lot with her Southern sisters, she bore her part with a courage and devotion never surpassed; *and the record shows this in no uncertain way*. In the address issued and signed by every member of the Confederate Congress in February, 1864, not written by a Virginian, she is thus referred to:

"In Virginia the model of all that illustrates human heroism and self-denying patriotism, although the tempest of desolation has swept over her fair domain, no sign of repentance for her separation from the North can be found. Her old homesteads dismantled; her ancestral relics destroyed; her people impoverished; her territory made the battle ground for the rude shocks of contending hosts; and then divided with hireling parasites, mockingly claiming jurisdiction and authority, the Old Dominion still stands with proud crest and defiant mien ready to trample beneath her heel every usurper and tyrant, and to illustrate afresh her *Sic Semper Tyrannis*, the proudest motto that ever blazed on a nation's shield or a warrior's arms."

On such testimony as this Virginia can safely rest her title to share equally with her Southern sisters in the "wealth of glory" produced by the war, and this equality is all she asks or would have. She disdains to pluck one laurel from a sister's brow.

SCHOOLBOOKS.

We have but little to add, since our last report, about the books used in our schools, as there has been no change in these so far as we know. We have received from the publishers, the American Book Company, a copy of the "School History of the United States," by Philip A. Bruce, Esq. This work is well-written, accurate in its statements, as far as we are capable of judging, well gotten up by the publishers, and is a very good school history. Mr. Bruce is a Virginian, and his book is therefore written from a Southern point of view. But we think he fails to state the South's position, in reference to the late war, as strongly as it can or should be stated to our children—e. g., at Section 418, he says,

"The Southern people maintained that the Constitution was simply a compact or agreement between sovereign and independent States,"

etc., without saying whether they were right or wrong in so maintaining. Again, at Section 419, he says, "The South thought," etc. We think we know what the opinions of the author are on these important questions, and that our children

should have the benefit of these opinions, wherever they are based on such well-ascertained facts as are here referred to.

"STEPPING-STONES TO LITERATURE."

The volumes with this title have been brought to our attention by Capt. Carter R. Bishop, of Petersburg, a member of the committee; and at our request he has prepared the following, it would seem, well-merited criticism, which we respectfully commend to the serious consideration of the Board of Education of the State.

Capt. Bishop's paper is as follows:

"This committee has hitherto confined its attention entirely to matters of history proper; but the lamented Dr. Hunter McGuire, in outlining our work, included among the subjects of our criticism such text-books of our schools as failed to do justice to the South.

"We have recently examined, critically, the series of readers in most common use, and find them far from what they should be. An intelligent child soon learns that authors may dogmatize in the statement of facts about which there may be a difference of opinion. This puts him on his guard, and he accepts the teachings of his history as truths subject to such future correction as may be justified by a wider knowledge of the matter.

"But the most ineradicable opinions are those formed by inference, without assertion or contradiction, during the formative period of a child's mind. The error thus implanted is never suspected till it is unalterably fixed. There are poisons whose only manifestation is the inexplicable death of the victim. An antidote would have saved him, but its need was not indicated till death made it useless.

"Did the South, during the last century and a half, have no orators, poets, nor writers whose works might be of service in the literary development of the child? Were the Southerners so enervated by the luxury of slavery as to produce nothing worthy of a place among the selections from the best writers and speakers of the language? The average child using the 'Stepping-Stones to Literature' would be forced so to conclude. For, mark you, this series of readers consists of seven grades; the majority of children in our schools never reach the last or the seventh, and in this one only is there a word from a Southern lip or pen. The selections were made, or approved, by a Boston lady, naturally, from the literature with which she was most familiar. The New England school of authors is fully represented, and biographical notes make sure that the child shall know the section to which they belong and the loving reverence in which they are held. But the information of this kind about the Southern authors is marked in its meagerness. Its extent is as follows: Patrick Henry 'lived in Virginia during the Revolutionary War;' Mrs. Preston 'was born in Philadelphia and lived in Lexington, Va.;" 'Gen. Gordon was a Confederate officer;' and 'Sidney Lanier was a Southern poet.' For the man who does not want his child to know more than this of the home and nativity of Southern authors, these books are good enough. But if there is such a man in our land, his only plea for such a wish would have to be his own unbounded ignorance.

"The South has produced orators whose impetuous eloquence has made men rush with a glad cheer into the very jaws of death; statesmen whose wise counsel

has restrained the fierce heat of a hot-blooded people; preachers whose words have convinced the sinner, cheered the saint, and comforted the bereaved; writers whose sentiments have placed the wreath of undying glory on the tombs of heroes, and inspired a people of desolated homes to rehabilitate their land made sacred by the graves of such heroes; poets whose graceful fancy has gilded the mountain tops with the lights of other days and caused those in the gloom of despair to look up and resolve to lead lives worthy of such hallowed associations.

"Must the children of the South grow up in ignorance of these authors? Such is the unconscious intent of our Board of Public Education, as evinced by their adoption of these readers for our schools.

"The seventy-eighth Psalm contains a long catalogue of God's dealings with his chosen people. It was appointed to be sung in the temple service. Was it that the elders might warm their hearts afresh and restrain their evil inclinations as they recited again and again God's mercies and his wrath? Possibly this was one result of its use, but that it was not its main object we learn from the introduction to this psalm of instruction where we read: 'For he established a testimony in Jacob and appointed a law in Israel, which he commanded our fathers that they should make them known to their children; that the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born; who should arise and declare them to their children.' There you have it. The divine plan was to lodge that which we wish to remain in the mind of *the child*. Can we improve upon His plan?

"If we wish the authors so dear to us, of whom we are so justly proud, to be loved in the future, or even known outside of a mere handful of dry and bloodless bookworms, we must to-day make them known to our children.

"All the criticisms so far made on the 'Stepping-Stones to Literature' are negative. We have pointed out things that are wanting. But there is one selection to which we shall call special attention. It is 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic,' by Julia Ward Howe, in the Sixth Reader, which represents the invading Northern army as the coming of the Lord in vengeance. Comment on such blasphemy is unnecessary. Surely no Southerner could have taken the trouble to advise himself of the existence of such an outrage on our children."

Respectfully submitted.

GEORGE L. CHRISTIAN, *Chairman*.

New History Committee.—John W. Daniel, Chairman; George L. Christian, R. T. Barton, Carter R. Bishop, R. A. Brock, Rev. B. D. Tucker, James Mann, R. S. B. Smith, T. H. Edwards, W. H. Hurkamp, John W. Fulton, Micajah Woods, John W. Johnston, Thomas D. Ranson.

While Kentucky and Missouri are making plain that they will not submit quietly to discriminations against their States in the Jefferson Davis Monument, Maryland is as determined, as she expressed herself through delegates in the Charleston Convention, U. D. C. At the recent convention of Daughters in Maryland it was determined to continuation of the plan.

CONFEDERATE NAVAL CADETS.

BY JOHN W. HARRIS, M.D., STAUNTON, VA.

It may not be known generally that the Confederate government had established and conducted through the last three years of its existence a regularly organized and well-perfected naval school for the education of naval officers. Early in 1862 a prospectus appeared in one of the Richmond papers announcing the formation of an academy for the instruction of midshipmen; and soon after, by regular congressional appointments, the various districts of the Confederacy were enlisted.

The school was under the command of Capt. William H. Parker, a lieutenant of the old service. Assistant instructors in the various departments were detailed, some of them ex-students of Annapolis, and others men of high scholarship selected from the army. The steamer Yorktown, which, a few months before, had participated in the conflict of the Merrimac and the Monitor as a tender to the former ship, was fitted up, given the name of Patrick Henry, and anchored off the shore batteries at Drewry's Bluffs, where the school was quartered in cottages built for the purpose. Here she remained for a short time, and was then towed up the river to within two miles of Richmond, where she lay for nearly a year with the entire academy on board, and finally, about eight months previous to the surrender, was moved up to the city and lay at Rocketts, where she perished in the flames of the 3d of April, 1865.

In March, 1865, the health of the crew became impaired by the foulness of bilge water, and the midshipmen were removed from the ship and quartered in a large tobacco factory on the corner of Twenty-Fourth and Franklin Streets. The writer, in company with twelve or fifteen others, had been sent to the naval hospital in the city some two weeks previous.

On Sunday, the 2d of April, there were anxious looks upon the faces of the medical officers of the hospital, and about four o'clock in the afternoon a midshipman, coming into the ward to see a sick comrade, met the jeers and amused expressions of many of us because he was armed and equipped as an infantry soldier instead of the dainty dress of the Confederate "Middy." The visitor informed us that at two o'clock that day orders had been issued for the corps to be armed as infantry, and that they had been marched to the naval storehouse in double-quick time and supplied with all the necessary accouterments. Other rumors came in that members of the senior class and some passed midshipmen had been seen as officers in infantry marching through the streets, and that a naval brigade had been formed and the iron-clad squadron at Drewry's Bluff had been abandoned.

Then began a bustle in and about the wards, and at sundown the statement was freely bandied around that the President and cabinet had left the city, and that it was to be evacuated at once. At eight o'clock the writer and two comrades drove in the hospital ambulance to the quarters of the midshipmen at the factory and found it empty. On one of the upper floors was the mahogany table and the silver table service of the wardroom, watched over by an old boatswain's mate, and, sitting in solemn state at the bottom of it, drinking and eating crackers, was the second lieutenant. To him we mentioned the rumors, asked where the boys had gone, and requested to have the sailors transport our baggage to the depot from which the school had started. These he met with ridicule, denied the evacuation of the city, and said the "Middies" had gone to Chapel Hill, N. C., which would be the seat of the naval academy for the rest of the war. He told us to return to the hospital and retire, and the next day leave with him

and two other midshipmen for Chapel Hill. We did so, and on the next morning were awakened by the explosion of the magazines. Dressing rapidly, we proceeded to the surgeon's office and received our discharge from the hospital, with "permission to leave the city."

On going out into the street it appeared as if the final day of doom was upon us. The air was filled with smoke and sparks, and the darkness of twilight was over and about the city. Stores were being broken open and rifled; dead men—shot down in the attempt to rob—were lying at intervals, while negroes fought over barrels of provisions that had been rolled from burning warehouses. Mingled with the roar of flames came the appalling crash of exploding magazines and the rumble of falling walls. Rapidly as possible we forced our way through the frantic masses and gained the Danville railroad bridge, only to find it in flames at different points and no evidence of trains on the southern side. Retracing our steps, we sought egress from the north side of the city. When crossing Main Street we noticed two blocks below us, advancing on a trot, a regiment of Federal cavalry. They overtook us and rode by without observing us, although we were gorgeous in full uniform, but without side arms or accouterments, save small haversacks, in which we had stored all the crackers we could get. By means of a locomotive obtained under compulsion and with the assistance of two army officers, we rode twenty-five miles from Richmond, and then, having no experienced engineer, and the steam being exhausted, we abandoned it on a side track, and reached the Valley of Virginia after days of toilsome progress on foot.

THE CONFEDERATE TREASURY.

Going back now to the departure of the midshipmen from the warehouse, we can trace the connection of the naval academy with the fleeing treasury of the Confederacy. For the following accurate narrative we are indebted to the diary of Midshipman R. H. Fleming, then a zealous and efficient young officer, and now a Presbyterian minister of prominence in Virginia. He says:

"We left our quarters at the tobacco factory at 4 P.M. on Sunday, and proceeded rapidly to the Danville depot. On reaching it we were formed in line and were addressed by Capt. Lowall, the commandant of midshipmen, who told us that we had been selected by the Secretary because he believed us to be brave, honest, and discreet young officers and gentlemen, for a service of peculiar danger and delicacy. That to our guardianship was to be committed a valuable train containing the archives of the government, with its money. We were then marched into the depot, where our train, in company with others, was receiving freight. Guards were placed at all entrances, and the squad, with fixed bayonets, cleared the building of loafers and citizens.

"The train left the depot at midnight, and two midshipmen, with loaded revolvers, were placed in each car containing the government boxes, one to sleep while the other watched. In these cars were also government clerks with several ladies, their wives, and their personal baggage. The next day we reached Danville, and on the 5th of April Admiral Semmes, with the men of the James River squadron (the ironclads had been blown up on the night of the 2d), reached the point and were assigned to its defense. Midshipman Semmes was here detailed to his father's staff, and Midshipman Breckenridge accompanied his father (Secretary of War) as his personal aid. Our train stood on the track not far from the depot, and our encampment was in a grove not far from the train.

"On the 9th of April we left Danville and reached Greensboro, N. C., about 4 P.M. the 10th; then on to Charlotte. While there the money was placed in the mint and the midshipmen feasted at the leading hotels. On the 13th we were off for Chester, S. C. Here the government's specie, papers, treasury clerks and their wives, etc., were placed in wagons for a march across country to the railroad at Newberry. I saw the cargo transferred to the wagons, and there were small square boxes which we supposed contained gold or bullion, and kegs resembling beer kegs, which we inferred contained silver. The train was not a long one. Mrs. Davis and child and nurse occupied a large ambulance. I do not know whether she joined us at Greensboro or Charlotte. We marched to Newberry, reaching there on the 15th of April, and the same day took cars for Abbeville. Left Abbeville with wagon train on the 17th and reached Washington, Ga., on the 19th. We went to Augusta, Ga., on the 20th, and here the money was placed in the vaults of a bank. Some of it, I know not how much, was sold to citizens; at least men crowded round with Confederate currency to get gold. On the 26th we were ordered back to Washington, Ga., 'the things' going along with us. (It seems that the 'middies' had playfully dubbed the specie boxes 'the things'.)

"On the 27th the midshipmen who desired them were offered furloughs, which were accepted by all but five Virginians—Quarles, Hudson, Slaughter, Carter, and Fleming. 'The things' were again put in wagons, and across the country we marched on the 29th of April to Abbeville, S. C., where 'the things' were put on board some cars that stood at the depot. We had no guard duty to do after leaving Washington, Ga. On May the 2d President Davis and staff and Cabinet reached Abbeville, coming, I imagined, from Charlotte on horseback. On that day we five Virginians were discharged as per the following order, probably the last official act of the navy of the Confederate States:

"'ABBEVILLE, S. C., May 2, 1865.

"'Sir: You are hereby detached from the Naval School, and leave is granted you to visit your home. You will report by letter to the Hon. Secretary of the Navy as soon as practicable. Paymaster Wheless will issue you ten days' rations, and all quartermasters are requested to furnish transportation.

"'Respectfully, your obdt. servant,

WILLIAM H. PARKER, *Commanding.*'"

In continuation Mr. Fleming does not know when the money left Abbeville, but thinks it was on the morning of the 1st of May. Some money was paid to the soldiers at Greensboro, how much he did not know, but says he observed soldiers *en route* home rattling coins in their pockets and singing "One dollar and fifteen cents for four years' service." The President and staff left on the night of the 2d. A committee of five discharged midshipmen, through Capt. Parker, requested Secretary Reagan before leaving to pay them in gold sufficient to enable them to reach home. He obtained several hundred dollars to be distributed *pro rata* among the naval officers, and the midshipmen received forty dollars apiece. They remained in Abbeville until May 7, when they started homeward. A few days before the remaining specie had been placed in charge of some general of the army, and there personal knowledge of it ends.

This is the high testimony of a man who had followed closely the fortunes of the Confederate cause in its death throes, and who adhered until the last feeble nucleus of an organization had dissolved. In the close of a private communication recently received from him he says, referring to the imputations against President Davis and his connection with

the government money: "I have no word of commendation for his accusers. Mr. Davis was never with the specie train a single day during our connection with it."

We contribute this as a subject which has never been referred to in any written records of the war, and it possibly contains a more succinct history of the route pursued by the heads of the government after the 3d of April than any yet given.

We have ever regarded the safe transit of this treasure through so large an area of country as a tribute to the honesty and law-abiding spirit of the Southern people. It will not be forgotten that the region through which it passed, with its little guard of forty boys, was filled with stragglers and unofficered bands of scattered and suffering soldiers—men knowing all the pangs of hunger and destitution of clothing and utterly hopeless of the success of their cause, yet men who obeyed through their sense of right when no law existed, and kept their hands free from the stain of robbery while boxes of this treasure lay in their midst, with only the lives of its slender little bodyguard between them and its possession.

Dr. John W. Harris was born in Augusta County, Va., July 16, 1848. His father was Dr. Clement R. Harris, M.D., surgeon in charge of the gangrene ward in Dellivan Hospital, at Charlottesville, Va. His mother was Eliza McCue, of Scotch descent. His early boyhood was spent near Brandy Station, Culpeper County, Va. This home was broken up by the war. In 1863-64 he entered the Confederate States' service from Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., enlisting with Mosby. He could, in his vivid and versatile manner, tell of his experience with this command, which was varied, and oftentimes savored of hairbreadth escapes. In January, 1865, he received from his Congressman the appointment of midshipman in the Confederate States Navy. He passed his examination before Secretary Mallory, and went aboard the school ship Patrick Henry at Rocketts, James River, Richmond, Va., where he remained until a few days before the evacuation of Richmond, when, with many of the ship's crew, having contracted dysentery, he was sent to the old Bellevue Block Hospital, at which place the ever-memorable morning of the 3d of April, 1865, found him somewhat improved, though by no means sufficiently able to undertake the journey after receiving his discharge. He, with two of his shipmates, began a forced and weary tramp, however, up the old Central railroad for Staunton, Va. They tarried and rested a few hours with his friend Mr. Pratt, at the University of Virginia, and in due time they reached the old homestead at Mt. Solon, Augusta County.

We all know what those days were to older heads and hearts than his, but he carried with him to the end the consciousness that he had stood by his State through her dreadful ordeal. While at the University of Virginia, three years after the war, he formed a lasting friendship with his classmate, the late lamented Henry W. Grady, whose untimely death he deeply mourned. These two friends died of the same disease only one month apart. Dr. Harris studied the problems of unity between the North and South, and thought that Grady's genius was the touchstone that would be a power in formulating this unity of interests.

During the prevailing epidemic of *la grippe* which appeared in Staunton in 1890 Dr. Harris was engaged in taking care of others, and in thus exposing himself to the weather he contracted a cold, which was followed by acute pneumonia, and this resulted in heart failure, which was the immediate cause of his death, January 24, 1890. He fell with his "harness" on in the faithful discharge of his professional duties.

HOW ERRORS BECOME "HISTORIC FACTS."

[The following article, written by Capt. John H. Bingham, who commanded "Douglas's Battery" in the battle of Missionary Ridge, was indorsed by the J. W. Throckmorton Camp, U. C. V., with request that it be published in the VETERAN.]

A vivid illustration is here given of how errors, uncorrected, may finally be accepted as historical facts. No better illustration of this can be given than that which occurred at the battle of Missionary Ridge, near Chattanooga, on November 23-25, 1863. The writer served in the command of Gen. Patrick R. Cleburne from July, 1862, till his death, and it is of that immediate command that he writes, and gives a single incident illustrating the seemingly contradictory caption of this article:

Cleburne's Division, Bragg's Army, was at Tyner's Station, partly entrained, destined to Knoxville to reinforce Gen. Longstreet, when peremptory orders were received from Gen. Bragg to return to Missionary Ridge. As was his custom, Cleburne delayed not; but immediately set out on the march, and reached the designated point in the line of battle about midnight. At break of next day the men set about fortifying the position they were expected to hold, directed by Lieut. Gen. Hardee and Maj. Gen. Cleburne. It was found that our division front extended from near Tunnel Hill, where the railroad passed through the Ridge, to where the Ridge was cut by Chickamauga Creek. This was the north end of the Ridge, and the right flank of the Confederate army.

The plan of Gen. Grant, commanding the Federal army, was to turn our right flank, capture our works, and drive Bragg's army down the ridge. Sherman's army, consisting of the divisions of Gens. Osterhaus, Morgan Smith, Ewing, and John E. Smith, with sixteen batteries, was assigned the task of making this flank movement. Cleburne's Division consisted of the brigades of Gens. Lowery, L. E. Polk, Liddell (afterwards Govan's), and Smith (afterwards Granbury's). His artillery battalion consisted of Douglas's Texas Battery, Sweatt's Mississippi Battery, Calvert's Arkansas Battery, and Semple's Alabama Battery—all told about six thousand men. The battalion was commanded by Capt. James P. Douglas.

The morning of the trial came in with a cold north wind and bright sunshine. Our men heard hearty cheering in their front. This was over the capture of an unoccupied ridge, which they supposed to be Mission Ridge. All morning Hardee and Cleburne had been busy inspecting, rectifying, and strengthening the lines in our front. They appeared to know what was coming. By command of Gen. Hardee an angle line, or wing, was run from the north end of the ridge east, somewhat retiring, to the wagon bridge crossing the creek, in rear of our position. The care of this line, angle or wing, was intrusted to Cleburne's old brigade, under the command of Gen. L. E. Polk and Douglas's Battery.

All was ready. We had not long to wait. About 8 or 9 A.M. the assault was made on the front lines and repulsed handsomely. In a short time the second assault was made, and severe fighting ensued. The troops stationed in the wing were hastened to the front line and took part in the fighting. When the enemy was repulsed these troops were quietly returned to their positions in the angle or wing.

Soon Gen. Osterhaus, who had crossed the creek and gained our rear, made a demonstration against the wing and was repulsed. Again he tried and failed. After this he contented himself with a miserable shelling which he dignified with the title of "Artillery Attack," more than half his shells going over our heads and falling among Sherman's men, who were being

rallied in the valley west of the ridge. The boys astonished him with rousing cheers every time he would let loose a salvo at us.

Again a determined assault was made on the front and the line imperiled, the troops from the wing were hurried to the relief of the main line, leaving only a skirmish line to hold the wing.

Gen. Sherman learned from his line of battle that the Confederates were reinforcing in his front, infantry and artillery were continually coming in, and appealed to Grant for reinforcements. Grant inferred that Bragg was massing his troops on the north, but still adhered to the original plan of turning the Confederate right, and reinforced Sherman.

About noon the enemy, being heavily reinforced, made a most determined attack upon Cleburne's poor, ill-fed, ill-clothed, shivering division, with four lines of battle, the first carrying fence rails. After a serious loss they made a lodgment close to the breastworks, where Douglas's guns could not reach them either by direct or cross fire. They held on tenaciously, and it looked like they had come to stay. Sweatt's Mississippi Battery, under the command of Lieut. Harvey Shannon—the best of them all—held the storm center. It came out of the battle commanded by a corporal. This was indeed a critical time; but the Arkansas and Texas boys (Josh and Chub) proved themselves equal to the emergency, and, jumping the breastworks, drove the enemy down the hill with rocks. While this may seem incredible, yet it is true. You have in your Camp a member who was a captain in the Tenth Texas and a participant in this rock fight. Let him tell the story. I was only an eyewitness at a distance of two hundred yards.

Now, for those *facts* mentioned before:

Capt. S. H. M. Byers, U. S. V., who fell close to the works, and remained a prisoner, says: "We were overwhelmed with numbers. We could see the Rebels working their guns, while in plain view other batteries galloped up, unlimbered, and let loose at us." ("Battles and Leaders of Civil War," Vol. III., page 713.)

In his report of the battle, Gen. Grant says: "Sherman had three divisions of his own army, Howard's Corps from the Army of the Potomac, and Jeff C. Davis's Division, of the Army of the Cumberland. From the position I occupied I could see column after column of Bragg's army moving against Sherman; every Confederate gun that could be brought to bear upon the Union forces was concentrated against him." Thus even Gen. Grant was misled by his own eyes.

Gen. Joseph S. Fullerton, U. S. A., says: "At the northern end of the ridge Gen. Sherman lost in his two days' fighting 1,697 in killed and wounded. Of these, 1,268 were in his own three divisions." (Ibid., page 720.) This is no doubt correct. The remaining 429 were from Howard's Corps and Jeff C. Davis's Division, both of which commands participated in the last assault on the front line.

Gen. Bragg, in his report of the battle, says: "During this time the enemy had made several attempts on our extreme right, and had been handsomely repulsed with very heavy loss, by Maj. Gen. Cleburne's Command, under the immediate direction of Lieut. Gen. Hardee. . . . Had all parts of the line been maintained with equal gallantry and persistence, no enemy could ever have dislodged us."

Gen. Bragg makes no mention of sending Cleburne reinforcements, nor did any man in Cleburne's Division see those "columns of infantry and artillery" sent to his support.

Gen. Cleburne's report of the battle makes no mention of asking for or receiving reinforcements.

The skillful handling of a small body of troops, belonging to Cleburne's Division, not numbering more than 1,200 men, by interior and concealed roads, made the erroneous impression upon those in our front that heavy reinforcements were coming to our relief.

Thus the error that "Bragg massed his army on the right to resist Sherman's 30,000 men" has gone into history, and in a very few years will be an undisputed fact unless thwarted by those who know better.

CONFEDERATES' PLACE IN PROCESSIONS.

R. S. Ogburn, Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions for the "Tige" Anderson Camp, No. 1455, U. C. V., Atlanta, recently submitted suggestions on the subject of Confederate Veterans in public parades. The Camp by a rising vote indorsed the sentiment and passed the following resolutions:

"That this Camp enter its protest against the practice which is often carried out in processions and demonstrations of placing the Confederate Veterans in the rear, or at the tail of such processions, their positions being, as it deserves, *at the front*, where their duty always found them in time of war; and that this Camp entirely disapproves of any other assignment in the line of procession.

"*Resolved Further*, That the Camps of U. C. V. everywhere adopt similar resolutions."

Indelicate as the foregoing may seem, it is an important consideration. Position "at the front" is merited, but the Veterans can hardly afford to demand the consideration. They could, however, by resolution adopted generally, decline to march in parades if the position they think merited is not accorded to them.

REMINISCENCES FROM THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI.

W. L. Cabell, Lieutenant General Commanding Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V., writes of a noted flag:

"I read with a great deal of pleasure Comrade W. Q. Truman's fine account of the battle of Elkhorn, and particularly what he says in reference to a beautiful battle flag he saw in the possession of an Arkansas Regiment on the battlefield, but which in a short time was found lying on the ground by a member of Capt. Wales's Battery. He describes the flag made by my wife and sent to her cousin, Col. Frank Rector, in command of an Arkansas regiment. It was indeed one of the finest flags ever presented to any regiment—the name, 'Col. Rector, Seventeenth Arkansas Regiment,' worked in golden letters, heavy gold fringe, and with staff and tassel, cord and golden spear.

"The day before Gen. Little left for Corinth, he sent for me, and gave me the flag and requested me to return it to Col. Rector, saying that some officer of his division had picked it up on the battlefield and brought it to him, and as my wife had made it, he wanted me to return it in person. I met Col. Rector the next day, just as he was leaving for Arkansas on account of ill health. The flag had eventually been trampled upon. Comrade Truman mistook the name of Rector for Reeves. Rector, on account of his health, resigned, and Lieut. Col. John Griffith, a brave and a daring man, was promoted to the colonelcy of the Seventeenth Arkansas Regiment. This regiment carried this flag, I understand, in every other battle until the close of the war.

"In the battle of Iuka the Seventeenth Arkansas was in Hebert's Brigade, Little's Division, and distinguished itself in the capture of a Wisconsin battery of artillery. Their losses were very heavy, but they fought under this flag until it was furled and laid away. All the field officers have crossed to the great beyond. Col. John Griffith, the last commander of

the regiment, was murdered by some outlaws in Comanche County about five years ago. A large majority, no doubt, of the gallant old Seventeenth Arkansas Infantry have answered the last roll call."

THE PELHAM MONUMENT.

For some time the whole interest of the Gen. John H. Forney Chapter of the U. D. C., of Jacksonville, Ala., has been centered in the raising of funds for the erection of a monument to the "gallant Pelham." The body of Pelham lies in the cemetery at Jacksonville, and it is the desire of his family that it remain there by the side of his father and mother.

A committee has been appointed to study designs and materials for monuments, preparatory to selecting a suitable one. The hope is to place the monument sometime this year. Aid has been asked of the different Chapters U. D. C. of Alabama, and also the Sons of Veterans, not only because they feel that unaided it will take a much longer time to erect as handsome a monument as the fame of Pelham demands, but they feel that it is not a local but a Southern interest, and that other organizations will like to share in this memorial to the "gallant Pelham."

Individuals or organizations desirous of contributing to this fund may send the donations to Mrs. C. W. Daugette, Jacksonville, Ala., Treasurer of the Gen. John H. Forney Chapter.

The following contributions have been made:

Dixie Chapter, Montgomery.....	\$10 00
Selma Chapter, Selma.....	5 00
Pelham Chapter, Birmingham.....	10 00
Huntsville Chapter, Huntsville.....	1 00
Cradle of the Confederacy, Montgomery.....	5 00
Troy Chapter, Troy.....	5 00
Sophia Bibb Chapter, Montgomery.....	10 00
Miss Kate Cummings, Birmingham (collections).....	12 00
R. E. Lee Chapter, Opelika.....	1 00
Mr. Sterling Murray, Leesburg, Va.....	5 00
Mr. J. B. Davenport, Augusta, Ga.....	5 00
Mr. J. W. Emmett, New Orleans.....	1 00
Mr. P. W. Reddish, Liberty, Mo.....	1 00
Mr. J. B. Beale, Montgomery.....	10 00
Mr. M. McDonald, Palmyra, Mo.....	10 00
Mr. J. R. Browne, La Grange, Ga.....	1 00

They have on hand about \$225.

VERY RARE BOOKS OWNED BY A NEEDY VETERAN.

Comrade R. J. M. Onby, sixty-two years old, who assisted in organizing Company G, of John C. Vaughan's Third Confederate Tennessee Regiment, and served over four years, surrendering at Washington, Ga., in May, 1865, is broken in health. Necessity requires that he dispose of some rare old books which he has been many years in gathering. He offers to sell fifty volumes for \$250, or seeks a loan, using them as collateral for a stock of groceries, on which he may trade. He says that among these books there are several volumes either of which in the proper hands would bring more than \$250. Of these are the works of Eusebius in two folio volumes in Greek and Latin parallel columns, half morocco, in good condition, printed in Paris, 1628; Beza's large work, New Testament Greek and Latin folio, calf, weight, nine pounds; 1582. Diodati's Bible Folio, calf, English, London, 1664. L. Tomson's Bible, octavo, calf, English, London, 1587. Black Letter Bible, octavo, old calf, English, London, 1579. The two last are sometimes called Initial Bibles because of the large woodcut letters with which the different books commence. There are many quaint woodcuts in these books. The collection contains a very valuable architect's library.

"STONEWALL" JACKSON.

ANECDOTES BY REV. J. WILLIAM JONES, D.D.

A marked characteristic of "Stonewall" Jackson was the secrecy with which he conceived and executed his plans. I give some illustrations which came under my personal observation:

After the battles of Cross Keys and Port Republic we were resting for a season near the last battlefield, when I procured a furlough for forty-eight hours to go to my wife's home, in Nelson County. My uncle, Col. John M. Jones, afterwards Gen. John M. Jones, who was killed on the first day at the Wilderness, was at that time chief of staff of Gen. Ewell, who was Jackson's second in command. As Col. Jones had told me that he was going up to Staunton at that time, I rode by Ewell's headquarters to get his company. Just as we were leaving, Gen. Ewell came out and said to us: "If you gentlemen desire to stay a little over your leave, it will make no difference. We are being largely reënforced, and will rest here for some days, when we will again beat up Banks's quarters down about Strasburg." I determined, however, to return to my command on time; and, arriving at Charlottesville two days afterwards, I found the head of Jackson's column passing through that town on its famous march to Richmond. Meeting my uncle a day or two afterwards, I asked him what made Gen. Ewell deceive us so grossly that morning in reference to the movement of the army. He at once replied: "Ewell did not deceive us. He was deceived himself. I am his confidential staff officer and receive all communications that come to our headquarters, and I know, absolutely, that everything that Ewell had received went to show that it was our purpose to move down the Valley again. The truth is, Ewell never knows anything about Jackson's plans until they are fully developed."

I remember, on that same march, that the whole army was completely deceived (as also were the citizens generally) as to Jackson's plans. When we reached Charlottesville it was currently believed that we would move on Madison C. H. to check a movement of Banks's across the Blue Ridge. When we camped at Gordonsville it was supposed that we would move toward Washington. I recall that the pastor of the Presbyterian Church there, the Rev. Dr. Ewing, with whom Jackson spent the night, told me, as a profound secret not to be breathed to mortal man, that we would move at daybreak the next morning on Culpeper C. H. He said there could be no mistake about this, because he had gotten it from Gen. Jackson himself. We did move at daybreak. The boys used to say that "Old Jack" always moved at daybreak except when he started the night before; but instead of moving on Culpeper C. H., he moved in the opposite direction, on Louisa C. H. and toward Richmond.

At Frederickshall, in Louisa County, fifty miles from Richmond, we went into camp, and Jackson had his headquarters in the yard of Mr. Frederick Harris. Mrs. Harris sent that evening to know if Gen. Jackson would not take breakfast with her the next morning. He replied that he would be glad to do so if he were there at breakfast time; and upon her inquiry as to the time he would take breakfast, Jackson replied: "Have it at your usual hour, and send for me when breakfast is ready." About twelve o'clock that night Jackson started on his famous ride to Richmond to have his final conference with Gen. Lee before the opening of the seven days' battles around Richmond. When Mrs. Harris sent for him to come to breakfast the next morning, Jim, Jackson's famous negro body servant, replied: "Hi, you don't 'spect to find the General here at this hour, do you? He left here about mid-

night last night, and I 'spect he's by this time whipping Banks in the Valley again."

Early that same morning Jackson, accompanied by a single courier, rode up to the house of Mr. Mat Hope, a citizen who lived in the lower part of Louisa County, and, rousing him from his slumbers, the following colloquy ensued: "Who are you?" said Hope. The General replied: "We are two Confederate officers on important business. Have you two good horses?" "Yes," replied Hope; "I always keep good horses." "Well, ours are weary and we must have yours." "You shall do no such thing," replied Hope. "I shall not have my horses go with any straggling fellows who may choose to claim to be Confederate officers." After further colloquy, Jackson said, in his firmest tones: "There is no use of further talking, Mr. Hope. Our business is urgent and we must have the horses. You might as well saddle them for us at once." "I will not do it," said Hope. "I don't saddle my own horses; I keep negroes to do that, and I shall certainly not saddle them for you." The result was that Jackson and his courier got the horses and saddled them themselves and galloped off, leaving their own in their place. When, several days afterwards, the horses were returned, "with Gen. Jackson's compliments," Hope exclaimed: "Why did he not tell me that he was Gen. Jackson? If I had known that it was Gen. Jackson, I should have given him every horse on the place and have considered it a privilege to have saddled them myself." Jackson galloped on to Richmond, held his interview with Gen. Lee, and returned to his command without anybody in Richmond having been aware of his presence, or the army having the most remote idea that he was absent. Indeed, this whole movement was so secretly conducted that the men themselves were uncertain as to its destination until the evening of the 26th of June, when they heard A. P. Hill's guns at Mechanicsville, and made the woods vibrate with their shouts of anticipated victory. Jackson managed to deceive both friend and foe, and at the very moment when he was thundering on McClellan's flank at Richmond, Banks was fortifying against an expected attack from him at Strasburg, in the lower Shenandoah Valley, more than two hundred miles away.

After the seven days' battles, and Jackson had been sent to meet the advance of Pope in Northern Virginia, we were camped for a season around Gordonsville. When we moved to cross the Rapidan and bring on the battle of Cedar Run, I chanced to ride with a sick friend in the rear of Ewell's Division as it moved up the turnpike to Liberty Mills. Just after crossing the river we met a courier, who was galloping posthaste and asked us how far behind A. P. Hill was. We told him that A. P. Hill was not on that road at all, but that we had seen him break camp and move toward Orange C. H. He said that we must be mistaken; that Gen. Ewell had told him that A. P. Hill was moving in his rear, and that he had been sent to tell him to hurry forward, as the enemy were making a demonstration in Ewell's front. We assured him that we were not mistaken, and he hurried back to inform Gen. Ewell.

Upon another occasion orders came for Ewell's command to be ready to move at daybreak the next morning. We broke camp, as ordered, and lay all day in the near-by turnpike ready to move. About noon Ewell rode up to the house of Dr. James L. Jones, near Gordonsville, and saluted him with: "Doctor, can you tell me where we are going to?" "That is a question," replied the Doctor, "which I should like to ask of you, General, if it were a proper one." "A very proper question," said Ewell, "but I should like to see you get an answer. Jackson ordered me to be ready to move at

daylight this morning. I was ready, as you see, and my people have been lying there in the road all this morning. I do not know whether we are going to march north, south, east, or west; or whether we are going to march at all; and that is about all I ever know about Gen. Jackson's plans." His higher officers sometimes complained that Jackson kept them in such profound ignorance as to his designs; but "Old Stonewall" used to have the ready answer: "If I can deceive my own people, I shall have no trouble in deceiving the enemy."

ANECDOTE FROM MAJ. JED. HOTCHKISS.

Capt. Frank B. Berkeley, of Staunton, Va., tells the following, which he had from his brother, Dr. Cater Berkeley, who was present as an officer of the battery in question and heard the conversation:

"During the battle of Malvern Hill Gen. Whiting, whose division had been temporarily assigned to Jackson's command, had put his troops in position on each side of a road which led directly to the Federal lines. In that road he had placed the Staunton Artillery, at that time commanded by Capt. Balthis, as part of his line of battle. Gen. Jackson came riding up and, halting, said, 'Gen. Whiting, what's this battery doing here? Take it up on that hill,' pointing toward the enemy. Whiting replied: 'That hill is occupied by a Federal battery.' Gen. Jackson answered: 'Gen. Whiting, will you obey orders?' He answered, 'I will, sir, but under protest,' and, turning to the battery, he said: 'Captain, take your battery up on that hill at a gallop.' The guns were promptly limbered up and the battery moved forward as ordered. Seeing this movement, the Federal battery as promptly limbered up and left its position, which was at once occupied by the Confederate battery, which soon opened on the enemy."

GEN. H. B. GRANBURY, OF TEXAS.

BY J. H. DOYLE.

Gen. Granbury commanded a brigade of Texans in the Army of Tennessee, C. S. A. In the battle of Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864, he was killed. His body was buried in the Polk Cemetery by Ashwood Church, near Columbia, Tenn. In November, 1893, the Granbury Camp, U. C. V., of Granbury, Tex., appointed Dr. J. N. Doyle to go to Columbia, exhume the body, and bring it to Granbury for reinterment.

The General's uniform and army blanket in which he was buried were in a tolerably fair state of preservation. The remains were reinterred here November 30, 1893, just twenty-nine years after he sacrificed his life for the land he loved.

More people were in our town on that occasion than ever before.

The town of Granbury was named in his honor. The plain marble slab, placed at the grave at Columbia, is at the head of the grave in the cemetery at Granbury, and bears the following inscription: "Brig. Gen. H. B. Granbury, of the Confederate Army from Texas. Born in Georgia; killed at Franklin, Tenn., November 30, 1864."

An effort is now being made by Texans to erect a monument to Gen. Granbury on the Public Square of Granbury, Tex. As yet, however, a very small amount of funds has been received.

At the head of the procession, mounted on a gray horse, is Maj. J. A. Farmwalt, who commanded the Tenth Texas, Granbury's Brigade, at the battle of Franklin, and was severely wounded in that fearful conflict. He informed me a few days ago that Granbury's Brigade went into the battle six hundred and fifty strong, and only one hundred and seventy-five answered at roll call the next morning.

Adjutant John Willingham was in command of the Tenth Texas, and the Junior captain was in command of the brigade.

Maj. Farmwalt will be eighty-four years old on April 24 next. He is tall and straight as a Comanche Indian, as jovial as a boy, and a native of that State, renowned for the gallant heroes it has produced—Tennessee. He is impatiently waiting to attend the next reunion at Nashville.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES, BY T. M. SKILLERN, FROSA, TEX. —I have been a silent but faithful reader and admirer of the VETERAN for many years, and I now give some little personal reminiscences. I enlisted in the Confederate service at Austin, Ark., September, 1861, at the age of seventeen, and served till the close of the war, being discharged at Marshall, Tex., in May, 1865, by Gen. Sterling Price. I joined Company C, Thirty-Sixth Arkansas Infantry, under Col. Dandridge McRea, Lieut. Col. J. E. Glenn, with Calvin Robison as my first captain. I served in the Trans-Mississippi Department. I was in the battles at Camden, at Helena, and at Prairie Grove, Ark. As my old comrades could attest, I never was sick nor did I dodge duty. Young readers of the VETERAN may think we old gray-haired soldiers of the sixties indulge in boasting and self-praise, but they merit the privilege of at least recounting to the world deeds as heroic and glorious as any ever recorded. I should like to hear from any of my old comrades. I send three cheers for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and for all the martyrs who fought for our cause.



SCENE AT GRANBURY, TEX.—PROCESSION TO THE CEMETERY FOR THE FINAL BURIAL OF GEN. H. B. GRANBURY.

TEXAS WAR RELICS TO BE PRESERVED.

AUSTIN, TEX., February 10, 1904.

To the Patriotic People of Texas.

The Legislature of Texas, at its last regular session, set aside a room in the capitol building at Austin to the Texas Division, U. D. C., in which to deposit, classify, and exhibit relics of all wars in which Texas and her people had taken part, and the President of the Texas Division, U. D. C., has appointed a Board of Regents for said room.

In an address "to the lovers of Texas and her glorious history" the Board asks for all kinds of relics in any way connected with any war in which Texas and her people have taken part, with a memoranda stating something of its history and the war, raid, or excursion in which it was used, and, when possible, by whom used.

They say: "We want all we can get, from an Indian arrow to a Gatlin gun; from the ragged, bullet-riddled jacket of the private soldier to the uniform of his general; from the old canteen, with or without a bullet hole through it, to the finest equipment of the field officer. We would gladly receive also paintings, portraits, and historic papers, such as would be interesting in such a collection."

If possessors of such relics are not willing to donate them to this purpose, they will be pleased to receive them as a loan, to be returned when called for. In every instance a receipt will be given, a record of the loan or donation made, the article labeled and numbered, so as to properly identify it.

Chapters of the U. D. C., Camps of U. C. V., and Sons of Confederate Veterans in Texas are requested to have this appeal read at their meetings and appoint committees to aid in securing such relics.

The Board is comprised of the following: Mesdames L. J. Storey, Chairman; George W. Littlefield, J. D. Roberdeau, Corinne Nun Corry, J. B. Williams, J. D. Field, John H. Reagan, Annie P. Norton, H. G. Askew, George W. Massie, J. H. Alsworth.

THE QUIET HUMOR OF GEN. PAT CLEBURNE.

Comrade J. M. Berry, of Salem, Mo., writes:

"I esteemed it a great honor to have served under such a soldier as Gen. Cleburne. While he was a strict disciplinarian, he always looked to the comfort of his men, and was dearly beloved by them. His picture on the January cover of the *VETERAN* reminds me of many little incidents where his quiet, kindly humor was so blended with reproof to both officers and men as to take away the sting. When we were in camp at Wartrace, Tenn., our regiment, the Eighth Arkansas, was out drilling. After maneuvering awhile, we were halted at a front face. In a few moments Gen. Cleburne, who had been watching us, rode up and called 'Attention, battalion! by the right of companies.' He hesitated an instant, when Capt. Ellis, of Company C, sprang in front of his company and commanded, 'Company, right face!' when Cleburne called out: 'Hold on there, Captain, you don't know but that I was going to say by the right of companies into the moon.' The laugh was on Ellis, and the General finished the order by adding, 'To the rear into column.'

"On another occasion, when at Bellbuckle, Tenn., one Sunday morning we were out for inspection, and the General himself came slowly down the line. Everything went well until he came to Ben Stewart, of my company. Ben was not noted for keeping a clean gun. The General took the gun, examined it critically, then handing it back he looked Ben in the face with a reproachful expression in his eyes and said: 'I hope I do you no injustice, my man, but I don't think you

have washed your face for several days.' After that Ben's gun and face were always ready for inspection."

A GOOD RECORD.—But few old veterans can boast of as good record as H. C. (Cy) Jackson, of Galisville, Tex. He was a private in Company G, Fifth Texas, Hood's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps. He was never absent a single day from his command; was on every march, in every camp, and in every battle that his regiment was engaged in from Bull Run to Appomattox; was never even scratched by a ball or shell; was never inside of a hospital, except to see some sick or wounded comrade; and never on any detail except to shoot Yankees. Comrade Jackson is as quiet and modest as his record is good. The above statement comes from a member of his old company, and not from himself.

FURTHER TRIBUTES TO CAPT. BEN T. DAVIS.—Judge J. P. Young, of Memphis, writes the *VETERAN*:

"Referring to the explanation of Mr. John Haywood, of Covington, Tenn., in the January *VETERAN*, claiming that great injustice had been done to the memory of Capt. Ben Davis in my little 'History of the Seventh Tennessee Cavalry' in noting him as absent without leave December 31, 1863, please permit me to say that no one was more honored by me and no one's memory would I be further from injuring than that of the gallant Capt. Ben T. Davis, of Company M.

"But the records are inexorable, and I have a certified copy of the muster roll of that company from the archives at Washington, showing that exact entry not only regarding Capt. Davis but other members of that company. The explanation is this: Vicksburg was surrendered July 4, 1863, five months before the date of that entry, and the members of that company who were captured there were, with other prisoners, paroled, and placed in what were then known as parole camps. In these camps the roll was called daily, as in the regular camps of active service, and absentees noted. These paroled soldiers did not regard themselves as under such strict military discipline as in the regular service, and, having nothing to do, often left the camp without leave of absence. And thus it was that both Capt. Davis and your correspondent, John Haywood, came to be marked 'absent without leave.' They were not in Vicksburg with Gen. Pemberton in December, 1863. I am glad of the opportunity for making this explanation, as we all know that it was not a great breach of discipline to leave a paroled camp."

GEN. LYTLE'S SWORD SECURED.—Comrade P. A. Blakey, Commander of Camp Ben McCulloch, at Mt. Vernon, Tex., writes:

"It is well known that Gen. Lytle, commanding a brigade under Gen. Phil Sheridan at the battle of Chickamauga, was killed, and Lieut. McCreary, of the Thirty-Ninth Alabama, as he passed over the body, took the sword of Gen. Lytle and buckled it on himself for Confederate service. In the battle of Missionary Ridge Lieut. McCreary was himself killed, and the sword, with his body, was sent home to his family. An effort was made after the close of the war to secure the sword for Gen. Lytle's relatives, but was fruitless. Two years ago I took the matter in hand. A great deal of time was consumed in locating the sword, and as much more in locating Gen. Lytle's relatives, but with pleasure I can announce that Ben McCulloch Camp is now in possession of the sword, and soon it will be returned to Gen. Lytle's relatives, who now reside in Cincinnati, Ohio."

HOW KILPATRICK LOST PISTOLS AND HOLSTERS.

Lieut. Col. John W. Inzer, of the Thirty-Second and Fifty-Eighth Alabama Infantry Consolidated, writes of the man who captured Gen. Kilpatrick's holsters and pistols:

"An important incident in the War between the States has never been published, and believing that injustice to the person who captured the holsters and pistols of Gen. Kilpatrick, and to Alabama as well, this article is induced. It is a matter of history that Gen. Wheeler surprised the camp of Gen. Kilpatrick, near Fayetteville, N. C., probably in March, 1865. After the great battles in and around Atlanta, Gen. Hood took up his line of march through Alabama and on to Nashville. Gen. Wheeler had completed his famous raid through Tennessee, and on his return, Sherman having commenced his line of march through Georgia to Savannah, Wheeler was ordered to Georgia to harass Sherman and keep closed in his straggling, prowling soldiers, thereby confining his line of march to as narrow a scope as possible, and saving the homes of the Southern people from the torch and devastation. This work was well performed by the celebrated cavalry of Gen. Wheeler. On the flanks of Sherman, day and night, such was the vigilance and tact of Wheeler and his men that when Kilpatrick, who was commanding the Federal cavalry, dared to get from under cover of Sherman's main army, Wheeler would pounce upon and give him a good thrashing. Such was the case at Aiken, S. C. At Fayetteville, N. C., he (Kilpatrick) ventured out a little way from the main army. The ever-vigilant 'Little Joe' was on the alert, and when night came on and Kilpatrick pitched his camp, surrounded by a marshy scope of country, Wheeler divided his forces and surrounded this camp during the night. He first sent scouts to take off his pickets, which was successfully done; and at the break of day the command was ordered to cross the marsh and attack his camp. The marsh was very difficult to cross. A large part of Allen's Division succeeded in crossing, but many of the poorer or weaker horses failed to cross, because of the condition of the ground. One of Wheeler's Divisions failed to come up in time, but the camp was taken by Allen. Some artillery was taken, but owing to the inability of the Confederates to remove it, it was cut down. Gen. Kilpatrick was awakened from his slumber by the patter of horses' feet and the rattle of guns, and he succeeded in making his escape on foot.

"The subject of this sketch was orderly sergeant of Company E, Fifty-First Alabama Cavalry, who was in the front of the attacking column. After crossing the marsh, the command was ordered to pass along the line of tents until ordered to enter. Opposite the headquarters of Kilpatrick, Sergt. Noah A. Hood and Lieut. D. S. Bethune, who was then adjutant of the regiment (and later was also a member of the late Constitutional Convention of Alabama, now residing at Union Springs), turned into the camp and galloped up to the headquarters of Kilpatrick, passing the celebrated 'spotted' horse, which was afterwards of national fame, and also passing a large black stallion. Both were tied near the house used for headquarters. At the door, in the yard, lay Gen. Kilpatrick's saddle, upon which were the holsters, containing the pistols in question. Sergt. Hood cut the holsters from the saddle and placed them upon his own. Later in the day he saw Gen. Allen riding the black stallion and Gen. Wheeler riding the celebrated 'spotted' horse. Hood desired to make Gen. Wheeler a present of the holsters, but in vain he tried to secure scabbards for them, and his purpose was foiled. The holsters were unsuited for Hood, as he had to dismount so often or leave his horse for forage. In the meantime Col. Ashby, of the Tennessee Command, sent for Hood, and an

exchange of the holsters with Col. Ashby for a belt with scabbards was made. In a day or two he saw Gen. Wheeler with the holsters, and believed that to have been the purpose of Col. Ashby from the start.

"Mr. Hood thinks that they were presented to Gen. Wheeler in behalf of Tennessee soldiers, when, in fact, it should have been in behalf of Alabama soldiers, and he states that there are several living witnesses to them.

"This same man, Noah A. Hood, is now, and has been for a dozen or more years, the efficient Clerk of the Circuit Court of St. Clair County, Ala. He was born and reared in this county, and is one of our best citizens. He was for a long time a member of Company A, Tenth Alabama Regiment, and on account of a severe wound received in the angle at the battle of Sharpsburg was rendered unfit for infantry service, and soon thereafter became a member of the Fifty-First Alabama Cavalry Regiment, commanded by our Gen. John T. Morgan, and in the cavalry service we find Sergt. Hood as noble and gallant a soldier as in the infantry."

A YANK SEEKS THE ADDRESS OF A JOHNNIE.—H. M. Billings, of Veedersville, Ind., who was first sergeant of Company E, Eighty-Sixth Indiana Infantry, writes as follows:

"I desire, through the VETERAN, to mention an incident that occurred in the battle of Chickamauga on Sunday, September 20, 1863, hoping thereby to hear from my Johnnie friend. I was well to the left of Thomas's Corps. The Confederates had attempted to execute a flank movement and were driven back. About noon there was a lull in the battle, and I concluded to go to the rear in search of water. In passing through the woods we had been fighting over I came upon a wounded Confederate soldier sitting against a tree. When asked where he was wounded he pointed to his knee and said that he was bleeding to death, and asked me to get a surgeon for him. I told him that was impossible. Then he asked me for a drink of water. That, of course, was useless, as my canteen was empty. He said: 'Then I reckon I will have to die.' His voice was so weak that he could hardly speak above a whisper. He was a large, fine-looking, and intelligent young man. I looked at the poor fellow and wondered if by any means I could save his life. Ripping his pants' leg up from the bottom, I discovered that the ball had entered from the inside of the left leg just above the knee and cut the main artery, but only made a small rupture. This I could tell by the flow of the blood. I said to him that I was not a doctor, but thought I could stop the bleeding, so I cut a piece out of his pants about two inches wide and a half long, rolled it up in a tight roll, pressed on the limb above the wound until I got on the artery, then laid the compressed bandage along on the artery, took a silk handkerchief out of my pocket and bandaged the limb tightly. I then asked him if he was hungry. He was, of course, and I sat down with him, and we ate dinner of raw pork and hardtack, but it was good. The hemorrhage was stopped. Four hours afterwards, in our retreat, I passed the same tree and he was still sitting there. I said: 'How do you feel now, Johnnie?' He looked up and said: 'All right. I hope you will get out safely.' This was the last I ever saw of him. Should like to hear from him if living. He will doubtless remember the incident. Some one may ask how I happened to have a silk handkerchief in my pocket. Well, it belonged to the mounted officer who commanded the Confederate column that made the flank movement. He was neither killed nor wounded that I know of, but I got his silk handkerchief all the same, and if he wants it he shall have to call on my Confederate friend."

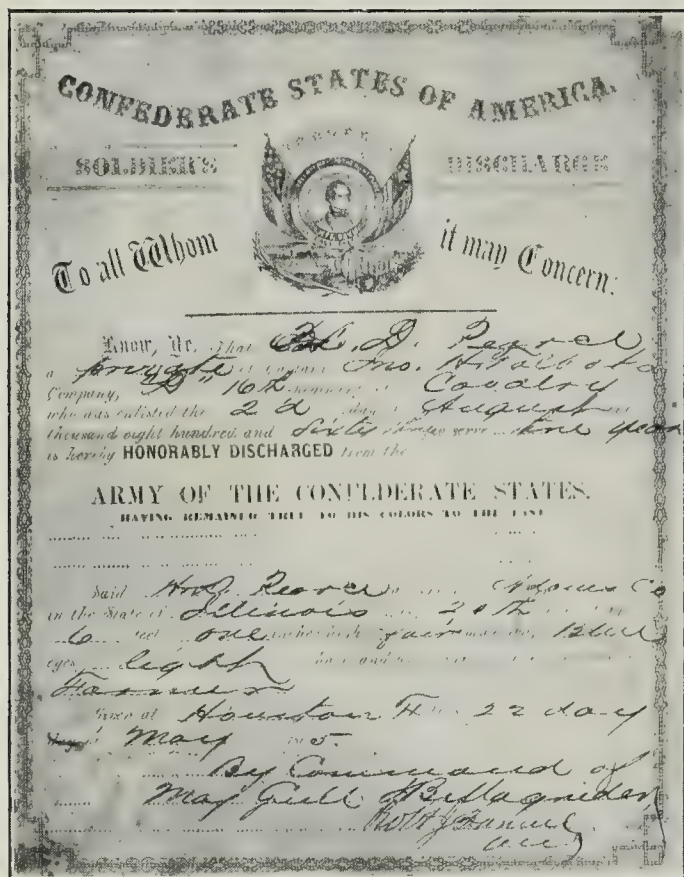
DISCHARGED BY GEN. J. B. MAGRUDER.

Henry Davis Pearce, Adjutant of the Henry E. McCulloch Camp at Ballinger, Tex., is a native of Illinois (born 1845), and his father, Joshua Pearce, was born in Indiana in 1821. His wife was Cordelia Davis, of a Virginia family. There were two children to this union; the other is now Mrs. John M. Buchanan, of Sherman, Tex. Their grandfather, Henry Davis, whose mother was a sister to Stonewall Jackson, took them to Texas in 1856, their parents being dead.

In August, 1861, H. D. Pearce packed his valise, crossed the Sabine River into Louisiana, and joined a company that was being organized for the Confederate army. It became Company B, of the Seventeenth Louisiana Infantry, under Col. S. S. Heard, and from the above discharge it will be seen that Comrade Pearce served faithfully to the close of the war.

Mr. Pearce writes this interesting reminiscence:

"It undoubtedly was the intention to discharge the whole army under Gen. Magruder's command if they had waited.



I saw large stacks of these blanks in his office, and I know of a number that received them. I saw one dated as late as May 27. All would have gotten them had they waited and cared to have them. Gen. Magruder signed my discharge himself. I was standing by him at the time. My regiment was camped at Hempstead, Tex., and on the morning of May 20, 1865, I got a four days' pass to go to Houston. Some of the other commands had already left for home. I went down on the train. The next evening when the train came in quite a number of my regiment were on it with the news that the regiment had dissolved that morning, May 21, 1865, each company taking a wagon and starting for home in the Northern part of the State. On the morning of May 22 I went to Gen. Magruder's office, which was upstairs in a brick building. He and his adjutant general were sitting by a table in conversation. The soldiers and citizens had already begun to help themselves to government property.

"Gen. Magruder seemed very much depressed. I presented my pass to him, remarking that I had heard my regiment had broken up and gone home, and that I had come to him to report for duty. He said to his adjutant general, 'Fill out the soldier a complimentary discharge,' which was done, questions being asked me as was necessary. When completed the General signed it. I suppose it was about his last official act, as he soon started for Mexico."

BATTLE OF WHITE HALL, N. C.

BY J. C. WARLICK, LINCOLNTON, N. C.

I was a member of Company I, Eleventh North Carolina Regiment. Our baptismal fire was in the battle of White Hall, N. C., on the Neuse River, December 12, 1862. On the evening before the fight, by a forced march just at dusk, we beat the enemy to the bridge spanning the stream, and barely had time to knock the barrels of rosin to pieces and apply the torch when we could see the Yanks coming on the opposite bank. Our supper that night was roasted sweet potatoes. On the next morning, while lying in a low depression some few hundred yards from the river bank, eighteen pieces of artillery were turned on us. A bombshell bounced over and landed just in the rear of my company, but it had no sooner landed than Sergt. William Jetton seized it and threw it into a pond of water just in our rear. This was done to save the lives of his comrades at the risk of his own. A few minutes later we were taken into action on the bank of the river near a steam sawmill, where hundreds of pine saw logs had been rafted and rolled up on the bank for a considerable distance, affording us splendid protection. After finding that they could not dislodge us, the artillerymen began shooting off the cypress trees midway to the tops, thinking they could kill or scare us out, but they did neither. We lost probably a half dozen killed in the regiment, and one hundred and forty-two Yanks were reported to have been killed. We had only two pieces of artillery, which were soon shot to pieces. As soon as the fight was over we were hurried to Goldsboro, N. C., where a fight was expected, but to our joy they retreated.

JNO. B. GORDON CHAPTER, U. D. C., SAN JOSE, CAL.

Mrs. Maggie Brainard, Corresponding Secretary and Historian of this young Chapter, writes:

"In this land of sunshine, where the world beyond the Rockies dreams of people living on climate and flowers only, and where the air still whispers of the Spanish cavalier, one finds the old Confederate soldier and his brave old wife, his sons and his daughters. And wherever you find them the same old Southern heart beats as warm as ever, and the last crust of bread or cup of water is divided as freely.

"California has now eight Chapters United Daughters of the Confederacy. The last to take a stand in the ranks of our sisterhood is the John B. Gordon Chapter at San José. This Chapter was organized on the 29th of October, 1903, with the following officers: President, Mrs. Charles MacLoutt; Vice Presidents, Mrs. A. S. Kitridge, Mrs. Charles Clark; Recording Secretary, Mrs. C. S. Walters; Treasurer, Mrs. T. P. Spiers; Custodian, Mrs. Mary Hill; Corresponding Secretary and Historian, Mrs. M. D. Brainard.

"Important work in the Chapter is being already formulated for early execution. It is an incident worthy of mention that our first donation was from a Union soldier. It is a most beautiful hand bag made of sailor's cord by his own old palsied fingers. It was sent with request that we sell it at some bazaar, the proceeds to go to some brother in gray who might, like himself, be in need."

A BIT OF TRUE ROMANCE (1865).

When Smith's raid passed through Alabama, Greenville, Butler County, was as true as steel to the belief that Gen. Lee would never surrender, although the sad news came, announced by booming Federal cannon, to triumph over the noncombatants of the little town. While the regimental bands were playing "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," and that horrid "Yankee Doodle," the pianos in the hotels and private houses were resounding to the airs of "The Bonnie Blue Flag" and "Dixie." O, it was a perfectly dreadful time! The girls were just dying to see each other, but the town was placed under military rule. The old men and little boys accepted the situation as best they could; the women never did, never! They wore Confederate flags and emblems fearlessly. No man could make them afraid. The privates were barely seen, poor dupes; and as for the dashing officers, the girls tilted their chins and looked over their heads, as if they were invisible to the naked eye. The United States headquarters were at the City Hall, a portion of which had been used for amateur theatricals, under the management of Judge B. F. Porter, mayor, and also the Colonel commanding the Camp of Instruction at that place before the surrender. The performances were for the benefit of the soldiers. A play had been presented, entitled "None but the Brave Deserve the Fair." The manuscript was left at the Hall and fell into the hands of the Commanding officer. He read it and returned it to the author with the following:

"NONE e'er can read thy spirit-stirring lines,
BUT to applaud nor wonder at their choice,
THE countless myriads hurled into the grave,
BRAVE maiden, by the music of thy voice!
DESERVE we then thy hatred and thy scorn,
THE homeless wanderers forlorn?
FAIR girl, no words like thine have urged us on!
—— — ———, CAPTAIN, U. S. A."

It is almost needless to say that she, who had never had the heart to kill a chicken, nor step on a worm, was indignant at the bare idea of having hurled her noble Confederates into the grave, although she admitted it was a smooth, high-toned, well-put little acrostic. It really made her look at the commanding officer when he was pointed out to her, and when a sweet, dimpled-faced sister said, "I would answer it," and a lady friend, a prudent, married lady, too, rejoined, "Yes, I would, indeed I would!" she decided to do so. The rather elaborate reply kept her awake nearly all night, and was sent to headquarters tied with Confederate colors and streamers of black crepe.

REPLY.

Stranger, my heart was once a harp,
Strung with hope's golden strands,
Until the minor strain of woe
Was struck by cruel hands;
Alas! it yields no joyous note,
Mournful each quivering string;
And I am but a fettered bird,
With quivering, bleeding wing!
Hatred? Yes, I have learned to hate
Till my warm Southern blood
Runs madly in my slender frame,
A boundless, angry flood—
Wouldst thou know why? Look on The South,
Look o'er each blackened field;

This waste where our defenders stood,
In death alone to yield.

O, have you seen the burning homes,
The flames of sacrifice?
And have you known, as I have known,
The Northman's heart of ice?
Your homes are fair, and plenty stands
Laughing upon our woe;
How can we smile in this drear waste,
Still trampled by the foe?

What cheered you on if woman's voice
Nor smile your cause approved?
We longed to do our all—save fight—
For right, with our beloved.
Scorn? I scorn the piteous thing called love,
That weakly, trembling clings
To this poor chrysalis of clay,
Nor marks the folded wings.

Honor was more to us than life;
And thus, with aching heart,
We crushed the selfish, mortal cry
And bore diviner part.
Yes, still for my poor, stricken land
I'd lay earth's garments down,
Take death by famine, flame, or sword,
To win her freedom's crown.

Fathers and brothers, husbands, sons,
Restrained by woman's hand,
Bore many years the deepest wrongs
From that false-hearted band
Who, in the guise of piety,
Progress, and human good,
Hurled insults in our very teeth,
Ne'er brooked by Southern blood.

Where were fanatics when the slaves
Were sold into their clime?
Why did Philanthropy not spurn
The honest yeoman's dime?
Why should great Progress dormant lie,
Redemption ne'er begin,
Until investments in the South
Made good their trade of sin?

The way was plain; they might have won
The whole wide world's applause,
As England did, without the stain
Of blood upon their cause;
They might have said: "O brother, take
The gold we asked of thee;
But give us back the human souls,
That we may set them free!"

Think thou we would have touched the trash?
Then bear my deepest scorn;
The Southron who would sell his sin
Has never yet been born!
We would have said: "Not ours the wrong,
But generous thou art;
We would not be less great than thou,
Equal shall be our part.

Together we will raise the slave
You sold in piteous state

As near us as his mind allows,
His God-appointed fate.
Then Southrons would have brothers been,
As kinsmen freely wrought,
And gave in kindness what we yield,
And you have dearly bought.

Then Abolition might have won
A fair and deathless fame,
But now it is a synonym
For shame, a nation's shame!
With men and women, children's flesh,
Its greedy fangs are hung;
It hisses forth the Union cry,
On treacherous serpent tongue.

We only asked to go in peace;
Union was but a name,
A gilded tomb, a whited lie
To blazen forth a shame;
Oppression mocked the patriot's cry,
Unheeded Freedom's moan;
God help the men who rallied then,
God help them to atone!

Hast ever paused to think of how
Thy happy home might seem
Aflame from an invader's torch,
E'en in your wildest dream?
Contrast the Northland with the South,
The exultant victor stands,
He could not fetter her great soul,
But binds her helpless hands.

Hast thou a father? Picture him
With white hair wildly flung,
With eyes upturned to God for help—
Only a Rebel hung!
Hast thou a mother? Kneel and ask
That yours may never know
The want, despair, the bitterness,
The Southern mother's woe.

Where is thy sister? By the pang
That bows my proud head low,
Ask her if she could see unmoved
The blade that dealt the blow?
And ask thyself, if thou art brave,
If thou couldst bear a chain
To lie on her untimely grave
And feel no bitter pain?

Scorn? Yes, I am proud to scorn
Falsehood o'er all the world;
Your flag's the brightest painted lie
That ever was unfurled!
I hate—aye, hate—I loathe the name
Of Union. O, how base!
Enforced by strong-armed Tyranny,
That scorn is in my face.

Pull down Oppression's gaudy sign,
Usurping hands have hung;
I cannot walk beneath its folds,
To Southern breezes flung—
Mad? Mad were they who bore it here
With curses; faces bold
Mocked the black robes that faintly tell
Of sorrow in each fold.

Where'er I turn my restless feet,
The bristling bayonets stand,
Enforcing petty tyrannies
In this our own fair land—
Home! Ah me, I'm homesick too!
The dead on battle plain
Alone are free; survivors must
Still wear a galling chain.

God-given is this honest hate,
These throes of agony,
He makes me writhe in cruel bonds,
That I may yet be free;
That I may wield the fettered hand
By pen, by ceaseless prayer,
To him for Right, that Right o'er Might
May triumph everywhere.

Northman! I scorn the wrong, not thou,
If thou art innocent,
And but the tool of tyranny
By which my heart is rent;
But O, I cannot look unmoved.
Be still, fierce passion wave
Of my first sorrow! Let me pray
Beside my brother's grave.

I am no fiend, though fiends may seek
A kinship to reveal,
Because the blade of cavaliers
Has turned the keenest steel.
I cannot yield. I hate the cause
Whose livery you wear;
And yet we're taught to breathe the name
Of enemies in prayer.

Go, homesick wanderer, sweet the pain
Of homesick tears to weep,
We have no homes, alas! no homes
Save where our nobles sleep—
Where can the patriot hope for rest?
This waste we cannot claim
Till Justice on her shining page
Records the Southron's name.

But Dixie Land will blossom forth,
Her fertile valleys bloom;
Freedom will spring, reborn, from flame,
And garland every tomb
With amaranth, and Liberty
Will break her prison bars—
Or else give me for winding sheet
Our hidden cross of stars.

A SOUTHERN GIRL.

The Captain requested an introduction. It was refused. The company was ordered away. The town was relieved through the influence of the officer aforesaid. The ladies began to appear on the streets. Near the Bedell House, the handsome Captain, riding westward, met the maiden. She was in deep black and apparently saw nothing; but, womanlike, she did see through her veil, and several others saw him dismount and stand uncovered until she passed by. He left next day, and she received the following:

"To Miss —

Farewell. I leave with lingering regret,
Nor can I murmur at the hand of Fate;
But know, fair girl, I would not give thee pain,
Nor cast upon thy heart one feather's weight.

Adieu! May time in coming years yet bring
To thy beloved South a fairer day!
I would not add one pang to thy proud grief,
But stand uncovered—pass thy mournful way.”
— — —, Captain U. S. A., Greenville, Ala.”

If the weight of a tear is equal to the weight of a feather, he did cast that much upon her heart, and somehow or other the band or the weather or something gave her a headache.

Her best Confederate lover was still at Johnson's Island, and no sooner reached home than he heard of her correspondence with a Yankee. She handed him the documents, and he forgave her when he read them. He said he must have been a gentleman, but suggested burning the papers. However, he concluded they were worth keeping awhile, and they have been kept nearly forty years.

They were married, and he was married to a Northern girl. Fifteen years passed away. She was a widow. They were within a few hours of meeting at the Cotton Exposition in New Orleans, where she had decided she would be pleased to meet him. But orders came and the National troops were hurried away on account of trouble with the Indians. She was really anxious to see him and let him know that she was as true to her dear Southland as ever. He has won his stars and is a General in the Philippines.

MY MOTHER.

BY MRS. CORNELIUS HARDY,

The sister of Hon. William Crawford Bibb, deceased, Montgomery, Ala.

[The "Mother" to whom the following tribute is paid was a lineal descendant of the Wessingtons, Weshingtons, Wassingtons, Washingtons—the various changes of this honored name. She was a great-granddaughter of Elizabeth Washington Lanier, who was a niece of the father of this country. They lived in the Jefferson Davis house, Montgomery, the "White House" of the Confederacy, after the seat of government was changed to Richmond, where she, with the distinguished Bibb family, took an active part for the Confederate cause in every practical way.]

A pure white rose from Allah's throne designed
To bring to earth refinement, thrice refined;
So forth with lettered petals thence she came,
And bore engraved my precious mother's name.

So nobly made, on heaven's own perfect plan,
A type create of God—a true woman!
Methinks He kept the art, His model done,
Nor loaned to earth just such another one.

Can I forget the one who gave me birth,
Most fond and dear of all the loved on earth,
Who first imprinted on my baby brow
Affection's seal, a mother's kiss, and now,
Still bending on me looks of tenderness
Weeps bitter tears at aught brings me distress?

She taught me first my evening prayer to say,
And when was hurt did kiss the pain away,
Or when, too oft, contentious, cross, unkind,
She wooed me to a better frame of mind.

Sweet Christian mother mine, wert thou to die,
Thou'dst ask of heaven a place in yonder sky,
Where thou mightest be my guiding star of love
And mark my course, and should I worldward rove,
With grief replete, thou'dst drop a warning tear,
To stay thy erring child, my mother dear.

Hast thou a fault? It leans to virtue's side;
Constant toward failing friends, whate'er betide;
Courageous grace, honor in thee I find,
For born of truth, thou'rt just to all mankind.

Full well I know, when here thy race is run,
And every trial passed, thy heaven is won.
Though earth shall mourn thee lost, and weep with me,
Angels will shout for joy, and welcome thee.

A SOLDIER IN HIS FOURTEENTH YEAR.

Capt. Frank W. Cunningham, of Richmond, Va., for years the city tax collector, widely known and everywhere popular, who has contributed more time, doubtless, to sing at funerals than any other man of his race, and who contributes to the best musical entertainments, a Confederate veteran true and tried, sends a picture of Charles Mosby, made the day that he enlisted in the Confederate service. On the back of the picture is the following: "Charles E. Mosby, born February 3, 1848; at the age of thirteen years enlisted as a drummer May 10, 1861, in Capt. Louis T. Bossieux's company, 'Elliott Grays,' Company I, Sixth Virginia Regiment of Infantry.



CHARLES MOSBY.

Stationed at Norfolk, Va., from May 10, 1861, to May 10, 1862." In the battles around Richmond, seven days' fight, he was assigned to Henderson's Battalion Heavy Artillery, and served until the close of the war. John Carr and William Crawford, associate drummer boys, being a few years older, were put in the ranks.

HOW CAPT. F. W. WEED GOT OUT OF PRISON.

BY HARVEY W. SALMON, CLINTON, MO.

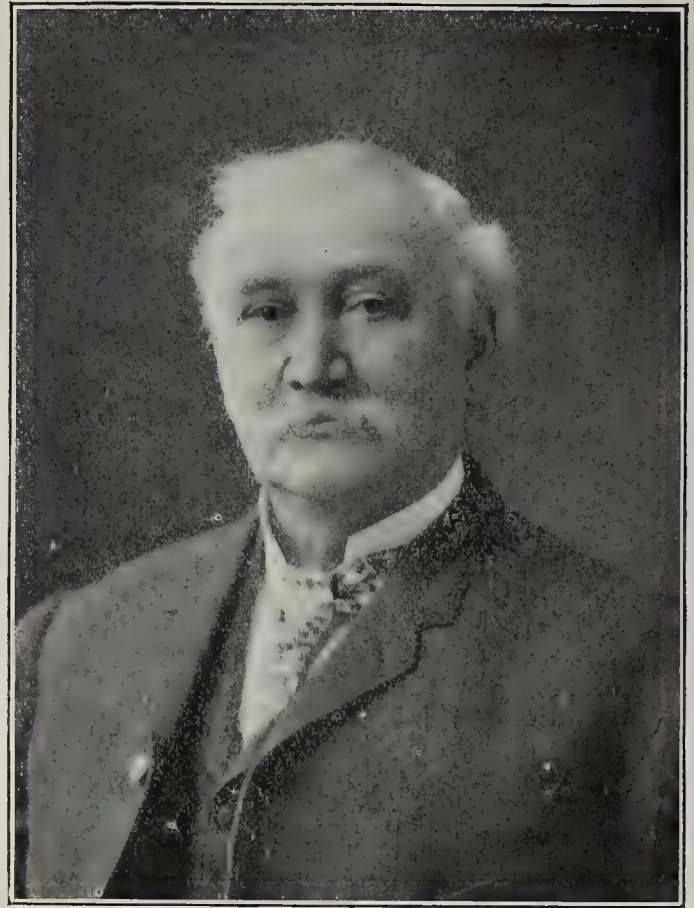
During the spring and summer of 1862, from the 5th day of April to the 2d day of September, there were confined in the United States military prison on Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, eleven hundred Confederate prisoners of war, the writer being one of that number.

This island is situated three miles from the mainland, Sandusky City, Ohio, being the nearest point. The prisoners were housed in frame buildings two stories in height, weather-boarded without and ceiled within. These were inclosed with a high board fence, and on the outside of this and extending entirely around was an elevated plank walk or platform, made high enough to enable the prison guards to walk on it and overlook everything within the inclosure. On the inside of the fence and thirty feet from it, extending entirely around, was the "dead line," beyond which no inmate dare venture. In addition to all this, there was a strong military guard of vigilant officers and men.

It will be readily seen that escape from this prison was next to impossible, yet my messmate, Capt. F. W. Weed, of Louisiana, Mo., did escape, and was doubtless the only one who ever did. We had been apprised of the fact that we were to be exchanged, and on the morning of the 2d day of September were massed in front of the main gate, and the roll was being called for the purpose of verifying the exchange list. Capt. Weed had been advised that his name did not appear on the list, and that he would have to remain in the prison. He was prepared to go, and declared that he would go or die in the attempt.

Early in the morning it began to rain, and the Federal officers who were calling the roll and checking had a tent pitched near the gate, and under this one would call a name and the other would check; the owner of the name would step forward and say "Here," the guards standing above the gate would give the signal, those below would open the gate and permit the prisoner to pass out and go aboard the boat which was to take us to the city, where we were to take the train for the South. As the day wore away the rain became heavier and things grew monotonous; the officers called the roll in a perfunctory, indifferent manner; finally my name was called, and Weed, who stood near me, whispered: "I am going to make it." I passed outside, and before I reached the boat Weed tapped me on the shoulder and we went aboard. He had made his escape in this way: The officers calling the roll finally came to a name difficult to decipher, and all within the tent bent over the paper closely examining it. While their attention was thus drawn, Capt. Weed stepped boldly forward, and in a tone loud enough for the guard above the gate to hear, but not so as to attract the attention of those within the tent, said "Here." The signal was given, the gate was thrown open, and Weed passed out. He simply answered "Here" when no name was called, and thus one more prisoner passed out than the roll contained. He was out of prison, but not yet free; in fact, was still as much a prisoner as the others of us—his comrades. At Sandusky City we boarded the train for Cairo, Ill., and were closely guarded; yet at Mattoon, Ill., Weed managed to pass the guard, went to St. Louis, thence to Memphis, passed safely through the lines, went to the Trans-Mississippi Department, helped organize the Ninth Missouri Infantry, and as lieutenant of Company I of this regiment, adjutant of the Eighth Missouri, and captain of cavalry, did gallant service until the final surrender at Shreveport, La., in June, 1865.

He now resides at San Francisco, Cal. He was for nine years General Agent of the Northwestern Life Insurance Com-



CAPT. F. W. WEED.

pany of Minneapolis, Minn., he having resigned that position during the present year. He is now interested in developing oil lands in the vicinity of Bakersfield, Cal., and is Secretary and Treasurer of two companies.

KINDNESS WHEN WOUNDED AT THOMPSON'S STATION.—Comrade W. R. Stites, of Siloam Springs, Ark., who served in Company G, First Texas Legion, Ross's Brigade, was severely wounded in the fight at Thompson's Station, March 5, 1863, and was sent back to a hospital at Columbia. A Mrs. Witherspoon was exceedingly kind to him. His severe wound was considered fatal. She had a daughter named Fannie, and a son about twelve years old named John, and Comrade Stites thinks she was a widow. He would appreciate her address or that of any member of her family. He would also like to hear from any of the survivors of Ross's old brigade and to learn the name of the officer from Gen. Van Dorn who galloped up behind the line while they were in close, hot fighting with the Yankees and ordered them to fall back and form on the railroad.

WOMEN OF MISSISSIPPI IN THE WAR.

E. B. ROSE (THIRD KENTUCKY INFANTRY), ROSE VIEW, TENN.

In the January *VETERAN*—a most interesting number—H. K. Nelson gives a good account of the battle of Raymond, Miss., in commenting upon which the editor pays a noble tribute to the ladies of Raymond. They richly deserve it, and should ever be held in remembrance by every true Southern heart. For those ladies did show themselves great in all womanly virtues of courage, love, and charity through that long, hot day of unequal fighting. They went among the death-dealing shot and shells rescuing the faint and wounded, ministering to their sufferings, opening their homes to them with a sublime forgetfulness of self that was, and is, inspiring. God bless the ladies of Raymond forever!

The writer was an eyewitness, for his regiment, the Third Kentucky, was moved in between Grant's army and Gregg's gallant little brigade late in the afternoon to bring up the rear and help Gregg out of a hornet's nest, and saw those ladies going about in their work of mercy and love.

The ladies of Mississippi were most patriotic and true to our cause. It happened that the writer served a great part of the four years in Mississippi. He was wounded in the battle of Shiloh, and, with a number of other wounded, was taken from the hospital of Holly Springs out to Wood Cote, the home of Judge Clayton. Mrs. Clayton, with true Southern hospitality, entertained and cared for us with much kindness and the tenderness of a mother. She was assisted diligently by other ladies of the family. Among the wounded she cared for were Tom Hamilton, who months afterwards died of his wounds, and Leslie Waggener, who had a Minie ball through his lung at Shiloh, but, with their attention, recovered. After the war he graduated at Harvard, and was one of the most distinguished professors of the University of Texas. He died a few years ago, probably of the old wound received at Shiloh.

The ladies of dear old Mississippi will ever be held in honor and love. Let us never forget them.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.

Gen. W. L. Cabell, Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V., sends from Dallas, Tex., March 2, 1904, an address to comrades of the Trans-Mississippi, in which he says:

"A Happy New Year to you, my old comrades, and all dear to you! The old year, with its pleasures as well as its sorrows and disappointed hopes, has passed away, never to return. Our comrades are growing older and more feeble; our ranks are growing thinner, and during the last year many of our noblest and best have crossed to the great beyond. Our noble Commander, Gen. John B. Gordon, as well as other true and tried comrades, has answered to the last roll call. Let us thank God that the death roll is no greater than we have a right to expect, and that our comrades enfeebled by old age, who are incapacitated by wounds, disease, and sickness, and unable to make a living, have been properly cared for by the great States of Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, and the Territories, by furnishing good shelter, good and ample food, good clothing, and good medical attention and nursing where the heroes, *the unpaid soldiers of immortal principle*, can spend the remainder of their lives in comfort and ease.

"I would again call your attention to the growth of our noble order of United Confederate Veterans. Our Adjutant General, William E. Mickle, reports over 1,500 Camps. I am proud to say that more than one-third of this number are in the Trans-Mississippi Department. Continue this good work. Let me appeal to you by the memory of the brave men who died on the battlefield and in prison, from wounds, sickness, or disease since the war, to enroll. I appeal to you by the memory of the suffering and hardships borne by the noble women of the South—your mothers, your wives, your sisters and daughters—to enroll, to join some Camp and keep in touch with each other the few years you have to live.

"I therefore call on the Division and Brigade Commanders of our States and Territories to give the necessary orders to increase the number of Camps as well as the membership of each Camp, so that at the reunion to be held in Nashville, Tenn., June 14, 15, and 16, 1904, you will have more Camps and more Confederates than have been gathered at any former reunion. I would earnestly request every Division and Bri-

gade Commander to urge every Camp to meet at least once each month, or oftener if necessary, and arrange for sending delegates and the necessary *per capita* to Gen. William E. Mickle by April 1.

"The Trans-Mississippi Department consists of the States of Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, California, Oregon, Washington, Montana, Idaho, Kansas, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Wyoming, and Oklahoma, and the Indian, New Mexico, and Arizona Territories. The people of Nashville will welcome you with open arms, and will extend to you that hospitality which they have already shown to the brave Confederates who have visited them in the past. Then, old comrades of the Trans-Mississippi Department, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and Daughters of the Confederacy, come and bring with you your noble sons and beautiful daughters. Let the three days be a grand love feast. Let us renew old friendships. Let memory call the roll of the heroes dead, and let their spirits mingle with love and affection. Let us not forget that we are like the leaves of the forest, falling out of this great column of gray, and one by one crossing the river to the great beyond. As stated by one of our comrades, 'There are no recruits, no volunteers to fill our ranks, and no man is numbered among us but received his baptism in blood and fire over thirty-five years ago. No human power can replace a single man in our ranks.'"

GORDON'S FIRST SPEECH NORTH OF THE OHIO.

BY JAMES R. ROGERS, PARIS, KY.

In the fall of 1872 there was held a grand barbecue of three days' duration in the interest of the candidacy of Horace Greeley by the Democratic party near Louisville, Ky. At the end of each day's programme we would adjourn to the city for the night and gather at her various halls. Gen. S. B. Buckner was then a resident of the city, and his commodious home was filled with comrades, among whom were Gen. Gordon, Gen. Sam Jones, and others of less note. On the evening of the second day all the guests were present except Gen. Gordon until assembled around the hospitable board. He then appeared with unmistakable evidence that something unusual had occurred. Prompt inquiry was made of the company as to what caused the trouble. Gen. Gordon, with several strokes of his hands down his vigorous face, responded: "I have done a very foolish thing. I have promised some Indiana Democrats to make them a speech at the Opera House in New Albany." Being asked as to why that should disturb him, he said: "My friends, I am not much of a public speaker at best. I know how to talk to my people of Georgia, but when I cross that river I am confronted by a people not in sympathy with me, and with the fact that the name of Horace Greeley is first upon the bail bond of Jefferson Davis. I should be active in this canvass, but I know not what to say to those people. I was very foolish indeed to make the promise." The depression of the speaker was very manifest.

Not long after adjournment to the library, our host leading the way, Gen. Gordon asked, "What time have you?" when Gen. Buckner replied: "I take no note of time when in the presence of my guests." One of the guests responded: "It is half-past two." Gen. Gordon said: "This Conference is adjourned."

The succeeding night, the time for the speech, found the entire party starting with Gordon; but when we arrived at a point where the Indiana delegation was to receive their speaker, he said: "Gentlemen, you cannot go with me. I want no friends to witness my failure. You will go to the courthouse and hear Ben Hill." This order was delivered with empha-

sis. In hearing Mr. Hill we realized the justice of the appeal.

Whilst at breakfast the next morning, Gen. Gordon was asked for a report, and he said: "Informed by a gentleman that he had been designated by the committee to introduce me, I requested that he make no reference to my rank as a Confederate. We walked down to the footlights, facing an audience of several thousand, all seats filled and every aisle packed with standing men. The introducer said: 'Fellow-Democrats of the State of Indiana, I have the honor of introducing Lieut. Gen. John B. Gordon, late of the Confederate States army.' This introduction provoked vociferous applause. I said something, and that was applauded. I continued, and there were heartiest greetings from that most friendly audience. Don't ask what I said. I am not conscious of what I did say. Let this suffice: They gave me the warmest greeting I ever knew extended any speaker, and if I continue public speaking the rest of my days, I cannot hope to see it surpassed. While I was speaking, a voice in the audience, with clarion tone, demanded: "Tell us about the carpetbagger!" I responded with brief outline of their infamous reign, with special reference to my people of Georgia, and closed with reference to a vandal act of stealing statuary from the grounds of a private citizen of Atlanta and shipping it North. The spirit and fervor, shrieks and yells of apparently every man arising to his feet and sailing hats through the air, produced a din and commotion to me unaccountable. Later I learned that I had exactly described the conduct of a citizen of that city, and who then was in the audience. About the close of my talk the audience called on me to tell them about the Kuklux. Kukluxism I defined as the inalienable right of an American citizen to defend his home against all assailants."

So it was that Gen. Gordon's order to hear the sublime eloquence of Benjamin H. Hill caused our failure to hear Gen. John B. Gordon in his first address north of the Ohio River.

Gen. Gordon's success opened a vista not dreamed of before. When Charles XII. of Sweden received a fire of baptism in his first battle, he inquired of an attendant: "What makes that music in the air?" "The bullets of the enemy," was replied, and in his response he said: "Henceforth that will be the only music to my ears."

Of all the men I have ever heard, in the pulpit, from the rostrum, or on the hustings, John B. Gordon completely filled my highest conception of a popular orator. Horace tells us that the poet is born, not made. So is it with orators. His infinite grace, perfect physical proportions, his pure ringing articulation, a voice penetrating, incisive, of mighty compass, exact use of the best words, marked him emphatically without a peer. "You are the successor of Benjamin Franklin," said a Frenchman to Thomas Jefferson at the French court. "He has no successor. I follow him," responded Jefferson. As Franklin was in diplomacy, so was Gen. Gordon in oratory, and as a soldier was never found wanting.

ROSTERS OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

Gen. Stephen D. Lee issues through Adj. Gen. Mickle:

"Inasmuch as there exists a misapprehension as to the action taken by the New Orleans Convention as to the publication of the rosters of the Confederate and Union armies, the General Commanding makes the subjoined extracts from the proceedings of the convention, May 22, 1903:

"Whereas at the second session of the Fifty-Seventh Congress a provision was inserted in House Resolution 16021, an

act making appropriation for the legislative, executive, and judicial expenses of the government, making special provision for the compilation and publication, under direction of the Secretary of War, of valuable historical data relative to both Union and Confederate soldiers in the following words—to wit:

"Provided that under the direction of the Secretary of War the Chief of the Record and Pension Office shall compile from such records as are in the possession of the United States, and from such other authentic records as may be obtained by loan from the various States and other official sources, a complete roster of the officers and enlisted men of Union and Confederate armies."

"In order that a formal expression of the appreciation of the United Confederate Veterans of the broad and patriotic action of the general government; therefore be it

"Resolved, That the United Confederate Veterans, in annual reunion assembled, recognize in the publication of a complete roster of officers and enlisted men by the national government, a just and patriotic appreciation of the heroism of the American soldiers.

"That we express our sincere thanks to the Secretary of War, Hon. Elihu Root, and to the Congress of the United States, for their action by which the names of all Confederate soldiers will be preserved and perpetuated.

"Resolved further, That in order to enable the government to carry out this beneficent purpose, all Confederate soldiers and their descendants, who have in their possession any original records containing the names of Confederate soldiers, are earnestly requested to transmit them promptly to the Governors of their respective States in order that they may in turn send the same to the Secretary of War.

"Gen. Joseph Wheeler, in his speech, said: "The Secretary gives the assurance that immediately on being received the papers will be copied and returned to the persons sending them."

"A comrade suggested that many of the rosters had been destroyed, and an effort should be made to have the missing rolls made up from the memory of the surviving members of the companies.

"Gen. Lee said: "The government wanted only official and original manuscripts. That was the law, and they would have to comply with the law."

"Gen. Cabell said that he wanted every man who served under him to bring every paper he had, and nearly all of them had some documents which would be valuable to this compilation. He appealed to them to help make this record as complete and full as possible.

"The resolutions were adopted without a dissenting voice."

"The General Commanding learns with much concern that there is an attempt to be made to supply missing rolls from memory, or from sources not authentic. Such a course was not contemplated in the action of the convention, nor desired by the Secretary of War. The earnest efforts of all Confederate soldiers should be put forth to have the roster complete and accurate, but data should be furnished only along the lines indicated. Too much care cannot be taken in the matter, and the General Commanding feels that every member of our organization will endeavor to carry out the wishes of the convention as stated in the resolutions.

"As this is a matter of vital importance, the General Commanding calls upon the press of the country (always ready to aid every good word and work) to give wide publicity to this order."

CONFEDERATES AT FREDERICKSBURG.

Upon the occasion of bestowing the Cross of Honor upon ninety-three veterans at Fredericksburg, Capt. S. J. Quinn, Commander of the Maury Camp, was the Master of Ceremonies for the Daughters of the Confederacy, and Judge T. J. Goolrick was the speaker of the evening. He was introduced by Capt. Quinn as "one of the few living private soldiers." Judge Goolrick said, in part:

"The story of Marathon lives, though the republic of Greece has died. The fame of Alexander the Great lingers in song, though the empire he created has crumbled away. The history of Rome's charging legions is read with increasing interest, though the once great republic has been wiped from the map of the world. Splendid service, unselfish sacrifice, and uncomplaining suffering for a great cause or for a great principle, when expressed in acts of heroism and patriotism, will ever challenge the admiration of mankind. And although the Confederate States, as a government, have ceased to have any place among the powers and principalities of earth, their magnificent soldiery will ever be held in hallowed remembrance as long as bravery has an admirer, patriotism has a devotee, and truth has a worshiper at its shrine.

"The Confederates bore themselves proudly when death pulsed the fevered air on victorious fields, and proved themselves great heroes under the shadow of defeat, even at Appomattox. They met and overcame obstacles such as never before confronted a brave people struggling for their liberties. They laughed and were merry along the weary way, though very scant rations were all that they could hope for as their daily fare. They whistled a merry jingle while perchance their shoeless feet could be traced by bloody tracks on the snow. They joked and jested over the emptiness of their country's treasury, and would have spurned and rejected any bounty if offered for their enlistment. They ridiculed the coming of the paymaster with his valueless currency, for they boasted that they served their country without money and without price."

CHAIRMAN GEORGE L. CHRISTIAN.

The President of the Virginia Association, Army of Northern Virginia, Judge George L. Christian, author of the Virginia History Committee, printed in full in this issue, and one of the ablest papers ever written on the subject (this word of comment is not to indorse one side or the other in controversy), is one of Richmond's best-known and most-esteemed citizens. He has spent nearly all of his life in Richmond, having gone there in 1860 from his native county, Charles City. He entered the Richmond Howitzers at the beginning of the war, rose to the rank of sergeant, and was with his company in every battle in which it was engaged until he was so severely wounded near the "Bloody Angle," at Spottsylvania C. H., May 12, 1864, that he was rendered unfit for further military duty. He had one foot entirely, and the heel on the other foot, shot off by a cannon ball, which wounds have, of course, maimed him for life. With a man of less spirit and determination than Judge Christian, these wounds would, perhaps, have resulted fatally. He was also in the capitol disaster, and his life was saved by the bodies of two other men who were killed. As soon as Judge Christian was able to walk after being wounded, he went to the University of Virginia and studied law, and is now senior member of the firm of Christian & Christian, which enjoys a fine practice. He was at one time Judge of the Hustings Court, and made a fine record as an able, fearless, and impartial jurist. Judge Christian has served as President of the Common Council, President of the

Chamber of Commerce, President of the National Bank of Virginia, is now President of the Virginia State Insurance Company, and director in many other important institutions: is a man of great public spirit and of wonderful energy and physical endurance. There was no braver soldier, and there is no truer or more useful citizen. There is hardly any undertaking of a public nature in which he does not take the deepest interest, and to which his time and talents are not, to some extent at least, cheerfully given.

He succeeded the late Dr. Hunter McGuire as Chairman of the History Committee of the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans of Virginia, and has written the four last reports of that committee. These reports have given Judge Christian reputation as a writer, and were deemed so valuable that at the late meeting of the United Confederate Veterans, held in



JUDGE CHRISTIAN.

New Orleans, those reports which had then been issued were incorporated as part of the report of the History Committee of that great organization, of which last committee he is also a member. He is now Grand Commander of the Grand Camp of Virginia, Treasurer of the Southern Historical Society, member of its Executive Committee, Treasurer of the Confederate Memorial (Battle Abbey) Association, member of the Advisory Board of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, and also of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society. His successor as Chairman of the History Committee of the Grand Camp of Virginia is United States Senator John W. Daniel, of Lynchburg, Va.

"GOVAN'S BRIGADE AT PICKETT'S MILL."

BY CHARLES CARTER HAY, CALERA, ALA.

Under the above head in the February number of the *VETERAN*, Comrade Stan C. Harley says: "It is conceded that the brunt of that engagement was borne by Granbury's Brigade, of Cleburne's Division, but there is a diversity of opinion as to what other troops took part. If Lowry's Brigade took any part, I never heard of it."

I refer Mr. Harley to the high authority of Gen. Cleburne himself. Maj. W. J. Milner, of Birmingham, Ala., who served on Gen. Lowry's staff, and was formerly of the Thirty-Third Alabama, wrote a highly interesting and explicit article on the Pickett's Mill, or Pumpkin Vine Creek, fight. It would be a handsome tribute and an acquisition to history if Gen. Cleburne's report of Pickett's Mill, May 27, 1864, could be published in the *VETERAN*, as this division alone did it, and it is known as "Pat Cleburne's fight," as was that of Ringgold Gap, Ga., November 27, 1863, when this division saved the army, artillery, and wagon train.

ONE OF THE "MOTHERS OF THE CONFEDERACY."

Mrs. J. C. Lee, of Montgomery, Ala., Vice President of the Ladies' Memorial Association of that city and a Vice President of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, is a member of one of the most prominent and distinguished families in the South. Mrs. Lee is a native of the Abbeville District, S. C., and is descended from the distinguished families of Lomax, Tennent, and Middleton, so that by inheritance, association, and education she is thoroughly imbued with all the principles and traditions of Southern thought and feeling, which she has the happy faculty of infusing enthusiastically into all the various organizations with which she is so prominently associated for perpetuating the memory of the Confederacy. She is one of the leading spirits engaged in the noble work of raising funds for the erection of a monument on the battlefield of Chickamauga to the gallant sons of Alabama who fell in that fierce contest.

Recognizing her ability and enthusiasm in all work of this kind, the Ladies' Memorial Association of Montgomery authorized her to collect funds to aid in the erection of their Chickamauga monument. A circular has been issued explaining the object for which the funds collected were to be used, and a stirring appeal to the pride and patriotism of all ex-Confederates, their sons, and daughters. It has created an interest that assures the success of the movement.

The election of Mrs. Lee as a Vice President of the Confederate Memorial Association occurred at the last meeting in New Orleans. The *Times-Democrat* stated in regard to it:

"Mrs. John C. Lee is one of the most interesting attendants at the convention of the Confederate Memorial Association. She wears upon her breast the badge of her membership to the Association, which is dated 1868. Mrs. Lee is well known in Montgomery for her unselfish patriotism that for thirty-three years has made her devoted to the noble work of her organization. Yesterday she was the center of a little crowd of women in the reception room at the convention headquarters, and obligated to tell many times her experiences and the event in particular that has made her name so well known and well loved in her community. At the outbreak of the war Mrs. Lee and her husband resided in Lewisville, Lafayette County, Ark. Much sentiment was on the side of the North. When Lincoln's proclamation was issued, there were only five men in the town who stood up for Southern principles and secession. The leaders of the Union party straightway made a

large national flag and flung its colors to the breeze. On seeing this, the small, but determined, band of Southern sympathizers appealed to their wives to make a Southern flag. Mrs. Lee at once took the lead. She was assisted in making the flag by Mrs. Welborn, now of Montgomery, and Mrs. Marshall, of Camden, Ark. The coat of arms of Arkansas decorated one side, with 'States' rights forever' on the other side, and it was the women who raised it. This was the first flag raised in Arkansas in opposition to the Union. Mrs. Lee tells with enthusiasm how she and her friends cut up their fine and expensive silk gowns to make that banner.



MRS. J. C. LEE.

"All during the war Mrs. Lee kept her home open to their soldiers, and it became a hospital from which no one was ever turned away. Mrs. Lee sewed for the soldiers, nursed them, and her splendid courage and tender ministrations did more than can be measured now in mere words. Mrs. Lee's husband is a relative of the great and beloved Robert E. Lee."

One of the beautiful tributes paid recently to Mrs. Lee was by her home paper, the *Montgomery Advertiser*. During the past month she and her niece, Mrs. Virgil Griffin, were in Louisville, and were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Biscoe Hindman. Mrs. Lee's husband, Dr. John C. Lee, was a cousin of Gen. Robert E. Lee and was surgeon general on the staff of Gen. Thomas C. Hindman when the latter was in command of the Trans-Mississippi Department of the Confederate army. The *Courier-Journal*, in making mention of the social event, states that Dr. and Mrs. Lee were bound to Gen. and Mrs. Hindman by ties of the closest friendship throughout the war. This patriotic woman was no less a faithful wife, and she seeks to preserve the memory of her honored husband in any connection in which her faithful services are recorded.

THE BIRTHDAY OF GEN. R. E. LEE.

In the public exercises of the Daughters of the Confederacy at Fort Worth, Tex., on the occasion of presenting Crosses of Honor, Mrs. L. K. Stanbery made an address, in which she said:

"The anniversary of the birth of Robert Edward Lee passes comparatively unnoticed throughout the South. Here and there Camps of Veterans pause to join in eulogy, and bands of Daughters of the Confederacy drink a cup of tea and sing a song maybe and feel that they have thereby sufficiently honored the great Confederate captain. But in the schools and with the masses the day has no meaning. To-day it will be difficult to find teachers who add to lessons on character-building the example of Gen. Lee. Why? Because, to quote from one of the school authorities, 'We have some citizens who do not think Gen. Lee a great man.' The name, the deeds, and the character of one of the greatest of the world's great are withheld from his own people because there has chanced among us citizens who do not see as we see. Is this the course honest men respect, come they from where they may?

"Can it be that our teachers have time to present to the young as inspiration and example only the names of those who have been approved by the victors?

"Or have we of the South turned our faces to the fleshpots of materialism and find it easy to forget all save those who swing into view on victory's chariot?

"It is hard to believe this. The adoration of Gen. Lee that forty years ago was the force that held together the soldiers of the Confederacy may have become less passionate, but certainly among the men who wore the gray his name remains a sacred memory, and faithfulness to his achievements a solemn obligation. . . . The soldier who wore the blue and he who wore the gray have agreed on the record—have locked the volume and thrown the key away.

"Fame, the handmaiden of accident, lays her laurels as often upon the brow of the vanquished as the victor. Who remembers the name of the Union general at Gettysburg? Who forgets that of Lee?

"North and South cheer the name of Pickett. Who knows the name of the captain of that 'single line of blue' that turned the fortunes of war on that historic charge?

"Behind some victories is a shadow from which the victor cannot entirely emerge. Behind some defeats is a moral grandeur that moves men to a veneration victory alone can never win. Therefore is it not altogether Lee, the soldier, that calls upon us to-day to renew our allegiance, but Lee, the man, because his life and character are worth infinitely more as an inspiration to American manhood than all the battles he led so brilliantly? [Applause.]

"There are mothers here to-night who have sons for whom they have ambitions and hopes for a successful manhood, and fathers who believe their sons are worthy of the best that life can bring them.

"What is life's best? To me the character of Gen. Lee gives answer. What do you think of this record? A dutiful son, who, from his birth, never gave an invalid mother cause for tear or care.

"Four years at West Point without a demerit, yet graduating second in a class of sixty. Throughout his life no tobacco, no intoxicants, his lips never stained by profanity or foul language. Feminine virtues? Perhaps, but was not Gen. Lee a man? A noble son of a noble sire, he refused a commission under a foreign flag because of loyalty to his country. A noble son of a noble sire, he surrendered the opportunity of leading

the Union armies because of loyalty to his State. [Applause.] And after Appomattox, where the name of Lee was to go down in history linked with defeat, he guided Southern men to fealty to the government he had so valiantly opposed, and that had been strengthened and cemented by his very opposition.

"Modern life teems with temptations. Young men are continually entrapped by false logic, and yield to arguments for wrongdoing. Less and less are men disposed to accept bravely the loss of all save honor. [Applause.]

"Do not we of the South owe it to the young to place before them, with all the force and emphasis at our command, the story of what Gen. Lee was no less than that of what he did?"

TRIBUTE BY A LOUISIANA GIRL TO GORDON.

[Written and read by Miss Georgia W. Kemp for the Joseph M. Craig Chapter, U. D. C., Amite City, La.]

During the year 1832 God created one of his most splendid masterpieces. He sent into the world a babe, perfect in form and feature, and placed within its tiny body a heart warm and rich with love, justice, and mercy, and a divine spark which grew and expanded with the little body until there stood before the world the work completed—a man and a soul! They called him John B. Gordon.

Well may the sons of our beloved South and Daughters of the lost Confederacy feel proud and graceful that such a man was placed in our midst! Well can we understand the valor of our soldiers in the desperate struggles at Malvern Hill, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Spottsylvania C. H., with such a splendid example of bravery before them as this man with the blood of the Gordon Highlanders coursing through his veins and a bearing characterized by a boldness and dash which made him the idol of his soldiers!

It is not surprising that a man like John Gordon should rise from the rank of captain to that of brigadier general within one year. He earned his honors, earned the devotion of his men, earned his homage of later years, earned the rest to which he has gone. Earned also the beautiful testimonial of honor and affection which marked his laying away—the gathering of the scattered ranks of our Confederacy. Methinks there is something divinely pathetic in this collecting together of the scarred, bent, and trembling few of the fast thinning ranks to witness the last sad rites of a beloved leader. What must be their emotions when gazing on the calm features in repose, on which they have witnessed the glow in the fever of battle, the tenderness in time of want and privation, the sadness in time of defeat! Perhaps there were some among them who heard the encouraging words of this man in speaking to a group of frightened women in York when Lee invaded Pennsylvania: "Ladies, we have not come to fight defenseless women and children. And so well do I know these men that I may safely promise the head of any one of them who insults a woman." Perhaps, too, there were some among them who stood ragged and barefoot before this man when the surrender came and heard him plead that they "bear the trial of defeat, go home in peace, obey the laws, and rebuild the wasted country."

The taking away of Gen. Gordon may seem a little untimely. True, his work here was done, and how splendid the heritage he has left us! A heritage which can be enjoyed by all America; a heritage which shines out as a beacon light and serves as a guide to men—a spotless character!

But by his going the home has lost a devoted companion, the Union an honorable and upright citizen, the Confederacy a hero, and the world a man!



Sketches for the "Last Roll" have become so numerous that all must be abbreviated. Those who wish record made are requested to be as brief as practicable, especially in all except service in the Confederate army. When pictures are used, somebody ought to pay the cost of engraving, two dollars.

MRS. PHOEBE FRAZER EDMONDS.

On January 9, 1904, there passed from earth one whose life has been closely identified with the history of Memphis, Tenn., since the latter was a little village struggling heroically with her sister La Grange, that at one time promised to outgrow her. One who knew the young Memphis as "home," when all of the town lay north of Adams Street, and below, in the virgin forest (now known as Court Square), learned her first lessons in the little log schoolhouse, then taught by an obscure but ambitious young man, who afterwards became one of the most prominent citizens of Memphis.

Phoebe Ann Edmonds (née Frazer) was the eldest of the eight children of John Ahair and Frances Jones Frazer, both of North Carolina, and was born in Newbern, in that State, eighty-four years ago, though in her early childhood her father's adventurous spirit chose Tennessee for his adopted State. Her girlhood days, however, were spent in Mississippi and Alabama, and glorious days they were, of which she never wearied telling. Across the vista of her memory there would troop a distinguished train—artists, statesmen, jurists, gentlemen of leisure, men whose names are written high in the annals of their country, and her eyes would sparkle with almost youthful fire as she recalled some ball or assembly, smiling as she remembered some incident or the color of the gown she wore, for even to the end she was dominated by those two old-fashioned qualities, sentiment and enthusiasm, without which few things past early youth are really worth the while.

Born in an age when the doors of colleges were barred to women and higher education was considered inappropriate, if it was considered at all, under her father's direction, through the medium of tutors and college professors, the elder daughter received such an education as the well-to-do Southern gentleman usually chose for his son. In the years following, misfortune intervened, but the doting father, with pardonable pride, saw the elder sister prepare her younger brothers, the one for the examinations at West Point, and the other for an advanced class in college. So too the educational surveillance extended to the second generation, and each nephew and niece affectionately recalls that Aunt Phoebe was the first teacher whom they knew.

Familiarly associated with the epoch-making minds of her section, to one of her temperament the breaking out of the War between the States offered an unexploited field for patriotism and self-sacrifice. One man was found in Memphis who was brave enough to open a school and keep it open during those turbulent times, and he found a not unwilling assistant in Miss Frazer, who cagerly sent forward the amount of her earnings to the fund for the maintenance of

the Confederate soldiers in the field, besides giving her spare time to the work of the then recently organized Southern Mothers. After Memphis surrendered and became a center for Federal operation, the home of Mrs. Edmonds's mother, sometime before abandoned as unsafe for her occupancy, was taken possession of as headquarters for Gen. Sherman, as it commanded a fine view of the Mississippi River. Then it was that the late occupant became a mediator between the citizens and the severity of Gen. Sherman's measures, for whenever the Federal supply boats, on the way down the river, were fired upon by Confederate sharpshooters, the General would retaliate by ordering five, ten, twenty, or fifty prominent Memphis families out to "Dixie," which meant privation and confiscation of property. Friends soon learned that Mrs. Edmonds had been successful in her appeal on one occasion, and often she was roused from her bed by the agonized message from some old acquaintance, perhaps, who had just received the order. Then was formed the tie of friendship and respect between the earnest Southern woman and the stern General, which was continued by an exchange of occasional letters to the end of his life. Part of the war correspondence which passed between them, as published in the *Rebellion Records*, furnishes some unique and interesting reading for the student who would learn of the temper and caliber of the women of that tempestuous time.

Mrs. Edmonds's marriage occurred, at her request, in Canada, near the close of the war; for she, who afterwards acknowledged herself to be a loyal citizen of the United States and was proud of the distinction, was not then willing that the sacrament of marriage should be administered under the "hated thing" known as the Union flag.

Though Aunt Phoebe outlived all of her associates, her time and generation, her mind was wonderfully alert and abreast with the progress of our time. She was an inveterate newspaper reader, even to the day of her death, and was thoroughly conversant with the conditions of foreign nations, new



(From Mrs. Edmonds's Latest Picture.)

discoveries, inventions, and even local politics. She was always looking forward. Life, action, advancement were consuming themes with her. She often said, when adapting herself to some new régime, that her "case was worse than that of Jekyll and Hyde, for while sojourning in the present she was also living in the past with an eye to the future." She also said that she never intended to grow old, and she did not. The mental and spiritual activity was that of a highly intellectual woman in her prime, and the spirit left the material image as quietly, as silently as the butterfly leaves the chrysalis when he is ready for his flight. Several years ago Aunt Phoebe, after repeated urging from some of her family, began the writing of her "Recollections of Eighty Years," a work which she unfortunately left unfinished, but which from its very inception proved a source of great pleasure and entertainment to her in many ways.

In reviewing her life one cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that she was a remarkable woman, a product of the old South, but remarkable for any era. She possessed an integrity and clearness of character almost masculine in its strength and grasp; withal she was the womanliest and most modest of women, with a passionate love for the beautiful in nature, life, and art. Duty was her watchword, and though without children of her own, she felt and assumed the responsibility of others', and much of her life was spent for the improvement and enlightenment of those about her. There were many things she wanted to know, to which the world, science, and revealed religion could give no answer. Now she knows and understands, in that life where all is beauty and action, while we who have lost her remember with a tender thought that "she hath done what she could."

MISS MARY ALBERTA TRAWICK.

Readers of the *VETERAN* have been thrilled with the experiences of Dr. A. M. Trawick as reported in the *VETERAN*, especially in that perilous post to which he volunteered in the siege of Port Hudson. United States Senator Berry, of Arkansas, one of his comrades and ardent friends, who knew him in those trying times, bears testimony to his heroism and faithfulness in life's highest responsibilities.

On Friday morning, December 4, Dr. O. E. Brown paid a beautiful tribute to the life and character of Miss Mary Trawick at the chapel of Vanderbilt University, in which she had been a student. She was a universal favorite with both faculty and students.

He referred to the scene at her deathbed, and added that it was especially impressive to him that in the last hour she did not ask for prayer, but simply requested those around her bedside to sing one of her favorite hymns. He referred to Bishop Soule, who, when dying, was asked if he wanted prayer offered. He replied: "No, the time for praying is past." The Christian attitude toward death is one of praise. The preparation for such a beautiful Christian death is such a devoted Christian life as Mary Trawick lived.

She was beginning to reach out after some sphere of usefulness, and seemed to be most impressed with a life of service. She was not content to get an education for selfish purposes, but was asking all the while how she could use it and make it of some service to those about her. She had grasped the important principle that one need not wait to get into some distinctive sphere of life in order to be of service, but one of the best possible fields of service is in the little

things of life and in contact with people in the home and in the social way.

While Miss Trawick was of a strong social nature and enjoyed social amusements very much, yet she never compromised her principles or her conscience in their enjoyment. Really some adjustment is a necessity in life, but it makes all the difference in the world as to whether we adjust our principles to social demands, or whether we require that the conventional standards should give way to the principles we believe to be right. While Miss Mary Trawick did not make her conscience a test for others, yet she recognized that her conscience was her own, and would not violate it.

In a carefully prepared tribute, Rev. J. D. Barbee, D.D., dwells upon the training of Mary Trawick. He mentions the

father as a hero who was often selected to lead a forlorn hope in the war or to make desperate ventures, illustrating by reference to recorded historic facts, and adding that he was no less a hero in peace. Having returned from the war, a boy in rags, he went heroically about peaceful vocations, studied medicine, moving steadily to the front in his profession, then educating his large family of sons and



MARY TRAWICK.

daughters. He is an earnest advocate of high moral life.

Dr. Trawick's lovely daughter Mary has been called from earth, and the test of separation is one of the greatest to which he could have been called. The ardent devotion between father and daughter has been pathetically described in the *Nashville Sunday School Visitor*:

"From her childhood she had lived a beautiful Christian life. Her father, who is a physician and also a noble Christian, knew that the end was near, but he said: 'I shall not tell her. She has lived with Christ, and there is no need of special preparation for death.' And so family and friends went on talking with her in the old cheerful way, and trying not to reveal by word or look the anxiety which each felt. Finally there came a morning when she awoke out of a sleep in which visions of heaven had visited her. Strange sensations crept over her, and she said to her father: 'What can this mean? Can this be death?' Concealment was no longer possible, and so the good man answered with broken voice: 'Yes, daughter, you are dying.' 'Is there no hope of my recovery?' she asked; and when told there was none, she said with an air of perfect serenity: 'Well, if I can't get well, I can triumph.' And so she did, joining with her last breath in singing with the dear ones who stood by her bedside 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul.' Her life had been bright and happy, and she had probably never thought one moment about preparing for death. But she had lived nobly, and when death came she was ready."

DR. BENJAMIN GIVINS DYSART.

Dr. B. G. Dysart died at his home, Paris, Mo., January 16, 1904, after forty hours' illness of pneumonia. Returning from a professional visit, he was so very ill that his brother physicians were called speedily and his condition grew desperate so rapidly that he soon realized that he could not recover, and calmly gave directions about his estate and business affairs. His funeral was held at the Christian Church on Monday afternoon, with every seat filled. Stores were closed and all business suspended during the service. The funeral was conducted by Rev. C. F. Richmond, D.D. The Masonic fraternity escorted the remains to the cemetery and laid them to rest with the impressive ceremonies of the order.

Dr. Dysart was born in Randolph County, Mo., September 23, 1833. He was practicing medicine at McGee College in Macon County, Mo., at the outbreak of the war.

Enlisting in the Confederate service, Dr. Dysart was appointed surgeon of the First Missouri Brigade under command of Senator F. M. Cockrell. It was in this capacity that he found ample opportunities to demonstrate his great talents as a surgeon. He served throughout the war as surgeon, and was at the hard-fought battles of Oak Hills, Carthage, Elkhorn Tavern, Corinth, Iuka, siege of Vicksburg, campaign in Georgia, Hood's campaign to Franklin, Nashville, and on to the close. At the close of the war he located at Paris, Mo. The remembrance of his kindly, unselfish ministrations will stand as a monument to his goodness of heart long after the world has forgotten other men, whose delight is in using instead of serving humanity. He was a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, a Mason and Knight Templar. And, with all and above all, he was a Christian man whose life counted mightily for Christian virtues and good citizenship.

J. H. Robertson, Esq., who furnished the foregoing, writes as follows in addition: "We were born in the same neighborhood, went to school and to college together, and served throughout the war in the same army. I was attended by him at different times for serious wounds and sickness. Dr. Dysart left a companion, but had lost his only child. They will all soon be mustered out, and sleep the sleep that dreams of battlefields no more.

"There is a reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen
He gathers the bearded grain in a breath
And the flowers that grow between."

"From far-away Arizona I am, with friends, contributing
a flower and a tear upon the grave of our beloved comrade."

GEORGE HUFFMAN.

George Huffman was born in Kentucky August 16, 1836; died in Bozeman, Mont., July 13, 1903. He was a member in good standing of Sterling Price Camp, No. 1378, of Bozeman, and from the resolutions adopted by the Camp these notes are made. He participated in the engagements of Drywood, Carthage, Wilson Creek, Lexington in Missouri, and Pea Ridge in Arkansas. His comrades express appreciation of his worth as a citizen in peace as well as his devotion to duty in war.

A. G. EASLEY.

Comrade A. G. Easley passed peacefully away on May 30, 1903, at his home near Columbus, Miss. He enlisted in Company B, Forty-Third Mississippi Regiment, early in 1862, and was in all the engagements of his command from that time until Johnston surrendered in North Carolina in 1865. He was faithful to duty both in war and peace, and his fellow-citizens honored him in positions of trust.

DR. R. H. PEEL.

One by one our veterans are crossing over the river to rest in the "bivouac of the dead," and we would cherish the memory of each and all by rendering every possible tribute of respect and honor.

Dr. Robert H. Peel was born near Courtland, Ala., September 30, 1832; and died in Marshall County, Miss., November 5, 1903. His father, Volney Peel, moved from Virginia to Huntsville, Ala., and while employed as civil engineer in the land office at Florence, Ala., met and married Miss Charlotte

Royston, whose father was a Revolutionary soldier and a personal friend of Gen. Washington. In 1834 Mr. Peel moved with his family to Marshall County, Miss. They were among the first white settlers of that section.

At the age of fifteen his son Robert was placed at St. Thomas Hall at Holly Springs, Miss., to prepare for the State University at Oxford.

In October, 1852, Dr. Peel was married to Miss Virginia Matthews, daughter of Dr. B. D. Matthews, a prominent physician of Marshall County.

When the call to arms stirred the hearts of Southern men, Dr. Peel raised a company, of which he was made captain; and, going to



DR. R. H. PEEL.

Virginia, joined the Nineteenth Mississippi Regiment, commanded by the gallant Col. C. H. Mott.

He was at once tendered the position of assistant surgeon of the regiment, but declined. After the first battle of Manassas, he was appointed surgeon of Gen. Wilcox's Brigade, and so won upon the Federal prisoners that one man exclaimed: "My God! Why are we fighting such men?"

In February, 1865, Dr. Peel, in response to Gen. Johnson's call for experienced army surgeons, was transferred to the Mississippi Department, and placed in charge of Lee's hospitals at Lauderdale Springs. Returning on short furlough to his home, he was married to Miss Alice Maud Matthews and, with his bride, repaired to his field of duty, where he remained until the surrender.

Two of his brothers had fallen with their faces to the foe, a third had languished many months in a Northern prison, and the youngest was wounded at Franklin.

As a successful physician and skilled surgeon his services were rendered freely to the poor as to the rich.

Himself loyal to all that was good and great and noble, given to genuine Southern hospitality, he loved in his later years to draw around him, in his stately home, a large circle of congenial friends.

In 1873 he united with the Christian Church, of which he was a devoted member, showing in his daily walk that the charity inculcated by the Scriptures was the keynote to every action of his life. He was also a member of the Masonic Fraternity, the K. of P., Knights of Honor, and in all an exemplification of the best principles held by each.

The death of no citizen has caused more profound regret. He was loved and honored for his intellect, his varied information, his culture, his lofty aims, his great heart, so kind and true; and the most heartfelt sympathy is extended by all to his wife and only child, Mrs. S. R. Crawford, in their irreparable loss.

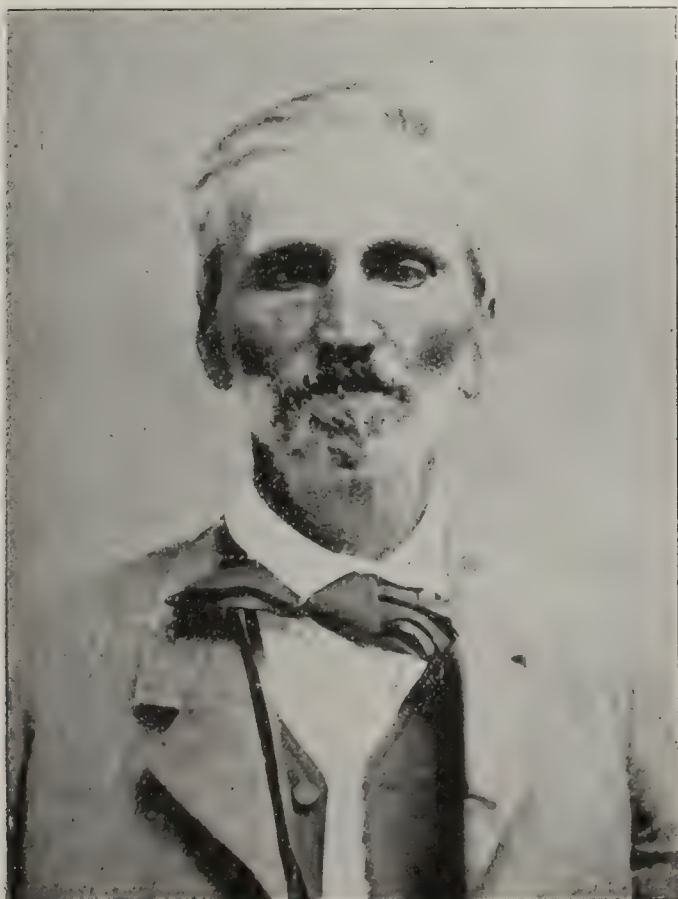
He was a knightly soldier, a true friend, a useful citizen, tender father, devoted husband, a sincere Christian gentleman of the old régime, whose pleasant smile, courtly bow, and kindly words must long be remembered.

DANIEL O'NEAL.

The death of Comrade Daniel O'Neal, of the Missouri Confederate Home, is reported as occurring on the 24th of December. He was a member of Company B, Twentieth Tennessee Infantry, and enlisted in April, 1861, at Nashville. Comrade O'Neal was seventy-four years old. He had a sister, Mrs. Sullivan, living somewhere in Tennessee. Her address is desired by the VETERAN.

WILLIAM BROWN TATE.

In the death of Comrade W. B. Tate a most remarkable man passed away. A patriot, a soldier, a philanthropist, and,



W. B. TATE.

with all, a modest, unassuming gentleman. He was also a practical farmer, and the very strength of all these inherent qualities which he possessed prominently marked him above the ordinary man.

He was born in Grainger County, Tenn., December 3, 1819, of Scotch-Irish ancestry—of that sturdy old pioneer stock that helped to establish American independence. Young Tate grew up on the farm where he lived and labored all of his busy and useful life except the four years he gave to the service of the Confederacy. Early in 1861 he enlisted as a private in Company I, Second Tennessee Cavalry, commanded by Col. H. M. Ashby. He was wounded at Barboursville, Ky.; and afterwards, at his request, was transferred to Company K, Nineteenth Tennessee Infantry, with which he served till some time in 1863, when, on account of poor health, he was honorably discharged. Unable for active service in the field, and unwilling to leave the service, he accepted a position as purchasing agent and collecting supplies for the government, in which position he showed the same good judgment and fidelity that marked his course through life.

After the surrender he returned to his dilapidated home. Assuming the care of his aged parents, with unflinching courage he began the task of making it look once more like home to them. By his strong manhood, practical sense, and judgment, he was intuitively looked to as a protector, adviser, and friend in those troublesome days. He was a man of frugal habits, industrious, energetic, and of superior judgment. Under his guiding hand the farm soon became a source of revenue and, after the death of his parents, the income was far beyond his own needs. He cared nothing for money in a sordid sense, and, having never married, none were dependent directly on him. Whenever he would accumulate a few thousand spare dollars, he would, with a liberality and generosity rarely ever seen, first divide it out with his less fortunate brothers and sisters, locating them in homes of their own and then look after others deserving assistance. In this way he disposed of his surplus money until age began to tell upon him, and then he invested the bulk of his accumulations in bank stocks. When these accumulations had amounted to TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS he decided to divide it out among such of his old Confederate comrades as had lost a leg or arm in the service.

In order to carry out his plan, he called in Attorneys O. C. King and George P. Yoe to draw up the necessary papers; gave them a check for \$20,000, and on July 18, 1889, the money was given to his old, maimed comrades in his presence. There were forty-one beneficiaries, and one can better imagine than describe the scenes and the emotions, the heart throbs of the giver in response to those of the receivers on that occasion.

Comrade Tate died on August 22, 1903, at the ripe age of eighty-four years, honored and beloved by all who knew him. The last sad rites were performed by the W. B. Tate Camp of Confederate Veterans of Morristown, Tenn.

CAPT. D. T. BEALL.

On the 3d day of January, 1904, the beloved Commander of Camp W. H. H. Tison, of Booneville, Miss., Capt. D. T. Beall, passed from among those who had made his life and joined those comrades who had preceded him to the life eternal. He was the Commander of Company E, Twenty-Sixth Mississippi Regiment of Infantry, from 1861 to the end at Appomattox. During his long service he always sought the post of danger and responsibility, and in civil life he was no less faithful to the duties of his position. He was Commander of the Camp for twelve years, and his death was the

crowning of a life of devotion to friends and comrades. The resolutions passed by the Camp in his honor express the esteem in which he was held and the great place he filled in their hearts and lives.

J. C. Reece, of Lancaster, Tex., a comrade and friend, writes the following:

"A hasty glance at the soldier life of this hero produces happy recollections of many scenes and incidents of the struggle for Southern rights, which he early espoused and sustained nobly to the last, and did his part on many battlefields to carry the tide of victory for Southern arms. Fort Donelson, Coffeeville, Baker's Creek and Big Black, Jackson, Miss., the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Deep Bottom, Second Cold Harbor, Weldon Railroad, Bell's Mill, the repulse of Sheridan's raiders, October, 1864, the march across the chilly Nottoway and return to quarter, the winter of 1864-65, and the heroic struggle on the front line southwest of Petersburg April 2, 1865, reëcho his brave spirit. Surviving comrades remember his 'Close up, Company E!' on the march; his 'Bow your necks like tobacco worms!' in battle. His excellent management of the 'boy company' in camp and on the march, and his watchfulness for their comfort won for him their confidence, love, and respect, and gave him commanding influence over that brave band of country boy soldiers.

"On several occasions it was his pride to lead volunteers in some desperate charge. The character of the men he had disciplined is well demonstrated by mention of one incident. In a successful charge on the 'white house' (a nice country residence) to dislodge some Federal sharpshooters during the Lee-Grant campaign a Federal refusing to halt at command of one of Beall's favorites, Private Jack Busby, both guns having been previously discharged, threw his empty gun down, and, with an oath, said, 'If I can't kill you, I can catch you,' and suiting the action to the word pursued the fleeing Yank, overhauled him and brought him, unharmed and unarmed, but sorely dismayed, to his exulting captain. Beall often referred to this act as 'Busby's native strategy.'

"Capt. Beall's request to be buried among the dead Confederates at Booneville proves his affinity to, and love for, those who wore the gray. He loved them to the end, and will greet them in the morning of the glorious resurrection."

—
DAVID A. MEADE.

"His deathblow struck him there in the ranks—
There in the ranks with his face to the foe."

The dead leave behind them their memory, their example, and the effects of their actions. Through all the changing years those whom we have truly loved in life never cease to be objects of our deepest and holiest affections. Their names, their characters, their images are impressed upon our dearest recollections and our most sacred hopes.

David A. Meade, a lad of sixteen, left the paternal home in Brunswick County, Va., in 1863, a member of the Brunswick Blues. Being endowed with great personal beauty and a perfect disposition, he readily became the idol of his family, the beloved comrade of a wide circle of friends. Wherever he might go friends sprang about his path, gathering inspiration from his brave and sunny soul and feeling therein the sweet enchantment of his spell. From the infantry which participated in the Rich Mountain retreat and disaster, in which the lamented Gen. Garnett was killed, he was transferred to Company I, Third Virginia Cavalry, Gen. Stuart commanding. His absolute fearlessness in battle for one of his tender years struck his comrades with admiration, for, like the

Southerner that he was, he needed not to be led, much less to be stimulated or driven to battle. Of all the soldiery the whole world has produced, the Confederate soldier was the highest type, the supreme model, and there are no indications that his like will ever be seen again.

In a cavalry skirmish on the Rapidan David Meade received his death wound from a poisoned bullet, in a so-called civilized warfare, which eventually ended his young life, attended by the severest suffering that ever fell to the lot of mortal man. But never a complaint or murmur; with resignation and heroic stanchness he bore all until his young life ebbed away and he fell on sleep—the sleep that knows no waking.

"Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!

Dear as the blood ye gave;

No impious footsteps here shall tread

The herbage of your grave;

Nor shall your glory be forgot

While Fame her record keeps,

Or Honor points the hallowed spot

Where Valor proudly sleeps."

—
ELLEN MEADE CLARKE.

—
DR. J. D. BECK.

In nearly every community of the country there is one man whose life is passed in ministering unto others, and most often this is the family physician and friend who sacrifices himself that others may be relieved of their sufferings. From Mason, Tex., come resolutions in testimony of loss to that community in the death of Dr. J. D. Beck, who for twenty-three years had ministered to their sick and afflicted—the poor as well as rich—and to those in health he stood as counselor and friend.

Dr. Beck was born in McNairy County, Tenn., in 1845. He was a soldier of the Confederacy, and saw service at Belmont, but defective eyesight forced him to leave the service. He attended the Louisville Medical College, and later received a diploma from the University of Louisiana, now Tulane, and in 1894 took a postgraduate course in the New Orleans Polytechnic. He married in 1872 and removed to Corinth, Miss., where he resided some years, then went to Texas on account of his health, settling at Mason. Through sheer force of will he conquered the disease which had taken such a strong hold upon him, and for many years had been an inspiration in his life and work.

—
TRIBUTES TO GORDON AND OTHERS.

Judge J. Soule Smith, historian and writer, of Lexington, Ky., pays the following tribute to his old commander:

"We old fellows die in groups. The angel of death comes and calls the roll, and we step back into the silent majority, where I have so often wished to be. On Saturday last died two men whom I knew—one of them a personal friend, Charles Foster, of Ohio; the other, under whom I served in the Confederate army, John B. Gordon, and whose cheek I washed with my canteen of water when he got the scar on it which he carried until his death. That scar was from a fragment of a shell from Torbett's battery, of the Federal army, up near the Potomac River, one afternoon. He was a major general then under Jubal Early, and I was a private in Company A, Twelfth Georgia Battalion.

"I knew Gen. Gordon only as a private soldier could know a general. Yet, boylike, I was observant of him. Never but once did I speak with old 'Marse' Robert E. Lee. God blessed me that much in my fruitless life, but several times I spoke to Gordon: once when I tried to turn his horse back in battle, and he made me loose the rein, though I stood in front

of him in hopes to stop some bullet that might otherwise hurt him; once when I washed his face from my canteen of water, and once when I was brought before him for stealing apples and had my whole shirt bosom full. He could see well enough in a fight, but couldn't see the bulge of the apples in my shirt front.

"These three incidents I remember well—there are others not so prominent. He was the most splendid officer I ever saw on the battlefield. I say 'splendid' and I mean it, just as I would say John C. Breckinridge was the most 'superb.' Of course 'Marse' Robert Lee classed by himself, for God made only one of him, and one's enough since Christ came.

"Gen. Breckinridge was the handsomest man I ever saw, either on or off a battlefield. 'Marse' Robert Lee was like a mountain peak on which the sweet sun rested, but the stars were very near to it, and the blue sky bent around it beautifully. Gordon was the shining scimitar which the war god wielded when he cleft his enemies. He dressed for battle as others would dress for a ball, and when the boys saw his clean gauntlets and his shining epaulets on him, they ate all their rations, lest they should die before they had a chance to finish them.

"He was sober, discreet, and gentle. I saw him walk while a foot-sore private rode his horse. Pure as Sir Galahad, knightly as King Arthur, he was as brave as Lancelot and gentle as the dawn. His face grew white in battle, and the scar on his cheek grew red or purple, his eyes blazed, and Gordon's Brigade stood ready to die in their tracks.

"Let one of them pay this little tribute to his memory."

VIRGINIANS PAY TRIBUTE TO GEN. LONGSTREET.

The John Bowie Strange Camp, U. C. V., of Charlottesville, Va., paid tribute to the memory of Lieut. Gen. James Longstreet, in which it is stated:

"The Virginians who served under him in the War between the States recognize his splendid ability as a corps commander, his dauntless courage, and the absolute confidence reposed in him by that immortal band of Southerners who will go down in history, wreathed with immortal fame, as Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia. A large proportion of its members belonged to organizations led by him in the Virginia campaigns. . . . Our immortal leader, R. E. Lee, the Commander in Chief of the Confederate forces, continued him in command as lieutenant general until the fateful day of Appomattox, when, in the expiring crisis of the Confederacy, Longstreet and his corps of Southerners were in line of battle, ready to lay down their lives in defense of the South, until ordered to sheath their swords, stack their guns, and furl their flags."

Micajah Woods, George L. Petrie, and J. M. Murphy, committee, presented the resolutions, which were unanimously passed by the Camp. H. Clay Michie is Commander and W. N. Wood Adjutant and Secretary of the Camp.

The resolutions, handsomely engrossed, were sent to Mrs. Longstreet, and in her acknowledgment she writes:

"Please convey to the Camp my warmest thanks, with assurance that the loving honor they have paid to our beloved dead will always be held in tender memory by Gen. Longstreet's family. It is a melancholy comfort to know that the military honor of the great commander is safe with the fighting soldiers of the Confederacy, who loved him as the Old Guard loved Napoleon. . . . Such expressions give me the only comfort the world can offer in this hour, and I thank you again and again with all my anguished heart."

COL. N. H. BURT.

Col. Nash H. Burt died at the home of his son, Nash H. Burt, Jr., in Birmingham, Ala., July 31, 1903; aged about seventy-two years. He was born in Nash County, N. C., moved to Tennessee when quite a youth, and after receiving a liberal education began the practice of law in Bedford County. About 1855 he was appointed Secretary to the Hon. Hardy Burton, United States Consul to the Island of St. Thomas, and after the death of Mr. Burton from yellow fever had charge of affairs, and afterwards brought the remains of his chief to the United States for burial. When the War between the States began he



was Private Secretary to Gov. Isham G. Harris, the war Governor of Tennessee, and when Gov. Harris took the field Col. Burt was appointed on his staff with the rank of lieutenant colonel. At the close of the war Col. Burt returned to Tennessee, located in Chattanooga, and resumed the practice of law, forming a partnership with Col. G. A. Wood, who commanded the Fifteenth Indiana during the war, under the firm name of Wood and Burt, which soon became known as one of the leading law firms in Chattanooga.

In 1878, when Chattanooga was scourged by a dreadful epidemic of yellow fever and every one who could was leaving the city, Col. Burt, with Rev. J. W. Bachman, Mr. O'Brien, and others, volunteered to serve on the Relief Committee, and he was one of that splendid band of heroes who remained throughout the plague, nursing the sick and dying and administering to the wants of the distressed.

In June, 1866, Col. Burt was married at Danville, Ky., to Miss Eliza Middleton. Two sons—Harry M., of Denver, Colo., and Nash H., of Birmingham—survive him.

It is a coincidence that an official paper as Private Secretary to Gov. Harris has been on the VETERAN desk for a decade. It is dated April 21, 1861, and is addressed to Col. T. H. Logwood in regard to his commission, C. S. A.

CAPT. JOHN TAYLOE PERRIN.

After a brief illness of pneumonia, Capt. John Tayloe Perrin died on the 25th of February, 1904, in the city of Baltimore. He was a native of Gloucester County, Va., but for many years previous to his death he was a resident of Baltimore. Capt. Perrin was descended from a distinguished ancestry of Virginians. His grandfather was the accomplished Ralph Wormley, of Rosegill, Middlesex County; his father, Maj. Wm. K. Perrin, a veteran of the war of 1812; and his mother, Mrs. Sarah Tayloe Perrin, a matron of the true Cornelia type, whose children were her jewels.

At the breaking out of the War between the States Capt. Perrin was a young and successful planter in his native county. Virginia having cast her lot with the South, he enlisted in the Confederate army, and was active in organizing the Twenty-Sixth Virginia Regiment of Infantry, which was soon made a part of Wise's Brigade. He was elected captain of one of its companies. He served with distinction in Virginia, South Carolina, and Florida with his command. During 1864, in a battle near Petersburg, he was disabled by a serious wound, which rendered him lame for life.

After the surrender Capt. Perrin retired to his farms, and devoted himself to the rebuilding of his shattered fortune. A few years later he married Miss Tabb, daughter of Dr. J. P. Perrin, of White Marsh.

Later he moved with his family to Baltimore, and resided there until his death.

He died in the sixty-eighth year of his age, leaving a devoted wife and four children—daughters—to mourn their loss. He has been laid to rest beside the "kith and kin" of his youth beneath the bending trees of old Ware church in the county that gave him birth. A devoted husband, loving father, true friend, patriotic citizen, gallant soldier, he has gone to his rest and reward. Faithful in all the relations of life, spotless in character, to those who knew him his pure life was as a beautiful sermon, the end of which has "come like the benediction that follows after prayer." W. K.

MRS. ARAMINTA CLAIBORNE HUDSON.

Mrs. A. C. Hudson was born at the home of her maternal grandfather, Maj. Daniel Williams, in Dixon County, Tenn., in 1817, the daughter of Maj. John Wills Napier and Cassandra Williams. She was educated by Miss Lucy Lanier at Columbia and by Dr. Berry in Nashville. At the age of seventeen years she married Dr. John Rolfe Hudson, a young Virginian fresh from the University of Pennsylvania, but already winning laurels in his profession. She lost her mother about that time, and, besides other duties intrusted to her, she was given the wool from the sheep's back and the cotton from the field with which to clothe nearly a hundred negroes. Her father was an ironmaster, and employed many hands.



MRS. A. C. HUDSON.

Moving to Nashville when her little girls required educating, she made that her life work. Her motto was, "Knowledge is power," and she gave them every advantage in every accomplishment. She was an eminently practical woman and an excellent housekeeper, a favorite expression being: "Cleanliness is the elegance of poverty." She never gave her children a toy, but always books, for the love of books and literature was her chief characteristic. Her daughters have said often that they were sung to sleep as children with Moore and Burns melodies, and have sat listening to "Lalla Rookh," "Childe Harold," or Scott's poems rather than play. She knew them all, and recited them beautifully. A few years ago, after she was eighty years of age, a friend went to see her. She was lying on her sofa reading "The History of Civilization," and on her table by her side were the "Queens of England," being read for the third time. Her ambition and determination were shown just after the great war, when, outside the city limits, her only son having no opportunity to go to school, she taught him and studied Latin under one of her sons-in-law, Dr. W. E. Ward, so as to teach her young son.

Mrs. Hudson's devotion to the Confederate soldiers was next to her children. She nursed them nearly at Fort Donelson for three months, and when they were twenty sick soldiers, she helped them while prisoners and said: "I have i

me for help, for milk, for advice. Let me help my own." And they never refused her. A few years ago some gentleman from St. Louis visited Nashville, and said he had not been here since Hood's raid. He was a prisoner in the old stone quarry, and nearly froze to death, but a lady came down with a Federal officer and saw him without shoes and gave him a pair, the officer making the guard let her pass. He said she saved his life, and he always wanted to know who she was. A nephew of Mrs. Hudson was present, and he immediately exclaimed: "That was aunt, for I was a little boy then, and went with her and carried the shoes." She was a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and on her father's place was the Big Spring Camp Meeting, among the first ever held by that Church.

During the war of the sixties the Hudson home was on a hill not far back of the penitentiary, which was then a prison for Confederates, and this family shielded many who escaped from time to time. Ultra as were her views, Mrs. Hudson so commanded the respect of Federal authorities that she was permitted to do Confederates many favors. Only a few years ago a medical student from Mississippi called to pay his father's respects, who, while here in prison during 1861, was taken by Mrs. Hudson in her carriage to her home and nursed back to health. Many have risen and called her blessed for kindness to them in days of distress.

Mrs. Hudson was a heroine and prided in the patriotic blood of her ancestors, and when two grandsons enlisted for the Spanish War, she said, "Let them go," and, after telling of their blood, said: "They can't help going."

She was the granddaughter of Col. Richard Claiborne Napier, a Virginia gentleman, and colonel in the Revolutionary War, raising and equipping his own regiment. Her father fought with Jackson—in a regiment of which his elder brother was colonel, another brother surgeon, and another captain.

Her surviving children are Mrs. Robert L. Morris, Mrs. Preston Miller, and Dr. John Wills Hudson, of California, who is at present anthropologist and archaeologist for the Field Museum, Chicago. One of her children was the wife of Dr. W. E. Ward, whose career was in the noble seminary bearing his name—a helpmeet in his great work; then the beloved Mrs. Mary Robertson and Mrs. Robert W. Brown were her daughters. Few women of the country equaled this noble woman in all life's duties.

B. S. FITZGERALD.

Prof. B. S. Fitzgerald died at his home, in Houston, Tex., on January 26. He was born in Mississippi, but moved to Texas in 1851, accepted a position in the faculty of the Baylor University, and at the breaking out of the War between the States was President of the University. In 1862 he enlisted in Company I, of the Fifth Texas Regiment, Hood's Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. He served through the remaining years of struggle with honor. Returning to his post at Baylor University, he remained with the institution until 1868. At that time he removed to Houston and took charge of the Houston Academy, retaining his place as head of that institution until 1875. After that time he devoted himself to business pursuits.

During all his life Mr. Fitzgerald was closely affiliated with the Baptist Church, and was known as one of the oldest and strongest members in the State. Only a few days before his death Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald celebrated their golden wedding, the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage.

NOTED LANDMARK IN BALTIMORE.

Comrade William L. Ritter, Adjutant of the Camp of Confederate Veterans in Baltimore, sends some interesting data concerning the office of the firm with which he is connected—Clendenin Brothers, 111 South Gay Street, together with photographs of the ruins:

"In the early days of the last century the building was a dwelling house, where often assembled the worthies of the old régime of the city after the war of 1812. Subsequently it was converted into a warehouse for business purposes. In 1845 the building was occupied by Henry Thompson & Company; later and during the War between the States by Pope, Cole & Company. From 1885 it was occupied by Clendenin Brothers.

"Capt. Henry Thompson was graduated at the West Point Military Institute, and was an intimate acquaintance and friend of Gen. Robert E. Lee. During the two years that Gen. Lee was stationed at Baltimore, which was subsequent to the Mexican War, he visited the office of Capt. Thompson almost daily. The entrance to the office was through the arched doorway near the corner of the building and high wall.



On a number of occasions Gen. Lee asked Capt. Thompson to witness his signature to papers he was about to transmit to the War Department at Washington, then presided over by the Hon. Jefferson Davis. The desk upon which those papers were signed I had the honor of using for eight years previous to the recent fire. I regret its loss exceedingly."

THE REAL JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Landon Knight concludes a series of articles in *The Pilgrim* (Battle Creek, Mich.) for March of "the real" Jefferson Davis, in which he says:

"It is a difficult matter at this distance of time to realize the attitude of public sentiment against Jefferson Davis, the State prisoner of Fortress Monroe. As the Chief Executive of the late Confederacy, he was, in popular estimation, the incarnation, if not the proximate cause, of all the sins and suffering of rebellion, but worse than all the administration which in feverish, puerile haste had declared him an accessory to the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and upon that score had paid out of the public treasury \$100,000 for his capture, could not, or rather dared not, reverse its attitude and speak the truth. The result was, of course, that the vast majority of the people at

the North believed Mr. Davis to be as guilty of murder as he was of treason.

"Andrew Johnson, within ninety days after he had issued his ridiculously false proclamation, admitted it to be without foundation—a fact which all along was fully realized by every member of the government who had personally known the accused.

"Mr. Davis was constantly demanding that he be given the speedy and impartial trial provided in such cases by the Constitution. Charles O'Connor, then the greatest of living lawyers, Henry Ould, and many other leading members of the bar from the Northern States, volunteered to defend Mr. Davis, while Thaddeus Stevens proffered his services to Clement C. Clay. Horace Greeley, through the columns of the *Tribune*, constantly demanded that Mr. Davis be either liberated or brought to trial, and by the spring of the year 1866 he had created such a sentiment in favor of his contentions throughout the country that the government could no longer delay some action. Accordingly in May an indictment was procured, charging Jefferson Davis with high treason against the United States, and in June of the same year Mr. Boutwell offered a resolution in Congress that the accused should be tried according to the laws of the land, which passed that body by a vote of 105 to 19.

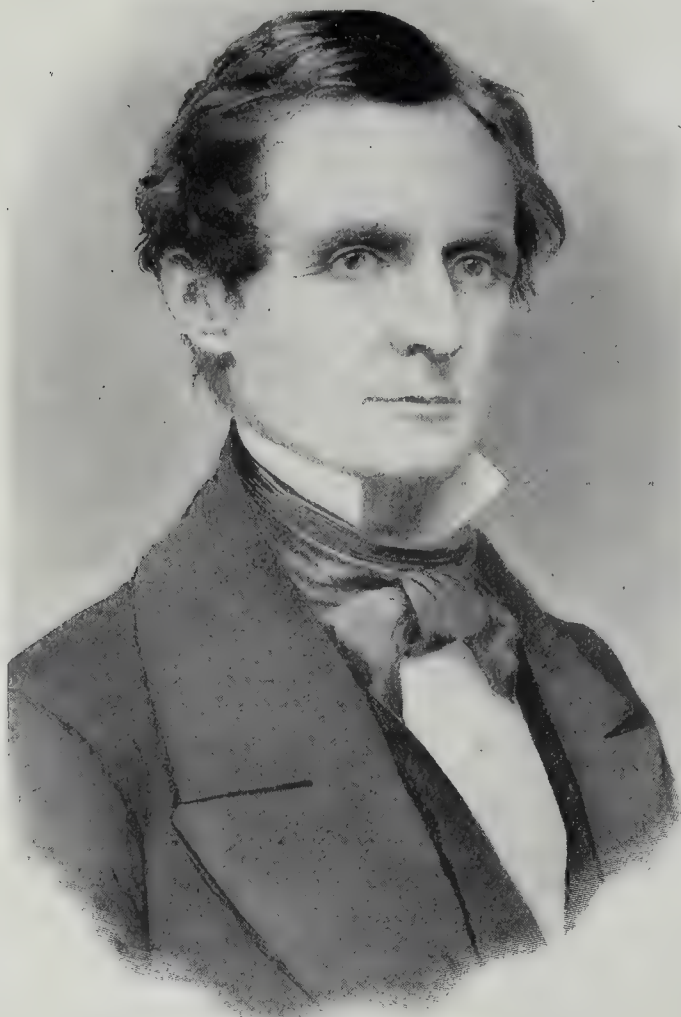
"But despite that resolution, there were those who clearly foresaw the danger involved in it, and hoping that time might dispose of the necessity for any trial at all, urged delay as the wisest measure. Consequently, despite the efforts of Greeley and Gerritt Smith, and other great men of the North, the trial was postponed until May, 1867. Mr. Davis, weak, pale, and emaciated, appeared before Chief Justice Chase, sitting with Justice Underwood, in the Circuit Court at Richmond. The court room was crowded to its utmost capacity, and despite the stern discipline sought to be enforced, it was with the greatest difficulty that the applause could be suppressed that from time to time greeted the profound logic and masterly eloquence of Charles O'Connor's great speech on a motion to quash the indictment. The arguments lasted two days, and at their conclusion Chief Justice Chase voted to quash the indictment, while Justice Underwood voted to sustain it, thus necessitating a reference of the matter to the Supreme Court of the United States for final decision. In accordance with a previous arrangement Mr. Davis was soon afterwards admitted to bail, Horace Greeley, Gerritt Smith, Augustus Schell, and a number of other former political enemies becoming his bondsmen.

"Charles O'Connor's bold declaration that Jefferson Davis could never be convicted of treason under the Constitution as it then stood first aroused the administration to the dangers of the task that it had assumed. Mr. Johnson sent for his attorney-general and had him prepare an opinion on the case. In due time it was submitted. It was a veritable bombshell which fairly demolished every theory upon which Jefferson Davis might have been convicted of treason or any other crime. Mr. Johnson then called to his aid two of the greatest constitutional lawyers of the age, and they agreed with the conclusions of Mr. Stanberry. Not satisfied with this, he invited the Chief Justice to a conference for a full discussion of the matter. If there was ever a partisan, it was Salmon P. Chase, but at the same time he was a great lawyer and an honest and fearless man. 'Lincoln,' he said, 'wanted Jeff. Davis to escape. He was right. His capture was a mistake, his trial will be a greater one. We cannot convict him of treason. Secession is settled. Let it stay settled!' Significant words truly from that source, and they explain the vote of the great judge who would have quashed the

indictment against Mr. Davis no less than the question so often asked: 'Why was Jefferson Davis never tried for treason?'

"Immediately after Mr. Davis's release on bond, he went with his family to New York, and a few weeks later to Montreal, where he continued to reside until May of the following year, when he again appeared before the Circuit Court in Richmond for trial. But despite the efforts of his counsel to force a trial of the case, it was dismissed by the government, and thus ended ingloriously the boast of the government that it intended 'in the archtraitor Davis to make treason odious.'

"Impaired in health and longing for rest far away from the tragic scenes of the past few years, Mr. Davis accepted the invitation of English friends to visit them. But it was soon discovered that his visit was to be a continuous ovation. Everywhere he was greeted as though he had been the conqueror instead of the vanquished. The spirit that prompted those manifestations he appreciated, but it revived sad memories of the cause for which he had staked all and lost, and to avoid this lionizing he took up his residence in Paris. The cordiality of the Frenchmen, however, surpassed that of their English brethren, and Mr. Davis soon found himself so much in the public eye that he decided to return to England. Before quitting Paris, the emperor conveyed his desire for an audience, which Mr. Davis courteously refused. Napoleon, he conceived, had acted in bad faith with the South, and such was the moral rectitude of the man that he could never disguise his contempt for any one, of however exalted station, whom he believed to be guilty of double dealing of any kind.



JEFFERSON DAVIS IN THE SIXTIES.

"As the guest of Lord Leigh and the Duke of Shrewsbury in Wales, Mr. Davis's health gradually improved until he felt himself once more able to enter the active business of life. The war had left him a poor man, and when a life insurance company of Memphis offered him its presidency with a fair salary, he accepted, and with his family returned to America. The people of Memphis, soon after his arrival, presented him a fine residence, but this he refused. Mr. Davis was probably a very poor business man, and his associates of the insurance company were in no way superior, for its affairs soon became anything but prosperous. All of his available capital was invested in it, but this he gladly sacrificed in order to sell his own company to a stronger one, which could protect the policies of the former.

"The people of Texas, learning of Mr. Davis's losses, offered to give him an extensive stock farm in that State, but this he also refused. Upon the Gulf of Mexico, at the little station of Beauvoir, Mr. Davis owned a tract of land, which he conceived would support his family, and there, far from the strife of the busy world, he resolved to spend the declining years of his life. However, retirement at best could only be partial for a man loved and venerated as Mr. Davis was throughout the South, and Beauvoir accordingly became the shrine of the public men who sought the counsel of its sage. But with the modesty characteristic of the man he refused to advise any one upon measures of national import, since by the action of Congress he was forever disfranchised. He would not ask pardon, sincerely believing that he had done no wrong, and when the people of Mississippi would have elected him to the United States Senate he declined the honor in words which should be perused by all who know the man as he was during this period of his life. 'The franchise is yours here, and Congress can but refuse you admission, and your exclusion will be a test question,' ran the invitation, to which Mr. Davis replied: 'I remained in prison two years, and hoped in vain for a trial, and now scenes of insult and violence, producing alienation between the sections, would be the only result of another test. I am too old to serve you as I once did, and too enfeebled by suffering to maintain your cause.' Any word that might serve to still further increase that alienation never passed the lips of the gentle, kindly old man, who, still the idol of his people, preferred to all honors the quiet life there among the pines, where amidst his flowers he played with his children and their little friends, and far into the night, surrounded by his books, he worked assiduously upon his only defense, 'The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government.' The concluding paragraph of that book, written in the gray dawn of a summer morning after a night of continuous labor, should be read by every one who would understand the motives that actuated Jefferson Davis in the great part that he played in the world's history.

"In asserting the right of secession it has not been my wish to incite to its exercise. I recognize the fact that the war showed it to be impracticable, but this did not prove it to be wrong; and now that it may not be again attempted, and the Union may promote the general welfare, it is needful that the truth, the whole truth, should be known so that crimination and recrimination may forever cease, and then on the basis of fraternity and faithful regard for the rights of the States there may be written on the arch of the Union "*Esto perpetua*."

"It is the voice of the soul in defeat, yet strong and conscious of its own integrity, recognizing the inevitable and praying for peace and the perpetuation of that Union which Jefferson Davis still loved.

"His life's work was done with the completion of his book,

and, trusting to impartial posterity for that vindication of his motives which he realized must come some day, he turned away from the scenes of controversy and contentions, seeking in books, the converse of his friends, in long rambles with his children across wood and field, for oblivion of all painful memories. Defeat and persecution never embittered him. Cruel and false accusations found their way to his sylvan retreat. That they grievously wounded can be doubted by no one who knew his proud spirit, supersensitive to every insinuation of dishonor; but with the gentle smile of a philosopher he passed them by, fully realizing that his beloved people of the South, at least, would understand the stainless purity of all his motives. A harsh or an unkind word never passed his lips concerning any of his personal or political enemies. In fact, it would be no more than the truth to say that this gentle old man cherished no sentiment of enmity toward any of God's creatures. The storm and stress of life were over, its hopes and its passions were dead, and grandly, majestically this man, who at once embodied the highest type of American manhood and all of the virtues of the perfect Christian gentleman, calmly awaited the end. It came on the 6th of December, 1889, in New Orleans, at the home of Judge Fenner, his lifelong friend. When the news of his death went forth, even the voice of malice was subdued, and many of those who had sought to fix everlasting infamy upon his name ceased for a time to be unjust and agreed that a majestic soul had passed. Over the bier of the dead chieftain the whole South wept, and nine of its governors bore him to the grave.

"No proper estimate of the life and character of Jefferson Davis is possible in the restricted scope of a magazine article, but lest I should be accused of partiality I shall here append the conclusion of Ridpath, the historian, written after a residence of almost a year under the same roof with Mr. Davis, which I heartily indorse as a correct estimate.

"Before I had been with Mr. Davis three days every preconceived idea utterly and forever disappeared. Nobody doubt-

ed Mr. Davis's intellectual capacity, but it was not his mental power that most impressed me. It was his goodness, first of all, and then his intellectual integrity. I never saw an old man whose face bore more emphatic evidences of a gentle, refined, and benignant character. He seemed to me the ideal embodiment of "sweetness and light." His conversation showed that he had "charity for all and malice toward none." I never heard him utter an unkind word of any man, and he spoke of nearly all of his famous opponents. His manner may be best described as gracious, so exquisitely refined, so courtly, yet heart-warm. Mr. Davis's dignity was as natural and charming as the perfume of the rose—the fitting expression of a serene, benign, and comely moral nature. However handsome he may have been when excited in battle or debate, it surely was in his own home, with his family and friends around him, that he was seen at his best; and that best was the highest point of grace and refinement that the Southern character has reached."

"Lest any foreigner should read this statement, let me say for his benefit that there are two Jefferson Davises in American history. One is a conspirator, a rebel, a traitor, and 'the Fiend of Andersonville'—he is a myth evolved from the hell-smoke of cruel war, as purely as imaginary a personage as Mephistopheles or the Hebrew devil; the other was a statesman with clean hands and pure heart, who served his people faithfully from budding manhood to hoary age, without thought of self, with unbending integrity, and to the best of his great ability—he was a man of whom all his countrymen who knew him personally, without distinction of creed political, are proud, and proud that he was their countryman.

"This is a conclusion by no means extravagant, a conclusion which, despite the fact of some mental faults that prevented him from quite attaining to the first rank of the greatest statesman, nevertheless leaves him preëminent as one of the purest and best of the men who has played a conspicuous part in the world's history."

Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government.

BY PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS.

MOST IMPORTANT BOOK TRANSACTION EVER MADE BY THE VETERAN.

THERE has just been purchased by the VETERAN the publishers' entire edition of Mr. Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." This closing out sale is comprised entirely of the half morocco binding, with marble edges, and published for \$14 per set. The purchase of this entire stock was on such favorable terms that the VETERAN will supply them at half price, the cost of transportation added, \$7.65. The two volumes contain over 1,500 pages and 37 fine steel engravings and map plates. When this edition is exhausted copies can be procured only through speculators at fabulous prices.

This book is famous in many ways. Through generations of the future it will be accepted as the authentic history of the South in the crisis of the sixties. No other will assume to rival it. Argument in behalf of its inestimable value is useless. From every aspect it is as noble as its dedication: "To the Women of the Confederacy."

This entire edition is offered as follows: For fifteen subscriptions to the VETERAN the two volumes will be sent free to any address in the United States. This great work will be sent to subscribers who cannot procure new subscriptions for \$7 and cost of mailing or express (\$7.65). Camps of Veterans and Chapters of Daughters of the Confederacy can easily secure the fifteen subscribers and get this book for their library. Name in gold, 35 cents extra; net, \$8.

ADDRESS S. A. CUNNINGHAM, NASHVILLE, TENN.



SHEPPARD PICTURES FOR THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT FUND.

Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Chairman Central Committee of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, Richmond, Va.:

"The Central Committee of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association have a set of three pictures, representing the three branches of the Confederate army. These plates are executed from designs in water color by Mr. William L. Sheppard, whose service in the Confederate army afforded him advantages in the study of types, places, and color in the life of the Confederate soldier which were possessed by only a few artists.

"The figures are treated with almost no background, and only a few accessories appropriate to the branch of the service represented.

"The infantryman is equipped with rolled blanket over his shoulder, belt, bayonet, canteen, etc. He has stopped for a moment at the camp fire to light his pipe, and supports his rifle in the hollow of his elbow, in order to have both hands free.

"The artilleryman, a captain, stands on the slight slope of a breastwork, and signals to the gunners to reserve their fire until he can observe the enemy with his field glass. The smoke drifting by indicates that a gun near him has just been fired.

"The cavalryman is about to saddle his horse; has the bridle in his hand, whilst the saddle is on a limb near by, and near it lie his rolled blanket and saber.

"Attention is concentrated on the figures alone. There is no newness about their 'outfit.' Their clothing shows service.

"The figures are of the light-haired and dark-haired types—two of them. The artilleryman's hair is iron-gray, as there were numbers of middle-aged men in the Confederate service who should not go unrepresented in this series. The figures belong to the campaign period of 1863.

"These pictures are sold for the benefit of the Jefferson Davis monument. The work is done by the Chapters. It is hoped that every Camp and Chapter will buy at least one set, as it is necessary that the younger people of the South should know the uniform of their fathers, and not the grotesque figure of a Confederate soldier in a long frock coat.

"The price is \$1 for the set; postage, 13 cents. The size is 10½ inches by 17 inches, mounted upon board 15 inches by 20 inches, ready for framing. Orders to be sent to Mrs. William Robert Vawter, Chairman and Treasurer Picture Committee, Richmond, Va."

The committee are so pleased with the presentation above that they request its further publication with the following note:

The editor of the *VETERAN* presented the Central Committee, Davis Monument, with 2,000 copies of this print to be sent to Camps, etc. In sending orders, please remember thirteen cents for postage. Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Chairman, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. William Robert Vawter, Ronceverte, W. Va.

"JOHNNY REB" IN THE SNOW.

BY JOHN COOKE OHUSTED, M.D.

Alone on a barren hillside
Near the frozen Shenandoah,
Where bleak winds from the mountains
sweep

Their course from shore to shore;
He stands in the shadows of the night,
How well that form we know.
Though seen in storm or fiercest fight,
'Tis "Johnny Reb" amidst the snow!

His battered hat and ragged clothes!
Around his shoulders spread
An old thin "blanket overcoat,"
With a hole cut through for his head!
And alas! of shoes almost bereft,
Their broken remnants see,
Are wrapped with wisps of straw, yet left
For the freezing men of Lee!

In hunger, cold, and nakedness,
But with no thought of fear!
Alert and watchful of the foe,
While the night draws on so drear.
His burnished musket at his side
Gleams in the waning light;
This gun well kept is his only pride,
And "has talked in many a fight."

Though pinched with want and pierced
by cold,

There's a light in his earnest eye
That speaks of a heart both true and
bold,

Of a faith that would not die!
The cheerful patience in his face,
Amidst that winter scene,
Was like to that which painters trace
In the lowly Nazarene!

Long has he followed his good, gray
chief,

And well does "Johnny" know
How that great heart is wrung with
grief

For his soldiers in the snow.
"Marse Robert knows!" and a tender
light

Dawns on the careworn face,
And he grips his gun in the wintry night
As he turns in his sentinel pace.

He warms with thoughts of Gaines's
Mill,

Of Manassas's fiery plain,
Of Fredericksburg and Malvern Hill,
The Wilderness again!

He thinks of the old brigade's wild yell
As they charged upon the plain,
And swept, like ocean's billowy swell,
The foeman's ranks in twain!

And then he halts on his lonely round
As to his mind now come
Sweet thoughts of peace, and he hears
the sound
Of loved ones left at home.
Again he feels his wife's fond kiss,
His little ones draw near,
And in the vision of that bliss
There comes the starting tear.
But Johnny brushes that away,
And he thinks with a humble trust
That "God will bless our cause some
day,
'Tis freedom's, true, and just!"

"In weariness and painfulness,"
"In peril oft" was he!
But he "kept the faith" in the starry
cross,
In God and General Lee!
Brave "Johnny Reb," thy steadfast faith,
And fortitude sublime,
The page of history shall grace
Throughout all coming time!

Mrs. Anna Fuller Bennett, of Lanesboro, Mass., wishes to procure the address of Capt. Andrew J. Lewis, formerly of Port Gibson, Miss. She thinks he must be living in South Carolina now.

Philip J. Dean, of Hearne, Tex., who was in Morgan's Command, Fifth Kentucky Cavalry, Company H, Capt. Scott Dawson, would like to hear from some of his comrades. Thinks some member of Company F, Capt. Will Jordan, or Company A, Capt. Campbell, will remember him, as they were from near his old home, Versailles, Ky.

A patron of the VETERAN, requests publication of the poem entitled "I Am Dreaming," and if some one will supply it, space will be given promptly. He thinks some of it runs thus:

"He is the comeliest gentleman that ever wore the gray,
His sire was Light Horse Harry, his name is Robert Lee."

A STRONG AUDITING FIRM.

The Certified Audit Corporation of New York City announces its readiness for business through the VETERAN. Maj. Edward Owen is the Vice President and General Manager. Maj. Owen lived in New Orleans previous to the Great War, in which he served throughout from Bull Run to Appomattox, as private, sergeant, lieutenant, and captain of the First Company, Battalion Washington Artillery of New Orleans. He has been the Commander over five years consecutively of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York.

Maj. Owen's special fitness for this business is extraordinary. As Commissioner of Accounts of New York, who is the confidential agent of the Mayor, he had supervision over all city departments. The duties of the office are to examine periodically all departments and report results to the Mayor, and his personal knowledge, gained in nineteen years' experience in that office, justifies the assertion that all departments in all cities need to be examined at certain periods by disinterested accountants, especially the finance department. Maj. Owen's knowledge of city departments gives him ability in this work which is possessed by few, if any, others. He is a Certified Public Accountant, being so certified by the University of the State of New York, and his company employ a large staff of Certified and Chartered Accountants, well equipped for Audits and Examinations in any business or city, large or small.

M. L. Scott, Palma, Ky., who was a member of Company L, First Tennessee Cavalry, wishes to learn the whereabouts of Commander Davis; also W. H. Calander and Joshua Owens, or any other members of the company who can testify to his ownership of a certain horse at the surrender.

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Pair of GOLD SPECTACLES FREE.
SEND NO MONEY.



Just write me ten names of spectacle wearers and I will do this:—First I will mail you my perfect Home Eye Tester Free. Then (after you have sent me your test) I will mail you a full \$2.50 family set of spectacles (which will wear yourself and family a lifetime) for only \$1.00—and with this I will also send a Handsome Rolled Gold Pair Free. My regular price for this full family set of spectacles is \$2.50 and your home dealers are charging from \$2.50 to \$5.00 a pair for them, which would make this set cost you about \$10.00 if you bought them from your home merchant. I am really giving away the whole set free (the dollar I will ask you to send me with your test is only to pay for this announcement). I am doing this for a short time only, just to prove to you and all other spectacle wearers in the United States that my spectacles—the Dr. Haux "Famous Perfect" Vision Spectacles—are the most perfect fitting, clearest and the best that money can buy, and I'll give you your dollar back and let you keep the spectacles also if you yourself don't say they are the best and finest you have ever bought at any price. Address:—**DR. HAUX SPECTACLE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.** **I WANT AGENTS ALSO.**
NOTE.—The above is the largest spectacle house in the United States and is thoroughly reliable.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

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Taken from a person who has for a few months used Vernal Palmettona (formerly known as Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine) is pure and free from taint.

We say a few months, because it takes time to overcome the effect of years of careless living in the matter of diet, sleep, and dissipation. This great one dose a day remedy gives quick relief from indigestion, constipation, dyspepsia, headache, and all kinds of kidney, liver, and stomach trouble, but as the impurities entered the system slowly, so they must be gotten rid of.

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Perhaps you have read this kind of talk before, and have found the remedy talked about to be a flat failure in your case. If so, you are prejudiced. Knowing that such a prejudice often exists, we give every one a chance to try Vernal Palmettona before they buy. It is on sale at all leading drug stores, but you can try it free of expense. Write us for a free sample bottle to-day. It will be promptly sent post-paid. If it does you good, it is easy to step into a drug store and get a full-size bottle. The druggist will not try to sell you something else. If he does, he is an exception, for druggists know that Vernal Palmettona is the best remedy of its kind in existence. Vernal Remedy Co., 557 Seneca Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

THROUGH TO CITY OF MEXICO without change of cars via Iron Mountain Route in elegant Pullman sleeping cars, leaving St. Louis 8:40 P.M. daily via Laredo Gateway. Shortest and quickest line. Excursion tickets now on sale. For further information, call on or address R. T. G. Matthews, T. P. A., Room 202 Equitable Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

W. R. Stevenson, Winnsboro, Tex., inquires the whereabouts of little Joe Wilson, who at fifteen years of age joined Company F, of the Third Texas (Ross's) Brigade, while operating around Vicksburg. His home was near Oak Ridge. He received an ugly wound in the mouth at the battle of Roan Mountain, Ga.

L. S. Howell, No. 1456 Warren Street, St. Louis, Mo., has a twenty-dollar Confederate bill on which are the initials, "J. H. E., Company A, Twenty-First Georgia Regiment," and he would like to locate the person.

OIL CURE FOR CANCER.

Dr. D. M. Bye has discovered a combination of oils that readily cures cancer, catarrh, tumors, and malignant skin diseases. He has cured thousands of persons within the last ten years, over one hundred of whom were physicians. Readers having friends afflicted should cut this out and send it to them. Book sent free giving particulars and prices of Oils. Address the Dr. D. M. Bye Co., P. O. Box 462, Dallas, Tex.

Rev. J. A. Burgess, Saginaw, Oregon, makes inquiry for some of his war comrades—A. A. Shobe, Gus Flotering, W. H. Holt, Sam Tucker, and — Osborne. He was a member of Company A, Forty-First Mississippi Volunteers. He also wants to know why this regiment marched in ranks after stacking arms at High Point, N. C. He doesn't remember how long they were in ranks, but were dismissed Saturday night at eight o'clock. Wants to know also how Gen. Stephen D. Lee got his nickname of "Old Temporary." Some comrade of the regiment may be able to answer this.

Rev. S. M. Gupton, of Nashville, Tenn., says: "I have read with a great deal of interest R. R. Hancock's 'Diary,' and would very heartily commend it to any who may be interested in the stirring events of 1860-65. Knowing Mr. Hancock as I do, I am sure he recites faithfully and truly the scenes as they occurred. Being an eyewitness, he tells the story in his own way, and thereby makes it more interesting. Hope the book will have a wide circulation."

For sale by the VETERAN, \$2; with a year's subscription, \$2.50.

George I. C. McWhirter, of Newberry, S. C., makes inquiry about Gen. Carter L. Stevenson. He commanded a division under Gen. Bragg in Kentucky in the fall of 1862, and was also with Gen. J. E. Johnston in the hundred days around Atlanta. He says: "I was with him all the time, and we went with Gen. Hood to Franklin and Nashville. I remember that Gen. A. P. Stewart commanded us in the battle of New Hope Church, but cannot recall when it was that Gen. Stevenson left us or anything of his subsequent career."

List of officers recently elected by the Richmond Chapter, U. D. C., for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. N. V. Randolph; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Walter Christian, Mrs. Kate Winn; Recording Secretary, Mrs. B. A. Blenner; Treasurer, Mrs. Hugh Miller; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. T. Crawford Redd.

J. K. Womack, of Hillsboro, Ga., would like to know of any comrades of Company K, Fourth Louisiana Regiment of Cavalry, Col. A. J. McNeil. The company was under Capt. York, from Waterproof, La. Col. Harrison commanded the brigade. Comrade Womack was born and reared in Jackson Parish, La.

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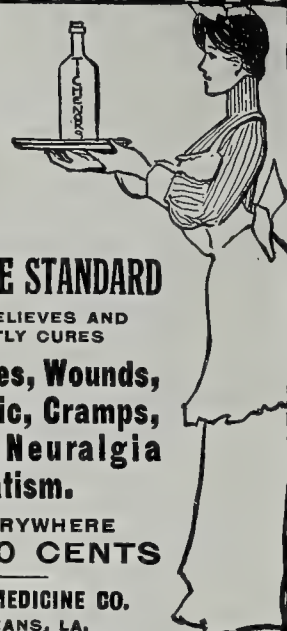
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L. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 926 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The address of Mrs. William Robert Vawter, Chairman of the committee having in charge the sale of pictures for the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, is now Ronceverte, W. Va. Orders can be sent her there.

J. M. Howell, Speed, N. C.: "If Maj. J. C. Haskell, who commanded a battalion of artillery in the First Corps, A. N. V., is yet living, I should be glad to hear from him, or will appreciate hearing from any one who can give me information of him. I was in Ramsey's Battery."



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"THE PENNSYLVANIA ELK," BY CONFEDERATE SONS.

The following interesting note is given from W. H. Kearfott, Commander, Department Army of Virginia, U. S. C. V., who also resides in Pittsburg, Pa.:

"I am sending you, under separate cover, a copy of 'The Pennsylvania Elk.' The editorial staff consists of Messrs. Lee, Humphries, and Cason. Mr. T. B. Lee, of Virginia, is Commander of the Robert E. Lee Camp, No. 445, United Sons of Confederate Veterans, Pittsburg, Pa. Mr. Humphries, of Virginia, and Mr. Cason, of New Orleans, La., are members of my staff. All three, you will note, are Sons of Confederate Veterans, now actively engaged and prominent in business in Pittsburg."

A NEW BOOK—"OLD FOLKLORE."

BY MRS. JEANNETTE ROBINSON MURPHY.

For several seasons Mrs. Jeanette Robinson Murphy has been urged at the close of her concert lectures, before the leading Northern women's clubs, to put on permanent record her remarkable collection of negro slave songs, folk tales, etc.

She has lately been devoting her attention to this work, and purposes to issue a book of genuine slave songs, humorous stories, and articles upon negro character. Mrs. Jefferson Davis has written her cordial permission for it to be dedicated to her daughter, the late Winnie Davis.

Mrs. Murphy's book will be entitled "Southern Thoughts for Northern Thinkers," and will be of great value to folk-lorists, scientists, students of the Southern conditions, and, in fact, to all lovers of the fast vanishing "old-timey" negro and his fascinating music.

The work is to be given to an Orlando, Fla., firm, and the town proper is mentioned in connection with several of our most interesting colored people, among them "Uncle Gary" and the late "Aunt Susan Walker," who figure vividly in a number of capital interviews.

The book will make a most attractive souvenir for winter visitors, and to secure the reservation of a copy, names should be sent to Curtis & O'Neal's Book Store, Orlando, Fla., quickly. It is to be sold by subscription.

We understand the price will be one dollar a copy.

NEW SOLUTION OF NEGRO PROBLEM.

Joe A. Cunningham has issued a very extraordinary and unique new book of

poems, entitled "The Blue and the Gray, and Other Poems and Songs." His object in writing of the War between the States is to extend fraternity and to persuade the blue and gray to act together. He takes the position that the enfranchisement of the blacks was a violation of the decree of God through Noah that the Hamitic race should serve their brethren. This is arguing the matter from a new standpoint, and is certainly unique. He in other poems strongly advocates original Christianity and the downfall of all human creeds. Poems generally are sentimental, but his are argumental. The McQuiddy Printing Company, of Nashville, Tenn., are the publishers.

OLD MAGAZINES FOR SALE.

"The Land We Love," from April, 1868, to March, 1869. Twelve numbers.

"The Southern Magazine," from January, 1871, to December, 1875. Sixty numbers.

"The Southern Bivouac," September, 1883, to April, 1885, old series, and from June, 1885, to May, 1887, new series. Forty-five numbers.

"Nineteenth Century," Charleston, S. C., from June, 1867, to December, 1870. Nineteen numbers.

"New Eclectic," from April, 1869, to December, 1870. Twenty-one numbers.

They are all unbound, but in good order. Address Nicholas Cuny, Esq., 814 S. Peter St., New Orleans, La.

Having seen the articles about the "oldest living Confederate mother," J. J. Thornton, of Cooper, Tex., writes: "My mother, Mrs. Margaret Nash Thornton, was born in Jackson County, Ga., on the 6th of March, 1803, which makes her one hundred and one years old. In 1867 she moved with her children to Marshall County, Miss., and from there to Texas in 1872. She resides now with her daughter, six miles north of Commerce, Tex., the widow of a gallant Confederate soldier, and on the anniversary of her birth fifteen of her posterity and a number of friends met with her to do her honor." Comrade Thornton was a member of Company G, Forty-Third Georgia Regiment.

Mrs. E. A. Biggs, of Benton, Tenn., formerly Miss E. A. Kimbrough, of McMinn County, would like to know the whereabouts of G. Harper Lenoir, M.D., and Samuel Gilliam, if still living, who were Confederate soldiers during the war.

"Spring in New Orleans."

MARCH, APRIL, and MAY are ESPECIALLY LOVELY and ATTRACTIVE, with the blue of Italian skies overhead, the perfume of roses in the air, and the eye dazzled by the beauty and profusion of her tropical flowers.

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TOPAZ	SAPPHIRE	SARDONYX	RUBY	AGATE	PEARL
\$4.00	\$3.50	\$3.00	\$2.50	\$3.00	\$3.00

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2 x 3 inches	5c
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Wants to know not only about her Cheap Land and Low Taxes, but, as well, Her Wealth of Mine and Forest, and this is to let you know that

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Texas' Greatest Railroad, Traverses more than a thousand miles of the Cream of Texas' Resources, latent and developed, and that you may learn more about the GREAT I. & G. N. COUNTRY by sending a 2-cent stamp for a copy of the ILLUSTRATOR AND GENERAL NARRATOR, or 25 cents for a year's file of same, or by writing

**D. J. PRICE,
G. P. & T. A., I. & G. N. R. R.,
Palestine, Tex.**

The *Woman's Home Companion* for April is a timely, up-to-date magazine. Its bird's-eye view of the St. Louis Exposition is of interest to everybody. "Curious Easter Customs in Spanish Countries" is another unique pictorial feature. Arthur Hoyt, the brilliant young correspondent, writes intimately of "The Chicago Girl Who Rules India," and Martha Sanford gives us a glimpse of the pranks of college girls. Fiction by Opie Read, John Worne, Otho Senga, and others gives just the right brightness of tone to an Easter number. Miss Gould's fashion pages, Mrs. Saint-Maur's travel helps, Mrs. Low's cooking lessons are all just what the women want at this season. There are also talks on gardening, on Easter entertainments, on how to make pin money. No reader can afford to miss it. Published by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, one dollar a year. With the *VETERAN*, \$1.50.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

Agents of either sex should to-day write Marsh Manufacturing Co., 538 Lake Street, Chicago, for cuts and particulars of their handsome *Aluminum Card Case* with your name engraved on it and filled with one hundred calling or business cards. Everybody orders them. Sample case and one hundred cards, postpaid, forty cents. This case and one hundred cards retail at seventy-five cents. You have only to show sample to secure an order. Send forty cents in stamps at once for case and one hundred cards before some one gets ahead of you.

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to California points via Iron Mountain Route, leaving St. Louis 8:30 A.M. daily for Los Angeles via "True Southern Route;" also tourist sleeping cars on this same train for Los Angeles and San Francisco every Wednesday and Thursday. Best Winter Route to California. For further information, call on or address R. T. G. Matthews, T. P. A., Room 202 Equitable Building, Louisville, Ky.

W. A. Ross, of Pine Top, Tenn., asks that mention be made that any information that may be wanted concerning Comrade Ed Searles can be procured by addressing him at above place. This comrade went at once to Fort Sumter after enlistment, and saw the first bomb that went into the fort. He was afterwards captured and sent North, and, after release, settled in West Tennessee.



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The only GUARANTEED Tonic, Blood Purifier, Kidney and Liver Regulator and Aider of Digestion for all stock. A SURE HIT ON WORMS AND SURE DEATH TO TICKS. No dosing, no drenching and no waste or feed. Your horse his own doctor. Endorsed by thousands. Free descriptive circulars, testimonials, etc. on application. Sold by all dealers at 25c each, or will send direct, one case, two dozen, all charges paid for \$5.00. Money refunded if not satisfied.

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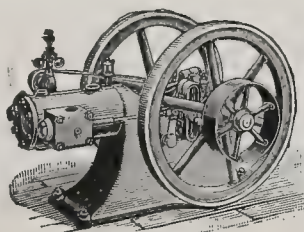
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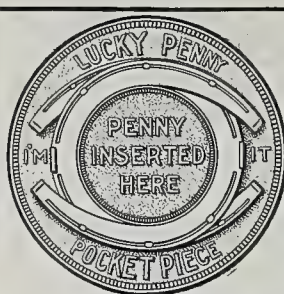
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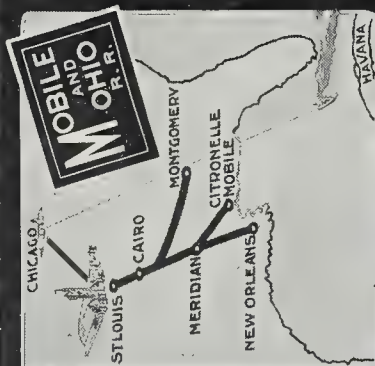


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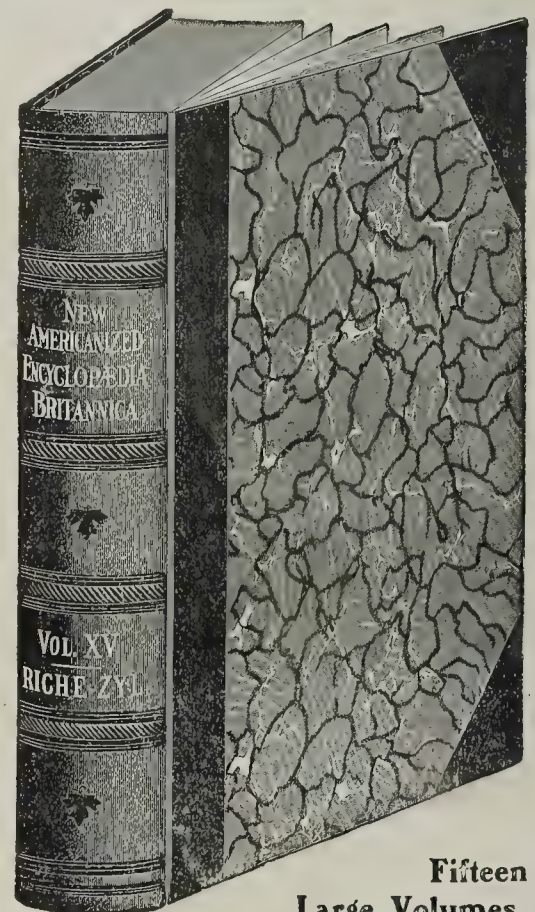
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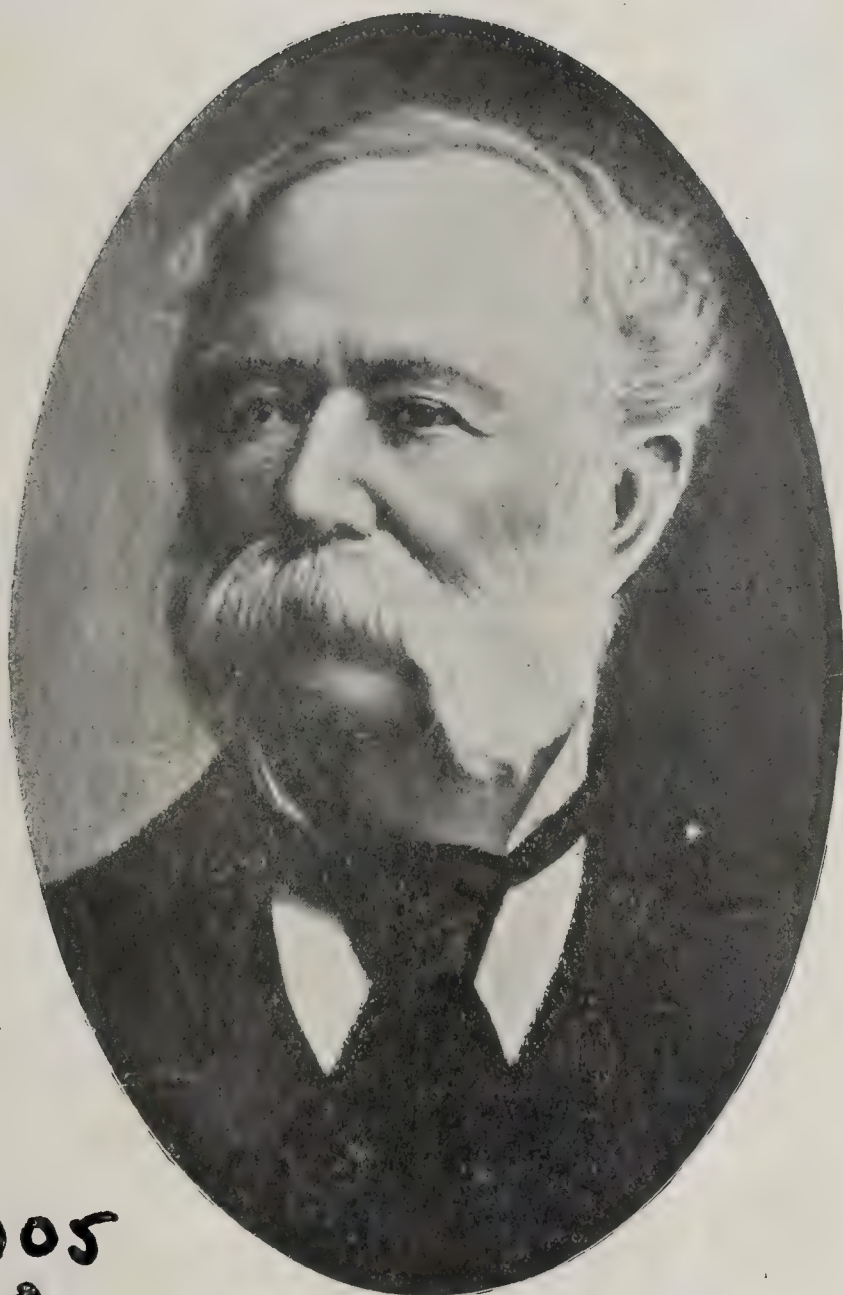
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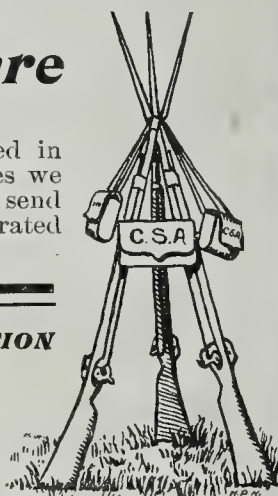
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The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,

SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,

The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1904.

No. 5. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

GEN. WADE HAMPTON: A TRIBUTE.

BY TERESA STRICKLAND.

Toast him in life's choicest wine,
Offer garlands at his shrine!

Warrior of God's own anointing,
Archetype of manhood thou!
Deeds of valor, deeds of daring,
Earned the laurels for thy brow.

Hero, statesman, soldier, Christian,
Angels gemmed for thee a crown!
Man may conquer, man may vanish,
Pure and fadeless thy renown.
Thus the daughters of fair Dixie
Offer garlands at thy grave—
None more faithful, true, and brave!

Epochs in the history of the world are made and marked by men of uncommon mold, whose life records stand as sign posts on the journey of time, guides for future generations to higher and nobler deeds and aspirations. Of such mold was the lamented Hampton, whose name and fame will forever be inscribed on the brightest pages of the history of South Carolina, more marked perhaps than any of her illustrious sons, from the fact that it shines brighter in contrast to the darkest epoch in the history of the State—the cruel, merciless days of reconstruction—for it was at this time that the greatness of the man was manifested in a manner that commanded the admiration and respect of friend and foe alike.

The people of no Southern State excited the enmity and hate of the North more than those of South Carolina, and none received more brutal treatment than Sherman and his mercenary robbers visited upon the defenseless citizens of this unfortunate State. Halleck wrote Sherman from Washington that he hoped when his army reached Charleston he would reduce the city to ashes and sow salt on the ruins, and Sherman, in the same brutal spirit, replied that the suggestion was unnecessary, as his army was "burning with insatiable desire to wreak vengeance on South Carolina." But it was in the days of reconstruction, of carpetbag rule, that the proud spirit of the old Palmetto State was made to suffer most. It was then that all self-respecting people of both parties in their despair turned instinctively for relief to their beloved friend, citizen, patriot, and soldier, and it was then that the greatness of Hampton was most conspicuous.

It was in 1876, when all industries were paralyzed, the State

debauched and plundered, and a negro Legislature had elected to the highest judicial office in the State one Moses (a carpetbagger and afterwards a convicted felon), that Gen. Hampton permitted his friends to name him as a candidate for Governor. He was elected, but the negro and carpetbag Legislature refused to permit him to take his seat. Then began the memorable struggle between law, order, honesty, and truth on one hand, and anarchy, misrule, debauchery, and plunder on the other, with only one man, on whom all eyes were turned, standing majestically calm amid the tumultuous scene. Five thousand of his old soldiers had quickly assembled at the capital—men who had followed his guidons through the smoke of battle and had heard the hoof beats of his charging squadrons for four years—with Winchesters in hand again, eager to obey the slightest motion of his hand or glance of his eye. The Federal officer in command of the troops that had been sent to the capitol to garrison the building and support the infamous administration saw the condition of affairs and became alarmed at the situation. He asked Gen. Hampton to use his influence with the people surrounding the building to prevent bloodshed, which seemed inevitable. When the well-known figure of their beloved chieftain appeared on the capitol steps and faced the immense audience, there was a shout of enthusiastic welcome, a shout for justice or for vengeance, as he might direct. There was a breathless silence as he lifted his hand and said: "My fellow-citizens, I ask you to commit no act of violence, but to disperse quietly and go to your homes. I pledge you my honor that all will be well. I have been elected Governor of South Carolina by the votes of 75,000 white and 17,000 colored citizens, and by the help of God I will take the office and honestly discharge its duties."

The crowd quietly dispersed, for Hampton had pledged them his honor, and they knew that Hampton's honor was a priceless gem. Soon afterwards Gen. Hampton and Chamberlain, the contesting candidate for the governorship, were called to Washington by President Hayes. After hearing the statements of both, the President ordered the withdrawal of Federal troops from Columbia, and Hampton was inaugurated Governor. In 1878 he was elected to the United States Senate by acclamation, where he served for twelve years. When Cleveland was elected President, in 1892, he appointed Gen. Hampton Railroad Commissioner, a position he held during Mr. Cleveland's administration and one year under McKinley, who frankly admitted that nothing but the demands of political party friends could have induced him to supplant Gen. Hampton with one of his own political faith.

Gen. Hampton was born at Charleston, S. C., in 1818, and died at his home, near Columbia, April 11, 1902. He was a descendant of a distinguished line of patriot soldiers. His grandfather, Gen. Wade Hampton, was a distinguished cavalry officer in the Revolutionary War; his father, Col. Wade Hampton, served with distinction on the staff of Gen. Jackson in the war of 1812, and his son, although one of the wealthiest men in the South, entered the Confederate service as a private in 1861, and came out of it one of the poorest, but with the well-earned rank of lieutenant general. Senator Vest, who served with Gen. Hampton in the United States Senate, says: "There never beat in any human bosom a braver, more unselfish, and generous heart than that of this Christian gentleman. In peace and in war he was true and constant to his honest convictions, and the flowers of the South never bloomed above the grave of one whose life more honored his native State." He was the embodiment of all the highest qualities that can be found in human nature; a Southerner by birth, education, intuition, and tradition, the highest type of the noblest work of God.

OFFICIAL U. D. C. CROSSES OF HONOR.

The Daughters of the Confederacy learn with great regret that through misapprehension or inadvertence a large number of badges have been ordered from Schwaab & Co., of Milwaukee, manufacturers of the cross of honor, and used and distributed at the late Veterans' reunions. These badges are, in some respects, facsimiles of this cross of honor which it has been their happiness and privilege to present on stated occasions and conditions to Veterans of the Confederate army.

As the free distribution of these badges has caused confusion and mistaken reports, thereby diminishing greatly any value that may be possessed by the cross of honor, the Daughters of the Confederacy now entreat the associations of Confederate Veterans to refrain hereafter from using such badges, and also, as much as possible, to collect and destroy the thousands that have already been distributed.

This request, it will readily be seen, comes from no spirit of criticism, but from the wish to keep in the hands of the Daughters of the Confederacy the power to honor by this little token of respect and affection all true Confederate Veterans.

By order of the President, Mrs. Augustine T. Smythe; Virginia F. McSherry, Corresponding Secretary.

THE STONEWALL JACKSON MEMORIAL HOSPITAL.

A very worthy undertaking by the Daughters of the Confederacy at Lexington, Va., is set forth in the following letter recently mailed to comrades everywhere. Heartly response should be made to this undertaking:

"The Mary Custis Lee Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy asks your help in an undertaking which cannot fail to commend itself to you. We desire to purchase from the widow of 'Stonewall' Jackson the house which was Jackson's home. Our purpose is to rescue this historic building from oblivion by turning it into a hospital, to be called the 'Stonewall Jackson Hospital,' and to give it an equipment suited to the needs of the town and the surrounding country. This enterprise demands only a few thousand dollars, and with a little help from all who revere Jackson's memory it can be accomplished. We urge you to help us, because it will be such a monument to Stonewall Jackson as he himself would have desired above all others; it will prove a blessing to a town in which the whole South is interested, because year by year hundreds of its sons make their home in its two great

schools—the Virginia Military Institute and Washington and Lee University—and because a generous price paid for this old building will help one whom we would esteem it a privilege to help.

"Lexington's citizens of all classes are deeply interested in this matter of the Stonewall Jackson Hospital, and will give to it according to their ability; the Churches of the place will contribute; the doctors are in full sympathy and approval.

"The Mary Custis Lee Chapter has shown its approval of the monuments in brass and stone which have been raised, and are yet to be raised to the heroes of the lost Confederacy."

Misses Sue Davidson, Annie R. White, and Mary Nelson Pendleton are respectively President, Vice President, and Treasurer.

CONFEDERATED MEMORIAL ASSOCIATIONS.

This list of Associations is as nearly complete as it is practicable to procure. The first name is that of President and the other the Secretary, while the date indicates when organized. They are nearly all Ladies' Memorial Associations.

Arkansas: Fayetteville, Mrs. L. Pollard, Mrs. J. D. Walker, 1872.
Alabama: Montgomery, Mrs. M. D. Bibb, Mrs. I. M. P. Ocken-
den, 1865.

Camden, Mrs. W. F. Spurlin, Mrs. W. C. Farish, 1867.
Gainesville, Mrs. D. H. Williams, Miss M. B. Jackson, 1866.
Florence, Mrs. M. W. Camper, Olive Gertrude Bogert, 1869.
Boligee, Mrs. A. C. Morehead, Mrs. J. McKee Gould, Jr.
Union Springs, Mrs. Pickett, Mrs. Mary F. Pittman.
Montgomery, Mrs. J. D. Beale.

Florida: Pensacola, Mrs. W. D. Chipley, Mrs. S. A. Moreno, 1890.
Quincy, Mrs. L. P. May.

Georgia: Atlanta, Mrs. W. D. Ellis, Inez Hedge, 1866.
Augusta, Mrs. C. A. Rowland, Miss Mary A. Hall, 1868.
Columbus, Mrs. L. F. Garrard, Mrs. J. E. Martin, 1866.
Marietta, Mrs. R. L. Nesbitt, Mrs. F. W. Clay, 1898.
Waynesboro, Mrs. E. F. Lawson, Inez W. Jones, 1868.
Albany, Miss Harriet A. Hall, Mrs. W. L. C. Davis, 1891.
Athens, Miss M. L. Rutherford, Miss B. Prince, 1865.
Washington, Mrs. S. H. Dillard, Mrs. G. A. Borché, 1887.
Resaca, Mrs. E. J. Simmonds, 1866.
Brunswick, Mrs. M. M. Madden, Mrs. Annie C. Hunter.
Madison, Mrs. J. A. Billups, Mrs. M. C. Ware, 1866.
Rome, Mrs. Josephine N. Smith, Mrs. Halsted Smith.
Sparta, Mrs. H. L. Middlebrook, Mrs. W. A. Martin.
Sandersville, Mrs. B. D. Evans, Mrs. S. J. Bayne.
Americus, Miss Maria Harrold, Miss Lucy C. Taylor.

Kentucky: View, Mrs. Z. M. Cardin, Mrs. J. C. Baker, 1904.

Louisiana: New Orleans, Mrs. W. J. Behan, Miss Kate East-
man, 1861.

New Orleans, Mrs. B. Turner, Mrs. J. J. Prowell, 1896.
New Orleans, Mrs. J. Buckley, Miss Kate Childress, 1898.
Baton Rouge, Mrs. J. W. Bates, Mrs. W. J. Hurst, 1891.

Mississippi: Vicksburg, Mrs. M. A. Stevens, Mrs. C. G. Wright,
1865.

Greenwood, Mrs. M. S. Kimbrough, Jennie Young, 1901.
Biloxi, Mrs. W. H. Maybin, Mrs. May Armstrong, 1903.

Missouri: St. Louis, Mrs. Leroy Valliant, 1900.

Jefferson City, Mrs. L. Allen, Mrs. B. H. Ferguson, 1901.
Springfield, Mrs. W. J. Haydon, Mrs. W. H. Gottfried, 1898.
Mexico, Miss Belle Morris, Mrs. Adele Sandford, 1901.
Cape Girardeau, Mrs. Louis Hauck, 1901.

Nevada, Mrs. H. Cogswell, Annie Lisle Stuttmund, 1901.

North Carolina: Raleigh, Mrs. G. Jones, Miss A. L. Devereux,
1865.

Washington, Mrs. J. S. Jarvis, Margaret A. Call, 1883.

South Carolina: Fort Mill, Mrs. J. D. Mack, 1889.

Charleston, Mrs. A. A. G. Palmer, Annie S. Rood, 1866.

Tennessee: Knoxville, Mrs. W. Caswell, Mrs. M. W. Keller, 1868.

Memphis, Mrs. C. B. Bryan, Mrs. I. N. Murray, 1889.

Memphis, Mrs. J. H. Humphreys, 1861.

Texas: Waco, Mrs. S. Robertson, Mrs. H. M. Dunklin, 1902.

Virginia: Richmond, Mrs. J. Bryan, Mrs. L. C. Daniel, 1890.

Richmond, Mrs. Joseph Bryan, Mrs. J. C. Stewart, 1865.

Richmond, Mrs. E. F. Townes, Mrs. W. M. Wade, 1892.
 Richmond, Mrs. S. Beveridge, Mrs. J. T. Hughes, 1866.
 Richmond, Mrs. A. C. Fitz, Miss G. E. Schermerhom, 1896.
 Front Royal, Mrs. C. D. Roy, Miss Lucy Buck, 1868.
 Petersburg, Mrs. H. V. L. Bird, Mrs. S. Chieves, 1866.
 Manassas, Mrs. W. E. Lipcomb, Mrs. J. A. Wolfe, 1867.
 Lynchburg, Mrs. K. Otey, Mrs. J. H. Lewis, 1867.
 Danville, Mrs. A. M. Aiken, Mrs. Frank Burton, 1872.
 Portsmouth, Mrs. O. J. Hatton, Mrs. Mary A. Bingley, 1866.
 Lexington, Miss M. W. Freeland, Rosa J. Brooke, 1899.
 Winchester, Miss Mary Kuntz, Miss Lucy Russell.

PRESIDENT DAVIS'S PORTRAIT FOR CAPITOL AT JACKSON, MISS.
 Mrs. Helen D. Bell, President Mississippi Division, U. D. C., is one of the most brilliant women in the South, and most beloved woman in the State of Mississippi. A charming conversationalist, possessing to a large degree the gift of personal magnetism, she draws all to her and makes friends, and succeeds with whatever she undertakes. She is an enthusiastic Daughter, and since she has been President of the Division widespread interest has been awakened throughout the State, and the number of Chapters largely increased. At the last State Convention of U. D. C., Mrs. Bell suggested that the



MRS. HELEN D. BELL.

Division should present to the State, to be hung in the new capitol, a portrait of President Davis, and the Chapters are actively at work in the matter. There has been for years a life-size crayon sketch of Mr. Davis in the Capitol at Jackson in the clothes he wore when captured; presented to the State of Mississippi by Mrs. Dorsey, who gave to Mr. Davis Beauvoir.

SHALL THE WORDS OF DIXIE BE CHANGED?

Concerning the adoption of our version for the air of 'Dixie,' Mrs. Dowdell, President of the Alabama Division, reports:

"The Alabama Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, first inaugurated the movement to have all Confederate organizations unite in the adoption of one 'Dixie' from the numerous versions that are extant, or to select one from some

Southern poet who may be inspired to write a 'Dixie' adequate in thought and sentiment, rather than retain the negro dialect and the doggerel of Daniel Emmett's original 'walk around.'

"The work of the Alabama Daughters in this direction has provoked greater comment from the press, Veterans, and friends than was anticipated by these faithful advocates of history.

"Emmett's 'Dixie' was almost forgotten, cast aside, known only to a few, as was evidenced by a little incident which occurred at Chautauqua, N. Y., several years ago. The director of the children's choir at Chautauqua made an effort to find the words of 'Dixie' to teach the children to sing it, but not one in the large assembly of Southern people who were summing there could do more than repeat the chorus, yet every child knew the air. This incident caused one Daughter of the Alabama Division to investigate, and she soon found that the original words of Emmett were known by only a few. So many versions were in existence that a different one was used in almost every place, and even around the camp fires our soldiers sang other words.

"This zealous woman bestirred herself in the interest of history to have a 'Dixie' that should live in song story. Her enthusiasm was imparted to her own Chapter and then by the Chapter to the State Convention, which appointed a committee to present the subject to other Confederate organizations, and write them to coöperate with the Alabama Daughters of the Confederacy in the adoption of one version.

"We have found from the Veterans who have communicated with the committee and those who have given expression through the press but little love for the silly doggerel of the original 'Dixie.' They cling only to the chorus of the original version:

'I wish I was in Dixie. Hoóray! hooray!
 In Dixie's Land we'll take our stand,
 To lib and die in Dixie.
 Away, away, away down South in Dixie!
 Away, away, away down South in Dixie!'

"The Veterans cherish this chorus and desire that it shall be preserved to coming generations, couched in a language expressive of cultured people. Let us keep this chorus, but preserve it in correct English.

"One Veteran writes: 'It may well be called the "Mar-seillaise" of the South. And yet how inadequate, and indeed contemptible, are the words in connection with the air and the sentiment which it awakens! Originating as a negro minstrel song, the words are foolish and disconnected, and the song in the main ridiculous.' Daniel Emmett immortalized his name with this song by accident, when, on a rainy Sabbath in New York City in 1859, he composed for his minstrel show the inspiring, the thrilling, and soul-stirring air of 'Dixie,' which met with such success and afterwards became the battle hymn that led the Southern soldiers to the bravest deeds yet recorded in the annals of history.

"The words were written to represent in language and thought an illiterate and an inferior race—our slaves. Neither in thought, language, nor sentiment do they represent the Southern people.

"Is it a desecration of the past, or would we be guilty of ingratitude who would cast those old minstrel words into oblivion?

"Was it a desecration for Gen. Albert Pike to write his beautiful poem, which, it is claimed by authority, was so generally used in battle? One Veteran says: There is no claim made by our people to Mr. Emmett's words. They

simply appropriated his music and made it the battle strain of the Confederacy. Albert Pike's words set to the music of Daniel Emmett's song was the "Dixie" of our soldiers. This song is a legacy of the times that tried men's souls and proved them true; then let them stand as our "Dixie."

"Our Confederate organizations—the Memorial Association, the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the United Sons of Veterans have as their chief purpose the making of history. Should we not hesitate to pass on to future generations as the song of the Confederacy one, the verses of which run thus:

'Old Missus marry Will de weaber.
William was a gay deceaber;
When he put his arm around 'er
He look as fierce as a forty-pounder.'

"Many Veterans tell us that Emmett's words were rarely used during the perilous times of the sixties; that even then other versions were used. Were those patriots desecrators of the old, or less true to the cause, because they then realized how inexpressive and meaningless were the words to the thrilling air, the immortal strains of which were leading in march the peerless Confederate soldier? What makes the chorus loved? It is because of the sentiment. Every word is expressive of that feeling of love and patriotism that induced the Confederate soldier to arms: 'To live and die for Dixie.'

"The tune of 'Dixie' has become almost the national air, played by every band. If a Southerner is in the crowd, off comes his hat, and it always elicits a wild applause from an audience in Dixie Land. Great 'Dixie!' worthy our love and admiration!

"The words of the minstrel song have barely escaped oblivion. Things worthy of life never die, and had these words been as true in sentiment and as expressive of a people as the air was inspiring, they would have lived inseparably in the hearts of the people.

"Our lamented Gen. Gordon gave his warm approval to this work of the Daughters to have a better version adopted to make immortal the song in the hearts of coming generations. The indorsement of Gen. Stephen D. Lee is also in the hands of the committee.

"To those who would cling in sentiment to the old minstrel song we would say that Emmett's words cannot be blotted from the memory of those who cherish association with them; nor would we, with ruthless hands, tear them from the pages of history. Let them remain inseparably with the history of Emmett himself. But we would have a 'Dixie' indorsed by all Confederate organizations that we could sing with pride and spirit in our schools, on all patriotic occasions, etc., and in time it would become the recognized 'Dixie.'

"One other argument in favor of the adoption of one version is: that since so many versions now exist, and a different one is being used in every place, it is impossible for a crowd in any assembly to sing 'Dixie,' when the words to be used are unfamiliar. As has already been demonstrated in our gatherings, the chorus will be sung with a vim, but all are silent through the verses. Let us unite in the selection of one 'Dixie,' and upon this be a 'solid South.'

"The committee has in its possession twenty-five versions that have been sent in by the authors, or otherwise collected. Several of these are highly recommended by Veterans and friends. It is the policy of the committee to first create a sentiment favorable to the adoption of one accepted version of 'Dixie' before considering critically or comparatively any one of the number on its files.

"When the matter was presented to the United Sons of

Veterans, in convention at New Orleans, the idea was almost unanimously accepted, and the requested committee from the ranks was appointed to coöperate with the committee from the Alabama Division, U. D. C., and is composed of Hor Thomas M. Owen, of Montgomery, Ala.; Hon. Harry I. Seay, of Dallas, Tex.; and Hon. E. P. Cox, of Richmond, Va.

"The United Daughters of the Confederacy, in convention at Charleston, S. C., November, 1903, were not prepared to fully accept the plan proposed; but in a very limited time in which full debate on the question was impossible, a number of strong, thoughtful women spoke favorably to the resolution offered by the Chairman of the Alabama committee; others spoke adversely, preferring to leave 'Dixie' and its numerous versions untouched. However, a motion prevailed to have a committee of three appointed to work jointly with the committee from the Alabama Division and United Sons of Veterans for the purpose of investigating the subject and to report to the convention at St. Louis in October the feasibility of adopting one version of 'Dixie.'"

Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, who conducts an important department in the *Sunny South*, gives the following in a recent issue: "Friends, can any of you send me some worthy words for our beloved national air 'Dixie?' Miss Annie River, of Fairfax, S. C., wishes to have her pupils sing 'Dixie' during the closing exercises of her school, and she is mortified to find that the only words available are such nonsense rhymes as—

'Ole Missus marry Will de weaber.'

"There should be some noble and appropriate words set to this air of dear associations. Who will write them?"



MRS. A. C. DOWDELL.

At the meeting of Cape Fear Camp, No. 254, of Wilmington, N. C., on April 8, the following officers were elected:

Commander, W. J. Woodward; Lieutenant Commanders, Henry Savage, Stephen Jewett; Adjutant, A. L. De Rosset; Sergeant Major, A. G. Hawkins; Treasurer, O. M. Fillyaw; Chaplain, James Carmichael, D.D.; Surgeon, W. D. McMillan, M.D.; Standard Bearer, T. P. Sikes.

The membership of this Camp steadily increases, but during the past year eight comrades passed over to the other side: W. R. Kenan, W. R. French, J. M. McGowan, B. F. White, DeLeon Fillyaw, S. W. Nobles, Solomon Bear, and W. W. Blanks.

NORTH CAROLINA AND VIRGINIA IN THE WAR.

BY W. B. LOWRANCE, COLUMBIA, S. C.

As a member of the Bethel Regiment, Company G, First North Carolina Troops, and having shaken hands with Gen. Lee at Appomattox, also being adjutant of the Thirty-Fourth North Carolina under Col. Lowrance, I have read with much interest the report of Judge Christian, Chairman of Committee C. C. V., Department of Virginia, on "North Carolina in the War between the States."

Bondage of business and the whirlpool of work has left little time for me since the war to keep up with what has been said and done—to keep refreshed as to the facts that occurred during the war—therefore I do not propose to controvert statically anything Judge Christian has written. I do not propose to defend North Carolina, for she needs no defense, nor do I propose to compare Virginia's record with that of North Carolina. "Comparisons are odious."

Having been in Virginia four years, many times through the Valley, on the Peninsula, and wherever the Army of Virginia was, I do not speak from impressions gained from others or from what they say, but from *what I know*. No grander people of men and women ever existed than those of Virginia in the sixties. It would take a great deal longer article to barely refer to my experiences of these noble people during these four years than I can afford time for. They need no eulogy from any source, and I shall not attempt it. However, I cannot refrain from justifying (to my mind) some of the statements referred to:

1. "First at Bethel." What I suppose the North Carolina writer intended to claim was: first in numbers, first in work done, first in results. The First North Carolina (Bethel Regiment), with probably one hundred men of the gallant Richmond Howitzers, did all that was done at Bethel. It was practically a North Carolina fight, and I think North Carolina was "first at Bethel."

2. As to the surrender at Appomattox. I was at the surrender. There were three times as many North Carolinians here as from any other State; in fact, they were the only troops that showed any organization that amounted to anything.

I take it that these same writers generalized in the same way in reference to the "last at Appomattox." They meant that North Carolina was there more forcibly, more conspicuously, and more formidably. Then as to Gettysburg and Chickamauga, the justified pride of the writer at the gallant conduct of the North Carolina troops in these engagements, not meaning to disparage what others did, I think is sufficient excuse for the language quoted. Gen. J. B. Fry has tabulated the following Confederate losses from the muster rolls in the Bureau of Confederate Archives at Washington:

North Carolina, killed in the war.....	14,522
North Carolina, died of wounds.....	5,551
North Carolina, total loss from all causes.....	40,275
South Carolina, killed in the war.....	9,187
South Carolina, died of wounds.....	3,735
South Carolina, total loss from all causes.....	17,682
Georgia, killed in the war.....	5,533
Georgia, died from wounds.....	1,719
Georgia, total loss from all causes.....	10,974
Mississippi, killed in the war.....	5,807
Mississippi, died of wounds.....	2,651
Mississippi, total loss from all causes.....	15,265

Virginia, killed in the war.....	5,328
Virginia, died of wounds.....	2,519
Virginia, total loss from all causes.....	14,794

North Carolina lost nearly as many in killed and who died of wounds as Georgia, Mississippi, and Virginia all three, and her total loss from all causes was more than all these three. These five States were the heaviest losers of the thirteen engaged in the war. According to this, North Carolina lost over a third of all killed in battle on the Southern side in the war. It may be said also that she had practically less involved financially than South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, or Texas; fighting for the principle of State rights and sympathy for her sister States.

In regard to North Carolina in the quota of officers, I have no doubt that President Davis acted conscientiously, and probably no other man could have done better than he did, but his injustice to North Carolina commenced at Bethel, when the grand and noble Hill was superseded by Magruder. This same injustice was kept up throughout the war and created an intense feeling among the North Carolina troops.

COMMENT IN CONGRESS UPON STARS AND BARS.

Hon. J. Adam Bede, of Minnesota (Republican), in a speech in the House of Representatives, January 28, 1904, the House in Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, said:

"I do not wish to say one word that would give you sorrow. I feel that the stars and bars of the old Confederacy, justly preserved as the fondest heirloom of a proud and gallant people, to be kissed and caressed by loving generations yet unborn, became a thousand times more sweet when, as an emblem of earthly power, baptized in flame and embalmed in pathetic story, it was furled forever."

THE SOUTH CAROLINA BOOKLET.

A most interesting and beautiful booklet is that issued by the Dixie Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, at Anderson, S. C., a copy of which was received by the VETERAN sometime since through the kindness of their honored President,



MRS. PEARL RODGERS FANT, ANDERSON, S. C.

Mrs. Pearl Rodgers Fant. The edition for 1903 is the second that has been sent out, and is a most excellent piece of mechanical and typographical work from the frontispiece, which

is the best likeness of Gen. Wade Hampton yet published, to the last page.

But it is the gems of thought in prose and poem that fill the seventy-two pages with "the subtle charms of a woman's heart" that make this booklet worthy a place in the historic archives of the Confederacy, where the most treasured jewels of memory are kept.

After the patriotic inaugural address of the President and address of welcome by Miss Eleanor Cochran, the Historian of the Chapter, come poems by Teresa Strickland, a sketch of the old Confederate Treasury by Miss May Russell, and other equally interesting articles by Miss Nell Cochran, Mrs. Minnie E. Russell, Mrs. B. F. Mauldin, and Mrs. Annie Todd Barton.

The officers of the Chapter are: Mrs. Pearl Rodgers Fant, President; Mrs. J. A. Brock and Mrs. W. A. Chapman, Vice Presidents; Miss Zula Brock, Secretary; Mrs. J. E. Breazeale, Treasurer; Miss Eleanor Cochran, Historian; Mrs. A. P. Johnstone, Gleaner; Mrs. Minnie E. Russell, Reporter; Mrs. J. M. Paget, Auditor.

A handsome monument to the Confederate dead was erected at Anderson in 1901 by the Ladies' Memorial Association, Miss Lenora Hubbard, President, and in all other good works these patriotic ladies are leading spirits.

It is through the courtesy of the Dixie Chapter that the *VETERAN* is enabled to give the good likeness of Gen. Wade Hampton with the tribute by Teresa Strickland, and to present the monument which was so long their loving thought and work.

HARDSHIPS OF ARMIES IN EAST TENNESSEE.

Prof. J. Fraise Richard, Station G, Washington, D. C., is writing "Authentic History of the Army of the Ohio," in which he seeks information from Confederates as set forth in the following to the *VETERAN*:

"In the year 1886 Gen. J. D. Cox, who commanded the Twenty-Third Army Corps in East Tennessee during the winter of 1863-64, made to me the statement that the Union army there suffered as much as Washington's at Valley Forge during the Revolution. I submitted the statement to Gen. Longstreet, who thought his men endured even greater hardships than the Union troops.

"I wish to give the true condition of affairs as respects the troops on both sides, and shall be grateful to any Confederates who will send to me an account of what they experienced with

Longstreet in that campaign, especially as to scarcity of food, want of clothing, difficulty in securing letters from home, lack of paper, ink, etc.; in short, a true picture of the hardships endured in the 'Valley Forge Campaign in East Tennessee 1863-64.'"

Prof. Richard has written liberally in regard to Confederates, and any who respond may expect most courteous consideration. Lieut. Gen. J. M. Schofield, President of the organization, writes the author:

"The society has been most fortunate in securing your services as historian, and I am sure you will need little assistance from any source; but I shall, of course, be glad to help you in any way you may desire."

In a recent letter to the *Washington Post* Prof. Richard wrote, in connection with the battle of Franklin, Tenn.:

"When the Union army retreated from Columbia and Spring Hill to Franklin, the advance reached the latter place shortly after sunrise. Gen. Schofield, commander in chief, and Gens. Stanly and Cox, with their staffs, stopped at the house of Dr. D. B. Cliffe, a prominent physician of the place, and secured breakfast, leaving orders for dinner to be served at half past two or three o'clock in the afternoon. Mrs. Cliffe was made the custodian of Gen. Schofield's overcoat, in the pockets of which were stored important messages from Gen. Thomas, then at Nashville.

"Schofield and his subordinates were employed during the forenoon with military operations. The advance of Hood's army appearing in the early afternoon, Gen. Schofield and his coadjutors did not have the privilege of eating dinner, nor did Schofield get his overcoat. In fact, as he himself informed me, he did not think of his overcoat until late at night, when the army was withdrawing from Franklin to Nashville and the stormy atmosphere reminded him of his loss.

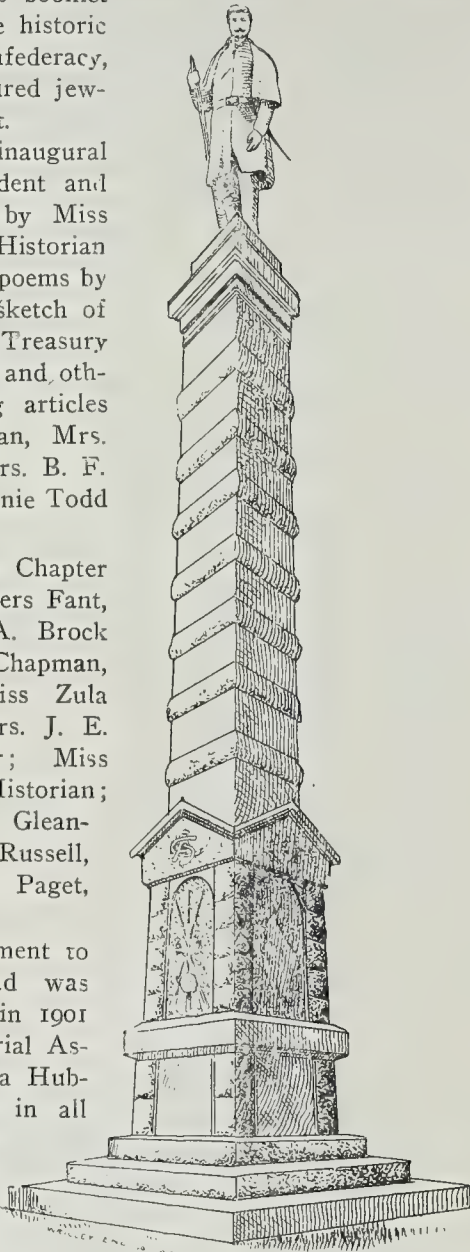
"Three weeks elapsed. The battle of Nashville was fought December 15-16. On the 18th, when Schofield reached Franklin in pursuit of Hood's broken and retreating forces, he received from Mrs. Cliffe his favorite overcoat, with all the documents it contained. During all the intervening period she had carefully guarded the coat and the important official messages, thus depriving Hood of information that might have been of incalculable value to the Confederacy."

TEXAS HERO DAY.

The Benedette B. Tobin Chapter, U. D. C., of Palestine, Tex., has taken the initiative in establishing a "Hero Day." The idea evidently had its origin in the heart of some one of its patriotic Daughters, for it is to such that the world looks to "love and cherish the memory of her heroic dead." But no State has a better claim or greater cause for such action than Texas, for the graves of her dead heroes are scattered from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, and from the Atlantic to the shadows of the Rocky Mountains.

"Hero Day" with the Daughters of the Benedette Tobin Chapter is an occasion that arouses the patriotic enthusiasm of the Sons and Daughters of the Lone Star State, and eloquent tributes are paid to those who gave their lives for constitutional rights.

On the last "Hero Day" Mrs. Clara E. Price, Historian of the Benedette Tobin Chapter, delivered a most eloquent address on the heroes of Texas. Aside from the tender pathos and warm glow of patriotism that characterized the address throughout, facts were given which showed that the historian was well informed and thoroughly capable of filling that important position in her Chapter.



THE LAST REVEILLE.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

Come, cherished old comrade, your hand lay in mine.
We stood long ago on the fierce battle line;
No longer the fires of the bivouac gleam,
The scenes of the past are a vanishing dream;
The bugles are silent, the thrilling tattoo
Is beaten no more 'neath the hemlock and yew;
We fought on the mountain, we fought by the sea,
And now we both wait for the last reveille.

The hair that was dark is as white as the snow,
Our figures are bent and our footsteps are slow,
The rabbits are frisking to-day where we stood
With the foe in our front in the Georgian wood;
The wild, restless breezes are blowing the leaves
Where death cut his harvest and we were the sheaves;
And, sitting to-day 'neath the crested old tree,
We patiently wait for the last reveille.

Our battles we often live over again,
You with your crutches and I with my cane;
We think of the boys whom we left in the shade
Of hemlock and pine in some beautiful glade;
But, comrade so true, we will march nevermore,
Our battles are past and our triumphs are o'er;
In the twilight of life by the shores of the sea
We list for the sounds of the last reveille.

We followed the flag of the beautiful bars,
We bore it aloft through the smoke of the wars,
We cheered when its folds in their brilliancy shone
And victory's trophies came down to their own.
Our brave comrades sleep where the clear rivers run
Through patches of shadow and glimpses of sun;
They left us alone in the camps near the sea
To wait side by side for the last reveille.

The roses may bloom where we sleep in the spring,
Above us the robin her matins may sing,
For the river is flowing, its cadence is low,
And soon to the camps of our comrades we'll go;
But bring your chair closer, old comrade, that's right.
How closely we stood in the heat of the fight!
Though dim are our eyes, all the past we can see,
As we wait in our gray for the last reveille.

Casstown, Ohio.

PICKENS RIFLES—BOY COMPANY OF 1860.

Capt. S. K. McDonald writes from Rock Hill, S. C., to
Brigade Commander B. H. Teague, U. C. V., Aiken, S. C.:

"I was born in Charleston, S. C. In 1859 my father concluded to give me a military education. I was entered at the Arsenal Military Academy, Columbia, S. C., preparatory to entering the Citadel Military Academy, Charleston, S. C., which was regarded as the West Point of the South. Having obtained an honorable discharge from the Arsenal Academy (1859), I returned to Charleston, and attended B. R. Carroll's Academy parts of 1859, 1860, and 1861. While I was at this academy Abraham Lincoln was nominated for the presidency of the United States. Great excitement prevailed, and upon his election South Carolina seceded. I was present when the ordinance of secession (December 20, 1860) was passed in the old Institute Hall, afterwards called Secession Hall. About this time everybody was thoroughly aroused as to the prospects of war. Earthworks were thrown up in and around

Charleston, mostly by negro labor. Maj. Robert Anderson (United States) had charge of Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, with two companies of United States regular artillery. He, with his garrison, at night evacuated Fort Moultrie in small boats and took possession of Fort Sumter, regarding it as more impregnable. He fortified himself there. Mr. William M. Lawton came to Carroll's Academy and made a short address to the boys, telling them they could use shotguns and 'fight from windows and house tops if necessary,' and called for volunteers from among the students. Every boy volunteered, and the Principal, B. R. Carroll, also. He acted as quartermaster and commissary, the other professors joining the company.

"Soon afterwards a meeting was called by the company, and I was made captain. Each boy furnished his own uniform (jeans), with Palmetto brass buttons, and drilled with wooden spears. We paraded through the principal streets, saluting the newspaper offices, thereby getting a 'puff.' After becoming well drilled and moderately disciplined we called the company Pickens's Cadets, and in a body offered our services to the State and Gov. Pickens. The company was accepted by the Governor, and was armed with Mississippi rifles. Soon afterwards we were ordered into camp at Gen. Ripley's headquarters.

"At our first meeting after being armed with rifles, the name was changed to the Pickens Rifles in honor of Gov. Pickens. I resigned the captaincy (being so young) in favor of Prof. L. H. Charlonnier, who was elected to that position, and I was elected a lieutenant, as were also Mikell Carroll and Gilberts Tennant.

"We went into camp in 1861. I forget the month, but know it was shortly before the great fire, which burned from the Cooper River to the Ashley.

"I was in bed with a bullet in my thigh, which is still there. It occurred in this way: While in camp Capt. Charlonnier and I had been out practicing with pistols at a target, and upon returning to our quarters he was trying to take the exploded shells from the short cylinder, believing that all had been discharged. He was pressing the pistol against the edge of a small table, and I was seated on a stool, with left leg elevated, four or five feet from the table, watching him and admiring the pistol, when it exploded and knocked me off the stool, the ball striking me a little below the large artery in my thigh. Recovering from the shock, I again got back on the stool, and was examining the wound, when old Dr. Ogier was sent for. As soon as he saw the wound, he began to whistle and said, 'My boy, you have had a close call, quite close,' and remarked that 'had the ball struck one-eighth of an inch higher' I would have bled to death before he could have reached me. I asked him if I could go to my home, and he replied, 'Yes;' but when I tried to walk he commanded me to 'keep still,' as the slightest move might cut the artery; and I kept still. Soon I was carried home, however, by Sergt. Duffus and others."

In a note Capt. Teague states: "This is a short account of the only purely independent boy company and its captain unattached to a State military institution which did service during the war, and I am proud to have been a member of it."

The name of the author of "Johnny Reb in the Snow" as published in the VETERAN for April is John Cooke Olmsted, M.D., instead of Ohusted, as given. There was an omission from the closing lines in which a term was used for our cause that is not acceptable by the VETERAN. Dr. Olmsted is a prominent citizen of Atlanta, Ga., and a member of the Atlanta Camp, U. C. V.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

NASHVILLE AND THE REUNION.

In entertaining the Confederate Veterans of all the earth, for that is what a U. C. V. reunion invitation means, the people of Middle Tennessee, it is already assured, will demonstrate that they are worthy successors to those who won the unsurpassed distinction in America to the title of the "Volunteer State." There may have been in the outset the purpose by some to entertain from a spirit of commercialism. Such sentiment is not unworthy a people who struggle in the race for advancement, and such a spirit may have stirred some men in Nashville in the outset, but a higher and nobler spirit prevails, and, as was the case at the great reunion just seven years ago, all the people are looking to the successful entertainment of coming guests entirely beyond any business advantage.

Nashville is conservative; while it is not being boomed by sky scrapers with foreign capital under heavy mortgages (and that is not condemned), the city is advancing as healthily as any city in the country. In important lines of trade Nashville merchants have never been surpassed, and there is not to be found a more coöperative community of business interests.

But the theme of emphasis now is the higher characteristics of a people nowhere surpassed. It is very manifest that no city in the United States of comparative size approaches Nashville in her educational prosperity, and the phrase, "Athens of the South," may well be changed to "The Athens of America." The editor of the VETERAN undertook some years ago, while in another line of journalism, to prepare an account of the number of educational institutions and attendants in Nashville, and while giving the names of schools and official figures, he gave it up, impressed that it would overtax credulity. Then there were about eighty universities, colleges, seminaries, and schools of all kinds, and the number must now approximate closely one hundred.

A record of the culture and the wealth in an area of twenty miles in diameter would elicit the pride of everybody in the South and patriots in all other sections who are great enough to appreciate, without prejudice and jealousy, blessings to mankind.

In this comment it is especially fitting to refer to their patriotic sentiment and instinctive hospitality. In the language of one who merits the gratitude of the South, and of whom further mention may be expected later: "Nashville will never go back on the old Confederates." It is this Confederate sentiment in the Volunteer State of which her people may feel greatest pride. Many of the younger class have very little conception of the part one hundred thousand of her men took in the greatest war in all history. They might study with profit the hundreds of battles and skirmishes fought on Tennessee soil and the thousands who rallied for the defense of their homes to the death.

A feature of importance in connection with Nashville and Confederate influence is far greater than many home people imagine. When the advocates were pleading for their respective cities in the animated contest at Richmond, and sentiment wavered, one patriot, not of Tennessee, said: "Well, let

us go to Nashville. That is the home of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN." Without claiming any personal credit in any of these matters, the founder of the VETERAN will be pardoned for mentioning a fact that many home people do not realize. There has not been since the discovery of America any monthly periodical in the South that has attained equal circulation and lived as long as the VETERAN. Its history in those respects has not even been approximated. The June issue is expected to be the finest in illustrations ever published. The leading feature of it will be the battles around Nashville, and short sketches are requested from every one who remembers anything of interest; especially does this request include those within the city. It is utterly impossible to seek those who have information personally, but their coöperation is earnestly sought, and this record in the VETERAN of *twenty-two thousand copies*, a large percentage of which are preserved, and many handsomely bound each year, will be more effective for posterity than if published in a book. Let those friendly to the worthy ambition to make this June number a Confederate record for Nashville that never has been equaled bestir their friends who may not see this to prepare their recollections in brief as soon as practicable and send to the office.

The committee in charge of reunion arrangements has not lent its influence to any advertising schemes to drain the liberal-hearted people of the city, and the VETERAN, while anxious to make as fine a showing as possible, is offering space at the wholesale yearly rate—the price to agents. Those who would like to share in space for this number will be supplied at \$25 per page. At this rate, and in the short time, a thorough canvass cannot be made, so those who desire it will confer a favor by quick notice, telephone or otherwise.

GENERAL REUNION COMMITTEE.

Charles F. Frizzell, Chairman; L. C. Garrabrant, Vice Chairman; Joseph Frank, Treasurer; L. R. Eastman, Secretary.

Maj. John W. Thomas, Honorary Member.

Dr. J. R. Buist, H. W. Buttorff, W. C. Collier, Lee Cantrell, W. J. Cummins, Capt. M. S. Cockrill, S. A. Cunningham, C. H. Eastman, E. C. Faircloth, Edgar M. Foster, W. D. Gale, Thomas C. Hindman, Humphrey Hardison, Eugene O. Harris, Leland Hume, C. R. Handley, George Holle, Capt. George F. Hager, Capt. I. J. Howlett, Col. John P. Hickman, Capt. John W. Morton, Charles Mitchell, Jr., Dr. W. J. McMurray, Lawrence G. O'Bryan, Jesse M. Overton, Capt. M. B. Pilcher, Col. George C. Porter, W. P. Rutland, James B. Richardson, P. A. Shelton, Oliver J. Timothy, M. B. Toney, Maj. T. P. Weakley, J. Matt Williams.

CIRCULAR CONFEDERATE REUNION, NASHVILLE.

A "Circular Letter No. 1," issued by Charles F. Frizzell, Chairman of the Reunion Committee, at going-to-press time of the VETERAN, states that the entertainment of the "old soldier" will be the principal feature of the reunion, and that the sponsors and maids of honor will bear their own expenses.

Hotel rates are not to be increased; only more than the usual number in a room. In addition to the hotels, numerous boarding houses and private families will accept guests. Rates for board and lodging, from \$1 to \$1.50 per day. Lodging without board, from 50 cents to \$1.

All Veterans who so desire will be entertained by the city.

Meals will be served during the entire reunion at Hay Market Square from 6 A.M. until 6 P.M., beginning on the morning of June 14, and not before.

Sleeping accommodations will be provided, embracing cots only. All Veterans who desire these privileges will bring blankets and towels with them.

None but Confederate Veterans wearing badges will be admitted to lodging quarters and meals at the Hay Market.

All badges will be distributed by the Badge Committee at General Headquarters in Ward Seminary.

All organized bodies of Veterans who are coming to the reunion, expecting the privileges of quarters and meals, should notify the Secretary of this committee at Nashville in advance as to the number coming.

Horses for the parade can be procured for \$2 each, without saddles. Carriages will be provided for the Chief and the Department and Division sponsors and their maids of honor for the parade.

The headquarters of the Commander in Chief and Adjutant General will be at the Maxwell House.

Department and division headquarters will be at the Hume and Fogg Schools, at the corner of Broad and Spruce Streets, one block from the Union Station, opposite United States Customhouse and Post Office.

The ladies' parlors of the First Presbyterian Church, on Church Street, near the Maxwell House, will be used by the Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

The Jefferson Davis memorial service will be held at Christ Church, Broad Street, Tuesday morning, June 14, at 10:30 o'clock. Address by the Bishop of Tennessee, Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Gailor.

The medical officers will hold their sessions in the Medical Department of the University of Tennessee, on Broad Street, between High and Vine.

Delegates and Veterans will be met at the trains by committees and escorted to Veteran headquarters in Ward Seminary, two blocks from the Union Station, and one block from all State headquarters, where they will be assigned.

The parade will be held Thursday morning, June 16, forming promptly at 9:30 o'clock. For information of any kind address L. R. Eastman, Secretary of the Reunion Committee, Nashville, Tenn.

SPIRIT OF NASHVILLE FOR THE REUNION.

Arrangements are being perfected for a reunion that will do full credit to Nashville.

Mr. Isaac T. Rhea, President of the St. Louis and Tennessee River Packet Company, illustrates the spirit of the people of Nashville for the reunion in a letter to the VETERAN:

"The St. Louis and Tennessee River Packet Company wishes to bring to Johnsonville, Tenn., and return to their homes from that point, free of charge, Confederate soldiers in good standing *who live on the Tennessee River*, for the purpose of attending the Confederate reunion at Nashville in June. The men can suit their own convenience as to boat, going and coming at any date, say three days prior to and three days after the reunion. Fare from Johnsonville to Nashville and return will be at the reduced railroad rate made for the reunion. Parties interested may correspond with Capt. J. W. Irwin, Savannah, Tenn., or with me at Nashville.

"Parties having tickets extended by railroads can have like favor by applying to me."

The validating office for the reunion will be in the Arcade until June 20, after which the service will be at the Union Station and Tennessee Central office.

W. A. Campbell, Columbus, Miss., writes of the reunion: "I trust the attendance may be good. Your city is so central, and you took such good care of the Veterans the time you had it that all who were there will be glad to go again."

PATRONS WHO ATTEND REUNIONS.

Many good friends who defer payment of subscription until reunion time do not realize how much better it would be to send through the mails. Nine-tenths of its patrons can send in some safe way—by P. O. orders or otherwise—and in that way relieve the VETERAN force of much time that might be devoted to taking new subscriptions. To do this would be a great favor, and to deduct all cost of such remittances would be satisfactory to the VETERAN. Also, if those who wish to know about manuscripts would write that it be taken up beforehand, it would be far better. Then again, if those who want to report anything for publication would write and mail it, the results would be much safer than to expect a conference on any subject during the reunion. It is absolutely impossible to retain in mind verbal messages of perhaps two thousand persons in three days. Do not hesitate to deduct cost of money orders, etc., on remittances.

THAT "BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS."

Capt. J. D. Smith writes from Houston, Miss., of the hard service of Walthall's men in that fight on the side of Lookout Mountain November 24, 1863:

"The sun rose clear and beautiful on the mountain, and for a while there was little to indicate the terrible things soon to occur. The enemy could be seen apparently drilling on the foothills near by. In a brief time the mountain was enveloped in a dense fog, which hid everything below us from view, and the enemy, taking advantage of the condition, began their advance. Soon the fierce rattle of musketry was heard on the picket line, and Moccasin Battery, located on the enemy's line to our right, began a furious shelling on our men, which in a short time drove the Twenty-Ninth Mississippi from its position and hard pressed the Twenty-Seventh, Thirtieth, and Thirty-Fourth. The Twenty-Ninth soon rallied and re-formed. The enemy, still enveloped in mist, pressed up in our front near enough for us to hear them speak and see their colors. We hurled them back twice, inflicting much destruction considering that our firing was through a dense fog. Finally we were dislodged, the mountain being covered by a perfect hail of bullets and Moccasin Battery playing a fearful havoc with our troops. We had to fight Hooker's whole corps, and close to a hand-to-hand engagement.

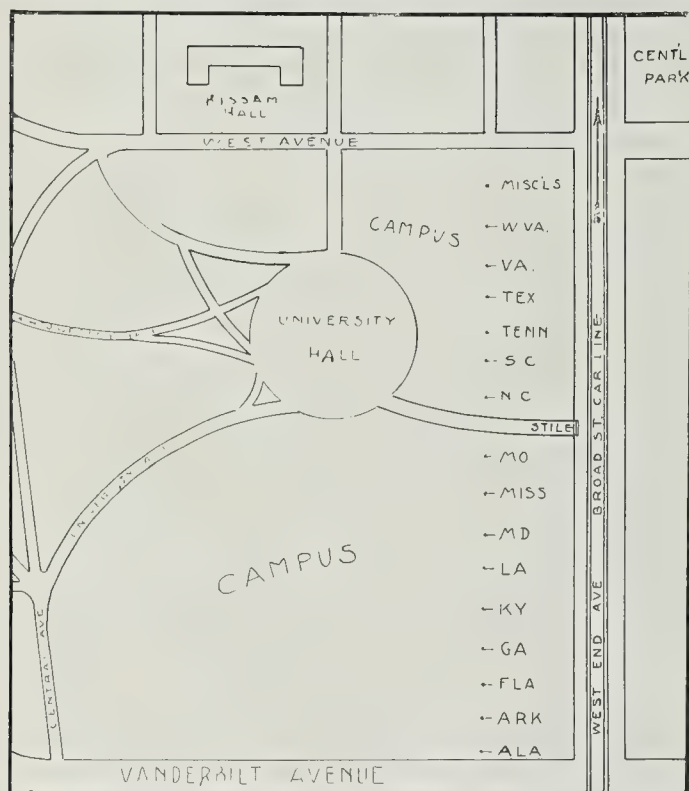
"We were forced to retreat around by the way of the Craven house, across and over Point Lookout. Many of our men went into the fort and surrendered rather than attempt to cross this point, which was completely swept by missiles of death.

"In the early part of the fight Gen. Walthall sent a lieutenant around the point to see if Pettus or Moore would not come to his assistance, but the messenger was killed before he reached them. The writer was then ordered on the same errand, but the officers in command refused. The Fifth Mississippi was eager to go, but was not permitted. Gen. Walthall, learning of the failure to secure reinforcements, and knowing his utter inability to cope with at least six or eight to one, ordered a retreat. We fell back around and in the rear of the point, halted, and engaged the enemy in sharp-shooting till midnight, when we withdrew from the mountain. The writer covered the retreat with the Twenty-Fourth, burning the bridge. I have since learned that seven hundred and thirty of our men were captured, and this added to our killed and wounded must have made our loss nearly a thousand. Leaving out the prisoners, the enemy's loss must have been much greater, as with all their advantage in numbers they fell back precipitously twice before our murderous fire."

THE ASSEMBLY ON VANDERBILT CAMPUS.

The plan to have the ex-Confederate soldiers, who are to meet at the Nashville reunion, assemble in their commands seems as near perfect as is practicable. The time is 4 P.M., June 15, in the Vanderbilt University campus. It is reached by the Broad Street car line. It may be seen by the diagram that the States are arranged in alphabetical order. The stile is the most accessible entrance for those who go on street cars, while carriages may enter on both Central and West Avenues.

There never have occurred as suitable conditions for regiments, battalions, etc. It is expected that members of First Regiments will assemble facing the west. Registers should be kept, and every Veteran should have a little memorandum



book to take the names and addresses in Nashville and the post office address of his friends. Comrades, please co-operate in this as in nothing else, and you will be rewarded. Don't make any plans with anybody that will interfere with this gathering. Members of your families can go out, but should not enter the grounds until your comrades have met and conferred.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES AT THE REUNION.

Rev. F. R. Noe, of Beebe, Ark., formerly of Green's Brigade of Texas Volunteers, suggests that the chaplains of the various organizations meet at some designated place in the city the first day of the reunion for the purpose of perfecting arrangements for holding religious services, for all those who wish to attend, at the various State headquarters. Comrade Noe writes: "Many of our comrades have crossed 'over the river and rest under the shade of the trees' since we separated last year at New Orleans, and the infirmities of age are rapidly stealing over those of us who remain, and I appeal to my brother ministers of the gospel, as servants of the most high God, to inaugurate a plan whereby during our reunion all comrades, their wives, sons, and daughters, may, if they desire to do so, attend religious services daily. I cannot think of this reunion without a tinge of sadness, for I well know it will be the last time many of us old fellows will ever meet and have an opportunity of worshipping God together on this earth."

The VETERAN suggests that announcement of such plan as may be designated be made at conclusion of Jefferson Davis Memorial Service in Christ Church, Broad and McLemore Streets. This will be near noon, June 14.

RATES TO THE REUNION, EXTENSION, ETC.

The Southeastern Passenger Association, of which Joseph Richardson, Special Agent, is Chairman, sends the VETERAN a schedule of rates, from which the following is copied:

Abbeville, S. C.....	\$ 8 55	Fairfax, S. C.....	\$10 85
Aberdeen, Miss.....	6 50	Fayetteville, N. C.....	12 90
Albany, Ga.....	9 55	Fitzgerald, Ga.....	10 15
Alexandria, Va.....	14 60	Florence, Ala.....	2 80
Americus, Ga.....	8 85	Fort Valley, Ga.....	8 15
Andalusia, Ala.....	8 15	Frankfort, Ky.....	5 10
Anderson, S. C.....	8 55	Gadsden, Ala.....	4 30
Anniston, Ala.....	4 90	Gainesville, Fla.....	14 45
Asheville, N. C.....	7 15	Gainesville, Ga.....	7 10
Athens, Ga.....	7 50	Gastonia, N. C.....	9 65
Atlanta, Ga.....	6 05	Georgetown, Ky.....	5 55
Attalla, Ala.....	4 20	Grand Junction, Tenn..	4 40
Augusta, Ga.....	9 45	Greensboro, N. C.....	10 95
Bainbridge, Ga.....	9 75	Greenville, Miss.....	8 95
Barnwell, S. C.....	10 40	Greenville, S. C.....	8 55
Basic, Va.....	12 15	Greenwood, Miss.....	7 70
Birmingham, Ala.....	4 40	Greenwood, S. C.....	8 55
Blacksburg, S. C.....	9 15	Griffin, Ga.....	6 90
Bristol, Tenn.....	7 20	Gulfport, Miss.....	11 35
Brunswick, Ga.....	11 55	Harriman, Tenn.....	3 60
Burkeville, Va.....	12 70	Hattiesburg, Miss.....	9 15
Cairo, Ill.....	4 75	Hawkinsville, Ga.....	8 80
Calera, Ala.....	5 05	Henderson, Ky.....	3 20
Calhoun Falls, S. C....	8 50	Henderson, N. C.....	13 00
Camden, S. C.....	11 10	Hickory, N. C.....	8 80
Catawba, S. C.....	10 10	Holly Springs, Miss....	4 90
Cartersville, Ga.....	5 10	Hopkinsville, Ky.....	1 70
Cedartown, Ga.....	5 70	Humboldt, Tenn.....	3 20
Charleston, S. C.....	12 20	Huntsville, Ala.....	2 90
Charlotte, N. C.....	10 10	Jackson, Miss.....	8 60
Charlottesville, Va....	12 50	Jackson, Tenn.....	3 30
Chattanooga, Tenn....	3 30	Jacksonville, Fla.....	13 05
Chester, S. C.....	9 70	Jasper, Fla.....	11 75
Cincinnati, O.....	6 80	Jesup, Ga.....	10 75
Clarksville, Tenn.....	1 40	Knoxville, Tenn.....	4 60
Clinton, S. C.....	9 40	La Grange, Ga.....	7 00
Columbia, S. C.....	10 45	Lake City, Fla.....	13 05
Columbus, Ga.....	7 55	Leesburg, Fla.....	15 85
Columbus, Ky.....	3 80	Lexington, Ky.....	5 70
Columbus, Miss.....	6 50	Lincolnton, N. C.....	10 10
Cordele, Ga.....	9 30	Louisville, Ky.....	4 00
Corinth, Miss.....	4 60	Lynchburg, Va.....	11 30
Covington, Ga.....	6 85	Macon, Ga.....	7 80
Cuthbert, Ga.....	8 40	Madison, Fla.....	11 95
Dade City, Fla.....	16 35	Madison, Ga.....	7 40
Dalton, Ga.....	4 05	Maplesville, Ala.....	5 80
Danville, Va.....	11 30	Marietta, Ga.....	5 65
Dawson, Ga.....	8 85	Martin, Tenn.....	3 10
Decatur, Ala.....	2 70	McKenzie, Tenn.....	2 60
Dublin, Ga.....	8 90	Memphis, Tenn.....	4 90
Durham, N. C.....	12 05	Meridian, Miss.....	7 45
Elberton, Ga.....	8 20	Milan, Tenn.....	3 00
Elizabethtown, Ky.....	3 15	Milledgeville, Ga.....	8 15
Evansville, Ind.....	4 15	Mobile, Ala.....	9 90
Everett, Ga.....	11 15	Montgomery, Ala.....	6 30

Natchez, Miss.....	\$10 60	Shelby, N. C.....	\$ 9 10
Newbern, N. C.....	14 75	Shelbyville, Ky.....	4 60
Newnan, Ga.....	6 80	Somerville, Tenn.....	4 15
New Orleans, La.....	12 75	South Boston, Va.....	12 55
Nicholasville, Ky.....	5 80	Spartanburg, S. C.....	8 55
Norfolk, Va.....	15 35	Starkville, Miss.....	7 00
Ocala, Fla.....	15 10	Stevenson, Ala.....	2 50
Opelika, Ala.....	7 00	Suffolk, Va.....	14 90
Orangeburg, S. C.....	11 10	Sumter, S. C.....	11 30
Orlando, Fla.....	16 00	Sylacauga, Ala.....	5 45
Owensboro, Ky.....	3 05	Talladega, Ala.....	5 50
Paducah, Ky.....	3 70	Tallahassee, Fla.....	10 55
Palatka, Fla.....	14 15	Tampa, Fla.....	17 30
Paris, Ky.....	6 05	Thomaston, Ga.....	7 60
Paris, Tenn.....	2 60	Thomasville, Ga.....	10 55
Pell City, Ala.....	4 90	Tifton, Ga.....	10 20
Pensacola, Fla.....	9 55	Troy, Ala.....	7 35
Petersburg, Va.....	13 75	Tupelo, Miss.....	5 60
Plant City, Fla.....	16 85	Tuscaloosa, Ala.....	5 50
Portsmouth, Va.....	15 35	Tuscumbia, Ala.....	2 95
Princeton, Ky.....	2 75	Union City, Tenn.....	3 35
Quitman, Ga.....	11 10	Valdosta, Ga.....	11 10
Raleigh, N. C.....	12 60	Vienna, Ga.....	9 20
Richmond, Ky.....	6 25	Vicksburg, Miss.....	10 25
Richmond, Va.....	13 75	Wadesboro, N. C.....	11 85
River Junction, Fla....	10 60	Washington, D. C.....	15 05
Rives, Tenn.....	3 40	Waycross, Ga.....	11 55
Rock Hill, S. C.....	9 95	Weldon, N. C.....	13 75
Rockmart, Ga.....	5 80	West Point, Miss.....	6 50
Rome, Ga.....	4 85	Wilmington, N. C.....	14 55
Rutherfordton, N. C....	8 50	Winchester, Ky.....	6 05
Sanford, N. C.....	12 20	Winona, Miss.....	6 85
Savannah, Ga.....	11 90	Winston-Salem, N. C..	10 55
Selma, Ala.....	6 30	Yorkville, S. C.....	9 65
Sheffield, Ala.....	2 90		

These tickets will be sold June 10-15, 1904, inclusive, and also from near-by points for trains scheduled to arrive in Nashville before noon of June 16, with limit to leave Nashville returning June 18, 1904, provided they are officially stamped by Joseph Richardson, Special Agent.

The original purchasers of such tickets may secure an extension of the final leaving date by personally depositing their tickets with Joseph Richardson, in the Arcade, Nashville, Tenn., between the hours of 8 A.M. and 8 P.M., June 10-18, 1904, inclusive, and upon payment of fee of 50 cents per ticket at time of deposit. Latest limit of extension is July 12.

The other Railway Passenger Associations had not announced final action in time for this publication, but it is expected that similar rates will be given.

V. M. I. BIOGRAPHY.

Joseph R. Anderson, President of the Virginia Military Institute Alumni Association, residing at Lee, Goochland County, Va., is engaged in compiling, for the purpose of publication, the records of all who have ever been cadets of this institution. From the prospectus sent out in "Greeting to All Old Cadets" the following extracts are taken in the hope of reaching many of the cadets who could not otherwise be located:

"There have been approximately five thousand and five hundred 'old cadets,' of whom, it is believed, one-fifth at least have been summoned to the final 'taps,' over two hundred having been killed in battle or died in military service.

"The object in view is twofold: First, to rescue from oblivion the names and deeds of those sons of our *Alma Mater* who

have answered the final roll call; and, secondly, to bring the living sons in closer touch with one another and with the old mother.

"To this end all living ex-cadets are affectionately urged to send their records, without delay, the same to contain not over three hundred words each, under the general headings given below, and they are earnestly invoked to lend their aid then in securing from the families and descendants of all deceased 'old cadets' the data necessary to compile their records.

"It is hoped that this proposed historical work will redound to the benefit of our *Alma Mater*, and to her sons, in another way. When all the records are in hand, it is proposed to embody them in a volume (or possibly two volumes), and then to offer the work for sale. The income from the sale, if any, will be devoted to forming the nucleus of a fund to be used in erecting, on the grounds of the V. M. I., an Alumni Hall (with commodious accommodations for quartering the hundreds of 'old cadets' who attend the periodical reunions), to be dedicated to the memory of all the graduates and élèves of the Virginia Military Institute who gave their lives for their country."

Following is the general form of record adopted:

Full name (all names written out); names of parents (and grandparents, when practicable); residence of parents at time of matriculation; place and date of birth; period of cadetship (approximately); if a student at any other institution of learning, give degree or other distinction obtained, if any; occupation or profession before the war of 1861; war record (applicable to Mexican and Spanish Wars as well), embracing command, rank; if killed or wounded, state in what battle or engagement; if a prisoner, state when and where captured and how long in prison; occupation or profession after the War of 1861; notable achievements, honors or distinctions (military, scientific, ecclesiastical, or political); interesting incidents in career not falling under above heads; present (permanent) address, if living; or, if deceased, year and place of death.

Mr. Scott Shipp, Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va., gives the following indorsement of this work under date of December 9, 1903:

"*To Whom It May Concern:* Joseph R. Anderson, of Virginia, a graduate of the class of 1870, a most enthusiastic, devoted, efficient, and helpful alumnus, is engaged in the preparation of a Record of Matriculates of the Virginia Military Institute. This is an interesting work, and one of great labor, and it is heartily indorsed and favorably commended to all to whom Mr. Anderson may apply for information and assistance."

MINUTES OF U. D. C. TENTH MEETING.

The magnitude of the United Daughters of the Confederacy is shown in a volume of 306 pages which has just been issued. It is a report of the tenth meeting, held in Charleston, November 11-14, 1903. It is the most creditable in appearance of any yet issued, and shows that the Secretary, Mrs. John P. Hickman, has had much to do.

An extended review of what has been accomplished by this great organization of noble, patriotic Southern women may be expected later.

Patrons and friends of the VETERAN are reminded that it requires a daily average of fifty renewals or new subscribers to keep even; that our comrades are falling fast, and that it behooves every friend of the cause—the lost Confederacy—to encourage young people to take an active interest in its maintenance.

MONUMENT TO JOHN A. CLARKSON.

John H. Clarkson, 216 Main Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes:

"John Andrew Clarkson, of Independence, Jackson County, Mo., was attending school in Essex County, Va., in 1861, when the War between the States broke out, but the schoolroom could not hold him. He had heard of battle, and longed to defend the Southland he loved so well. It was with great difficulty that he could enlist on account of his age, but, possessing a dauntless spirit, he finally succeeded in enlisting in the Essex Sharpshooters, which was made Company F, Fifty-Fifth Virginia Volunteer Infantry. His first military service was at Fort Lowry, on the beautiful Rappahannock River, below the ancient town of Tappahannock. His first long march was from that point to Fredericksburg, and thence to Richmond, where he participated in the seven days' fight. He was in the following battles: Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill, Cedar Mountain. Wherever his battle flag floated he proudly followed it.

At Cedar Mountain he followed it,
On the heights at Gaines's Mill,
At Mechanicsville and Frazier's Farm,
And in the smoke of Malvern Hill.

"After the defeat of Gen. McClellan in front of Richmond, in 1862, the Fifty-Fifth Virginia, which was in Gen. Field's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, was attached to that part of the army under Gen. T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson. This gallant regiment had already distinguished itself during the seven days' fight, but had paid dear for its laurels, leaving many of its noble dead and wounded upon the gory battlefields at Richmond. Company F sustained a loss among the killed of Second Lieut. Robert Haile and Third Lieut. John R. Mann; but the brave boys from Tidewater, Va., were not in the least dismayed, being flushed with victory, and could soon show to the world that they could fight just as well on the banks of the Rapidan as they had done on the banks of the James. On August 25, 1862, a call was made for volunteers to guard a bridge to prevent the enemy from crossing the Rapidan, and young Clarkson was the first one to step out in front of his regiment, knowing that it was like going into the very jaws of death. They could see the Federals just across the river, who were handling their batteries with all the skill of trained cannoneers. Gen. Stonewall Jackson commanded that the bridge must be secured and held at all hazards. This was the time that tried the souls of men. Forward dashed the Fifty-Fifth midst shot and shell, when a bombshell exploded and young Clarkson fell mortally wounded. The same shell killed instantly the man on his left, and maimed for life the brave A. J. Derieux on his immediate right. Comrades bore him away from the field to the Baptist Church, where he died. He was game to the last, and, when the surgeons hesitated about amputating both of his shattered legs at the same time, he told them to proceed, if it would save his life; and if not, he was willing to die for his country. O brave spirit! O brave Missouri boy! fighting, bleeding, and dying more than eleven hundred miles away from his native home. Well may Missouri feel proud of her youthful warrior and Virginia pay homage to the schoolboy in gray.

"His relatives will erect in Culpeper County, Va., this year a beautiful monument, and thus perpetuate his memory, his chivalry, and his glorious record by carving in granite what he wrought upon the field of battle."

JOHN A. CLARKSON, COMPANY F, 55TH VIRGINIA REGIMENT.

A Missourian looked toward the East,
Where his ancestry lived and died.
He loved his books, and a tempting feast
Of study allured praiseworthy pride.
To Virginia swiftly sped his feet,
Knowledge to gain, in blest retreat.
Too soon his *Alma Mater* heard
The tread of an invading horde.
To his Southland's aid, without a word,
Books were exchanged for gleaming sword!
As fast as a flash from "Stonewall's" steel
He was ready to fight, come woe or weal.
A boy! Scarce fifteen years had thrown
Their roses o'er young Clarkson's way.
A boy did manly courage own
When he yielded all for the fatal fray!
His aspirations laid aside—
Upon this altar placed his pride.
No recompense—Virginia's need!
Her great commander needed men!
His bleeding State he knew must bleed,
If one dared falter, even then;
He would not shrink the storm to breast,
But followed the flag, and did his best!
His spirit lives as it did then,
It is the zeal which ne'er departs;
And the cause, revealing the best in men,
Is still alive in Southern hearts.
We will not envy the hero's sleep,
Happier far than we who weep.
Virginia may weep for Missouri's son,
Who fell far from his nearest ties.
His death hath blest encomiums won,
And hallows the ground whereon he lies.
Such courage brings a smile to grief;
For Clarkson, an immortal wreath!

MARY STUART GRESHAM.

Lancaster, Va.

SIGNAL CORPS OF CONFEDERATE ARMY.

A. A. Graham, of New Albany, Miss., wishes to locate some members of the signal corps of the Confederate army, in which his father, Thomas R. Graham, served. He gives the names of a number whose autographs are in a little book, written May 1, 1865, at Greensboro, N. C., and asks that any who are now living will write him in regard to the code of signals used. The names are as follows: John W. Alexander, Sam Yarra, Frank R. Mathews, William K. Wallace, James M. Graves, Robert K. Byrns, Lexington, Ky.; Rufus F. Galloway, Eutaw, Ala.; A. W. Taft, Charleston, S. C.; J. D. Lidwell, Tom Norvell, Jackson, Tenn.; Hugh C. Topp, I. M. Wells, Henry Clay Long, Columbus, Miss.; C. H. King, Murfreesboro, Tenn.; Charles H. Eastman, Nashville, Tenn.; Phil P. Parrish, Woodford City, Ky.; Ed Duvall, Baltimore, Md.; W. M. Crookshanks, Dandridge, Tenn.; L. C. Heart, Charleston, S. C.; Thompson Jones, Helena, Ark.; Thomas A. Huston, Selma, Ala.; James M. Wilson, Austin, Ark.; Andrew R. Pope, Thomas J. Rembert, Rembert Trezevant, Memphis, Tenn.; Leighton H. Cobbs, Montgomery, Ala.; W. C. Pyles, Jackson, Tenn.; R. W. Brice, Rock Springs, Ga.; R. J. Carter, Talladega, Ala.; H. A. Tutwiler, Havana, Ala.

Every member and every friend to those engaged in this important service would do well to correspond with Mr. Graham.

MARKING GRAVES OF CONFEDERATE PRISONERS.

BY B. M. HORD, NASHVILLE, TENN.

In the last issue of the *VETERAN*, under the above head, is an interesting statement showing the number of deaths of Confederates in ten United States prisons. Rock Island is one of the ten mentioned, and is accredited with having a death loss of 1,922 out of a total of 2,484 prisoners confined there. I am satisfied there is an error in these figures, and for the truth of history we should get important matters of this kind as near correct as possible. The Confederate soldier has nothing to fear from the truth of history, for, year by year, as the actual facts come to light, his cause and his country are being more and more vindicated, and his peerless courage and devotion to both more sublime in the eyes of the world.

Official (United States) reports show that 2,000 Confederate dead are buried at Rock Island, and from personal observation I am satisfied that there is an error in the number given (2,484) of prisoners confined there. Although the life of this prison was only eighteen months, counting from the time it was opened, December 1, 1863, to June 1, 1865, there must have been, first and last, between 5,500 and 6,500 prisoners confined at Rock Island. I do not know where the claim of only 2,484 originated, but I base my estimate upon an experience of nearly fourteen months, out of the eighteen that the prison existed, as a prisoner there. I was sent there early in December, 1863, not later than the 5th of the month, was quartered in Barrack No. 24, where I remained until the 16th of January, 1865, when, with a small batch of other Western men, I was taken out, sent down the river to New Orleans, confined in Picayune Cotton Press No. 4 for a short time, then exchanged on the 23d or 24th of February at the mouth of Red River, La.

It is unquestionably true that the death loss at Rock Island far exceeded that of any other prison of the War between the States, nor is there any record of its equal in this respect since the days of barbarism. There was no occasion for this. The location, a high, rocky island in the Mississippi River, was naturally healthful and the prison was kept clean, but our appalling death loss was due entirely to the brutal treatment of the prisoners by the infamous commander, one Col. A. J. Johnson, his negro sentinels, and his no less brutal "one hundred day men." If I remember correctly, the latter were the One Hundred and Ninety-Second Illinois. To such an extent was this inhumanity carried that the best citizens of Dayenport, Iowa, and Rock Island, Ill., towns just on opposite sides of the river from the prison, brought the matter to the attention of Congress or Mr. Lincoln, and asked, for the sake of humanity, that the manner of our treatment be investigated. It was Johnson, our commander, who, in making his report (official) in response to this prison investigation, said: "If left to my own feelings, I would place them in pens with no shelter but the heavens, as our poor men are at Andersonville."

Our mortality was greatly increased by a scourge of small-pox that carried off men by the score daily. Two of my bunk mates died with it—a brave old Irishman named Kelly and a young man named Holt. I escaped with a case of varioloid, though it was generally fatal. Poor Holt and I were detailed one morning to go out to the pesthouse to load up on the "dead wagon" the bodies of those who had died during the night, to be hauled off and dumped in the trench—they were all buried in trenches. There were only nine bodies that morning (the dead often numbered over twenty in twenty-four hours), and after finishing our work, as the guards were escorting us back to prison, Holt remarked that he had never been vaccinated, and expected to die with the loathsome disease. Within two weeks his prophecy was fulfilled. Poisonous virus used in vaccinating

the prisoners, incompetent physicians, and lack of proper nursing, the two latter admitted by the United States government ("War of the Rebellion Records"), made Rock Island a seething pit of hell, presided over by the devil's archangel, A. J. Johnson. Rock Island has long since passed away as a prison, and it is fervently hoped that the devil has, also long since, claimed his own.

LOYALTY OF "BLACK MAMMY" AND "UNCLE JEFF."

BY L. L. J. KOCH, NASHVILLE, TENN.

In the spring of 1878, when I was twenty-three years old, I was making a business trip on horseback to Velasco, Tex., following the course of the river. Being in a hurry to overtake a steamer, then on its way to Galveston, I did not stop except to eat and sleep, and did most of the latter in the saddle. Arriving one afternoon about three o'clock at Brazoria, I stopped to let my pony drink and blow and was off again, intending to ride all night and make Velasco the next day.

As I was about leaving Brazoria I heard a cry behind me and, looking back, saw an aged negro gesticulating and calling to me. I stopped, not knowing who it could be, as I had left Brazoria, my native place, seventeen years before. The old darky came up almost out of breath and said: "Say, Marse, don't you know me?" On my replying in the negative he burst into tears, and it was some time before he could talk. "Marse Louis, I am your old Uncle Jeff." I then recalled that he married my old black mammy, Aunt Winnie, and that in 1859 my father, who owned both of them, gave them their freedom. I got down from my pony and could not but feel affection for the old negro who was so grieved because I did not at once recognize him.

He begged me to go and see old Black Mammy, and, while it was inconvenient, I did it. He took me to a fine large building, and when we got there insisted on lifting me from my pony and carrying me into the house. As an old gray-haired black woman came looking on in surprise, he said: "Winnie, the good Lord be praised, our own Marse Louis has come to see you."

Winnie was conducting a hotel. Her guests were all white and of the better class, but, leading me by the hand as she did many times when I was a little toddler, she took me into the sitting room and spoke to those about her: "Say, you white folks, I've run dis house many years an' I always treated you right, but I want you all to git out, for ma boy, Marse Louis, is gwine to stay here to-night, and no one else gits nothing when he is here."

There was nothing to do but stay, and I want to emphasize it when I say that no monarch could have been treated better than I was that night. When I sat down to supper they said, "Marse Louis, de place of us black folks is behind our Marster's chair," and there they stood.

I left them next morning, and with a feeling that our black mammies never forget us. To all who are still living I say: "God bless them!"

Dr. S. W. Brasfield, of Humboldt, Tenn., wishes to hear from Charlie Northsinger, if living, or some of the Federals who participated in the capture of Northsinger at the house of Brasfield's grandfather, nine miles west of Des Arc, Ark., on the telegraph road that led to old Brownsville. Northsinger belonged to a Missouri regiment, had been wounded, was stopping at the house to recover, was captured by the Yankees, and at night, after pretending to be asleep, slipped out of bed, caught the sleepy guard's carbine, knocked him senseless with it, and escaped.

TIDINGS SOUGHT BY A DISMEMBERED FAMILY.

Joseph E. Taulman, of Hubbard City, Tex., relates an incident affecting his wife's family which he hopes will meet the eyes of some one who can help locate some missing members:

"In January, 1851, Julia Ann Hill (whose maiden name was Montgomery), widow of William Hill, a newspaper man of Chillicothe, Ohio, married Batsford Comstock, and nearly a year later moved to Texas, coming by steamboat down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, across the Gulf of Mexico and Galveston Bay, up Buffalo Bayou to Houston, and overland in 'prairie schooners' to Washington County, where they remained a few years and finally settled in Brazos County."

"Mrs. Hill had five children by her marriage with Mr. Hill, viz.: Frank W., Harriet J., Victoria, Emma Jane, and Joseph. She brought Emma Jane and Joseph, the two youngest, to Texas with her, and left the other three with a relative of their father's, named Clark (familiarily called 'Uncle Johnny' Clark), living near Chillicothe, acting on his suggestion, until she and her husband could get settled and comfortably fixed in their new home, at which time they intended to return or send for the children. Texas being such a wild, thinly settled country at that time, and the means of travel so limited, inconvenient, and uncertain, and the distance so great, they deferred sending for the children until the war came up and cut off all communication. Since then no word has been heard of them, although innumerable efforts have been made to find them. It is presumed that they and their relatives, the Clarks, left Chillicothe about the time their mother and the other two children removed to Brazos County from Washington County, and neither family knew where the other went. Their sister, Emma Jane, now Mrs. F. A. Taulman, residing at Hubbard City, Tex., still hopes that she will see her brother and sisters this side of the grave."

OFFICER OF THE DAY ATE THE DOG.—In 1861 the Fourth Georgia was eight miles from Norfolk, at Camp Jackson, and Lieut. W— was officer of the day when privates Warren Mosely and Tom Maupin went over to the farm of Mr. Ames, bought a mutton, dressed it, and returned to camp. The lieutenant took the mutton from them, and later ate it. He accused them of stealing it, and threatened them with arrest if they should do such a thing again. They felt hurt, and decided to even up. Soon this same lieutenant was officer of the day again, and Mosely and Maupin went over to Mr. Ames's place, killed a large fat dog, dressed the two hind quarters, placed them in a sack, and returned to camp. Lieut. Walker took the sack and had the men locked up as he promised. Just after Lieut. W— had finished dinner, with some invited officers to share his supposed mutton, Mosely and Maupin began howling and barking in the guard tent, and Col. George Doles wanted to know why, and had them brought before him to see what they were howling about. They showed the feet of the dog and said, "Lieut. W— and friends have eaten dog for dinner," which at once made vomiting in order. "Who ate the dog?" was a query so conspicuous in the regiment that the officer resigned and went home, to return no more.

SAFETY IN A WELL.—Near Winchester, in 1864, five of Gen. Gordon's men were found by him in an old well seven feet deep, where they had gone to escape artillery fire that was raking the ground about them. He ordered them out and wanted to know what they were doing in there. One of the men replied that John Jones had just cleaned out the well, and they were waiting for the water to rise.

BRIGHT AND HUMOROUS VIEWS OF WAR.

BY G. W. WESTBROOK, STREETER, TEX.

If these little incidents are not worth printing in the *VETERAN*, just let them fall into the wastebasket—the fall will not hurt me, for I was hardened to falls long ago. I was in the fall of Fort Henry, then in the fall at Fort Donelson, then I had a good, tough fall with Vicksburg, which seasoned me for the long fall from Dalton to Atlanta. So you see falling was rather in my line of business in my young days. But the quickest fall of this kind, and the quickest recovery, I ever saw was made by a member of Company B at Vicksburg, just before all of us fell. Our company was detailed to support a battery. The Yankees concentrated some heavy artillery on us, and in a few moments had knocked down one of our guns and sent a thirty-two-pound shot through a bale of cotton that formed part of our breastworks. Things looked squally—a white squall—for the cotton fell in showers all over us. One of our boys lost his nerve and started to fall back in double-quick, when the lieutenant called to him: "Come back here! What are you running for?" Instantly the boy recovered himself, and, as he came back, he said: "Well, you see, lieutenant, I thought them blamed Yanks had set our cotton on fire, and I was just running back for water to put it out." He was a good soldier; but the best of us would get "rattled" sometimes.

It was only a few days after this that a couple of Yankee gunboats tried to run our batteries. One escaped, but we sank the other. We ceased firing when we saw the boat was sinking, and, as we stood watching her go down slowly, bow first, one of Company B, who evidently had quit the plow to pick up a musket, suddenly shouted out: "Hello, Yank! Set your backband back. You are running too deep."

Sherman said, "War is hell," but he said it as an excuse for his brutal treatment of defenseless women and children and noncombatants in his march over a helpless country. War is what the combatants choose to make it. There was no hell in Lee's march into Pennsylvania, and every old soldier knows the friendly feeling that often existed between the opposing pickets and sharpshooters when not engaged in fighting. Just before the battle of Kennesaw our sharpshooters were well out in front, nothing doing, everything quiet, when a Yankee sharpshooter called out: "Hello, Johnny! Meet me halfway to swap papers and tobacco for coffee." One of our boys went out, but in order to complete the trade had to go back to where the Yankees had left their knapsacks. Just then our left wing was attacked, which caused firing all along the lines. We thought, of course, our man was a prisoner, but the firing ceased almost as suddenly as it began, and in a short time we saw a Yankee officer wave his hat from behind a tree in our front, and called to us not to shoot, followed by another man, whom we soon recognized to be our comrade. He walked up to us, and laughingly said: "I came to bring your Johnny back. Guess you thought we were going to keep him." He conversed with us pleasantly awhile, and then returned to his post on picket. It was at this place, Kennesaw Mountain, that a noble action was performed by Col. W. H. Martin, of the First Arkansas Infantry. The enemy had charged close up to our works, leaving many dead and wounded in our front. The woods had caught fire and the wounded were in danger of being burned to death. The order was given to cease firing, when Col. Martin jumped on top of the fortifications at the risk of his life, waved a white handkerchief, and called to the Yankees to come and help him remove their wounded, or they would burn up. They came and, with the assistance of our

boys, removed the wounded out of reach of the flames. The major in command of the Yankees said to Col. Martin: "You may win many battles, but this is the greatest victory you, or any other man, can ever achieve," and, taking from his belt a beautiful pistol, he presented it to the colonel. There is no hell in this kind of warfare.

PLEASANT EPISODE AT FRANKLIN.

Two years ago, while the inspection car of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad was at Franklin, Tenn., an incident occurred that was most interesting and pleasant to Riley B. Meadows, of Franklin, and to Thomas Mahoney, of Lynnville, Tenn. The car was entered by Miss Alma Anderson, who, in a beautiful address, delivered to these two gentlemen handsome walking canes from wood cut on the famous and bloody battlefield near by. Miss Anderson is a daughter of W. E. Anderson, a prominent Louisville and Nashville Railroad man, and granddaughter of J. P. Anderson, who was a gallant Confederate soldier from South Carolina. The canes are of the osage orange, under which tree the color bearer of the Thirty-



MISS ALMA ROSSIE ANDERSON.

Fifth Alabama Regiment was killed when within a few feet of Mr. Meadows. The presentation was made in the presence of a company of forty-five or fifty railroad officials.

Miss Anderson said to the veterans:

"It is my privilege to be the agent to pay an honor long ago won by you, of which I am proud. When you placed your names in the history of American patriotism you resented a nation's insult in loyalty to your home, to your native Southland, and to the stars and bars. Then only beardless boys, you donned suits of gray, said good-by to mothers, sisters, sweethearts, and went out to engage in the bloodiest conflict known to the human family. You turned your backs upon home, your faces to the foe, and marched to the tunes of 'Dixie' and the 'Bonnie Blue Flag.'

"After the dauntless Shiloh, the bloody Chickamauga, and

the torn-up Atlantas, you stood in one of the most beautiful valleys in Tennessee. It was here you met the armies of the Union, commanded by Schofield; where 5,700 of your comrades lay dead or wounded on that chilly night of November 30, 1864.

"Gettysburg had her Pickett, who lived to hear the world applaud his glorious charge. Franklin had her Pat Cleburne, Adams, Gist, Strahl, Carter—all killed. They did not live to hear the world's applause; their heroic souls passed into eternity with the clash of battle and the fierce Rebel yell. The last sight that faded from their eyes was their thin line of gray, bloody and torn with shot and shell. But on and on rushed the brave Confederates until the silken folds of the stars and bars kissed their tresses the last time on the foeman's works at Franklin. Never was greater heroism shown by her sons. King's Mountain, Shiloh, Gettysburg, Perryville, and a hundred other fields were crimsoned by the precious blood of her heroes; but on none was it more generously poured out than on this bloody field of Franklin. On the very spot where Sandlin sang,

'O land of rest, for thee I sigh;
When shall the moment come
When I can lay my armor by
And dwell in peace at home?"

and on the very spot where brave Bob Wheeler fell, these canes were cut—cut from the very storm center of the battle, and they are presented as tokens of regard from a friend.

"When the frost of many winters has placed the brand of time on your heads, and your steps from age become unsteady, may these canes be to you a support, and a reminder of youth and young manhood!"

SEEING THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

BY P. E. HOCKERSMITH, WOODBURN, KY.

If all those who claim that their respective commands were at or near the old cotton gin at the battle of Franklin are true, then it is but natural to conclude that the major part of Hood's army was centered at this historic spot. I do not affirm nor contradict these statements, but I am positive that my battery, Douglass's First Texas, was located at this spot, and, although directly on the firing line, took no part in this bloody encounter, from the very fact that the infantry was in too close proximity for our guns to be used without endangering the lives of our own troops, and it is well to state that this battle was fought by the infantry arm of the service. If memory serves me correctly, the Seventh Texas and First Tennessee lapped each other across the pike directly in front of us. It has been repeatedly affirmed that the horse of Gen. Cleburne was killed upon the breastworks, when the truth is that he was at least fifty yards from the works when the fatal bullet struck him. If there was a horse killed on the breastworks, it is more than likely it was that of Gen. Adams, who himself fell while leading his men over the enemy's fortifications.

A great blunder was made by some one; for had there not been, then the bloodiest battle of the war, while it lasted, could have been averted by a flank movement, thus compelling the enemy to evacuate this stronghold, and in so doing save the lives of some of the grandest heroes that ever fell in battle in defense of a cause that is held as sacred to-day as in 1861-65.

[The editor of the VETERAN is so well informed about the contact of forces by the cotton gin that he replies to Comrade Hockersmith that there were not less than three solid lines of infantry near the cotton gin, and by their lapping at the turn-pike there was so much mixing that none of the commands were kept in organized condition. It was Gen. Adams's horse that was killed astride the main works of the enemy. The

charge at so great disadvantage was made in the hope of pressing on and into Nashville. Time was the great consideration with the enemy. The possession of Franklin was of little consequence to either side.]

A GEORGIA HOME IN 1864.

A pine knot fire blazes on the hearth. A widow puts her three orphan boys to bed. She is busy with her spinning wheel as roll after roll is drawn into finest thread.

The night is cold. Above the whir of the wheel can be heard the moan of the cold wind on the outside. At last the broach is finished, and she turns aside to make up the fire and see that the children are covered and warm. Two boys lie on a bed made on the floor, and they get attention first. She puts her busy hands on their heads and then cautiously feels of their feet. Turning away from these, she goes to her own bed, where the baby boy lies asleep, snug and warm. When each child has received attention, she goes back to the wheel to spin and to think. The wheel turns round and the cotton turns into finest thread. She stares vacantly at the fire and then at her work.

Just four years before, her husband went to the war and never came back. Great tear drops come to her eyes as she thinks of him and keeps watch over his boys. Her eyes grow dimmer and dimmer and the wheel turns slower and slower. Finally the wheel and the widow stand still. A tired hand hangs heavy on the wheel and a great burden on the widow's heart.

Later, the wind is still, the fire burns low, and not a sound is heard. Then the widow prays; the burden is lifted from her heart, and strength comes to her hand; the wheel starts, and music with the wheel. Soft and low she sings and prayer after prayer she utters.

Late at night mother and children are all asleep. But one little boy has not slept till his mother lies down. He has heard the busy wheel and the moan of the cold winds; seen his mother's tears and heard his mother's prayers. The fire, the wheel, the woman, the boy! "As long as I live and winter winds blow," says Warren P. Ward, "will I remember the spinning wheel and my mother's prayers in that long, long ago."

CAPTURED AND ESCAPED THREE TIMES.

BY W. M. IVES, LAKE CITY, FLA.

Lieut. Daniel B. Knight, of Company C, First Florida Cavalry, who died at his home in Bradford County, Fla., December 23, 1903, will long be remembered for his deeds of daring from 1861 to 1865 by the survivors of the First and Fourth Florida. He was captured at Missionary Ridge November 25, 1863—the day the First Florida Cavalry and Fourth Infantry lost so many men. From Chattanooga they started to march him, with other prisoners, to Bridgeport at night. While marching along the side of Lookout Mountain he eluded the guard, and in a few days reached our camp at Dalton. After the disastrous charge of Lewis's and Finley's Brigades, of Bate's Division, at Dallas, Ga., May 28, 1864, Col. Badger selected Lieut. Knight, with a detail of four men, to approach the enemy's line, and, if possible, rescue our wounded. It was nearly dark; the men were in the Federal picket lines before they knew it, and were captured. They were sent to Chattanooga, placed aboard a train, and started for Nashville. Near Stevenson, Ala., he jumped from the train, and reached us this time near Marietta.

On the 7th of December, 1864, he was captured near the Wilkerson pike, between Overall Creek and Murfreesboro, Tenn., and placed in a blockhouse near Stone River. After

two weeks' confinement he again escaped, although fired upon by the guards and afterwards by the pickets. He reached the army just as it was crossing the Tennessee River near Florence, Ala. He fought at Bentonville, N. C., March 19, 1865. At the consolidation at Smithfield, April 9, he became a supernumerary, and with a large number of officers returned to Florida. No task was too hard, nor risk too great, for him when duty called.

CERTAINLY WORTHY OF A PENSION.

Rev. J. H. Morrison writes from Covington, Tenn.: "I found a hero here the other day, Mr. L. P. Reaves. His left arm was broken by a Minie ball at the battle of Franklin, November 30, 1864, and the four inches of the bone, between elbow and shoulder, is out and gone, yet he plows and chops wood and makes his living. His captain, James S. Hall, was killed in that battle. His colonel was Mike McGiveny, and the regiment was in Gen. G. W. Gordon's Brigade, Cheatham's Division. He and his wife have reared two orphans. His wife gave me a five-dollar bedquilt for the orphanage I represent. Mr. Reaves is sixty-four years old, and the State ought to give him a pension. His wife thinks so, but he seems loath to ask for it. Some friend ought to take this up for him. If I had the means, I would send him the VETERAN for life."

MERIT TO CAMP MEMBERSHIP.—R. Lee France writes from Chicago: "Your article in the October VETERAN, 'Unworthy Amalgamation in Camps,' is timely. I fear our Camp, No. 8, of Chicago, like many others, has, for the sake of making a showing of members, taken in many members who are ineligible, some who were never in the Confederate service, some who deserted before the end. I should like very much to have you publish persistently the qualifications necessary for membership in the honorable society of United Confederate Veterans."

ALBERT EADS, OF MACOMB, ILL., SEEKS A LIEUTENANT.—The above-named gentleman desires the name of a lieutenant of the Forty-Fifth Alabama or the Forty-Fifth Mississippi Infantry. He has the sword of this lieutenant, and desires to return it to him or his family. He writes: "I captured him and some others on January 1, 1863, in the battle of Stone's River. It was in front of the lines of battle near a house with a large barn and outbuildings."

LOCUST BLOOMS FOR THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

BY MRS. JOSEPH H. BEAN, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

Life's victors with laurel and roses we guerdon,
With lilies enwreath we pure virginal biers,
But over the hero who sank 'neath the burden
We place simple garlands bedewed but with tears.
The wild things that sweeten our own sunny slopes,
What fitter to cover the graves of our hopes?

So weave we a garland of wild locust blooms;
Though short-lived its beauty, full richly 'tis spent;
No niggardly hoarding, but tossed from white plumes,
In prodigal showers, its fragrance besprent;
Bringing still in its fullness the May-time's own gladness;
Fitting well with the glory that blends with our sadness.

Then wreath we our garland amid the green grasses,
Growing sweet from the dust of our heroes asleep—
Life risen from death, and the song of the thrushes.

Their deeds we have kept in our hearts and will keep;
But no longer may weep, cry a surcease from sorrow,
They lived well their day, and with God is the morrow.

VIVID STORY OF DRURY'S BLUFF BATTLE.

BY W. M. SEAY, FORMERLY SERGEANT CO. E, 11TH VA. INFANTRY.

It is unfortunate that we old Confederates have not been able to keep our memories clear for forty years, in order that we might all remember events just as they happened, and that we should not be always "calling one another down" in regard to dates, incidents, etc., that occurred "enduring the war;" but, referring to a letter from E. F. Compton, Front Royal, Va., in the March VETERAN, concerning the capture of Heckman's Brigade at Drury's Bluff, where, as Gen. Grant said, we "bottled up Ben Butler" in May, 1864, I think, if he will refresh his memory a little, as lawyers sometimes ask a witness to do, or will consult some of his comrades of the Seventh Virginia Regiment, as I have done of the Eleventh Virginia, he will find that he is mistaken in regard to the incident.

In some particulars he is correct, and I am not prepared to say that Gen. Heckman did not surrender his pistols to Sergt. Blakey and his sword to Col. Flowerree, of the Seventh, as your correspondent asserts, for the Seventh was there, and in the positions stated; but, if so, it was after his earthworks had been carried from the front by the other regiments of Terry's Brigade. The Seventh was to the left of my regiment, but was cut off by some marches and lost time and position by being deflected, and then, being obliqued to the right, came up slightly to the rear, or right of the enemy, and between them and the river. I did not see Gen. Heckman himself, but if he was captured by the Seventh it was evidently after the greater part of his brigade had surrendered to those regiments who had carried the earthworks from the front.

Another error of your correspondent, which is patent to any one who was in the battle, is that Gen. Heckman "was captured late in the evening on the 15th of May," while a heavy fog prevailed. Now, heavy fogs do not, as a general thing, prevail late in the evening, and this battle was certainly fought before eight o'clock in the morning, and certainly not on the 15th. It might possibly have been on the 16th, but I am inclined to think it was on the 17th. This is important only to show that Comrade Compton's memory being at fault in some things may be in others, and that if Gen. Heckman was captured late in the evening of the 15th, when he was evidently trying to escape, as he must have been, when captured, then it puts him in the position of leaving his command at least twelve hours before the fight, which no one believes to be true, as he fought with his men gallantly until his works were carried by storm, and many of them were killed in the ditches. . . . Before we had time to dispose of our hard-tack and bacon we were ordered into line of battle. The order was passed down the line that there were "friends in front," but the "fog" of which Comrade Compton speaks as of the night before was so dense and low to the ground that we could not see a man twenty paces ahead. It could hardly have been later than seven o'clock when the skirmish firing and artillery duel opened, and at close range. Gracie's Alabamians were advancing rapidly, and were soon engaged at close quarters. The "lid was off," and it was "hot." The wounded were coming back rapidly (the Tenth Alabama was in our immediate front), crying, "Boys, go in there; they need you," and immediately the order came through our Col. Kirk Otey, "Forward, Eleventh!" and then into the "jaws of hell" we stumbled. Telegraph wires had been fastened by the enemy from stump to stump zigzag over that field, but not a man stopped or turned back longer than was necessary to disentangle himself and get on his feet again, and then for-

ward until we were over their entrenchments and Heckman's Brigade were our prisoners, and the Eleventh Virginia Regiment, I firmly believe, was the first to cross their line of breastworks—this without attempting to detract any of the credit due Gracie's Alabamians or the First, Seventh, and Twenty-Fourth Virginia Regiments, Terry's Brigade, Pickett's Division, of which we are all proud to say we belonged. Gracie's men gallantly opened the fight, and lost many men, and had retired with honor, but I claim that the actual surrender of Heckman's Brigade was to Terry's Virginians, and that the Eleventh Virginia was the first inside of their works, followed immediately by the First, Twenty-Fourth, and three companies of the Seventh, who had become separated from the balance of the regiment in the swampy land. If Gen. Heckman was captured by members of the Seventh Virginia, it was by those who had been cut off to our left, on whom he had run up in his attempt to escape after the capture of his brigade by those who charged him from the front.

In trying to describe this charge over the zigzagged wire field, I said not a man stopped. This is wrong: many stopped and never disentangled themselves from those devilish wires. Many of them are there yet. Three of my own company were instantly killed and still lie there unless loving hands have since moved their ashes to other resting places. These were C. C. Clark, Bluford Grant, and Patrick Spillan—three as gallant soldiers as ever carried guns. Our first lieutenant, Charles H. Tyree, was mortally wounded and carried to Chimborazo Hospital, in Richmond, and died in a few days. E. G. Williams lost a leg, but is still living in Waynesville, Mo., where he has been Clerk of the Courts for many years, and is now an old unreconstructed rebel of the Jubal Early pattern. . . .

Before writing this I wrote to Hon. T. D. Jennings, a member of the Virginia Legislature, who was in this battle, sergeant major of the Eleventh Virginia, and afterwards adjutant, and who remembers distinctly the incidents here related. I inclose his letter to me as a verification of what I have written.

DIPLOMA FOR VETERANS.—At the last meeting of Joe Sayers Camp, U. C. V., No. 1396, on motion of Commander J. L. Fisher, a committee was appointed to write the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and also correspond with Camps for the purpose of having some action taken at the coming reunion to perpetuate the actions and services of Confederate soldiers. Commander Fisher suggested that some plan be formulated whereby a diploma or certificate may be issued from general headquarters upon satisfactory proof being furnished. This suggestion is in line with other movements now being carried out not only by the survivors of the Confederacy but also by our government at Washington to preserve the names and services of both armies.

Edwin Waller, of Austin, Tex., and his sister possess some interesting correspondence concerning their father, Col. Edwin Waller, dated in October and November of 1864. The commissioned officers of the Seventh Texas Cavalry and the Battalion commanded by him requested that the two commands be consolidated, that Col. Waller be made commander, and that it be designated as "Col. Waller's" Regiment. This was an extraordinary compliment. Maj. Gen. John A. Wharton "respectfully returned" the petition with the explanation that "the Seventh Cavalry is one of the largest in my command, and has a reputation of its own to sustain. I know that Col. Waller is an able and determined officer."

"STONEWALL" OF THE CONFEDERATE NAVY.

[Rev. W. S. Hammond, of the M. E. Church, South, furnishes an interesting sketch of Confederate naval service during the sixties. He refers to a statement of Lieut. Henry E. Rhoades, of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, which appeared recently in the *New York Tribune*. Rhoades, upon being asked if he was not one of the American naval officers who received appointments in 1868 to aid in the organization of the Japanese navy, replied that the credit for the Japanese navy may be placed to the American naval officers, as it really began with the purchase of the armor-clad Stonewall (later called the *Adzuma*) from the United States government in 1866.]

The story of the Stonewall is unique in every particular. Its vicissitude was great, for in its career it passed under the control, for a time, of no less than six governments—France, Denmark, Confederate States of America, Spain, United States, and Japan. It represented the last naval effort of the Confederacy, and the first serious naval effort of Japan.

The story of the Confederate navy is without a parallel in history. When the war began it was not in existence—its timbers were in the forests and its ropes and hawsers in the hemp fields of the South. Its achievements bespeak the genius and indomitable courage of Stephen R. Mallory and his gallant coadjutors, who wiped the Federal merchant marine from the seas. Their prowess is attested by the fact that our country has not yet recovered from the blow. The "ship subsidy" scheme so warmly advocated by Northern Congressmen in recent years is a measure designed to repair the damage done and havoc wrought by Semmes, Waddell, and their heroic compeers forty years ago. These men, who, with such limited resources, and facing almost insurmountable obstacles, accomplished such deeds of daring, were men of no common mold.

Not the least among these was Commander James D. Bulloch, of Georgia (an uncle of President Roosevelt), Confederate naval agent in England. Brave as men are made, and in diplomacy fully equal to Adams, who represented the Federal government at the Court of St. James—a stronger representative than Adams this country never sent abroad—Bulloch was a fitting representative of a government whose main assets were courage and daring. Men were never placed in a more difficult position than these naval agents of the Confederacy. The nations of the world never assigned to their government a higher status than that of a "belligerent." Her representatives abroad enjoyed only a quasi political status, and could exercise none of the privileges of a full diplomatic standing. Had the independence of the Confederacy been acknowledged by foreign movements, their situation would have been greatly relieved, as they then would have stood on an equal footing with the representatives of the Federal government. Such, however, was not the case, as the acknowledgment of Southern independence by foreign powers never became an accomplished fact. Every act of the Confederate agents was closely scrutinized by foreign officials, zealous in their observance of neutrality laws, and their every movement was made in spite of the Argus-eyed surveillance of watchful representatives of the United States government. Hampered by such limitations, it is a little short of a miracle that they accomplished anything at all.

In the autumn of 1864 Bulloch learned that Arman, a ship-builder of Bordeaux, France, had completed an ironclad of the "ram" pattern for the Danish government. It was probable that the Danish government would not accept this vessel, as the exigency of war which created a demand for it had

passed away. Bulloch determined to secure this craft for his government, although he well knew that it could not be bought outright in France, nor manned and launched from a French port. He immediately devised an ingenious plan for attaining his end and circumventing the laws of neutrality. He entered into negotiations with M. Henri Riviere, Arman's agent. By the allowance of a liberal commission he secured Riviere's coöperation in a plan to conduct the vessel to Copenhagen, as if to turn it over to the Danish government. Capt. J. T. Page, of the Confederate navy, accompanied the French agent, and was to assume command of the ironclad should Bulloch's plan prove successful. Riviere, by the bestowal of another generous commission, prevailed on the Danish government inspector to condemn and reject the boat as not measuring up to the required specifications. Upon the refusal of the Danes to accept the vessel, the agent started, ostensibly to return with it to Bordeaux, but in reality to conduct it to Belle Isle, on the coast of France, the place appointed by Bulloch as a rendezvous. The ironclad, which had borne the name *Sphinx*, was rechristened *Stonewall*, in honor of the hero of Chancellorsville. While Riviere was carrying out his part of the contract, Bulloch had brought to Belle Isle from Calais a crew for the *Stonewall*, made up of men who had served on the privateer *Florida*. A small steamer, the *City of Richmond*, had escaped the vigilance of the English authorities, and brought ammunition from London. That the ironclad should be brought from one point, the crew from another, and the stores and ammunition from yet another, and that they should all meet at the appointed place and time, indicates no small ability on the part of Bulloch. These arrangements were made and consummated despite the vigilance of enemies on all sides.

Capt. Page assumed command, ran up his flag, and the *Stonewall* started on its career as a Confederate battleship. Bermuda, in the West Indies, was the destination suggested by Bulloch. From this vantage point the *Stonewall* was to deal havoc among the Federal blockading squadrons along the coast of the Carolinas. Page found that his supply of coal was running short, and that he would be compelled to secure an additional supply before the transatlantic trip could be attempted. In this dilemma he made for Ferrol, Spain. His right as a "belligerent" permitted him to take sufficient coal at a neutral port to carry his vessel to the nearest port of his own country. There was a great risk, however, in this, as he knew the United States Ministers and Consuls would "move heaven and earth" to detain his ship in any neutral port into which he might enter. Passing through the Bay of Biscay in a furious storm, he made Ferrol, Spain. Here he found coaling to be his smallest task, as the *Stonewall* had suffered serious damage in the recent storm, and could not proceed until the necessary repairs could be made. The Federal officials did all in their power to hinder this work by playing on the fears of the Spanish authorities. Making needed repairs in the face of all the obstacles interposed by the Federal officials detained Page until the 24th of March, when he started out to sea. Just sixteen days afterwards, Lee surrendered at Appomattox. Commodore T. T. Craven, in command of the *Niagara*, and accompanied by the *Sacramento*, was sent in pursuit of the *Stonewall* as soon as the Federal officials learned of her departure from Belle Isle. Craven followed Page to Ferrol, and awaited with the *Niagara* and *Sacramento* in the Bay of Coruna, ostensibly for the purpose of attacking the Confederate ironclad when it should come out of the port of Ferrol. The time spent in waiting gave the Federal Commodore's courage an opportunity to wane and

finally ooze away; for, when the Stonewall finally made for the open sea, Craven never budged. This inaction involved him in a court-martial a few months later. Craven's report of the matter to the Navy Department is very explicit as to his feelings: "With feelings no one can imagine, I was obliged to undergo the deep humiliation of knowing that she (the Stonewall) was there, steaming back and forth, flaunting her flags, and waiting for me to go out to the attack. I dared not do it." The court-martial must have considered this damage to his feelings ample punishment for his derelictions, as they found him guilty on the general charge and sentenced him "to be suspended from duty on leave pay for two years." This light sentence called from Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, a severe reprimand of the court, and a caustic review of their proceedings. The indignant Secretary claimed that the inference from the court's verdict established a vicious rule for the conduct of naval commanders—viz., "Do not fight if there is a chance of defeat," rather than the converse rule: "Fight if there is a chance of victory."

Without further delay the Stonewall sailed for the West Indies, only to find on her arrival that the Confederacy had fallen, and that further resistance by sea or land was altogether useless. At Havana, Captain Page turned over his battleship to the Spanish authorities, who, in turn, surrendered her to the United States officials. This government, as stated by Lieutenant Rhoades, sold their prize, in 1866, to Japan. The Stonewall, renamed the Adzuma, thus became the embryo of a new navy which, from present indications, may make a name for itself not unworthy of the best traditions of the great chieftain for whom her first warship was named.

WIVES AND WIDOWS OF TEXAS VETERANS.—A letter from Palestine, Tex., states that Miss Daffan, State President U. D. C., has made Mrs. A. R. Howard Chairman of the Board of the Confederate Wives' and Widows' Home. We heartily indorse her good judgment in this selection, and assure her that she has thus found "an open sesame" to the heart of Palestine, for this city has no one more highly esteemed than Mrs. A. R. Howard. She has for many years past identified herself with everything pertaining to the beloved institutions of the South and for the maintenance of the hallowed cause, the tender sentiment, and the sacred memories of its heroes.

Mrs. Howard has not only a charming personality but possesses in a marked degree executive ability; so no one else could fill this important office more ably. We all feel highly gratified by Miss Daffan's selection, for in honoring this peerless Southern woman she thus honors Palestine.

OUR BROTHERS IN BLACK.

(An address of the South to the North.)

Hark you, my Puritan critics!

Forget you the Cavalier's pride?

And know you the black Ethiopian?

The leopard—the spots on his hide?

You sold us the African chattels,

You tempted our ease and our greed;

And then you got zealously righteous

And warred on the law and our need,

While we made the savages Christians

And paid for the sins of us both.

Now, counting the good and the evil,

We blush not, and nothing are loath.

We forged, too, a bond of affection,

More firm than the title you gave—

The weal of the served and the serving,

The love of the master and slave.

We sucked the breasts of their mammies—

They fed from the fat of our store,

And, called to the far field of conflict,

We left them on guard at our door.

We bowed to the God of the battle—

We own he was wiser than we—

And patiently took up the burden

Of teaching the bond to be free.

For wronging—If wrong was committed—

The rod had been laid to our back;

Yet, stricken, we knew it was ours

To guardian our brothers in black.

And you in your heedless ambition—

Forgetting the Cavalier's pride,

Forgetting the rule of the Saxon,

For which you yourselves would have died—

With bricks without straw you endeavored

To fashion new pillars of state,

And seal up the house of our fathers

With sectional, partisan hate.

Instead you made wreckage of Statehood;

You loosed us the terrors of race,

And only our God and our virgins

Know what we were called on to face.

At last by the right of the Saxon,

By strength that was bred in the bone,

By law that is higher than statute,

We came in the end to our own.

Again we gave cheerful compliance—

We took up the burden with care,

We give them the blessings of learning;

We pay—they receive, share for share,

And full opportunity opens

To black man and white man the same

To follow the bent of his genius

To fortune and culture and fame.

By parallel lines they are treading

The highways all people have trod,

But socially there is a chasm

Dug deep in the wisdom of God.

To span it were death to both races;

But, drunk on your meddlesome brew,

They reel to the doom of the foolish

Or madden on wormwood and rue.

We know them—they know us. Between us

Is knowledge you never can know.

We know, for the centuries taught us;

They know, for they learned it in woe.

So, hands off! The burden is ours;

And, faithfully plodding along,

We'll move through the night to the morning,

And answer to God for the wrong.

Go, ponder this rule of the ages,

Writ large on the scroll of the skies:

The white man will govern with wisdom,

And chaos will reign when he dies.

—Clarence Ousley, in the *Houston (Tex.) Post*.



REV. S. G. FERGUSON.

Rev. Sydnor G. Ferguson died at his home in Leesburg, Va., on the morning of March 7 of heart failure. He was born in Fauquier County, Va., in November, 1845. He was endowed with the elements of great strength physically, intellectually, and morally, and these were developed by his experiences into the character of a prince among men. When a youth of eighteen he entered the service of his country with Mosby's Partisan Rangers. His soldierly qualities were of the highest order, and he won distinction among that notable body of men. One of the most brilliant exploits of his command was the rout of Blazer's men at Kabletown in the fall of 1864, and Comrade Ferguson put the crowning glory on that achievement by pursuing and capturing the Federal commander single-handed and with empty revolvers. This is but one instance of many which won him high standing with his commanding officers and comrades. After the war his life was such as to secure to him the admiration and affectionate regard not only from his surviving comrades but to the public at large.

He resumed his studies after the war and prepared himself for the ministry, becoming a notable figure in the Conference of the M. E. Church, South. He lived up to the great principles of Christianity, which he advocated in others. In his social life there were none more genial. He was twice married—first to Miss Katherine Fennell, and of this union six children survive, and second to Miss Mary Jordan, of Front Royal, who survives him.

MILTON McDONALD FERGUSON.

Milton McDonald Ferguson was born in Rhea County, Tenn., in May of 1827, and died in Gallatin County, Mont., December 28, 1903. He enlisted in the Confederate army in August, 1861, serving in Company D, First Regiment Tennessee Cavalry, throughout the war, taking part in the battle of Perryville, Ky., Murfreesboro, Knoxville, and many other engagements. He was a member in good standing of Sterling Price Camp, No. 1378, U. C. V., Bozeman, Mont.

DR. WILLIAM HENRY BELTON.

Dr. W. H. Belton died at his residence in the town of Colusa, Cal., on November 16, 1903. He was born at Newberry, S. C., in 1838, but his parents removed to Lowndes County, Miss. while he was very young. He was at the Western Military Institute at Florence, Ala., when the war began. A company was formed at the town of Crawford, Miss., near his home, and he joined Company E, Eleventh Mississippi Infantry, as a private. It was commanded by Capt. W. Harrison, under Col. John Moore. Young Belton was promoted to second lieutenant, then to be first lieutenant, and afterwards to captain. He was in the battle of Manassas and all other engagements in which his regiment participated until wounded and captured. In the battle of Gaines's Mill he was wounded in the arm and leg, and in the face at Gettysburg, a ball passing through his jaw and root of tongue. He never fully recovered from the effects of this wound, and it finally wrecked his nervous sys-

tem. He also had to endure the hardships of a prisoner at Johnson's Island and Point Lookout.

After the war, Dr. Belton went to California, going from San Francisco to Mazatlan, Mexico, and from there to Colusa, Cal. Here he married Miss Annie Green, adopted daughter of W. S. Green. Two daughters and a son survive him.

Dr. Belton stood in the front rank of his profession, but he administered rather to the wants of the poor than the rich, and his death caused many hearts to mourn. He was highly respected and loved by all his townspeople.

CAPT. ARTHUR BUTLER WILLIAMS.

Capt. A. B. Williams was born in Fayetteville, N. C., and lived there till his death, in January, 1904. From a eulogy by Col. Broadfoot, a fellow-member of the U. C. V. Camp there, the following is taken:

"Comrades: This time it is an artilleryman, Capt. Arthur B. Williams, of Brem's Battery, Army of Northern Virginia, Company C, Tenth Reigment, North Carolina Troops, whose guns fired the last shot at Appomattox, which will echo and reëcho to the last syllable of recorded time, and gladden the hearts of all ready and worthy to do and die for country, who in the sixty-second year of his age passed quietly to his rest.

“He was of fine presence, good manners, pleasing address, and withal plain as a pikestaff. His habits were exemplary, his principles sound, his character of the highest. In the community—in fact, in this part of our State—everybody knew him, everybody respected him, and those who knew him best loved him.

"We shall miss his manly form, his cheerful greeting, the eyes that looked you squarely in the face, but always pleasantly. The open hands are now folded, palm downward; the tongue that always voiced the bright side, and was never known to grumble, has been hushed.

"Comrades, let us speak more often the kindly word, extend more readily the helping hand to each other, and let every soldier keep his armor bright against that day when each in turn shall be called to pass inspection before the great Captain. Close up."

LOUIS SHERFESEE.

Comrade A. W. Riecke writes from Charleston, S. C.: "On March 22, there died at his home in Charleston, of a complication of diseases, a veteran of 'the gray' who did credit to the uniform he wore. Louis Sherfesee was born in Minden, Germany, and as a babe in arms reached the city which became his home for life. During the latter part of 1860 he associated himself with the Washington Artillery of Charleston, responding with that command to the call of the Governor of the State for troops to occupy Fort Moultrie on its abandonment by Maj. Robert Anderson and his garrison on the 27th of December, 1860, and also doing duty with the same around Charleston until early in 1861, when he, with a number of its members, formed a company of volunteers for service in Virginia, as a part of Hampton's Legion. On leaving Charleston, under command of Capt. Stephen D. Lee, the ladies of the city presented a guidon to the company, which was placed in charge of Comrade Sherfesee, who bravely and safely carried the same through the war, he himself passing unscathed through the whole of it. Upon the promotion of Capt. Lee, Hart and then Halsey commanded the battery of horse artillery, attached to Stuart's and Hampton's cavalry brigades. The command did effective service, and Comrade Sherfesee participated in all till the end. In 1808 he participated in or

ganizing Camp Washington Artillery, No. 1102, and was chosen its first Commander. In all matters pertaining to the war he took an active interest. He has now answered the last roll call and joined the host on the other shore. The tattered banner that he had borne so bravely through the battle's din and the battle flag of the parent organization drooped over his bier at the solemn services.

'Life's warfare over, he sleeps well.'

S. W. CARMICHAEL, M.D., FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

Dr. Spotswood Wellford Carmichael, of Fredericksburg, Va., served faithfully and unselfishly among the sick and wounded of the Confederate armies during the four years of the war. He came of a family distinguished as physicians, and occupied up to the time of his death the office at Fredericksburg that was used by his father and grandfather before him.

The latter, Dr. James Carmichael, who had been graduated in medicine in Edinburgh, Scotland, left his native land at the age of twenty, and made his home at Fredericksburg about 1790, where an uncle, Dr. George French, also a Scotchman, had settled some time before. His son, Dr. George French Carmichael, took up the practice of his father, married Mary, daughter of John Spotswood Wellford and granddaughter of Dr. Robert Wellford (a native of England), and during the war served as surgeon in the Army of Northern Virginia, having charge for some time of the Danville hospital. His three sons also were in the military service. James, who was educated at the University of Virginia and the Episcopal Seminary at Alexandria, is rector of a church at Wilmington, N. C., and, during the war, was most helpful as a chaplain. Charles Carter, who was first lieutenant of Company C, Thirtieth Virginia Regiment, now resides at Fredericksburg. Dr. S. W. Carmichael was born at Fredericksburg, Va., November 23, 1830, and, after a general education at a classical school at Princeton College, N. J., and Concord Academy, Va., he studied medicine with his father. Later he attended the medical department of the University of Virginia and Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, being graduated by the latter institution in 1852. He engaged in practice at Fredericksburg. During the first year of the war he served as an assistant surgeon, on duty at Culpeper C. H., Va., and later at Chaffin's Bluff, on the James River, attached to an artillery command. In the spring of 1862 he was promoted surgeon. He remained at Chaffin's Bluff until the fall of 1862, and during the following year was on hospital duty at Danville, Va. From the fall of 1863 to the spring of 1864 he was surgeon at the hospital at Newnan, Ga., and then until July, 1864, was on duty at Richmond. The remainder of the war he was stationed at Lynchburg. After the war he engaged with remarkable success in professional duties at his native city. For many years he was a fellow of the State Medical Society, and for four years was a member of the Medical Examining Board of Virginia.

On December 19, 1861, Dr. Carmichael was married to Fannie Tucker, daughter of John Randolph Bryan, a native of Georgia. She died August 17, 1896. Dr. Carmichael died March 18, 1904, at his home in Fredericksburg, Va., in the same room in which he was born seventy-three years before, the house then and now being in the family. This house was used during the war as a hospital. In the staircase there is the larger part of a spent shell. In accordance with his expressed desire, he was buried in the Confederate uniform he wore during the memorable days from 1861 to 1865; under his left arm was his old Confederate hat, and in his hand was a miniature Confederate flag. He was respected and beloved by all in the

honored character which a long life of great usefulness and skill in his profession had secured to him. He was a dignified, gracious Virginia gentleman, a Christian, noble and manly.

He was eminent as a physician for more than half a century. Maury Camp of Confederate Veterans attended the funeral in a body, he having been surgeon of the camp since its organization, many years ago. Dr. Carmichael is survived by two sons (Dr. Randolph Bryan Carmichael, of Washington, D. C., and Mr. Coalter Bryan Carmichael, of Baltimore, Md.) and three daughters (Misses Elizabeth Coalter, Ellen Spotswood, and Fanny Tucker, of Fredericksburg, Va.).

CAPT. D. G. PARR.

The following tribute is paid the late benefactor of Louisville by Gen. S. D. Lee, Commander in Chief U. C. V.:

"It becomes the painful duty of the General Commanding to announce to his beloved comrades the death of another member of his military family. Col. Daniel G. Parr, an aid on his staff, died at the family home, in Louisville, Ky., on the 19th inst.



CAPT. PARR.

"Aside from his many acts of private beneficence, Col. Parr will be held in high esteem and lasting affection by the United Confederate Veteran organization for the beautiful Soldiers' Home at Pewee Valley, Ky., of which he was practically the founder. His open-handed liberality toward this institution is an example to be followed by generous Confederates everywhere, and will ever be pointed to with pride by his associates."

The results of Capt. Parr's donation for a Kentucky Confederate Home are already marvelous.

COL. VINCENT MARMADUKE.

A committee comprised of James A. Gordon, George W. Lankford, and Richard W. Nicolds, from the Gen. J. S. Marmaduke Camp, U. C. V., at Marshall, Mo., reported concerning the death of Col. Vincent Marmaduke, in which they state:

"Col. Vincent Marmaduke died on Friday, March 25, 1904, of pneumonia at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Dr. William Harrison, Marshall, Mo., in the seventy-fifth year of his age. Col. Marmaduke was born near Arrow Rock, Saline County, Mo., being the eldest son of Gov. M. M. Marmaduke, and also the eldest grandson of Dr. John Sappington.

"Col. Marmaduke was the brother of Gen. John S. Marmaduke, the gallant Confederate leader, who, like his illustrious father, was also Governor of Missouri.

"Through a long life Col. Marmaduke was one of the most distinguished citizens of Saline County, having filled many honorable stations. He was twice commissioned by the President of the Confederate States to perform important and delicate duties, in the performance of which he was far above reproach. Col. Marmaduke was widely known throughout the entire country. He had traveled much and enjoyed life.

"To live in the hearts of those we leave behind is not to die," therefore while in anguish and sorrow we deplore his loss, yet we will still cherish his memory.

"Resolved, That this resolution be spread on the records of our Camp and a copy sent to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for publication, and also a copy sent to each of his daughters—viz., Mrs. Dr. William Harrison, of Marshall, Mo., and Mrs. Lt. Carey, of Kansas City, Mo."

MAJ. R. A. BURFORD.

Maj. R. A. Burford was born at Dixon Springs, Tenn., February 23, 1827; and died at Troy, Ala., January 28. He married Miss Mary E. Lowe, of Hartsville, Tenn. Maj. Burford was a veteran of two wars, having served in our war with Mexico. In the War between the States he participated with distinction. He entered the army at the beginning of the struggle as first lieutenant in Heyner's Company of the Twenty-Third Tennessee Infantry. At the battle of Shiloh every superior officer of his regiment was killed, and Lieut. Burford, having been placed in command, led the regiment back into action and participated with the entire corps till the end of the battle. Honorable mention was made of Lieut. Burford's bravery, and he was advanced to the rank of captain, but he was stricken with typhoid fever, which greatly enfeebled his constitution. When he recovered he again applied for service and received letters from his brigadier general, also from Gen. Cleburne. Capt. Burford reentered service under Gen. Donelson, where he was soon advanced to the rank of major. At the battle of Murfreesboro he was dangerously wounded in the head.

Gen. Donelson, in writing to Gen. Cleburne, said: "It affords me the greatest pleasure to say to you, knowing that Capt. Burford, up to the time of reorganization, was under your command, that he conducted himself most nobly and gallantly until he was thrown from his horse by the bursting of a shell, a portion of which struck him and disabled him to such an extent that the surgeon would not permit him to take any further part in the action."

After the conclusion of the war Maj. Burford took a manful part in the upbuilding of the South.

MRS. L. O'B. BRANCH.

Mrs. L. O'B. Branch, widow of the famous North Carolina brigadier general who gave his life for the Confederacy at Sharpsburg, passed peacefully away at her home in Raleigh on November 9, 1903.

Mrs. Branch had been in declining health for several months, and had almost reached the advanced age of eighty-six years. She was the daughter of Gen. W. A. Blount, one of North Carolina's distinguished men, and her mother was the daughter of Sherwood Haywood, Esq., of Raleigh. In 1844 she was married to Gen. Lawrence O'B. Branch, who represented his district in Congress for several terms, and during that time his family lived in Washington City. At the outbreak of the war he went to the front and was made brigadier general. He lost his life while leading his brigade in the battle of Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862; and his body was borne from the field by his faithful negro servant, Wiley. After forty-one years of patient watching and waiting, his devoted wife is again with him.

Mrs. Branch was a remarkable woman. She was a close student of current events and endowed with executive ability of a high order; but above all, she possessed the charm and sweetness of Southern womanhood. She was deeply interested in contributing to the needs of Confederate veterans and perpetuating the memory of those who gave their lives for the cause. It was Mrs. Branch who organized the Ladies' Memorial Association at Raleigh and became its first president. For many years she remained the head of this organization, and accomplished untold good.

The veterans in the Soldiers' Home were frequently cheered by her presence, and loved her dearly. The Confederate Camp in this city is named for her distinguished husband,

and upon the last memorial day, when she was unable to attend the exercises, a body of veterans visited her.

Though one of the best-informed women in the South on war history and current topics, still her great strength and charm lay in her home life, adorned by her noble Christian



MRS. L. O'B. BRANCH.

character. To her even in her latter years her children came with unerring trust and confidence in her loving sympathy and wise advice.

About twenty-five years ago she had an accident while on a visit in Washington, N. C., that made her lame, but she surmounted even this painful trouble and never allowed it to interfere with her duties. Her health was well-nigh perfect until her illness last summer. She had rallied from this, however, and had been out several times even recently.

Mrs. Branch had four children: Hon. William B. Branch, ex-Congressman, of Washington, N. C.; Mrs. Robert H. Jones, of Raleigh; Mrs. Armistead Jones, of Raleigh; and Mrs. Kerr Craige, of Salisbury.

The funeral was attended by a large gathering of veterans, relatives, and other friends, and many affecting incidents showed the esteem in which the good woman was held.

Drawn up in lines extending from the gateway to the entrance of the residence were veterans from L. O'B. Branch Camp and the Soldiers' Home. Their heads were bared, not a few with armless sleeves and wooden limbs, bearing eloquent testimony to their valor on bloody battlefields. They were assigned a position immediately behind the hearse, and marched in this order to the church.

Arriving at Christ Church, the cortège was met by the members of the Ladies' Memorial Association, who also took their places in the line and occupied seats set apart for them. A

large congregation had already gathered. The rector, Rev. M. M. Marshall, D.D., gave the impressive burial office of the Episcopal Church.

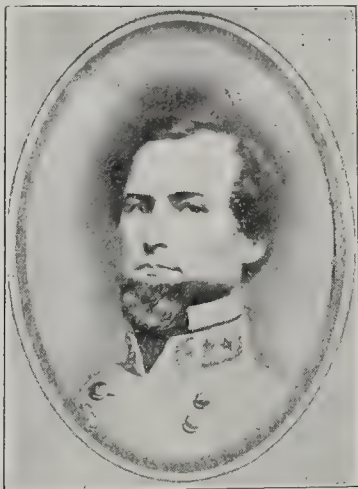
The choir sang "Asleep in Jesus," "Lead, Kindly Light," and "Jesus, Saviour of My Soul."

The interment was in the city cemetery beside the grave of Gen. Branch. A wealth of flowers, including many magnificent wreaths, were laid upon the grave. Among the floral pieces were handsome designs from the L. O'B. Branch Camp of Veterans, the Ladies' Memorial Association, the Sons of Veterans, and the Harry Burgwyn Camp.

The draped colors of the Camp were sent to the residence to be placed above the honored remains until after the funeral.

The flag at the Soldiers' Home has been half-masted since Mrs. Branch's death.

Gen. Branch finished his literary education at Princeton, came to Tennessee and studied law with the eminent jurist judge, John Marshall, of Franklin. He resided during the time with the family of his uncle, Dr. Lawrence D. G. O'Bryan.



GEN. BRANCH.

J. THOMAS DUNN.

Thomas Shannon, Acting Adjutant of the Stonewall Camp, U. C. V., Portsmouth, Va., reports the death of J. Thomas Dunn, the very efficient Adjutant of that Camp, which sad event occurred in Portsmouth, Va., February 22, 1904. Adjutant Dunn entered the service as private in Company F, Forty-First Virginia Regiment of Infantry, when a boy of sixteen years, and gallantly served his country to the end. He was in many of the notable engagements of the Army of Northern Virginia.

The VETERAN had a diligent friend in Comrade Dunn for many years, and hopes to record more of his noble deeds.

FELIX TAYLOR TALIAFERRO.

At Elizabeth, N. J., on the 5th of March, F. T. Taliaferro, a Confederate Veteran and member of a prominent Virginia family, died of heart disease, aged fifty-eight years. He was born at Orange C. H., Va., November, 1845, and at the beginning of the war was a student at the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington. All the arguments of his family could not restrain him from entering the army, and he practically ran away to join Gilmore's Partisan Rangers. He was subsequently transferred and served in Company B, Bayly's Battalion, Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, under Gen. Rosser. Senator Taliaferro, of Florida, is his brother.

SOLOMON A. ARNOLD.

S. A. Arnold, born November 14, 1829, died after a short illness in Pickens, Miss., January 17, 1904, and there is one less of the valiant men who bore a part in the war of the United States with Mexico. At fifteen years he joined the Mississippi Volunteers in that war, and served under the command of Jefferson Davis, and was honorably discharged at the close. He contracted smallpox during this service, which left him a diseased man. In consequence of this condition, most of his service during the War between the States was in

the hospitals. Among his letters of that time are requests for medicine, food, and bedding. He was specially skilled in nursing and in the use of medicines. He was connected with Barksdale's Mississippi Brigade, which served in the Army of Northern Virginia, and was wounded once. His financial struggles after the war closed were very great, his debtors taking advantage of those strenuous times and the laws of bankruptcy to avoid paying him his dues.

Mr. Arnold was a member of the M. E. Church, South, and a worthy Mason. He was buried with all the honors of that fraternity. His daughters, Misses Fannie and Ora, are the only near relatives who survive him.

R. H. SMALL.

Comrade and Confrère R. H. Small, editor and owner of the Mabank, Tex., *Courier*, was buried in Palestine March 6, 1904. Ed W. Smith, Sr., his associate in war and almost life-long friend, pays a fine tribute to him:

"Richard (Dick) H. Small was born in old Fort Houston, near Palestine, August 12, 1841, which is now the home of our beloved John H. Reagan. Mr. Small entered journalism at an early age. In the summer of 1861 he joined the battery which became famous under J. P. Douglas. Forty young men of Tyler joined a like number at Dallas, and organized the First Texas Battery, electing John I. Goode, of Dallas, captain, and James P. Douglas first lieutenant. Dick Small was one of that faithful band to the end, serving with it in the perilous campaigns under J. E. Johnston and J. B. Hood. During 1863 he professed religion and joined the M. E. Church, South.

"After the war he resumed the publishing business, whereby he maintained his mother and young sister. On September 5, 1872, he married Miss Mary Lycurgus Rhodes, of Palestine. To this union there was a daughter, Mary, now the wife of Judge Fitzgerald, of Tyler. The wife and the mother died July 4, 1881. In May, 1883, he was married again, Miss Laura Trimble, of Rusk, becoming his second wife. He is survived by her and three daughters—Mrs. Fitzgerald and Misses Louise and Kathleen.

"The one who knew him best during the larger part of his civic and domestic life thus admirably summarizes his virtues: 'He was at all times and under all circumstances a generous friend, a loyal patriot, the faithful devotee of right and truth, the earnest Christian, the devoted, loving husband and father.'"

GEN. JAMES H. WILLIAMS.

Sadly often did death invade Confederate ranks during the year of 1903, and many vacant places attest the passing of a loved member of the household. On the 7th of December, Gen. James H. Williams died at his home in Woodstock, Va., where he had spent nearly his entire life, death coming to him at the old homestead where he was born, in 1836.

Gen. Williams was a lawyer of marked ability, and had won for himself a brilliant reputation as an orator. After completing his law course at the University of Virginia, in 1857, he removed to Dubuque, Iowa, and, though but twenty-one years of age, was soon actively engaged in the practice of his profession, and in 1860 he was elected a member of the Iowa Legislature. When the war began he abandoned his brilliant prospects in Iowa and returned to his home in Virginia, where he entered the army and was elected a lieutenant in Chew's Horse Artillery, which was attached to Ashby's Regiment. It was afterwards Rosser's Brigade, and just at the close of the

war he was made captain of the same company. He served as Judge Advocate General in Stuart's, and then Hampton's, Corps. At the reorganization of the Militia of Virginia he was chosen as brigadier general and commissioned by Gov. Gilbert C. Walker.

After the war Gen. Williams resumed the practice of law at Woodstock and Winchester. He represented Frederick County in the Virginia Legislature, and was afterwards a candidate for Congress in the Eighth Virginia District. At the time of his death he resided in Woodstock, his practice of law being continued so long as his health permitted. He was married in 1871 to Miss Cora Pritchatt, who, with a daughter, survives him. Gen. Williams was a man of generous impulses, ever ready to lend a helping hand to those needing his services, and his kindness of heart was known best by those who were most intimate with him. Resolutions by the Shenandoah County bar, by Cassie Lodge of Masons, by the Shenandoah Camp, U. C. V., of which he was a member, and by the Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy are just and beautiful tributes to his memory. By his faithfulness to duty, his invariable courtesy, and his care for the unfortunate, he had endeared himself to everybody, and many heart tributes are being paid to the memory of him who was "everybody's friend."

THOMAS R. HOLLOWELL.

Thomas R. Hollowell was born in Rutherford County, Tenn., September 16, 1839; and died January 9, 1904. On May 28, 1861, at Jackson, Tenn., he enlisted in Company H, Twelfth Tennessee Regiment. He was in the battle of Belmont, Tenn.; also in the two days' fight at Shiloh, where, on the second day and in the last charge his regiment made, he was almost in reach of the flag he was striving to capture, when he was shot three times and fell, with what was supposed to be fatal wounds, with the coveted prize waving directly over his head. He was left on the field for dead, but after recovering consciousness was taken prisoner and sent to Cincinnati, Ohio, then to Camp Dennison. He was offered the privilege but refused to sign the oath of allegiance to the United States. He was from there transferred to Camp Chase, Ohio. After recovering from his wounds, he was exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss., March, 1863, and was then assigned to duty in the purchasing Commissary Department of Cheatham's Division. In March, 1864, he was commissioned to raise Company I, Twenty-First Tennessee Cavalry, which was done, and surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., under Gen. Forrest, at the close of the war.

He was elected trustee of Rutherford County in 1878, and re-elected in 1880, and had been in the general merchandise business since 1882.

HAMPTON WADE.

The grim Adjutant Death has detailed Hampton Wade to enter the portals of the Silent Land. He died at his home at or near Estabatchie, Miss., March 10, after several weeks of suffering.

Comrade Wade was born in Smith County, Tenn., May, 1836. He was reared in Mississippi on a farm. Early in 1862, at Enterprise, he enlisted in Company B, Thirty-Seventh Mississippi Regiment, and served with that fine command, led by the gallant Orlando S. Holland, in its marches, battles, and sieges. He participated in the battles of Iuka, Corinth, Spring Hill, the Georgia campaign of 1864, Franklin and Nashville, and through it all was never wounded.

He returned to Mississippi and to farming after the war, and by industry and economy he attained a fair measure of

success. We who survive him will cherish his virtues and let the grave cover his faults, knowing that God hath done all things well.

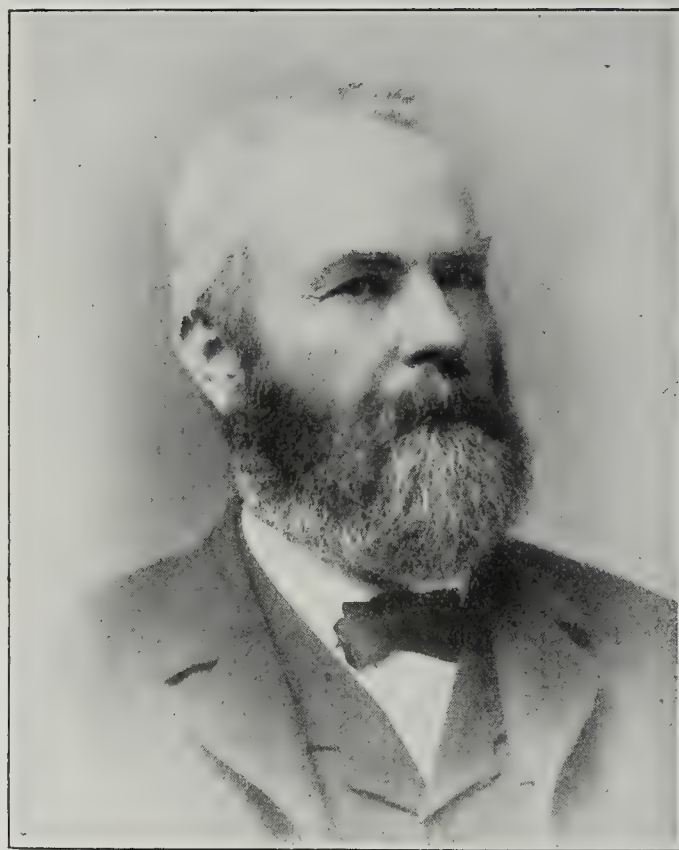
For the camp,

BY THE ADJUTANT.

MAJ. D. W. ANDERSON.

On Thursday, April 30, 1903, Maj. David W. Anderson died at his home, in Fluvanna County, Va., in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was born in Louisa County, Va., on September 22, 1828. He was a kind and loving husband, a tender and affectionate father, a generous and unselfish friend, and an honest man. The brightness and nobility of his mind and heart followed him in all the relations of life—in the camp, by the fireside, and in his associations with his fellow-men. His life was an open book. In short, he was a straightforward, modest, Christian gentleman of the highest type.

When the great War between the States commenced, Maj. Anderson was in the midsummer of life—in the bloom and noonday of his manhood—and was among the first to respond to the call of his native State. He was made captain of one of the first companies to enlist, and served with gallantry throughout the memorable campaigns of Stonewall Jackson in the Valley of Virginia and subsequently under Gens. Ewell



MAJ. D. W. ANDERSON.

and Early, until the closing drama at Appomattox. He was twice seriously wounded and experienced many hairbreadth escapes. He was field officer of the day on the 12th of May, 1864, at the battle of Spotsylvania C. H., and was captured at the "Bloody Angle" and sent to Fort Delaware. Shortly afterwards he was among the list of Confederate officers selected to be sent to Charleston, S. C., to be placed under fire of the Confederate batteries in retaliation for a like number of Union officers held at Fort Sumter. He was soon afterwards exchanged and returned to his command.

When Gen. Lee surrendered, he began anew the battle of life, and ever afterwards struggled to heal the wounds of the War

between the States. He was a consistent member of the M. E. Church, South. He represented his county for two years in the Legislature of Virginia, and at the time of his death he was Chairman of the Board of Supervisors of his county. Maj. Anderson leaves a widow and two children—Dr. C. W. Anderson and Mrs. Bernard Burgess. He also leaves four brothers—Capt. John B. Anderson, of Fluvanna County, Va.; Nathan J. Anderson, of Brownsville, Tenn.; Hon. R. I. Anderson, of Pittsylvania County, Va.; and Henry R. Anderson, of Nelson County, Va.

DR. J. C. JONES.

On January 25, in the midst of those whom he loved best, after a brief illness, Dr. J. C. Jones passed peacefully and quietly away at his home in Gonzales, Tex. He was born in Lawrence County, Ala., March 13, 1837; and came to Texas with his parents in 1856 and located at San Antonio. He received his literary education at La Grange College, Alabama, taking the degree of A.M. He began the study of medicine soon after settling in Texas, and after a preliminary course of reading went to Scotland and entered the University of Edinburgh. Here he remained four years, taking the degree of M.D. in 1860. The university was then in the zenith of its fame, and numbered among its officers Sir William Gladstone and Lord Brougham; in surgery, Sir James Syne and Sir James Simpson. From the latter he held a special diploma in obstetrics. He also took a special course in surgical pathology and operative surgery under Sir Joseph Lister.

After graduating at Edinburgh he went to Dublin, and was appointed resident student in the Rotunda Hospital, one of the most extensive and renowned maternity institutions in Europe. While there he attended the clinics of Stokes and Corrigan, and also the eye clinics of the talented Sir William Wilde—Oscar Wilde's father. From Dublin he went to London and took the surgical course of Ferguson, Erichson, and Paget; also attending the eye clinics of Bowman and Critchett at Moorfield Eye Hospital. From London he went to Paris and continued his studies in the hospital under Velpeau, Nilaton, Jobert, Trousseau, and Cassaignac.

At the beginning of hostilities in this country, in 1861, he returned to the United States, and was, on the personal recommendation of President Jefferson Davis, assigned to duty in the Army of Northern Virginia, and served as surgeon of the Fourth Texas Regiment, in the famous Hood's Brigade, until the surrender at Appomattox. He attended the brigade in all its numerous battles and skirmishes without a day's absence.

At the close of the war he returned to Texas (1865), and located at Gonzales. Here he continuously resided and practiced medicine ever afterwards. He served on all the examining boards of the judicial district in which he resided. He was a member of the Texas State Board of Health, a member of the Texas State Medical Association, and was an ex-Vice President of that body, of the American Medical Association, and of the Ninth International Medical Congress.

Dr. Jones was married in 1867 to Miss Mary Kennon Crisp, daughter of Dr. John H. Crisp, of Columbus, Tex. The five children—three sons and two daughters—are: S. P. Jones, Mrs. R. S. Dilworth, John C. Jones, Miss Kennon Jones, and Robert Elliott Jones. Dr. Jones contributed some valuable papers to the Texas State Medical Association. Dr. Jones had long been connected with the Church, and was one of the vestrymen in the Church of the Messiah at Gonzales.

As a member of Camp J. C. G. Key, Confederate Veterans, he never missed a meeting of the old veterans, unless prevented by professional duties. He attended a number of the

general reunions, and always, on those occasions, wore a suit of Confederate gray.

The foregoing records that Texas lost one of her most eminent citizens, one of her most accomplished scholars, one of her most distinguished physicians, but that is all. It says nothing of what a loyal-hearted comrade he was, nothing of the true friend, nothing of his good works, nor of his self-sacrificing Christian charities. His life was a beautiful one, and it is hard to realize that God in his infinite wisdom has deemed it best to bring it to a close.

It has been said that he is blessed who maketh two blades of grass to grow where one blade grew before. This being true of him, who adds only to the physical good of mankind, how infinitely more blessed is he who goes through life with willing hand outstretched to raise and help his fellow-men; eager to guide the faltering footsteps of his weaker brothers from thorny paths to pleasant fields, from the tempest-tossed seas of life to the calms of peace and serenity. To attain such blessing one must possess qualities of heart, mind, and soul given to but few men. Yet we know that there are such lives, and when we come in contact with them we instinctively regard them as beacon lights to guide to higher and nobler things and realize in its completest sense the truth of the Biblical statement that "God created man after his own image," for truly there is much of the divine in the performance of one's whole duty to God and to one's fellow-man.

Such was the life of Dr. J. C. Jones. Few men were better equipped for the duties of life than he, and fewer still had it given them to extend so long a life of usefulness over so broad a field. As a physician, as a soldier, as a citizen, and as an earnest and faithful disciple of the lowly Jesus, his field was large, and yet the most critical scrutiny of his life fails to reveal a flaw. He met all of life's duties, and when the final summons came it found him prepared—without fear and without reproach.

His life was so full of grandeur and beauty that one scarcely knows which of its phases most to admire—the quiet, earnest conversation of the polished scholar; the skill of the surgeon on the field of battle performing his duties amid the bursting shells and whistling Minie balls with as much delicacy and precision and as coolly as if he were in the operating room of a private hospital; the peaceful physician among his friends and neighbors, loved and respected by all; or the earnest, helpful Christian who so let his light shine that others might see and follow in his footsteps to nobler things. His life was full of opportunity. He had many widely diverging duties placed before him, and he met them willingly, uncomplainingly, and performed them all.

Had he possessed worldly ambition, had he been less pure-hearted, less earnest in his life work, there are no exalted honors to which he might not have aspired. He was superbly equipped intellectually for aught he might have undertaken. Few physicians are so well qualified for their noble calling as was he, few scholars so deeply read, and few men have a deeper or keener knowledge of their fellow-men than he. He thought not of himself, however; selfish ambition had not a place in his composition.

He attained eminence in his profession with all its concurrent honors, but those honors came unsought, and he cared little for them. His great skill as a physician, his wonderful influence for good over his fellow-men he regarded in the light of sacred trusts placed in his hands for the benefit of others, and not as instruments to be used for his own aggrandizement.

The world is better from Dr. Jones having lived, for h

belonged to that type of men from whose great hearts all fears and doubts have been driven by an overweening love for their fellow-men, leaving naught but exceeding peace behind. It was such a man Leigh Hunt had in mind when he wrote:

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerily still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

S. O. YOUNG.

The foregoing comes through ex-Commander J. B. Polley, whose "Charming Nelly" letters of years ago in the *VETERAN* are still delightfully remembered. Comrade Polley had also written of Dr. Jones, but asked that the paper of his former adjutant general be substituted for his own. The following from Comrade Polley will also be of interest:

"When he came to our camp, in October, 1861, we young fellows thought we had fallen on hard lines, to be commanded by a tyrannical martinet from the old army and to be doctored and sawed and carved by an old grandma like our surgeon or as callow and verdant a stripling as Dr. Jones then looked. It took but little time, though, for Hood to gain our love and admiration, and longer for Jones to do so. But when, at Gaines's Mill, June 27, 1862, the Fourth Texas were making the charge which broke the enemy's lines, and our men were dropping dead or wounded at every step of the way, those of us who cast a glance backward could always see the young assistant surgeon following close in the rear of the line, here and there halting to bind up a wound or administer a stimulant. Then we began to love and respect him; for, lacking the incentive of the private or officer, he yet risked every danger we encountered. As we came to know him better and to learn of his remarkable skill as a surgeon, our respect continued to grow.

"Dr. Jones was one surgeon of the Confederate army who was always at his post, never absent from a battle and never failing to follow close in the rear of the regiment and perform his duty. No danger appalled him, and in the deadliest heat of the conflict he would kneel as calmly and coolly by the side of a wounded man and administer to his needs as though he were a hundred miles from danger. Always good-humored, never sparing labor or time to furnish relief where it was possible. I doubt if he had his equal in devotion to duty in the army. In my recollection he was never absent a single night from the command, and no matter what the temptation in the matter of grub or good company, stayed in camp or bright on the line of march and took potluck with the boys without grumbling.

"Modest, unassuming, and rather reserved, he was yet a most companionable comrade. Truckling to no officialism and never self-seeking, his advancement was slower than, con-

sidering his abilities, it should have been. Yet, although he served for nearly two years as a sub to politically appointed surgeons, he made no complaint, feeling, doubtless, that he could accomplish more good down on the ground floor next to the private who did the real fighting than if placed in a higher position. His was not a gallantry inspired by the excitement of battle or the desire for distinction, but it was of that character which saved life and sent many a poor fellow home who might otherwise have filled a shallow grave. The best that can be said of any man is that he was true to his country, his



DR. J. C. JONES.

friends, and his profession—all that and more may justly be said of Dr. J. C. Jones. Never ashamed of his Confederate record, he was generally on hand at all meetings of the Hood's Brigade Association to talk with his old comrades of the past. A zealous member of the United Confederate Veteran Association, he held the position of Division Surgeon of the Texas Division under three administrations. A master of his profession and a law-abiding citizen, he had a large practice, and was held in the highest esteem by all who met him. Peace to his ashes, and may we all meet him in the grand reunion of the hereafter!"

JAMES GIBSON PARKER.

On the 19th of December, 1903, James G. Parker died at his home in Hickman, Ky. He was born in July, 1844; joined the Confederate army September 1, 1861, at Camp Burnet, in Hickman County, Ky., as a member of Company I, Seventh Regiment, and served through the entire war in the same regiment. He was never absent from the command during the entire time, and was always ready for every battle of his regiment. He was very popular with his comrades, among whom he had wide acquaintance. After the war his citizenship was lived in the same spirit that had actuated him as a soldier.

SOLOMON A. GEPHARD.

S. A. Gephard, aged eighty-three years and one of the oldest inmates at the Confederate Soldiers' Home, Pikesville, Md., died there recently. He was a native of Cumberland, and

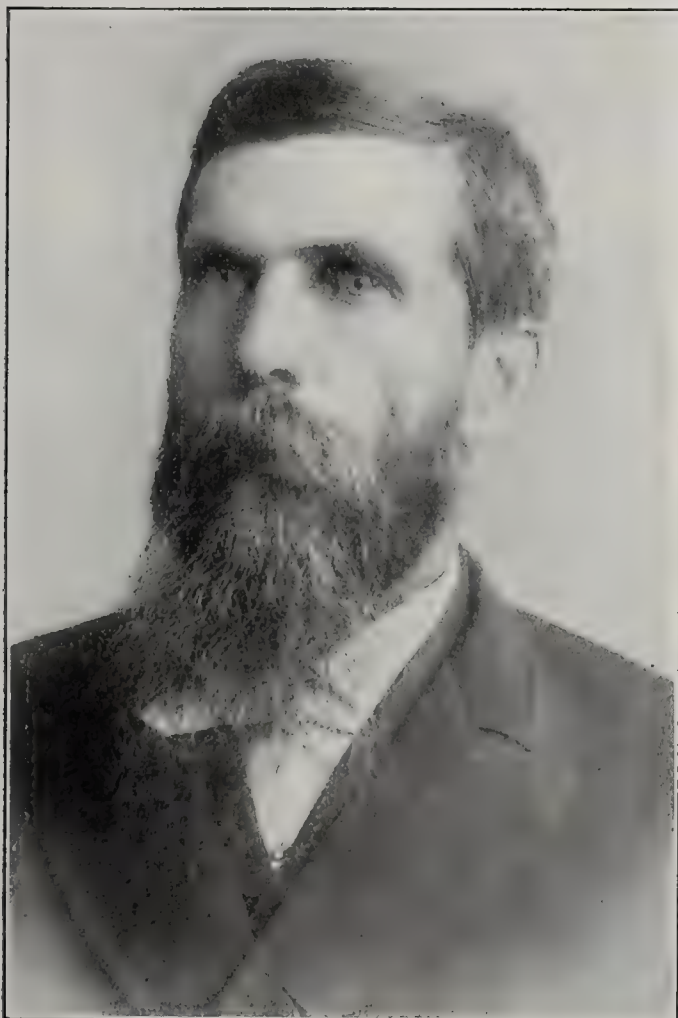
served in infantry and cavalry in Bradley T. Johnson's command, and was present at the first battle of Manassas, and on to the end. The deceased is survived by a widow and a number of children.

DR. R. W. MARTIN.

Dr. Richard Walter Martin was a member of John Sutherland Camp, No. 890, of Ripley, Tenn. He was born July 25, 1841, in Chesterfield County, Va., of French-Huguenot descent. He died in July, 1903. He graduated from the University of Virginia in 1860. Responding to the call of Virginia for army surgeons in 1861, he served as a member of the First Virginia Infantry, enlisting at Richmond under Stonewall Jackson, and later with N. B. Forrest. He also served with J. C. Johnson's "Special Regiment" in the siege before Charleston in 1864, and was given an honorable discharge for faithful service rendered during that memorable time; but he reënlisted and came farther south. He was sent to Memphis under a flag of truce to attend wounded Confederate soldiers, and was there captured and imprisoned in the Irving Block, where he contracted typhoid fever. Through the influence of Mrs. E. R. Davis, of 247 Madison Street, he was liberated, and by her gentle ministering restored to health and strength.

He was in North Mississippi at the close of the war, and came to Henning, Tenn., and settled in the practice of his profession. Some years later he was married to Miss Dora Posey, which union was blessed with a daughter, now Mrs. J. B. Alston, of Henning.

He was actively engaged in the practice of medicine for



DR. R. W. MARTIN.

more than thirty years. He held a membership in the Masonic Lodge and the I. O. O. F. Lodge, of Ripley.

He was a good and charitable citizen, a kind and affectionate husband and father, a zealous Christian, a true Mason and Odd Fellow, and a brave and fearless soldier.

His remains were interred in Bethlehem cemetery on July 17, 1903, under the direction of the I. O. O. F. and Confederate Veterans. No more fitting tribute may be paid his memory than the unconscious influence of his life, which still lives.

DR. W. H. COOPER.

Hon. C. L. Cooper writes from Shelbyville, Tenn.:

"In reply to an inquiry made by T. M. Emerson, Manchester, Tenn., in the March VETERAN concerning Dr. W. H. Cooper, I reply for your 'Last Roll.'

"Dr. William Henderson Cooper, son of Dr. Charles D. Cooper and Elizabeth Lindsey Cooper, was born in Bedford County, Tenn., December 28, 1836, and died at Hurricane Springs, Tenn., in July, 1866, of consumption, a resultant of exposure and pneumonia incident to the war.

"Equipped with a handsome presence, bright mind, superior social qualities, magnetic address, and a sympathetic heart, his career as an army surgeon was a success. He was on duty at the State hospital at Nashville, Tenn., from December 5, 1861, till March 20, 1862. From there he went to Port Hudson, La., where he remained till its fall, after which he was ordered to report to Gen. Bragg, and reached Chickamauga while the battle was raging. He was then appointed surgeon of the Sixteenth South Carolina Regiment, afterwards of Gist's Brigade, with which he remained till the close, surrendering with it in North Carolina.

"Dr. Cooper remained with his wounded after the battle of Franklin. He was sent North, but was soon exchanged. I recall an incident related by him. A member of his regiment was struck in the forehead by a random ball near Atlanta and fell as if dead. He had the man carried into his tent and laid on his bunk, determined to try to save him without resort to trephining, which so often proved fatal. He removed the broken particles of bone and dressed the wound. He gave the man his close attention, and in three weeks secured a discharge for him. Six months afterwards he received an invitation to the man's marriage. I should like to know his name and if he is still alive. After the surrender Dr. Cooper located near Gibson Wells, in Western Tennessee, but ill health soon forced him to give up practice, and he returned to relatives in Middle Tennessee, where, after a heroic struggle for life, he died, as stated, at Hurricane Springs. Thus were the high expectations of friends blasted, and the South lost a loyal son, the medical profession a brilliant representative, society a cultured gentleman, and the Church a humble worshiper at her altars."

B. B. BLEDSOE.

Mr. Brocton Baker Bledsoe died at his home, in Village Mills, Tex., January 22. He was born in Cobb County, Ga., July 19, 1844. He volunteered his services to the Confederate cause when barely sixteen years of age. He enlisted in the Ninth Louisiana Infantry under Hayes in Gen. John B. Gordon's Brigade. Mr. Bledsoe often mentioned with satisfaction that he did four long years' service under so noble a general for a cause which he prized next to his family. He was wounded at Sharpsburg and was paroled at Appomattox C. H. April 10, 1865.

COL. THOMAS TAYLOR.

Col. Thomas Taylor, of Columbia, S. C., died December 22, 1903, in his seventy-eighth year. Bishop Capers and Rev. Churchill Satterlee officiated at the funeral. All Columbia liked and admired Col. Taylor. He was a justice-loving but kindly and sympathetic gentleman of the old school, with a high sense of honor, a big brain, and a still bigger heart. He was the oldest native male citizen of Columbia.

His grandfather, Col. Thomas Taylor, of Revolutionary fame, and his granduncle, James Taylor, owned what is now known as the city of Columbia. The resolution of 1786 establishing the capital city directed that it be laid out on the lands of these two gentlemen, on what was known as their "Plains" plantation.

Col. Taylor was born February 11, 1826, his father being Ben F. Taylor, a son of Col. Thomas Taylor, of the Revolution. His mother was Miss Sally Woodville Coles, of Virginia. He graduated at the South Carolina College. In 1856 he married Miss Sally Frank Elmore. He chose the life of a planter.

He entered the Confederate army in 1861 as captain of the Richland Light Dragoons, Hampton Legion. When this cavalry was assigned to the Second South Carolina Cavalry, he was assigned the position of aid to Gen. Hampton, where he remained until the surrender at Greensboro. Col. Taylor was in all the important engagements of the cavalry command of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Col. Taylor has been a member of the Legislature, President of the State Agricultural Society, master of the State Grange, and under Gov. Hampton he was appointed inspector of phosphates.

COL. P. D. CUNNINGHAM.

Col. Preston Davidson Cunningham, possibly the youngest man in the Confederate army commanding a regiment of infantry at the time of his death, on Friday evening in the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn., was born in Jackson County, Tenn., and reared on a farm. His family was of Scotch-Irish origin, his great-grandfather having come from Ireland and settled in Virginia in a very early period of this country, while his grandfather came from Virginia to Tennessee and settled in Jackson County, which was then quite a wilderness. Col. Cunningham's father, J. G. Cunningham, was a successful farmer, merchant, and trader in Jackson County when the war began, in 1861. The Colonel at that time had about finished a good education at Berrien College, in White County. His father had reared him for a business man, but the war spirit caught him in 1861, and he became a member of the Twenty-Eighth Tennessee Infantry. At the organization of the regiment he was chosen for its adjutant and filled this office for the regiment most satisfactorily at Fishing Creek and Shiloh. At this latter terrific engagement he was slightly wounded on Sunday, but continued with Lieut. Col. Brown to lead the Twenty-Eighth in the several charges during Sunday and Monday, the other regimental officers having been killed or put out of the fight. At the reorganization of the regiment after the battle of Shiloh, he was elected lieutenant colonel, and Uriah Brown became colonel. A short time after this, Col. Brown was taken sick and died, and Lieut. Col. Cunningham became the colonel of the Twenty-Eighth Tennessee.

The regiment went on a campaign in Central and Western Mississippi, along the Yazoo and Mississippi Rivers, during which time the writer was no longer a member of the regiment and cannot give any account of its engagements, but later on Col. Cunningham and his regiment were called into

old Tennessee and took part in the great battle of Murfreesboro. On Friday evening, just about the beginning of the great charge made by Gen. Breckinridge's Division, Col. Cunningham received his death wound. His remains were taken from this battlefield by one of his soldiers, Bryson Draper, to his old home in Jackson County, and buried on the top of a mountain about halfway up Jennings' Creek. The letter of Maj. John S. Bransford, relative to Col. Cunningham's remains, already published in the VETERAN, was a worthy tribute to his memory. He was greatly missed and mourned for by the Twenty-Eighth Tennessee and all who knew him.

J. A. C.

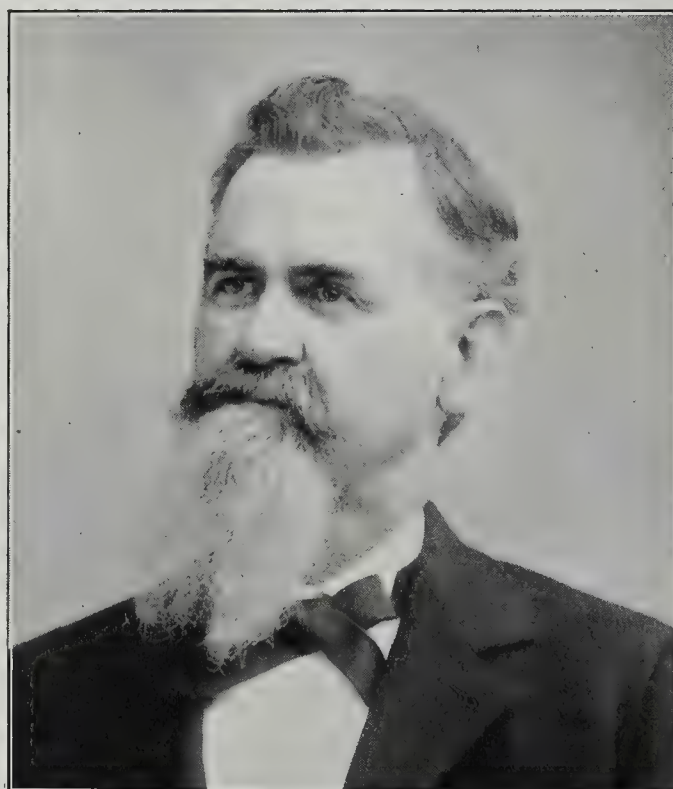
FRANK O. FARLEY.

Comrade F. O. Farley was born in Virginia June 10, 1845. Early in the war he entered the Confederate army, serving under Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, in Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's Cavalry, undergoing his share of peril and privation. In the battle of Williamsburg his horse was shot from under him. At the close of the war he was a prisoner at Point Lookout, where he had been confined for four months. When released he returned to his mother and sister in Virginia.

The family moved to Texas in 1868, and settled at La Grange. He was married to Miss O. E. Woods April 30, 1879, and removed to Lavaca County, where he lived the remainder of his life.

Mr. Farley's devotion to the memory of the South's cause never wavered. He was a member of the Col. James Walker Camp. His death occurred April 13, 1902, being drowned while attempting to cross a small stream, generally dry, but then much swollen by heavy rains. He was a model son, brother, and husband—affectionate, thoughtful, generous, and chivalrous. He was charitable to his fellow-men. He commanded the respect and esteem of all who knew him. While the end of this noble man was sadly tragic, there is light in the gloom, for his Christian faith was clear and thorough.

"Our hearts of love cling to thee still,
Thou noble, true, and kingly soul,



FRANK O. FARLEY.

Thy goodness, worth, and generous will
Have won for us a hope in God."

Mr. Farley's remains were taken from Hallettsville to San Antonio and placed in the Masonic cemetery. After the funeral service by a minister, the Masons officiated. Comrade Farley was a Knight Templar, and his remains were met by an escort of Knights at the depot.

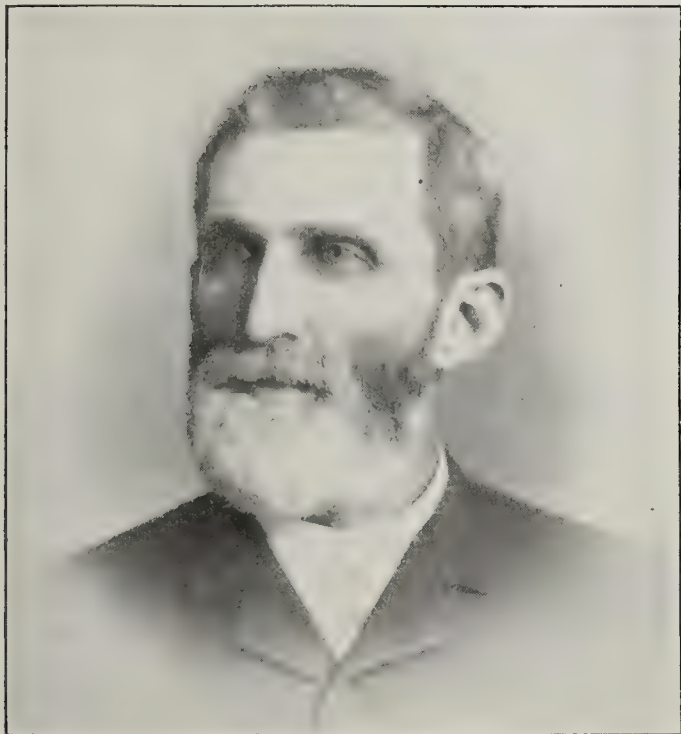
Comrade Farley was survived a few months by his mother, Mrs. Louisa C. Farley, who was a native of Prince Edward County, Va. She was born October 6, 1818; went to Texas with her son and daughter in 1868; and died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. M. A. Mullin, in Oakland, Tex., August 27, 1902. She was one of the sweetest and noblest of women. Her deepest sympathies were with her native South. She had two sons in the Confederate army; the other (Leroy) died during the war. She was gentle, considerate, and a devout Christian.

"Who loved like thee, who lived like thee,
O mother, saint, and precious soul?
Our hearts and lives still yearn to be
Like thine, so fit for heaven's goal."

A sister (Mrs. M. F. Ligon, of Austin) and brother (Robert J. Goode, of Arizona) survive her.

MEMORIAL TO FOUNDER OF MONTEAGLE.

Visitors to Monteagle this year will be gratified in seeing completed the beautiful stone church in the village near the



REV. JAMES H. WARREN.

station. It is the result chiefly of one woman's irrepressible zeal, and promises to be a monument for generations to the Christian faith and liberality of Christian people who attend the Assembly. There are beautiful memorial windows, of which descriptions may be expected later. One of these is to that noble Christian woman, Mrs. Lucy Ransom Warren, and there is by the side of it a blank reserved by request of the VETERAN for Rev. James H. Warren, for whom there should be a marble or bronze statue in the amphitheater. The editor of the VETERAN was in close touch with the devout young preacher when he conceived the idea of a Southern Chautauqua, and it

is well known that to his conception and enthusiasm the South and the country are indebted for that charming resort for mental rest and recuperation, and for exalted spiritual life—a place where parents may send young daughters without chaperones.

In his zealous and persistent efforts to secure this beneficent object he shared the cordial coöperation of President J. W. Thomas and General Passenger Agent W. L. Danley, of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway, who interested themselves in procuring a Pullman car for the committee on location to other Southern States as well as Tennessee. (Maj. Thomas is now President of the Board of Trustees, and Mr. Danley has ever been a member of the Board.)

Many would like to see a memorial window to Mr. Warren in this beautiful church. It will require at least fifty dollars. Please report if you would like to share in this worthy tribute.

S. A. Cunningham undertakes to raise the sum, and gives \$5.

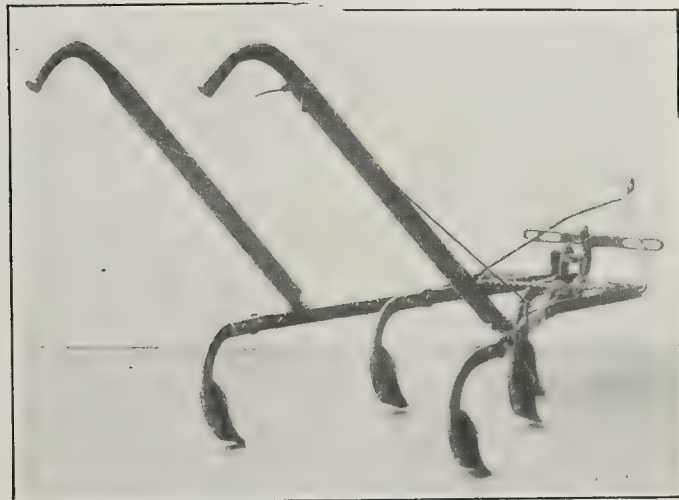
U. D. C. DAY AT MONTEAGLE AUGUST 4.

Mrs. Judith W. Pilcher, having charge of the arrangements for the United Daughters of the Confederacy at Monteagle, Tenn., writes that August 4 has been set apart for that purpose. Mrs. Pilcher never fails in such undertakings, and of this event she states: "I am going to see that it is a grand success and a veritable love feast!" There will be present several brilliant speakers for the principal addresses, and many representative U. D. C. women. It is expected that Confederate decorations will be lavish. Extremely low rates on the cars will tend toward the large attendance expected.

The P. F. Liddell Camp, No. 561, U. C. V., through a committee comprised of Messrs. Lee McMillan, J. J. O'Neal, and W. F. Hamilton send fine, strong tributes to Gens. Longstreet and Gordon.

EXPANDER FOR CULTIVATORS AND HARROWS.

The picture below shows a most valuable improvement over set screws or lever expanders. The draft comes out far enough from the center to overcome the tendency the plow has for being drawn together by the dirt behind. By being perfectly balanced, the operator can easily keep it fitted between the rows. In this way a row may be plowed at a time, the new expander saving half the work. By being provided with a latchet, it can be locked when desired. It works equally well as a fourteen-tooth harrow, cotton scraper, or two-horse cultivator, etc. Most of the parts being cast, it may be easily



made. For arrangements for manufacturing write H. U. WAKEFIELD, Cornersville, Tenn.

THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

BY CAPT. JAMES M. M'CANN.

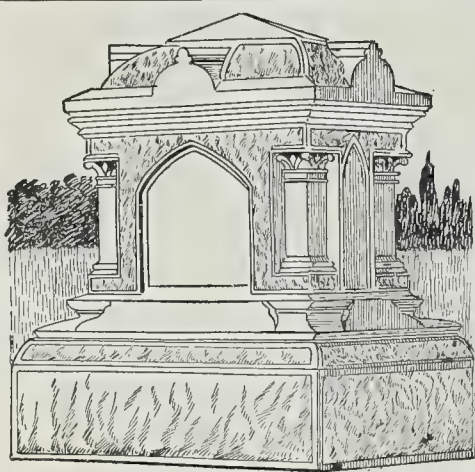
We won on many a bloody field,
And our hearts were filled with hope;
We triumphed over Burnside's—
Routed Hooker, Banks, and Pope.

We "bottled up" old Butler,
Drove the "Young Napoleon" back,
Chased Hunter through the Valley
Like a fox before the pack.

Killed more men for Gen. Grant
Than all "Marse Robert" had,
And down at old Cold Harbor
We whipped him very bad.

And we won the two Manassas's,
Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville;
We crossed the broad Potomac
Under Lee, Stonewall, and Hill.

Was there ever another army
Like that led by Gen. Lee?
But after all its victories,
The South could not be free.

**Beautiful AND Imposing**

No matter what sum may be decided upon as sufficient for the purchase of a memorial to the deceased, we can supply one that will be excellent value. All on

MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES,**TABLETS, ETC.,**

regardless of size, are of beautiful design and fine workmanship. In our show-rooms are many partially completed. These are moderately priced. They can be finished to suit the tastes of purchasers. Special designs made to order.

Freight paid to all points in United States of America. Agents wanted in every county in Southern and Western States. For particulars, write

DALTON MARBLE WORKS,**DALTON, GA.****Dr. DeWitt's THE LIFE SAVERS****Liver, Blood,**

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Kidney Cure

FOR

Rich Blood.

of the United States Life-Saving Stations rescue many storm-stricken souls and save many lives; but their work is insignificant as compared with the

Lives Saved, the Health Renewed,
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Dr. DeWitt's Liver, Blood, and Kidney Cure.

The great work is accomplished by enriching the blood and establishing sound digestion, the two keys to long life and vigorous health. It is nature's quick relief and sure cure for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Jaundice, Malaria, Inflammation of the Bladder, Pains under the Shoulders, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Pains in the Back, Muscular Weakness, Side Ache, Impurity of the Blood, Unhealthy Complexion, Liver Disease, Female Complaints, Kidney Disease, Scrofula, Nasal and Intestinal Catarrh, and the numerous ailments and diseases caused by Impure Blood.

Price, \$1 per Bottle

AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

The W. J. PARKER CO., Manufacturers,**7 South Howard St., BALTIMORE, MD.****SUMMER SESSION OF PEABODY COLLEGE.**

The VETERAN is in receipt of a neat illustrated pamphlet announcing the course of study and corps of teachers for the summer session of the Peabody College for Teachers at Nashville.

This institution, of which the President is ex-Gov. James D. Porter, so well known all over the South as a distinguished ex-Confederate, has had a brilliant record in the history of the education of teachers, a record which it is certain to improve under the guardianship of President Porter.

The summer session begins June 8, and continues to August 3; the courses of instruction are intended to meet the needs of three classes of students—those who are already teaching and prospective teachers, those desiring to continue their course, and those who are preparing for college.

The summer faculty consists of eleven of the regular professors of the college and six other gentlemen from different States—all well known in educational circles.

The usual reduced railroad rates have been made for those who will attend.

Mrs. Mattie Rylander, of Palestine, Tex., desires to learn anything possible in regard to her father's service in the war, but doesn't even know his company or regiment. Any one who can give any information will kindly write her about it. His name was William Hurst, familiarly called "Bill," and he entered the service at Woodardville, Tenn., in June, 1861, and served in many battles in Ten-

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in the Kentucky field, where fortunes are being realized in new discoveries. Write postal for interesting particulars.
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nessee, and was killed at Tazewell, Tenn., January 12, 1865, in a skirmish fight.

Dr. J. N. Anthony, of Montevallo, Mo., inquires about the captain and other officers of his company, which went out from Obion County, Tenn. He mentions Capt. Oliver B. Farris, Lieut. "Bud" McCree, Sergt. Harris Fox.

WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS.

Tickets at low rates now on sale. For particulars apply to any Mobile and Ohio Railroad agent.

CLEVER POEM BY JOHN DIMITRY'S NEPHEW.

R. B. Mayes, of Yazoo City, Miss., writes in connection with the following poem:

"I have fallen far short of my desire, but my uncle, the late John Dimitry, no mean critic, spoke so favorably of my efforts that I have decided to risk them. He was, it is true, lenient to my youth, but he was for years chary of commendation. It was not till shortly before his death that he said to me: 'There is a ring in your poetry that I like. If able, I would publish the whole volume at my own expense.' Of the piece inclosed, he expressed a wish that it could be set to music."

DIXIE'S GLORY.

Some countries boast their riches,
Some countries boast their might,
Some countries boast their banner,
But we have naught save right.
Our soldiers were our riches,
Our might was in the truth,
Our banner, stained and tattered,
Has perished with our youth.
Then sing with love of Dixie,
This fallen land of ours,
This land of shade and sunlight,
This land of leaves and flowers.

Some countries have their Cæsar,
Some have their Bonaparte,
Some rule the world in letters,
Some lead the world in art.
But we had men and heroes;
The richest people we;
For we had Stonewall Jackson,
And we had Robert Lee;
Then sing with pride of Dixie,
This glorious land of ours,
This land of buds and blossoms,
This land of birds and bowers.

Some countries send their armies
To conquer foreign lands;
Some send their ships and cannon
To thunder their commands.
Triumphant are their living;
Triumphant are our dead,
Our Stuart, Hill, and Johnston,
Our graves by thousands spread.
Then sing with hope of Dixie,
This conquered land of ours,
This land of tears and laughter,
This land of shines and showers.

Some countries have a Livy,
Their glories to recite;
Some countries have a Homer,
To sing their deeds of might.
But who may tell for Dixie
Her sorrows and her joys?
Who sing her thousand Hectors?
And who her thousand Troys?

Yet sing, O sing of Dixie,
This peerless land of ours,
That 'mongst the perished nations,
A ghost gigantic towers.

H. A. Hawkins, No. 2705 E. Grace Street, Richmond, Va.: "Abner A. Hawkins, a native of Virginia, went to Mississippi in 1860. He lived in Lowndes County, and enlisted in the Confederate army at Starkville in 1861. I am of the impression that he served first in the infantry and was later transferred to the cavalry. I should like to get the name of his commander, and names of those who served with my father, the regiment, division, brigade, corps, and all else possible to obtain. He died in Halifax County, August, 1863, from an attack of typhoid fever. Mother had returned to Virginia after the fall of Vicksburg, in July, 1863."

W. H. Robbins, Company G, Seventh Tennessee, Mt. Juliet, Tenn., is very anxious to ascertain the company and regiment of J. Piper and W. McCormac, two soldiers with Gen. Wheeler, killed in a battle in Wilson County, Tenn., eight miles north of Lavergne. He wishes to put new markers to their graves. Some of Wheeler's men can doubtless give this information.

Special attention is called to the advertisement in this number of the lithographed pen picture of Gen. John B. Gordon, late Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans. This picture is highly commended by Capt. W. H. Harrison and Prof. Joseph T. Derry, of Atlanta, and admirers of our lamented chieftain will do well to procure a copy.

Another old comrade, J. P. Hamilton, of Whitney, Tex., also wishes to establish his record so that he can apply for a pension. He served in Company G, Forty-Second Mississippi Regiment.

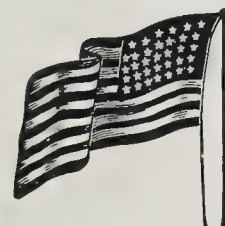


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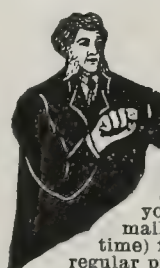
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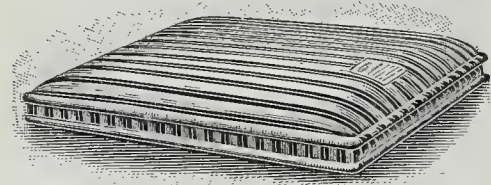


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NOTE.—The above is the largest spectacle house in the United States and is thoroughly reliable.

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Try 60 Nights on Approval. Money back if not the "Best Bed in the World."

Reasonable enough, isn't it? Delivered in U. S. for \$12.50. Made of one continuous bat of fresh, sweet cotton, by our original "Perfection Process." Nothing like it. Deliciously comfortable. Lasts a lifetime. Absolutely the best. Try it—that's all.

"I have slept on a Hygienic Perfection Mattress almost continually for a year, and I can say without hesitation that it is the most comfortable mattress that I have ever used in my life."—O. W. UNDERWOOD, Member of Congress from Alabama.

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Albert Latham, of Dallas, Tex., Rural Route No. 5, makes inquiry for Maj. Joe Blount, of Georgia. He writes: "I enlisted at Liberty (New Bedford City), Va., in Company D, Artillery, Dearing Battalion, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps. Was in first battle of Manassas, and all battles from there to Appomattox. Was never wounded, and have never yet surrendered. Hope to meet many old comrades at Nashville.

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What is your opinion of happiness?

What are the essentials upon which you think it depends? Money, love, health—nine out of ten persons would say. Reverse the order of the three, and you'll have them as they should be. You cannot be happy if your health is bad. Neither can those around you. Ever notice how grouchy a man or woman is who has dyspepsia or any form of stomach trouble? They cannot help it. It's the result of weakened nerves. Don't judge him too harshly. You cannot expect to find a sunny disposition where pain is gnawing away the body, mind, and nerves.

Some of them try to get cured—try hard, but finally give up in despair. Vernal Palmettona (formerly known as Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine) has restored more of these people to health and happiness than any other remedy on earth.

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On sale at leading drug stores.

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(Satiric musings by Innis Randolph.)

O, I'm a good old rebel,
Now that's just what I am.
For the "fair land of freedom"

I do not care a d—;
I'm glad I fit against it,
I only wish we'd won,
And I don't want no pardon
For anything I done.

I hate the Constitution,
This great republic, too;
I hate the Freedman's Bureau
In uniforms of blue.
I hate the nasty eagle,
With all his brags and fuss;
The lyin', thiev'in' Yankees,
I hate 'em wuss and wuss.

I hate the Yankee nation
And everything they do;
I hate the Declaration
Of Independence, too.
I hate the glorious Union,
'Tis dripping with our blood;
I hate the striped banner,
I fit it all I could.

I followed old Marse Robert
For four years near about,
Got wounded in three places,
And starved at Point Lookout.
I cotched the roomatism
A campin' in the snow,
But I killed a chance o' Yankees,
I'd like to kill some mo'.

Three hundred thousand Yankees
Is stiff in Southern dust,
We got three hundred thousand
Before they conquered us;
They died of Southern fever,
And Southern steel and shot,
I wish they were three million
Instead of what we got.

I can't take up my musket
And fight 'em now no more;
But I ain't agoin' to love 'em,
Now that is certain sure,
And I don't want no pardon
For what I was and am;
I won't be reconstructed,
And I don't give a d—.

G. T. Bryant, of Yarrellton, Tex., makes request for the address of Col. Lamb, of the Thirty-Sixth North Carolina Regiment.

D. J. Alwine, of Victoria, Tex., wishes to find a member of Company D, Eighteenth Texas Infantry, First Brigade. The company and regiment were organized at Jefferson, Tex., and at the close was commanded by W. King. Write to him in care of C. A. Lenschwer Co.



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Great War between the States.

Inauguration of Jefferson Davis as President of Confederate States of America, in Front of the State Capitol at Montgomery, Ala., February 18, 1861.

This picture is a facsimile of a photograph taken on the spot while the audience was at prayer, and a few seconds after Mr. Davis had taken the oath of office as President of the Confederate States, which was administered to him by Howell Cobb.

The time of taking the photograph was one o'clock, as the top of the picture will show.

The picture is 22x30 inches, and is for sale by P. J. Minderhout, 123 Adams Street, Montgomery, Ala. Price, 75 Cents Each.

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This is the title of a unique book by Joe A. Cunningham, known as the "preaching drummer." The objects of the book are to extend fraternity between the North and the South; to show the real cause of the war; to refute the slander of the book known as "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" to show that the carpetbag reconstruction period was a curse to both white and black; to show that the enfranchisement of the negro violated the decree of God through Noah, and that the repeal of this enfranchisement is the only solution of the negro question; and finally, that the whole war was a mistake, both sides being more or less in the wrong. The book is entirely beyond ordinary views, and is calculated to do much good.

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The following rates will prevail in the territory covered by the Southwestern Passenger Association:

Season excursion tickets, 80 per cent of double the one-way fare. No season ticket will be sold where the rate is less than \$3. Tickets on sale April 15 to November 15, with final return limit December 15.

Sixty-day tickets, one and one-third regular fare; minimum rate, \$5. Tickets on sale April 25 to November 20, with final return limit sixty days from date of sale, but not later than December 15.

Ten-day tickets, one and one-fifth fare; cost of ticket not to exceed one fare plus \$2; no ticket to be sold for less than \$3. Tickets on sale April 27 to November 30, with final return limit ten days, but not later than December 5.

Coach excursion tickets will be sold at the rate of 70 per cent of the regular one-way fare; no ticket to be sold for less than \$5. These tickets are limited to five days from points north of Texas, and to seven days from points in Texas. The tickets are not good in parlor or sleeping cars.

In the territory of the Western Passenger Association the following rates are fixed: Season tickets will be sold beginning April 15 to November 15 inclusive, final return limit December 15, at rate of eighty per cent the one-way standard fare; minimum, \$3.

Sixty-day tickets will be sold from points from which the one-way standard fare to St. Louis is \$3.75 or less at 80 per cent of double the one-way fare; maximum round trip, \$5. From points from which one-way rate to St. Louis is more than \$3.75, rate will be one and one-third one-way fare for round trip; tickets on sale April 25 to November 20, inclusive, good returning within sixty days from date of sale, but not later than December 15.

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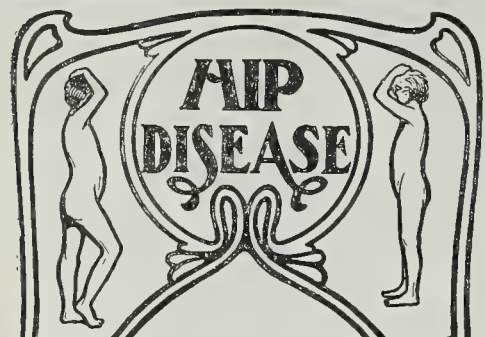
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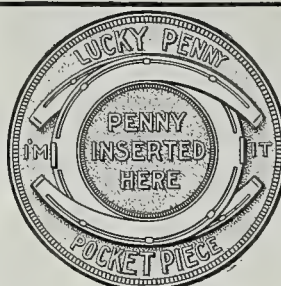


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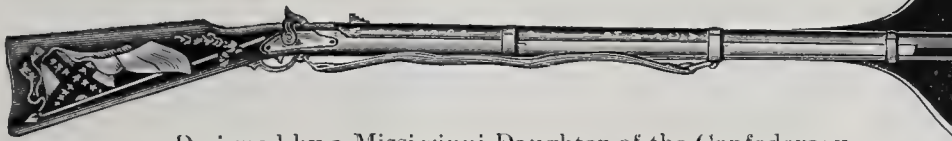
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the flags he loved, woven in
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ELIXIR BABEK.

A preventive against Typhoid Fever and Positive Cure for all Malarial Diseases, such as Chills, Fever, and Ague, Loss of Appetite, Biliousness and Dyspeptic Disorders, Headache, Pains in the Back, Side, or Limbs, etc.

Everybody Testifies to the Merits of Elixir Babek.

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GENTLEMEN: One year ago my little two-year-old daughter was seriously ill for nine weeks with malaria. The anxiety was very great, as well as a heavy bill for a doctor and medicine. This fall she was again attacked. I sent for a bottle of Elixir Babek, and I must say it has passed my most sanguine expectations. She has entirely regained her normal condition, and has had no signs of a return of the dread disease. Only one-half bottle was used.

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It is with pleasure that I speak of the benefit I received from the use of Babek. After three years of constant treatment with the best known remedies for malaria, I was induced to try Babek. By first taking a dose of calomel, the effect upon the disease was most marked after using the first bottle; the second, however, brought permanent and lasting relief. Four years have passed, and I have not had a return of the symptoms. I am able to report equally as good results in the case of two members of my family.

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for health? Have you been BEATING ABOUT THE BUSH, first trying one course and then another, following the lead of others no wiser than thou, only to find that the game will not come within your range?

THE PLACE to HUNT for rabbits is where rabbits ARE KNOWN TO EXIST; the place to HUNT for health is where HEALTH HAS BEEN KNOWN TO BE FOUND!

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Read What a Tennessee Boy Who Wore the
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Cured after Eight Years of Suffering.

I have been in very poor health for eight years' time, and, although I took medicines and treatments during this entire period, nothing seemed to do me any good. Last July I was taken down with a very bad spell that I thought was surely the beginning of the end.



I was sick to my stomach, and everything seemed to be going around me at the rate of about sixty miles a minute. I vomited; a clammy sweat broke out all over, and it seemed as though I were dying. We called in a good doctor, who diagnosed my case as Vertigo. This spell lasted for four hours. All of the doctors' medicines disagreed with me, making me very

sick to my stomach, and in a week I had another spell worse than the first. Thereafter these spells came on me as often as two or three times a week, and would last from eighteen to twenty-four hours, growing more frequent and of longer duration as time went on. I saw the Vitæ-Ore advertisement and wrote immediately for a month's trial treatment. I commenced improving slowly, but enough to show me at the end of the trial time that Vitæ-Ore was doing me a great amount of good, and I paid for the trial treatment and ordered more. I am still using Vitæ-Ore, having nearly finished the third package, and am constantly improving. I must say I am cured of almost all of my troubles, and think that I shall very soon be entirely sound and well, a most remarkable thing at my age, which is now sixty-five. I believe that Vitæ-Ore has saved my life, and I shall ever praise the Theo. Noel Company and this wonderful remedy.

J. B. MARSHALL,
Farmersville, Tex.

THEO. NOEL CO., Veteran Dept., Vitæ-Ore Bldg., **Chicago**

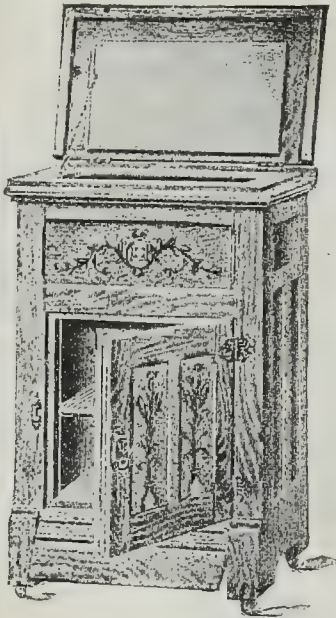
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\$6⁰⁰ *BUYS A*
BEAUTIFUL

Star Refrigerator

THE STAR REFRIGERATOR is first-class in every respect. The linings of the ice chamber and the provision chamber are of highly polished zinc. A strong RAISED AND CORRUGATED ICE RACK gives perfect drainage. Your ice never stands in a pool of water.

The STAR has a BEAUTIFUL HARDWOOD FINISH, automatic catch, brass hinges, and brass lock with key.



Ice Capacity
25 pounds

The drain pipe is easily and quickly removed for cleansing, and is so simple that a child can easily understand it.

As we have but a few of this special size in stock, we have decided to offer this

6-20 Star Refrigerator
at the splendid price of

\$6⁰⁰

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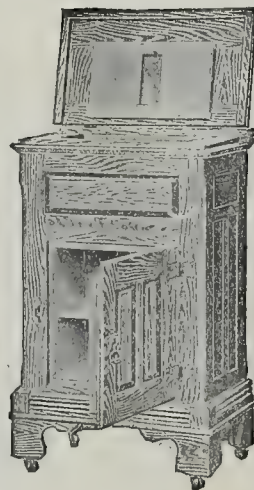
Send money by express money order, money order, or registered letter. Do not send through ordinary mail.

No order will be considered unless accompanied by cash.

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THE BEST REFRIGERATOR AT ANY PRICE.

OVERHEAD CIRCULATION, patented and possessed only by the



Alaska

Saves one-third ice, and makes the refrigerator so absolutely odorless that

You can keep butter, cheese, milk, meat, cucumbers, and onions

in the provision chamber all at one time without the slightest taint of one being communicated to the other.

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Write for catalogue and prices. We are glad to quote, even though you should not buy.

June 04

Phillips & Buttorff

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Nashville, Tenn.

Confederate Veteran

June 1904



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Confederate Veteran.

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We make no charge for boxes or drayage.



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NO SPECULATION.**



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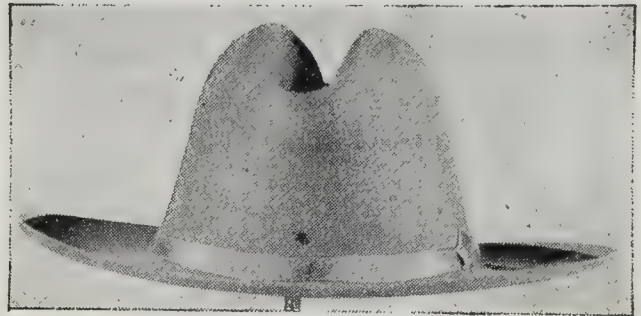
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Competency, thoroughness, and completeness,
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**Squads,
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Confederate Veterans! **THIS IS THE HAT**

which will be worn at the reunion in Nashville in June. We have made special arrangements to furnish this style in all grades. Prices, \$1, \$1.50, \$2, and \$3, quality guaranteed. Mail orders receive prompt attention from any part of U. S. A. Send stamps, post office money order, or cashier's check.

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The Pennsylvania Hat Co. is also headquarters for Stetson and Old Hickory Hats. Genuine Panamas and Straw Hats in all grades and prices.

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Rates: \$2, \$2.50, and rooms with bath \$3 per day. American Plan.

R. B. JONES, Manager.



Official Reunion Button.

This button, made of hard metal, Confederate gray finish, bears a fine likeness of Gen. John B. Gordon, the thirteen stars, the olive branch of peace, an inverted torch, and the letters U. C. V., the words "Nashville, 1904," being on a scroll. Entire proceeds of sale of these buttons goes to entertain Confederate Veterans.

Price, 50 Cents.

Visitors to the Reunion

Are invited to call on

The B. H. Stief Jewelry Co.

SPLENDID LINES OF

*Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry,
Souvenir Spoons, Trays.*

REPAIRING WATCHES and
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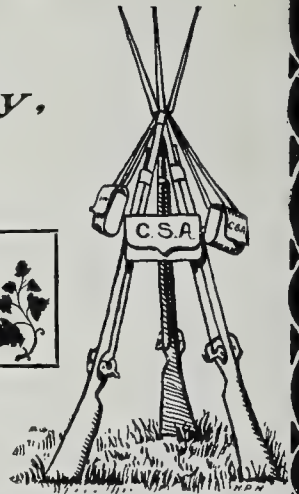
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SOLID GOLD.

\$100



"A draught fit for the gods to quaff."

**Cool, Refreshing,
Healthful.**

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES.

Call for

Pepsol

when tired and thirsty.

Veterans! Comrades!

Many a close shave you've had in battle, but the

Coollest, Cleanest, Quickest

SHAVE

you'll get in the city of Nashville is at the

Star Shaving Parlor,

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Fashionable Shirt Waists, Latest Style Skirts,
Exquisite New Laces, Beautiful Embroideries, Hosiery,
Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Parasols, Fans, Etc.,

AT POPULAR PRICES.

FINE CARRIAGES.

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Builder of Express and Delivery Wagons and Repairing.

RUBBER TIRES.

Write for catalogue.

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WHOLESALE FRUITS

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First-class Accommodations, \$1.00 per Day

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HOLLYWOOD MONUMENT, RICHMOND.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. The shorter the article the sooner published.

Don't send newspapers marked. Clip the article and inclose it with letter.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the *VETERAN* is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

Advertising rates furnished on application. They are very low.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term the word *great* will be substituted.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The *VETERAN* is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence. It is faithful to the great trust committed to it by the Southern people.

Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR. } VOL. XII.
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1904.

No. 6. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

THE NASHVILLE REUNION.

The Reunion Committee sends the Southern Press the good news that all arrangements are perfected for entertaining the United Confederate Veterans at Nashville, June 14-16.

The Camps of Veterans, the Sons of Veterans, and the three Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy are working in harmony with the business organizations of Nashville to furnish an entertainment as nearly faultless as possible.

The fact that these conventions had become so expensive to cities entertaining so deterred action that it was left for Nashville to become host again sooner than was expected. But the capital of the Volunteer State, aided by adjacent communities, is ready. All of the people are in hearty accord, and arrangements are such that this invitation, to Confederate Veterans everywhere, is extended without misgiving in any particular. Arrangements are far better than ever before for Veterans to meet in their old commands—on the campus of the Vanderbilt University.

The only variation from former rules of entertainment is that of giving the "old soldiers" preference. This action will be approved by every loyal, beautiful woman who comes to do them honor. While sponsors and their maids of honor will be entertained by their Department, Division, and Brigade Commanders, provision is being made for many of them in the homes of our best people, so the committee is confident of as perfectly delightful reunion as has ever been held. The orator of the occasion will be Dr. R. H. McKim, of Washington, D. C., who served in the Army of Northern Virginia, a most loyal Confederate and a very eloquent speaker.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association—that of the "Mothers of the Confederacy" who never ceased their labors after caring for the sick and wounded, but went right on erecting monuments for the dead—will hold their annual convention. The United Sons of Confederate Veterans will

also hold their annual convention, with promise of more active service and zeal than ever before, hence the importance of this reunion is second to none in the history of the organization.

Reasons not heretofore appealing to the heroes of the Confederacy should bestir every Southern patriot. An impression prevails that only a few more of these general reunions will be held, and as this meeting will be the first since the death of that magnetic and matchless man, the only Commander in Chief while living, Gen. John B. Gordon, it will be fitting to do his memory honor by the largest attendance possible. At this service Judge Thomas G. Jones, ex-Governor of Alabama, has been selected to prepare resolutions in honoring Gen. Gordon.

Don't let your bravest and best soldiers fail to come from lack of means; provide the small sum for their railroad fare, and when they arrive we will feed them and provide them lodging absolutely free of expense.

While first consideration is given the Veterans, as open-hearted hospitality to all, as was ever given a worthy, patriotic people, will be extended.

It is earnestly requested and urged that all Camps report promptly to Secretary L. R. Eastman the number of Veterans for whom free entertainment is to be supplied.

Remember the dates—June 14-16. The low rate of one cent per mile each way, plus 25 cents, with extension privilege of several weeks upon the payment of 50 cents for the deposit and care of ticket by the railroad agents, has been given.

Committee: M. B. Pilcher, President Frank Cheatham Camp and Bivouac; Oliver J. Timothy, Merchant; S. A. Cunningham, Editor of *CONFEDERATE VETERAN*; Edgar M. Foster, Manager of the Nashville *Banner*.

General Committee: Charles F. Frizzell, Chairman; L. R. Eastman, Secretary.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The following is a list of Department, Division, and Brigade Commanders, their Adjutant Generals and addresses (the names of Adjutant Generals and Chief of Staff are given next to their Commanders with rank):

Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Lieutenant General Commanding, Columbus, Miss.; Maj. Gen. William E. Mickle, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, New Orleans, La.

Army of Northern Virginia Department.—Lieut. Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Commander, Greenville, S. C.; Brig. Gen. J. G. Holmes, Macon, Ga.

South Carolina Division.—Maj. Gen. Thomas W. Carwile, Commander, Edgefield; Col. J. M. Jordan, Greenville; Brig. Gen. Zimmerman Davis, Commanding First Brig., Charleston; Brig. Gen. B. H. Teague, Commanding Second Brig., Aiken.

North Carolina Division.—Maj. Gen. Julian S. Carr, Commander, Durham, N. C.; Col. H. A. London, Pittsboro; Brig. Gen. P. C. Carlton, First Brig., Statesville; Brig. Gen. W. L. London, Second Brig., Pittsboro; Brig. Gen. James I. Metts, Third Brig., Wilmington; Brig. Gen. James M. Ray, Fourth Brig., Asheville.

Virginia Division.—Maj. Gen. Theodore S. Garnett, Commander, Norfolk, Va.; Col. Joseph V. Bidgood, Richmond; Brig. Gen. Stith Bolling, First Brig., Petersburg; Brig. Gen. James Macgill, Second Brig., Pulaski; Brig. Gen. R. D. Funkhouser, Third Brig., Strasburg.

West Virginia Division.—Maj. Gen. Robert White, Commander, Wheeling; Col. A. C. L. Gatewood, Linwood; Brig. Gen. David E. Johnston, First Brig., Bluefield; Brig. Gen. S. S. Green, Second Brig., Charleston.

Maryland Division.—Maj. Gen. A. C. Trippe, Commander, Baltimore, Md.; Col. David S. Briscoe, Baltimore; Brig. Gen. Oswald Tilghman, First Brig., Easton; Brig. Gen. John F. Zacharias, Second Brig., Cumberland.

Army of Tennessee Department.—Maj. Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander, Atlanta, Ga.; Brig. Gen. E. T. Sykes, Columbus, Miss.

Louisiana Division.—Maj. Gen. O. A. Bullion, Commander, Hope Villa, La.; Col. A. B. Booth, New Orleans.

Tennessee Division.—Maj. Gen. George W. Gordon, Commander, Memphis, Tenn.; Col. John P. Hickman, Nashville; Brig. Gen. J. F. Horne, First Brig., Knoxville; Brig. Gen. John M. Taylor, Second Brig., Lexington; Brig. Gen. Clay Stacker, Third Brig., Clarksville.

Florida Division.—Maj. Gen. W. D. Ballentine, Commander, Fernandina, Fla.; Col. Fred L. Robertson, Tallahassee; Brig. Gen. W. L. Wittich, First Brig., Pensacola; Brig. Gen. F. P. Fleming, Second Brig., Jacksonville; Brig. Gen. W. H. Jewell, Third Brig., Orlando.

Alabama Division.—Maj. Gen. George P. Harrison, Commander, Opelika, Ala.; Col. Harvey E. Jones, Montgomery; Brig. Gen. John W. A. Sanford, First Brig., Montgomery; Brig. Gen. Pinckney D. Bowles, Second Brig., Evergreen; Brig. Gen. J. N. Thompson, Third Brig., Tuscumbia; Brig. Gen. J. W. Bush, Fourth Brig., Birmingham.

Mississippi Division.—Maj. Gen. Robert Lowry, Commander, Jackson, Miss.; Col. J. L. McCaskill, Brandon; Brig. Gen. John A. Webb, First Brig., Jackson; Brig. Gen. Robert E. Houston, Second Brig., Aberdeen.

Georgia Division.—Maj. Gen. P. A. S. McGlashan, Commander, Savannah, Ga.; Col. William M. Crumley, Atlanta; Brig. Gen. J. L. Sweat, S. Ga. Brig., Waycross; Brig. Gen. C. M. Wiley, E. Ga. Brig., Macon; Brig. Gen. A. J. West, N. Ga. Brig., Atlanta; Brig. Gen. Charles McWheatley, W. Ga. Brig., Americus.

Kentucky Division.—Maj. Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander, Louisville, Ky.; Col. W. A. Milton, Louisville; Brig. Gen. James R. Rogers, First Brig., Cane Ridge; Brig. Gen. J. B. Briggs, Second Brig., Russellville; Brig. Gen. D. Thornton, Third Brig., Louisville; Brig. Gen. N. M. Marks, Fourth Brig., Versailles.

ANCESTRY OF THE CHIEF SPONSOR.

Miss Corinne Tebault, of New Orleans, the sponsor of the South, is a charming and vivacious blonde with queenly carriage and exquisitely graceful. She is descended from the Huguenots and Puritans, and both families have furnished soldiers and statesmen to the nation as well as to the Confederate States. Thus she possesses the vivacity of the French, mingled with the stability of purpose and accuracy of judgment of the English; she is therefore a representative American of the noblest type. Miss Tebault is an acknowledged belle, and has been honored frequently as sponsor and maid of honor by department and division commanders on previous occasions by both the United Confederate Veterans and the Sons of Veterans.



MISS CORINNE TEBAULT.

Miss Tebault's ancestors have distinguished records in the armies of France, in our own Revolutionary War, in the settlement of America, in our Indian wars, and in the Confederate army, and in the late war with Spain her brother, Dr. Hamilton Tebault, organized under Gen. Wood the officers' hospital at Santiago, and was its commanding medical officer. Her ancestors and immediate family have participated in six wars—the French army, our Revolutionary War, Indian wars, War of 1812, Confederate War, and War with Spain.

Miss Tebault is the daughter of Dr. C. H. Tebault, Surgeon General of the United Confederate Veterans, who served on Gen. Gordon's staff and is now serving on Gen. Lee's staff, with the rank of brigadier general. He was surgeon in the Army of Tennessee throughout the entire war, was surgeon of the Twenty-First Louisiana Regiment, and later of the Tenth South Carolina, Manigault's Regiment. Since the war Dr. Tebault has filled many responsible positions in the State of Louisiana. He shouldered a musket in defense of the people's rights on the celebrated 14th of September, which emancipated Louisiana; and was also one of the committee which secured pensions to the old veterans in the Constitutional Convention of 1898, of which he was a member for the parish of Orleans.

Miss Tebault's paternal ancestor, Baron Tebault, was general in chief of the French army just before Napoleon's time. Her paternal great-grandfather, Christopher Hall, of Norfolk, Va., was in the Revolutionary War, and was a warm friend of Gen. Lafayette, who was entertained by him when he visited America. The next year the Hon. Christopher Hall made a tour of Europe, in 1826, and was entertained by Gen. Lafayette at his favorite chateau, "La Grange," in France. Her maternal revolutionary ancestor was Gov. William Bradford, the first Governor of Massachusetts. Her maternal great-grandfather, the Hon. Seaton Grantland, represented Georgia in the Legislature and in Congress. He founded the first newspaper in Middle Georgia, the *Southern Recorder*, and was also one of the founders of the Whig Party in Georgia and one of the wealthiest men in that State. Her maternal grandfather, the Hon. D. J. Bailey, of Griffin, Ga., was colonel of the Thirtieth Georgia Regiment in the Army of Tennessee, and he also served throughout the Indian war with the Seminoles and Creeks, being promoted to a captaincy. Col. Bailey served the State of Georgia as Speaker of the House of Representatives and as President of the Senate, and for several terms in the United States Congress. Col. Bailey and his father-in-law, the Hon. Seaton Grantland, were both in Congress, at the same time, one a Whig and the other a Democrat.



RESIDENCE OF GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE, COLUMBUS, MISS.

TENNESSEE'S PART IN THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. JOHN P. HICKMAN, SECRETARY U. D. C.

Mrs. William Hume, of Nashville, historian for the Tennessee Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, gives a succinct statistical history of what Tennessee did during the War between the States, what she has done since, and is now doing. The facts have been divided under separate heads, so that they may be readily understood.

BATTLES FOUGHT IN TENNESSEE.

There were fought upon the soil of Tennessee three hundred and twenty-two battles and skirmishes, in each of which men were killed, wounded, or made prisoners. The more conspicuous of them were:

In 1862—Fort Donelson, February 14-16; Shiloh, April 6, 7; Murfreesboro, July 13; Hartsville, December 7; Parker's Cross Roads, December 30; Murfreesboro, December 31-January 2, 1863.

In 1863—Thompson's Station, March 4, 5; Hoover's Gap, June 24; Missionary Ridge, November 23-25; Knoxville, November 29.

In 1864—Fort Pillow, April 12; Memphis, August 21; Franklin, November 30; Nashville, December 15, 16.

Independent of these, a part of the battle of Chickamauga was fought on Tennessee soil, September 19, 20, 1863. In this battle more men were killed and wounded, for the forces engaged, than in any battle of the war. The Confederates lost 17,804; the Federals, 15,851. The Confederate losses were the greater, as they were the attacking party; however, it was a great Confederate victory.

CONFEDERATE GENERALS FROM TENNESSEE.

Lieutenant Generals: N. B. Forrest and Alex P. Stewart.

Major Generals: William B. Bate, B. F. Cheatham, B. R. Johnson, J. P. McCown, John C. Brown, Daniel S. Donelson, W. Y. C. Humes, Cadmus M. Wilcox.

Brigadier Generals: John Adams, F. C. Armstrong, Alex W. Campbell, J. C. Carter, George W. Dibrell, Robert Hatton, W. H. Jackson, S. R. Anderson, Tyree H. Bell, William H. Carroll, H. B. Davidson, George W. Gordon, Ben J. Hill, A. E. Jackson, George Maney, James A. McMurray, G. J. Pillow, James E. Raines, Tom B. Smith, James Starnes, A. J. Vaughn, F. M. Walker, William McComb, J. B. Palmer, W. A. Quarles, Preston Smith, O. F. Strahl, R. C. Tyler, John C. Vaughn, M. J. Wright, F. K. Zollicoffer.

This gives two lieutenant generals, eight major generals, and thirty-one brigadier generals.

Independent of this, R. C. Foster III., W. R. Caswell, John L. T. Sneed, and C. W. Frazier were appointed by Gov. Harris as brigadier generals of the Provisional Army of Tennessee, and greatly assisted in the organization and equipment of our army.

Tennessee furnished the following commands to the Confederate army:

Eighty-four regiments and five battalions of infantry, twenty-two regiments and seventeen battalions of cavalry, twenty batteries of artillery and four partisan companies.

By the rules of estimates these would make approximately 113,000 soldiers, out of a total of 600,000 soldiers in the Confederate army.

Tennessee also furnished to the Federal army 31,092 white soldiers, making a total of 144,092 soldiers, out of a white population, in 1860, of 739,867.

THE TENNESSEE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

The Confederate dead buried in Tennessee aggregate 11,782. There are at Shiloh 1,728; Knoxville, 1,600; Nashville, 1,492;

Franklin, 1,484; Murfreesboro, 1,340; Memphis, 1,095; Chattanooga, 905; Shelbyville, 600; Fort Donelson, 464; Tullahoma, 400; Jackson, 225; Clarksville, 128; Columbia, 123; Lebanon, 75; Gallatin, 73; Union City, 41; Lewisburg, 9.

Of course there are a number of others in private graveyards, and many in unknown graves. These dead have been gathered together, and their graves looked after, by the women of Tennessee.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS IN TENNESSEE.

In recognition of the bravery, endurance, self-sacrifice, and devotion of the Confederate soldier, seventeen monuments have been erected and four contracted for at the following places in Tennessee: Bolivar, Clarksville, Covington, Gallatin, Knoxville, Memphis, Lewisburg, Murfreesboro, Nashville, Chattanooga, Columbia, Franklin, Jackson, Lebanon, Memphis (N. B. Forrest, contracted for), McMinnville (contracted for), Nashville (Frank Cheatham Bivouac, contracted for), Paris, Shelbyville, Shiloh (contracted for), and Union City.

In 1870 the Confederate women of Nashville organized a Memorial Association. They elected Mrs. Felicia Grundy Porter President, Mrs. E. W. Hickman Secretary, and Mrs. Evans Treasurer. They bought a beautiful circle in Mount Olivet Cemetery, paying \$1,500 therefor, Gen. William B. Bate making the last payment of \$300 thereon. In this circle they buried all of the Confederate soldiers found in the vicinity of Nashville at a cost of \$4,300.

In 1887 the Confederate men and women of Nashville organized a Confederate Monumental Association, which was chartered by the State on May 9, 1887. Under this organization Col. John Overton was elected President, John P. Hickman Secretary, and Maj. M. A. Spurr Treasurer. The Confederate women immediately began an active canvass, and raised in Nashville and Davidson County exclusively \$11,700. On May 16, 1889, the Association unveiled this handsome monument. It is erected in the center of the circle at Mt. Olivet Cemetery—over the graves of 1,492 Confederate soldiers, and cost \$10,500.

The Association now holds in trust, under its charter, \$1,200, the interest on which is to keep the circle and monument in repair.

CONFEDERATE ORGANIZATIONS.

There are in Tennessee the following Confederate organizations, whose duties are to keep fresh the memory of our sainted dead, to revere the altars of the old South, to care for our indigent, maimed, and decrepit soldiers and their families, and to teach the world the history of a people who went to war for liberty, and not for pelf: 86 Camps of United Confederate Veterans; 40 Bivouacs of Confederate soldiers, most of which are also Camps; 46 Chapters of United Daughters of the Confederacy; 36 Camps of United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

The great organization of United Daughters of the Confederacy was effected in Nashville, and Mrs. John P. Hickman, of Nashville, has been the Recording Secretary from the beginning. Two of the Presidents of the body are Mrs. M. C. Goodlett and Mrs. John C. Brown, widow of the gallant major general and Governor of the State.

It is fitting that Confederates the world over be welcomed to Tennessee. One of her leading citizens said, when it was proposed to have the second reunion here: "Nashville will never go back on the old Confederates."

MRS. DAVIS DECLINES GIFT.—A special to the New York Times from Savannah, Ga., May 21, says that Mrs. Jefferson

Davis has written to Mrs. J. A. Rounsaville, ex-President of the Georgia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, returning a gift of \$160 made her by Georgians. The letter returning the money says in part: "Inclosed please find check sent to me from Atlanta by the gentlemen in whose charge the money contributed for my use by generous citizens of Georgia had been placed. As I could not return it to the donors, being unable to find them, and as I prefer not to accept gratuities from any source, I know of no better way to dispose of it than by sending it to the Winnie Davis Annex to the Georgia Female College, at Athens, where I hope some relations of the donors of the sum may be benefited by it." The money will be used by the Georgia Daughters of the Confederacy in the furtherance of their work.

DECORATION DAY AT CAMP CHASE.

The R. E. Lee Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy of Columbus, Ohio, through a committee comprised of Mesdames W. B. Van Horn, Charles Baron, and Mary C. Nicholson, and the President, Mrs. Florence Tucker Winder, sends this announcement:

"Again the time approaches to decorate the graves of our Confederate dead who sleep at Camp Chase Cemetery, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy of the R. E. Lee Chapter, as well as the local Camp of United Confederate Veterans, hold themselves ready to perform the tender office of placing your flowers upon those sacred mounds; and the second Saturday in June, being the eleventh, is set aside as the date for these ceremonies. All contributions of flowers, or money with which to purchase them or help defray expenses, will be gratefully received.

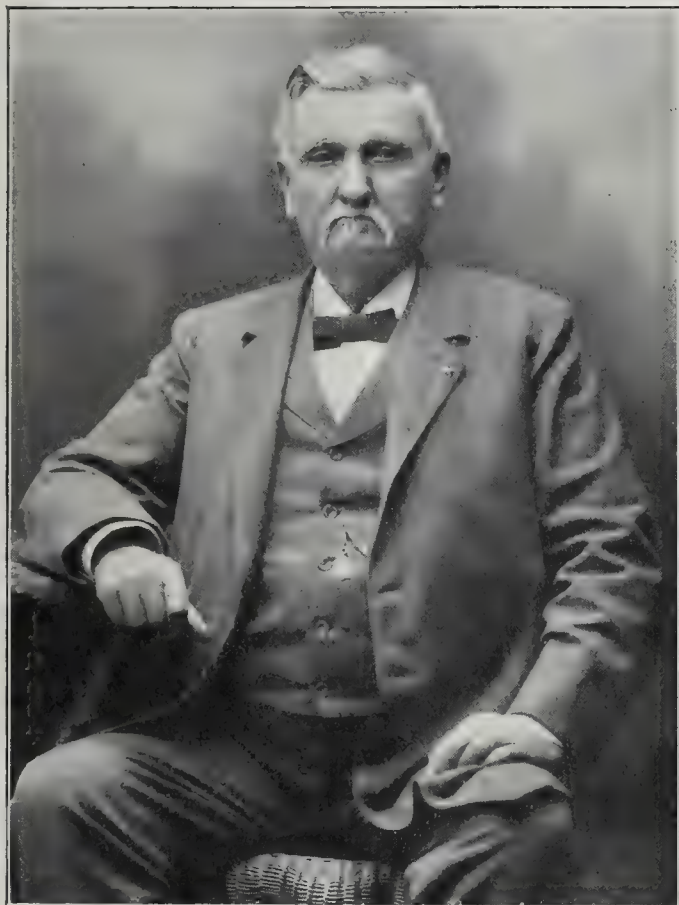
"Kindly send all flowers to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Room 4, Eberly Block, Columbus, Ohio, and all money to Miss Louise Trabue, Treasurer of R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Camp Chase, Ohio."

Mrs. John H. (Florence Tucker) Winder, President, never goes about anything half-heartedly, and her friends at the South will realize how gratified she will be by hearty, unstinted response to this appeal.



MISS ELIZABETH THOMAS,
Tennessee's Maid of Honor, Nashville reunion.

Every Confederate veteran at the Nashville reunion is requested to go to the Vanderbilt University Campus June 15 at 4 P.M. This is for veterans only. Let every Confederate be present, regardless of all other engagements.



GEN. W. L. CABELL ("OLD TIGE"),
Second in Command of the United Confederate Veterans.

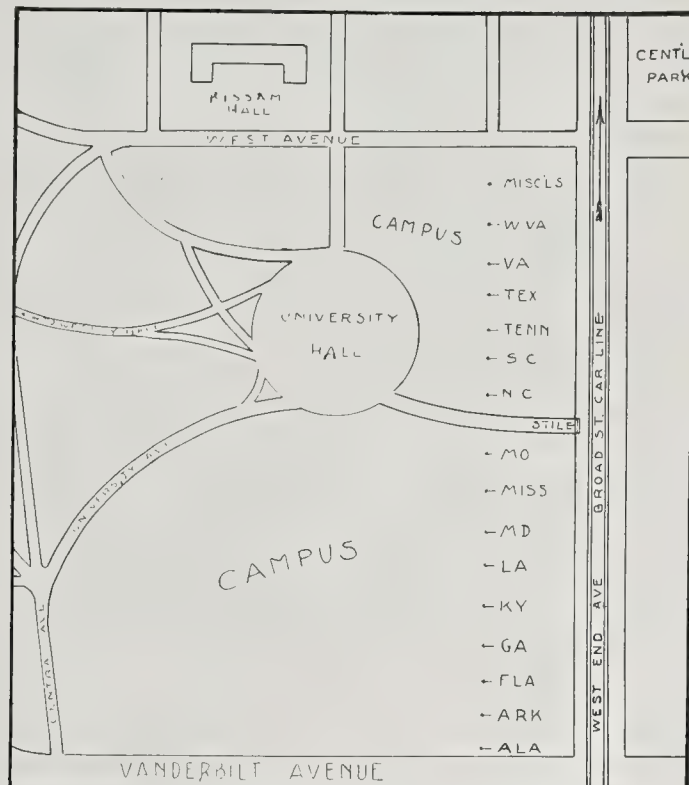
THE REUNION OFFICIAL SOUVENIR BUTTON.

The design of the official souvenir button of the Nashville reunion is here given. It is adorned with the beloved features of the late Commander in Chief of the U. C. V., Gen. John B. Gordon, and will be a valuable souvenir of the fourteenth annual convention of the organization. This button is sold for the purpose of creating a fund with which to care for the indigent veterans who may attend the reunion.

A Nashville hardware man, who attended the recent meeting of the National Hardware Association in Atlanta, Ga., was supplied by Mr. Lewis Eastman, the efficient Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, with a nice lot of the souvenir buttons to sell while there. Mr. Irby Bennett, General Manager of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., of New Haven, Conn., appreciating the opportunity to provide the manufacturers with a beautiful souvenir of the South, took the entire supply. Mr. Bennett is a son of the late Capt. M. T. Bennett, of Lebanon, Tenn., who was a worthy Confederate comrade. The *VETERAN* takes occasion in thanking him to note that the Winchester Company makes the most extensive line of rifles and ammunition in the world.

This souvenir button was designed by the Stief Jewelry Company, of Nashville, where it is for sale, as well as at other places in the city. Price, 50 cents. Send for one or get it when you come to the reunion.

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HEADQUARTERS OF THE VETERAN.

The office of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is at the northeast corner of the Public Square, Nashville (Southern Methodist Publishing House), and will be kept open during the reunion. On June 13, 14, 15, and 16 the headquarters will be in Ward Seminary, Spruce Street, the registration headquarters for all the veterans, and Mr. Cunningham will be at the latter place.

The special attention of patrons is called to the advertisements in this Reunion Number of the *VETERAN*. Many of these are local, and extend cordial invitations to veterans to call while in the city; others offer articles and goods that are well worth looking at, and many of which would be valuable souvenirs of the visit to Nashville.

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association will hold its fifth annual convention in the city of Nashville, Tenn., on June 14-16, 1904. The opening feature of the convention will be the Jefferson Davis memorial service, to be held in Christ Church, Broad Street, Tuesday morning, June 14, at 10:30. Address by Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Gailor, Bishop of Tennessee.

The convention will be held in the First Presbyterian Church, on Church Street, near the Maxwell House. Business sessions will be held on Wednesday and Thursday, June 15-16, commencing at 10 A.M.

Delegates are requested to wear their local association badge for identification, and to report promptly at 9 A.M. Tuesday morning, June 14, to the Chairman of the Credential Committee. Official headquarters of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association will be at the Maxwell House.

MRS. W. J. BEHAN, *President*;
MRS. GEO. A. WILLIAMS, *Cor. Sec.*

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

TWO REUNION EDITIONS—THE CAUSE.

While this issue of the *VETERAN* contains much that is interesting and valuable, the editor is much disappointed in his failure to include much more that was promised and is expected, and an explanatory statement is given.

In compliment to Nashville, whose citizens are active and zealous for the entertainment of coming guests, the United Confederate Veterans and thousands of others, it was intended to pay tribute to the home people in the history of the battle of Nashville, including heroism and patriotism of many yet living. An elaborate supply of engravings was procured and invitation extended to all the people on both sides during the sixties to contribute. Worthy interest was manifested, but some of the parties were so tardy in reporting that many pages were made up of other matter, and then the advertising increased as it never did before, so that the space intended for reminiscences of Nashville was minimized beyond expectation.

Another cause of this embarrassment comes in the editor's being obliged to attend court as plaintiff and witness daily just when his services in the office and in reunion work are most needed. This fact will explain to many friends who have requested personal attention to the procurement of homes, etc., for the reunion time—persons to whom the editor is so indebted that nothing but the impossible would have deterred him from serving them. (This suit is resultant to the unhappy libel prosecution of the *VETERAN*, which was ended in favor of the *VETERAN* and is out of court, a judgment having been given the editor against the plaintiff for costs of the appeal advanced by the defendant. The Underwood suit now in the courts of New York is in part against the trustees of the Confederate Memorial Association and the estate of the late C. B. Rouss in an effort to collect the 25 per cent additional to salary, etc., on a contract signed by the late W. D. Chipley as President of the Board. In that case the plaintiff demands \$25,000 of the \$100,000 subscribed by Mr. Rouss.)

The *VETERAN* for July will be devoted to the reunion and the supplemental data in regard to the battles in the vicinity of Nashville. Those who would contribute to that feature are requested to respond as promptly as possible.

Since writing the foregoing it has been decided to omit a sketch of the Tennessee campaign, to and including Franklin, for which elaborate and beautiful engravings are prepared and which was intended as the leading article. Now let all who can send data of what occurred in and near Nashville in that crucial period report as soon as practicable.

Additional reports on the battle of Nashville may be expected for free distributions at the reunion and to appear in the July issue.

Friends who want to help honor that universally beloved man of the South, Maj. Charles H. Smith (Bill Arp), are asked to help in that cause when at the reunion.

The Sam Davis monument movement appeals constantly to every person who honors highest heroism. The site for the monument may be seen on entering the Capitol grounds from the southwest corner.

NASHVILLE'S INVITATION FOR THE REUNION.

Occasional complaint comes in regard to the change of custom inaugurated heretofore of entertaining guests other than veterans at this 1904 Reunion of United Confederate Veterans. From an important source is the statement of gratitude that such did not emanate from the State of the author, who is an important official. Disappointment in this change has been manifested by others from different sections of the South; so, in justice to Nashville, a brief statement of facts is here given.

It was generally understood at New Orleans last year that one of our most patriotic cities near the sea would ask to entertain the reunion this year, and there was no competition.



MAJ. JOHN W. THOMAS.

In the eleventh hour it was understood that the city referred to decided that the undertaking was too great for its capacity, and, although as patriotic as the best of us, it was thought best not to extend the invitation.

Then it was that the suggestion of invitations from both Louisville and Nashville be extended, that a selection of place be deferred and left to the Executive Committee to meet at a later period. It was fondly hoped that some other city would apply, but there was no action taken anywhere. A week or so before the date for the committee to meet, Gen. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville (Commander of the Kentucky Division), wrote the editor of the *VETERAN* that he hoped Nashville would come to the rescue, as Louisville had other obligations in hand and would not be prepared to extend the invitation. The writer had already brought the matter before the Frank Cheatham Camp, and but one member (Colonel Hickman) had indicated a willingness to undertake the entertainment.

Upon receipt of Col. Young's letter, the editor of the *VETERAN* called upon Maj. J. W. Thomas, who, as President of the Nashville, Chattanooga, & St. Louis Railway, has been more helpful to the Confederate Veterans since the U. C. V. was organized than has any other man. After explanation of

the situation, he suggested bringing the matter before our business organizations, which was done before a joint committee of the Retail Merchants' Association and Chamber of Commerce. This group of business men were informed of the conditions, and upon being told that to entertain the veterans who were not able to pay their way would be the specific favor asked, with one accord the response was: "Do you bring them here, and we will take care of them." This committee comprised bank presidents and other leading representative business men. Encouraged by this message, he returned to Maj. Thomas, and in response to the explanation, he said: "I ADVISE YOU TO INVITE THEM. NASHVILLE WILL NEVER GO BACK ON THE OLD CONFEDERATES." He also said: "It would be a black eye to the South for nobody to invite them."

These few words were enough. No man's word would stand for more. Thorough explanation was made to the U. C. V. Executive Committee at the meeting in Louisville, and the invitation was accepted.

At once our Confederates fell in line, every man of them. The business organizations responded in the spirit of the pledge by the committee referred to. Young men and older ones of all classes and associations joined in, and four times as much money was raised as was stated necessary in the outset, and the reunion, under Providence, is bound to succeed. All honor to the people of Nashville! The General Reunion Committee have worked assiduously, keeping in mind the magnitude of its responsibility and watching closely every item of expense. While conforming to the counsel of our late beloved Commander, Gen. J. B. Gordon, and also of Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee, as to the proper economies, the expense still is very large; but, in the Nashville business man's way, expenses will be kept within the limit of contributions, and there will be no embarrassment when the reunion is over concerning the liabilities incurred. No reference should ever be made to this matter without giving liberal credit to the friends in Middle Tennessee counties, who have contributed liberally in provisions or money.

CONVENTION U. S. C. V. AT NASHVILLE.—Joseph E. Johnston Camp, U. S. C. V., at Nashville, is making all necessary arrangements for the coming convention of the Sons of Veterans during the reunion. The convention will be held at Watkins Hall, corner Church and High Streets, the first meeting being on Tuesday, June 14, 3 P.M. The social and business headquarters will be in the rooms of the Retail Merchants' Association, 407½ Union Street. The Commander in Chief and his staff will have headquarters at the Maxwell House.

On Wednesday afternoon, June 15, the Sons of Veterans will attend the laying of the corner stone of the monument to the Confederate private soldiers at Centennial Park. On Wednesday evening there will be a grand ball and reception at the State Capitol in honor of the sponsors, maids of honor, and Sons of Veterans. On Thursday the Sons of Veterans will take part in the reunion parade, forming their line on North High Street, near Church. As to accommodation and any other details, visitors may address the Commandant of the Camp, John H. DeWitt, 51 Cole Building, Nashville, Tenn. The Sons of Veterans will conform, as far as possible, to the arrangements made by the General Reunion Committee, which have been previously announced.

COMMANDER U. S. C. V. AT NASHVILLE.

The Vanderbilt University *Quarterly* says of Mr. John H. DeWitt, who is active in the work of Sons of Veterans and for the reunion:

"John H. DeWitt, B.A., LL.B. (Columbian University), taught school for three years: at Lawrenceburg, Tenn., in

1894-95; at Mrs. Clark's School for Young Ladies, Nashville, 1895-96; at Washington College for Young Ladies, Washington, D. C., in 1896-97. While holding the latter position, and having previously studied law privately, he took the senior course in the Columbian University Law School, graduating in 1897.

"He was admitted to the Nashville bar in June, 1897, and



JOHN H. DEWITT.

has practiced law at Nashville continuously since that time. In October, 1899, he was elected to the City Council for the term of two years, and was Chairman of the Finance Committee. He has been active in many public enterprises, was attorney for the Tennessee State Anti-Saloon League in 1902-03, was the author of the famous law which extends to newly incorporated towns with a population not over 5,000 the provisions of the 'four-mile law,' prohibiting saloons within four miles of a church or schoolhouse, and was also one of the framers of the amended city charter of Nashville adopted in 1899. He is now editor of *The Scroll of Phi Delta Theta*.

"He was married on November 4, 1899, to Miss Rebecca Ward, of Nashville, and has one child, a son, Ward DeWitt.

"Present address, 51 Cole Building, Nashville, Tenn."

Mr. DeWitt's father was the eminent Chaplain M. B. DeWitt, of the Eighth Tennessee Infantry, but widely known and beloved in the Army of Tennessee. Mr. DeWitt is the Commandant of Joseph E. Johnston Camp, No. 28, U. S. C. V., Nashville, which is very prosperous.

In behalf of the local Sons of Veterans Mr. DeWitt will make an address of welcome at the opening exercises of the Veterans on June 14.

MONUMENT TO GEN. R. E. LEE IN MEMPHIS.

Emory Holmes writes of Gen. Snowden and his \$5,000 offer toward a \$25,000 monument at Memphis:

"Robert Bogardus Snowden, of Memphis, one of the richest men in Tennessee, the only man in the Western Army of the Confederacy who was ever promoted for conspicuous bravery in action from a staff position to a higher rank in the line, has made the generous offer of a cash donation of \$5,000 for a monument to Gen. R. E. Lee, to be erected in Memphis, provided that \$20,000 be added to that sum. This proposition was made in a letter from him to the Park Commissioners of Memphis.

"Gen. Snowden was born in New York City, descending from the old Dutch stock, which first occupied Manhattan Island.

He is in direct line from Everardus Bogardus, the most conspicuous of the sturdy Dutch settlers first to establish what is now New York City. That stock of Dutch people, strong but gentle, able yet not arrogant, is so closely resembled three centuries later by Gen. Lee that it is but natural that those who came of that rich Dutch blood should have a special admiration for the idol of the South. While Gen. Snowden was born in New York City, he was reared in Nashville, where his parents moved when he was but three months of age. Growing up among the generation which had learned patriotism and bravery from such models as Jackson, Sevier, Robertson, Carroll, Coffee, and Bledsoe, and having received martial training at the Western Military Institute, of Kentucky, he joined the First Tennessee Regiment and began a brilliant military course as adjutant, with rank of first lieutenant, under Col. (later Gen.) George Maney. With this command he served during the first year of the war in Western Virginia with Lee and Jackson, at Cheat Mountain, Sewell, Bath, Hancock, and other important engagements in that section during the early days of the Confederacy. During the next two years he served in the West.

"When Shiloh's ground was about to be bathed in the world's most heroic blood, Lieut. Snowden was promoted to adjutant general of Bushrod Johnson's command, and served in that capacity with conspicuous efficiency at Shiloh and Perryville, but it was at Murfreesboro, on the last day of 1862, where Capt. Snowden showed that no staff position, however much the preparation of an army to fight depended upon it, could prevent his also being a factor in the consummation of those plans. The battle raged to and fro, many strong men had gone down, when a regiment at a critical time and point faltered. Fate hung in the balance. Capt. Snowden saw the situation, and for him to see was to act. Dashing among the wavering men, his presence restored confidence, and at the head of the regiment many of them marched to death as gayly as to a festival. For this conspicuous act of bravery in action Capt. Snowden received the distinction of being the only officer in the Western Army promoted from the staff to a higher position in the line. He was made lieutenant colonel of the Twenty-Fifth Tennessee, and served this command after having had a brigade under him.

"Col. Snowden was in many bloody actions of the Army of Tennessee during the second and third years of the war, and was again directly under Gen. Lee during the last year. Thrice he was wounded—once at Perryville, again at Murfreesboro, and then in front of Richmond; twice also was his mount shot under him. When the black curtain fell at Appomattox he escaped with President Davis. At Augusta, Ga., when the end came, he surrendered to Gen. Wilson.

"Col. Snowden was Commander in Chief of the Interstate Drill at Memphis in 1895, with rank of major general.

"In a talk with Gen. Snowden of his fine gift of \$5,000, he said: 'We ought to have a monument in Memphis to Gen. Lee. Memphis is a great city, and is destined to be a far greater one. The youth from a large and populous territory come here. Will any one of these future rulers of the republic not be a better man if he shall have looked upon a noble statue to this great man and studied his character? Gen. Lee's private character was as pure and spotless as his public life was heroic and brilliant. He loved his country and could have had the highest command in her great armies; but he loved his native State more, and cast his fortunes with Virginia. His task was difficult, but he made soldiers out of raw recruits in a short time. At first there was the natural amount of jealousy and harsh criticism of him, but he showed no resentment. He knew that his cause was right, that all right-thinking men

must come to him, and that the right must prevail over the wrong. We who served under him soon learned his military capacity and his high sense of honor, justice, and right. The enemy also soon learned the force of his genius. Now the students of war from all nations realize the same that we know. In the great upheavals of civilization, men of military genius have from time to time risen high. Some of them may have equaled, but none, all conditions considered, surpassed him, and where in all history is there any life to compare with the beauty, the modesty, and the simplicity of his after the



GEN. R. B. SNOWDEN.

close of the war? It was in the phases of his life shown in peace that he proved himself higher in the scale of traits we all admire than any other man of whom we have read. In the even poise and perfect balance of his whole life he reminds me more of William of Orange than any other historical character. My proposition to donate \$5,000 for a monument has been received with great favor. Since I made it, recently five men, of their own accord, have volunteered to give \$500 each. I do not think that there would be any difficulty about raising the other \$17,500 necessary to erect a handsome statue to the memory of this great man."

This monument movement by Gen. Snowden is indicative of an advance in such matters. Confederates who are able are realizing that soon "the story of the glory" must be told by others. Gen. Snowden honors his comrades living and dead.

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 PORTRAIT OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.—Miss Kate Hardin Helm, of Louisville, has painted a portrait of President Jefferson Davis, which has place in the Confederate Memorial Hall, New Orleans. Miss Helm is one of the two daughters of Gen. and Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm. The father gave his life for the South, and a monument marks the spot on Chickamauga. The mother and this daughter reside at Elizabethtown, near the ancestral home of the distinguished family.

CORPS COMMANDER REPORTS OF THE BATTLE.

Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee's report of the battle of Nashville, which was fought December 15 and 16, 1864, is as follows:

"The bloody battle of Franklin was fought November 30, 1864, ending about midnight. The Union army, under Gen. Schofield, abandoned the field, and retreated toward Nashville during the night, and on arrival took position within the intrenchments surrounding the city, and there they remained till December 15. Gen. Thomas made no aggressive forward movement, but steadily received reinforcements, and by the 15th of December he had about 43,000 infantry and 12,000 cavalry. Livermore says his effective force was 49,772 men.

"The Union troops occupied the intrenchments as follows: Gen. Schofield's army (Twenty-Third Corps) was on the Union left, reaching the river (east); Gen. Wood's army (Fourth Corps) in the center, and Gen. A. J. Smith's army on the right, extending to the river (west); Gen. Wilson's Cavalry Corps in the rear of Gen. Smith's Army Corps, near the river; Gen. Steedman's Division was also intrenched along the river, a little outside of the main line of intrenchments on the east. There was also an inside line of intrenchments occupied by Gen. Donaldson's quartermaster men (armed), guarding the west of the city, when Thomas's army moved out of its intrenchments to give battle.

"The Confederate army under Gen. Hood pursued the Union army on the morning of December 1 (after the battle of Franklin), and, arriving in front of Nashville December 2, began intrenching itself about one mile from the Union intrenchments around the city, Cheatham's Corps being on the right and extending across the Nolensville Pike and resting on the railroad from Nashville to Murfreesboro, and extending west almost to the Franklin Pike. Lee's Corps occupied the center, covering the Franklin Pike and extending almost to the Granny White Pike. Stewart's Corps was on the left, covering the Granny White and Hillsboro Pikes, leaving on Hood's left to the river on the west an open space or distance more than equal to the front occupied by his entire army, from the Hillsboro Pike to the river (west), and through which ran the Harding and Charlotte Pikes. This large area was covered by one brigade of cavalry under Gen. Chalmers (about 1,000 strong), and for a little while one brigade of infantry under Gen. Ector on the Harding Pike. Gen. Hood had strengthened his right flank by a redoubt on Rains Hill, near the Nolensville Pike, and some

smaller works near the railroad, and his left flank by five redoubts on both sides and to the west of the Hillsboro Pike; also by a strong line of rifle pits on Montgomery Hill, in advance of and on the left front of his main line. Two of these redoubts west of the pike were from a mile to a mile and a half from the left of Gen. Stewart's Corps, and occupied by artillery and small garrisons of from 150 to 200 men. The effective force of Gen. Hood's army was about 23,207 men (Livermore), a difference of 26,565 men in favor of Gen. Thomas's army, and greater than Hood's entire army.

"These were the relative positions and numbers of the two armies on the evening of December 14 preceding the battle. The weather had been intensely cold, and sleeting from about December 9 to December 14.

"Gen. Thomas's plan of battle was admirable. Taking advantage of the unoccupied area on Hood's left flank and between it and the river on the left, after he filled the intrenchments in front of Cheatham's and Lee's Corps with the garrison proper of Nashville and armed quartermaster employees on a short interior line, he then thrust his entire army west of the Hillsboro Pike into this open space, Wilson's 12,000 cavalry leading and brushing Chalmers's small force away, followed by A. J. Smith's army, then next by Wood's army, then by Schofield's army, placing all this force diagonally across Hood's left flank. His 'success was due chiefly to a tactical combination of a superior force.' The battle began by Gen. Steedman's attacking the extreme right of the Confederate line, and near the railroad (as a diversion), while the great flanking movement of Thomas's entire army was in progress and being developed. This movement was rapidly developed, Thomas's 12,000 cavalry constantly swinging around to the left, followed by the three great armies of Smith, Wood, and Schofield. Soon the cavalry had reached the left and rear of Gen. Stewart's Corps, and got in the rear of the divisions of Walthall, Loring, and French. The advanced rifle pits on Montgomery Hill and the two left redoubts across the Hillsboro Pike were, in succession, overwhelmed and carried, and Stewart's left (the left of Hood's army) was completely turned by the great swinging and encircling movement to the left by Thomas's army. Reinforcements were called from Lee's Corps, and they were sent by brigades until one of his divisions (Johnson's) was sent. Lee's line at first was thin, and after one division was taken out he had only a thin skirmish line, opposed by the well-filled intrenchments of the enemy in his front. The brigades sent by Lee



LAWN AND HOME OF JOS. H. THOMPSON, NEAR CENTRAL AREA OF THE ARMY WHILE CAMPED IN FRONT OF NASHVILLE.

to reënforce Stewart arrived after the redoubts on Stewart's left had been taken, and were rapidly overwhelmed in succession by the great swinging movement, which soon got to the rear of Walthall's and Loring's Divisions, and they had to rapidly fall back toward the Granny White Pike, taking position near dark on the ridges between the Hillsboro and Granny White Pikes. Night is all that prevented Stewart's force being cut off entirely.

"The first day's battle, and the complete turning of Hood's left flank, necessitated a new line of battle by Hood, during the night of the 15th and 16th of December. This line was formed about one and one-half or two miles farther south. Cheatham's Corps was moved from the extreme right of Hood's line to the extreme left, and formed near the Brentwood hills, to the left of the Granny White Pike. Stewart's Corps was on his right, and Lee's Corps then became the right of the Confederate army, resting on Overton Hill, on the Franklin Pike. Cheatham's right division, under Gen. Bate, occupied Shy Hill to the left of Granny White Pike, and his line was facing west, with Chalmers's Cavalry on his left, and on both sides of the pike. Stewart's Corps was between the Granny White Pike and the Franklin Pike, and Lee's Corps holding Overton Hill and the space to the left of Franklin Pike to Stewart's right. Hood's line of battle was shorter almost one-half, and better than the one he had abandoned on the night of the 15th of December. Here he awaited the attack of the enemy on December 16. His position was a critical one; it virtually left but one road (the Franklin Pike) for his army to escape on in case of disaster. Wilson's Cavalry virtually held the Granny White Pike, on Hood's extreme left.

"It took some time for Thomas's army to move up and confront Hood's army in its new position, but it gradually did so during the morning of December 16, and his forces were arranged as follows: Gens. Steedman and Wood confronted Lee on the Franklin Pike; Wood and Smith confronted Lee and Stewart between the Franklin and Granny White Pikes; Smith and Schofield at Shy Hill and around Cheatham's Corps, with Wilson's Cavalry Corps on the left of Cheatham, and continuing the turning operations of the day before toward the Franklin Pike, now the only road open for Hood's escape. Gen. Thomas, having virtually cut off Hood's retrograde movement on all pikes except the Franklin Pike, determined to crush Hood's extreme right on Overton Hill, so as to cut off Stewart and Cheatham from the Franklin Pike. Gen. Hood anticipated this movement, and he instructed Lee to hold that pike at all hazards, and in case of disaster Stewart was to hold the Franklin Pike at Brentwood till Lee's Corps had passed to the rear.

"While the great flanking movement on Hood's left was being perfected by Thomas on the morning of December 16 for a continuation of development of Hood's left in his new position, he ordered Wood and Steedman to assault Overton Hill (Hood's extreme right). The assault was preceded by a most terrific concentrated fire of artillery for two hours, from 9 to 11 A.M. Then the assault was made on the narrow hill by two brigades of white troops of Wood's Corps and two brigades of negro troops in Steedman's Division. The assault was gallantly made, some of the troops getting within thirty yards of the stone fence occupied by Clayton's Division, and one brigade of Stephenson's Division on Clayton's left (all of Lee's Corps). The assaults were made several times, and so determinedly that one-half of the loss of Thomas's entire army occurred in the attempts to carry Overton Hill and seize the Franklin Pike to cut off Hood's other two corps to Lee's left. The repeated assaults were repulsed with great

slaughter, the last assault being repulsed and the enemy retreating out of sight about 3:30 P.M.; and virtually enabling Hood to feel secure on that pike, so far as defeat on that part of his army might occur. So anxious was Hood about his right flank that he sent Cleburne's Old Division from his extreme left to his extreme right to help hold that pike during the repeated assaults. These troops, however, were soon recalled to meet disaster on the left, and were not used by Lee in repulsing the enemy.

"About the time of the last repulse of the enemy at Overton Hill (3:30 or 4 P.M.) the great army of Thomas's had again enveloped Hood's left flank, Wilson's Cavalry working over and around Cheatham's left flank, and getting across the Granny White Pike and in rear of the Confederate left flank, as it did the day before. About this time also the angle held by Cheatham's right (Shy Hill), just west of the Granny White Pike, and near Stewart's left flank (the left center of Hood's army), was captured by the Union troops, causing a break almost in the entire Confederate army, and almost a mad rush in panic over the hills toward the Franklin Pike by the Confederate troops to the left of that pike. The enemy rushed into the space of the broken Confederate line, Stewart's and Cheatham's Corps rushed toward the Franklin Pike, and the entire Union army charged and pursued from the direction of the Granny White Pike and toward the rear of Lee's Corps, which also gave way gradually. Clayton's Division, forming a second line between Overton Hill and Brentwood to hold in check the enemy, came from the direction of the Granny White Pike. All that saved Hood's army at this critical moment was the fact that Lee formed this second line and held in check the enemy. Fortunately there was no pursuit by the left of Wood's Corps and Steedman's Division on the Franklin Pike until it was too late to take advantage of the rear movement of Lee's Corps from Overton Hill. While Lee was holding the enemy in check with his rear guard he was notified near dark that the enemy were about reaching Brentwood. He rapidly withdrew, arriving at Brentwood about dark. He found that Stewart and Cheatham had already passed Brentwood, moving to the rear, that Chalmers's Cavalry at dark was fighting Wilson's Cavalry less than half a mile from the Franklin Pike. Lee rapidly passed by Brentwood, followed by Chalmers's Cavalry, halting his rear guard six miles north of Franklin at 10 P.M., sending a small command to hold a gap east of where he halted in the hills.



POINT FROM WHICH GEN. HOOD WITNESSED FIRST BREAK OF LINE. SEE DIM HILL TO THE LEFT.



LAWN OF OVERTON LEA'S HOME.

Showing in the distance the point (see summer house) from which Gen. Hood witnessed the battle and directed the movements of his army.

"Lee was ordered by Gen. Hood to cover the retreat of his army from the great defeat at Nashville. The rest of the army, in great confusion and disorder, had moved on to Franklin. Smith's Army Corps and part of Wilson's Cavalry were east of the Granny White Pike at dark, and Wilson's Cavalry less than one-half mile of the Franklin Pike, near Brentwood. Most of Wood's Corps were between the Granny White Pike and the Franklin Pike, and Wood's and Smith's armies pressed from the direction of the Granny White Pike.

"The battle of Nashville was the most complete victory of the war, and won by the Union army. The Confederate army, although it held the field at Franklin, was terribly punished and much demoralized by its great losses, but covered itself with a halo of valor equal to any display on any field of the great war on either side. The army realized that Hood's campaign was a forlorn hope, and that the Confederacy was on its last legs; yet the Confederate soldier, true to his duty and in face of inevitable defeat, maintained a bold front, waiting for final order of his government to resist or to be crushed finally.

"It is difficult to get at Hood's losses. He claims to have lost 54 guns and 10,000 men, including his loss at Franklin (about 6,252 men killed, wounded, and prisoners). Livermore puts his prisoners at Nashville at 4,462 men, and Thomas's army lost 3,061 men. Hood did not lose many men killed and wounded, as he was really flanked and maneuvered into a rout by Thomas. He could not move his guns, as the horses were in the rear for safety, and the break the second day was so sudden and rapid that the horses could not be brought up.

"THE PURSUIT, DECEMBER 17.

"As stated, Lee, with the rear guard, composed of Clayton's Division (brigades of Gibson, Holtzclaw, and Stovall), passed Brentwood after dark. He was ordered by Gen. Hood to cover the retreat of his army. His first halt was at Hollow Tree Gap, about six miles north of Franklin. Here, with Pettus's Brigade, Stephenson's Division and Stovall's Brigade, Clayton's Division and Bledsoe's Battery, he awaited the enemy. Wilson's Cavalry appeared about 8 A.M., driving Chalmers's Cavalry and actually many of them passing through the infantry rear guard; but they were repulsed with

loss of men and guidons. They again appeared at 9 A.M., and were driven back with the loss of one hundred prisoners and several guidons. The retreat was then resumed toward Franklin, and, although frequently attacked, got over the Harpeth River with loss of some prisoners; and the trestle bridge was destroyed.

"The next stand was made about one and one-half miles south of Franklin, as that city was full of wounded of both armies from the battle of Franklin. Here the pursuit was again checked, and here it was that Gen. Lee was wounded while in charge of the rear guard. The enemy having crossed, all his cavalry made a most determined effort to rout the rear guard, composed of Pettus's and Cummings's Brigades of Stephenson's Division, beginning about four miles north of Spring Hill. Here Chalmers's Cavalry was driven off from the two small infantry brigades, and they alone had to resist the terrible onslaught of Wilson's entire force. The rear guard, under Gen. Stephenson, formed three sides of a square, and slowly cut its way to the rear, being attacked in the front, flank, and rear, and keeping this up to within a short distance of Spring Hill. Here Clayton sent a brigade (Holtzclaw's) back to help, and formed his other two brigades across the pike to resist the cavalry, for Wilson had gotten between the two commands. There could not have been a more gallant effort to crush a rear guard of any retreating army than Wilson made, and certainly never did a rear guard perform its critical duty better. The two brigades numbered about 700 men. This was the afternoon after the great victory, and 12,000 cavalry were trying to ride over the devoted rear guard. This day's effort really saved Hood's army and gave an effectual check in pursuit, the effort extending into the night of December 17. Wilson did not again show such dash and boldness in pursuit. Gen. Lee relinquished his command during the night of the 17th, putting Gen. Stephenson in command of his corps.

"On December 18 the cavalry of the enemy pursued continually to near Rutherford Creek, and on the 19th to Rutherford Creek, which was up and could not be crossed by the enemy, because their pontoon train was not up. Wilson's entire cavalry corps ceased pursuit on the evening of December 19, and went into camp, drawing supplies; nor did the

enemy's cavalry renew pursuit till the morning of December 22, thus allowing Hood's army December 17, 18, 19, 20, and 21 to move steadily toward the Tennessee River. Hood's army crossed Duck River by the morning of December 20 at Columbia, and resumed retreat December 21. After Gen. Hood was safely over Duck River with his army, and the enemy's cavalry had ceased pursuit during December 19, 20, and 21, owing to high water in Rutherford Creek and the Union pontoon trains not being up, it gave him (Gen. Hood) a breathing spell, and the army had pretty well recovered from its rout and panic. Organizations had been perfected, and everything was ready to move slowly over the bad roads toward the Tennessee River December 21. Gen. Forrest, near Murfreesboro, heard of Gen. Hood's disaster before Nashville during the night of December 16, and under orders retreated in the direction of Columbia, on Duck River, to join Gen. Hood. He reached Columbia with his command on the evening of December 18, and went into camp at Columbia on December 19. Some of the enemy's cavalry appeared before Columbia on the evening of December 20 in observation.

"On December 20 Gen. Hood, before resuming his retreat, organized a strong rear guard composed of Gen. Forrest's Cavalry and five brigades of infantry under Gen. Walthall, the two commands being under command of Gen. Forrest. The enemy's cavalry crossed Duck River on December 22 and resumed pursuit. His infantry never pursued after December 17, and never came in contact with the rear of Hood's army. This rear guard was ably handled by Gen. Forrest, and presented such a bold front that Gen. Wilson showed but little disposition to press it, except at two points. On December 24 the whole cavalry corps of the enemy resumed pursuit, and attacked the rear guard under Forrest at Lynnville and was checked, and again below Pulaski, when Walthall, with his infantry, gave a decided check and captured a gun and prisoners. Wilson followed to Sugar Creek, and on December 27 saw the last of Hood's army across the Tennessee River. The facts in this article are sustained by the official reports in Serial No. 93, 'War of the Rebellion,' 'The Mississippi Valley in the Civil War' by John Fiske, Burress's 'The Civil War and the Constitution of 1859-65,' 'The March to the Sea,'

'Franklin and Nashville,' Cox's 'Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.'"

DATA FROM COL. J. D. PORTER. (SKETCH TO COME.)

An account of the battle by Hon. James D. Porter, who was chief of staff to Maj. Gen. B. F. Cheatham, one of the corps commanders, will appear in the July issue. The following is from notes kindly made by him by request as aid in the procurement of data in regard to a fatal charge by negro troops sometime before the general battle:

"The attack on Cheatham, then holding Hood's right, with corps headquarters at the Greenfield homestead, was made by Maj. Gen. Steedman with the Twelfth, Thirteenth, and One Hundredth Regiments of negro troops under command of Col. Thompson, of the Twelfth (negro), the Fourteenth, Seventeenth (negro), commanded by Col. W. R. Shafter, of the Forty-Fourth (now a major general in the United States army), and a detachment of the Eighteenth (negro), under Morgan, of the Fourteenth (negro), the Sixty-Eighth Indiana, Eighteenth Ohio, and Second Battalion, under Lieut. Col. Grosvenor, of the Eighteenth Ohio, afterwards Gen. Grosvenor, now Republican leader of the House of Representatives from Ohio.

"The attacking column formed near the Rains house. The objective point of attack was a lunette occupied by Granbury's Brigade and a section of Turner's Mississippi Battery, supported by the right of Cheatham's old division. Cheatham had his field headquarters at the lunette, and gave orders to reserve fire until the assaulting column was in close range. A terrific volley was delivered, and Gen. Grosvenor officially reported that it "stampeded the whole line, and nearly all the men fled from the field." Maj. Gen. Corbin, of the United States army, was a lieutenant colonel in a negro regiment, and with Shafter and the darkies ran for their lives, and it is believed there was no halt until they reached the city. The Federal loss was 825 killed and wounded, of which number 120 were killed. Cheatham sustained no loss. This was the first sham battle ever fought by his men.

"Just as Steedman's advance was made, Cheatham received an order from Gen. Hood to move to the left of the army.



LAWN OF RAINS PLACE—BY DEEP CUT ON CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD.
Where some active fighting occurred and near where many negroes in blue were killed.



SHY'S HILL, WEST OF GRANNY WHITE PIKE, WHERE THE CONFEDERATE LINE WAS BROKEN AND THE STAMPEDE BEGAN.

This was made necessary because the enemy had assaulted Stewart's left, driven Manigault and Deas, who reënforced Stewart's left, and gained the rear of Walthall and Loring. Walthall made a noble fight, retired his line, and the entire corps formed between the Granny White and Franklin roads. Cheatham formed Bate's Division on Walthall's left. This placed Bate on the summit of Shy's Hill, where the disaster of the morrow was to occur. Cheatham's extreme left, held by Govan's Brigade of Cleburne's Division, was forced, and occupied by the Federal forces, until Field, commanding Maney's Brigade, was hurried forward by Cheatham. It is due to Govan to state that he covered in open order the line held by his own and the brigades of Smith and Granbury, who had been sent by Cheatham to reënforce Lee's Corps at the time he was attacked by Wood and Stedman. The two brigades were not returned to Cheatham until after Bate had abandoned the position assigned him. He deployed his command in open order, and attacked a line of battle with this formation, retook and held the left. Field was soon supported by Gist's South Carolina and Georgia Brigades, Col. Anderson, of the Eighth Tennessee, commanding. The ravine to the left of the hill was held by Cheatham's Division, Brig.

Gen. Lowry commanding. A fierce assault on this position was made and repulsed. Cheatham's field headquarters was on the hill, and five minutes before the disaster at that point he felt that his entire line was secure against any attack. During the battle Thos. Benton's, Smith's, and Granbury's Brigades went to the assistance of the center. They returned to him just in time for a diversion that enabled him to prevent the capture of the troops of his extreme left. All along the line held by Stewart's and Stephen D. Lee's Corps, the fighting in front of Hood's headquarters, near the Lea house, and in front of Traveler's Rest (Overton's?), was fierce, but our resistance was successful and satisfactory. Thomas's attack was feeble. He showed no dash or enterprise. Indeed, the battle of Nashville exhibited poor fighting.

NOTE FROM GEN. A. P. STEWART.

Application was made to Gen. Alex P. Stewart, the other surviving corps commander in the battle, and in reply he wrote from Chattanooga, Tenn., April 8, that his recollections were "hazy," and requested Maj. W. F. Foster to write for him, stating: "He was my engineer officer, was with me during the battle, and I think could write a much better and



VIEW FROM THE OLD OVERTON HOME—TRAVELERS' REST.

Hood's headquarters before the battle, looking west.

more accurate account than I can. Will you please see him and ask him, as a favor to me as well as to the VETERAN, to write out for you his recollections?"

Representative of Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart, Maj. Foster appreciates the compliment paid him by Gen. Stewart, and cheerfully responds by a supplemental note:

"Your letter of April 11, inclosing a note from Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart, was duly received, and, holding a request from my old commander to be even more imperative than his orders, which it was my habit to obey promptly in former days, I had hoped to prepare some description of the battle of Nashville in accordance with your request and Gen. Stewart's suggestion.

"However, having been allowed by your courtesy to read the manuscript of the admirable paper prepared by Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee upon the same subject, I find the ground completely

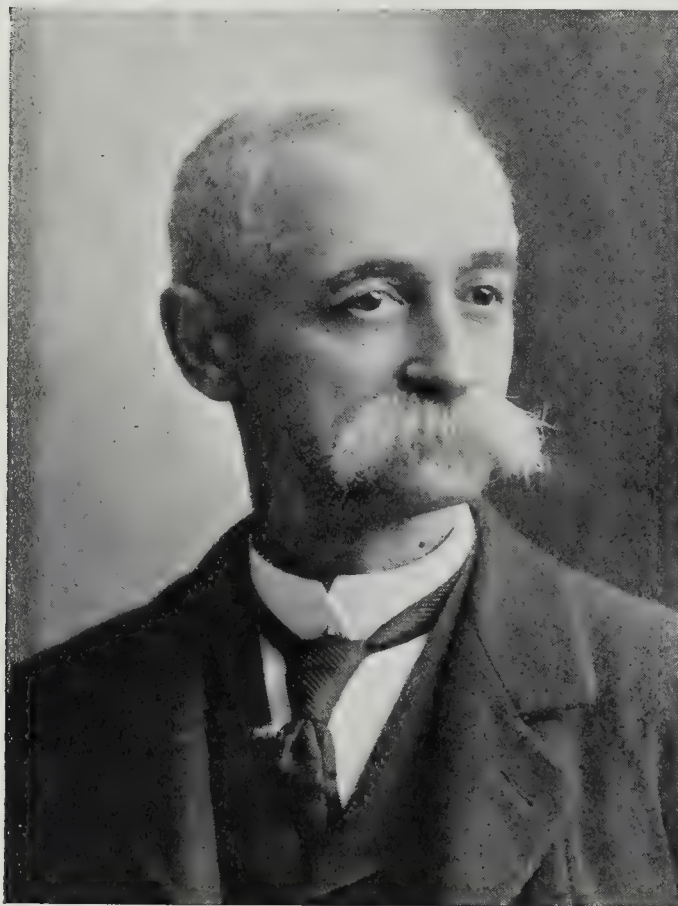
about 4 P.M. on the 16th the Brentwood hills, in the rear of Cheatham's and Stewart's Corps, were being occupied by the enemy in strong force. Nobody knew better than the Confederate soldiers in the rifle pits that their line could be no longer maintained, and that only one outlet was open by which to escape inevitable capture. At that moment the line gave way at Shy's Hill, and served as a signal for a stampede to the Franklin Turnpike. This was done, of course, in great disorder; but if 'panic' was there, I failed to see it. This writer was in the rush along the foot of the Brentwood hills, and well remembers certain jibes and sarcastic remarks of the men, but no cries of terror. The men simply knew, without being told, that there was but one thing to do, and that was to get to the Franklin Pike; and they did it, not because they were panic-stricken, but because it was the proper thing to do."

REGARD OF GEN. G. H. THOMAS FOR THE SOUTH.

Maj. A. W. Wills, Postmaster, sends the following reminiscences of Gen. Thomas and the battle of Nashville:

"This terrible battle was fought December 15 and 16, 1864, the sequel to that of Franklin, November 30, just fifteen days before. On that night (November 30) the army of Gen. Schofield fell back on Nashville, leaving the Union dead on the battlefield, to be buried by the Confederates. On the morning of December 1, after the Union army had reached Nashville and were comfortably quartered on the tented field, the rain, hail, and snow fell in torrents and continued for some ten days. The surface of the earth was covered with ice. The Union soldiers were well clad and fed and in comfortable quarters (reinforcements were being received as rapidly as transportation could bring them to Nashville), while the Confederate soldiers, encamped just a mile or more from the outskirts of the city, were thinly clad, many without hats or shoes, in poor quarters, short rations, with nothing to burn but green timber, as every fence rail for miles had been consumed.

"The lines of the Confederate troops under Gen. Hood rested on the Cumberland River, above and below Nashville. Gen. George H. Thomas, familiarly known as 'Pap' Thomas, commanded the Union forces. His headquarters were in the old St. Cloud Hotel building, corner of Summer and Church Streets. He was master of the situation. Almost hourly he was waited upon by some of the prominent citizens of Nashville, and the question put to him: 'Had we not better remove our families out of Nashville to Louisville or elsewhere in the event of the bombardment of the city?' The stereotyped reply was all that fell from the General's lips: 'I shall give you due warning when the time arrives.' The General seemed to have the most implicit confidence in winning the battle, if only left to his own judgment when to bring on the attack. The authorities at Washington were hourly ordering him to bring on the engagement, but he heeded not the order. Finally like orders came so thick and fast that he replied to the effect that if the engagement must be brought on before he was ready another commander must be chosen. Gen. John A. Logan was ordered to assume command. Gen. Logan was serving in the East. He knew of the fighting qualities of Gen. Thomas, and was in no haste to reach Nashville. Before his arrival, Gen. Thomas, not governed by orders or telegrams, but alone by the situation and surrounding circumstances, on the early morning of December 15, 1864, moved out on the Granny White Pike, and the great battle was soon commenced, which lasted for two days, and was one of the severest struggles of the war. This battle was said to have 'crushed the backbone of the rebellion.' This expression was used by Gov. Brownlow



MAJ. WILBUR F. FOSTER.

covered, so that any other description would necessarily, to a great extent, be only a repetition of facts and incidents already stated clearly and accurately by Gen. Lee.

"There is one expression sometimes used to which I wish to enter protest. It has been frequently said that when the line gave way at Shy's Hill a 'panic' ensued and the entire army fled in disorderly rout, etc. There was no panic.

"For two days the soldiers in Stewart's Corps had faced an enemy overwhelming in numbers, and with indomitable pluck had met and repelled every assault, all the time being conscious of the fact that their position was being turned and would finally become untenable. The lines were extended to the left from time to time to meet this flanking movement of the enemy, always in the best of order and with unbroken front. On the second day, Cheatham's Corps, transferred to Stewart's left, confronted the same enveloping movement so well described by Gen. Lee.

"At last the crisis came, anticipated by everybody, when at

after the war when presenting a gold medal to Gen. Thomas, awarded by the State Legislature. The Governor, in the presentation, said: 'I give this medal to the general who won the first Federal victory at Mill Springs, Ky.; to the general who saved the day at Stone's River; to the rock of Chickamauga; to the general who crushed the backbone of the rebellion at Nashville, Tenn.; to the general who never lost a battle; and to the man who, in the opinion of his friends, never made a mistake.'

"Every foot of the battle ground of Nashville was closely contested. Thousands of the Confederate soldiers were Tennesseans. They were in sight of the capital of their native State, within sight of their own firesides, their homes, and their dear ones, but their condition and the superior numbers of the opposing forces in time compelled them to give up the struggle, but not until all hope was gone. The heavy rains in the early part of the month had swollen the streams beyond their banks. This was the condition of Duck River, that must be crossed in the retreat. Gen. Thomas ordered one of his staff officers back to Nashville to bring the pontoon train out to enable a portion of his army to cross Duck River in advance of Hood, and thereby cut off the retreat of the army that was left and cause it to surrender, but by some unlooked-for error on the part of the officer intrusted with this important mission, he guided the pontoon train out the Murfreesboro Pike until he nearly reached Murfreesboro before he discovered his mistake. This great delay gave time for the Confederate forces to make the crossing and continue their march southward. It has always been believed, by those familiar with the facts, that, had Gen. Thomas's orders been successfully and promptly carried out, Gen. Hood's army would have been compelled to surrender, which doubtless would have brought the war to a still earlier ending. The mistake made by Gen. Thomas's staff officer was never officially reported, nor was it indeed known to but a few of the members of the staff.

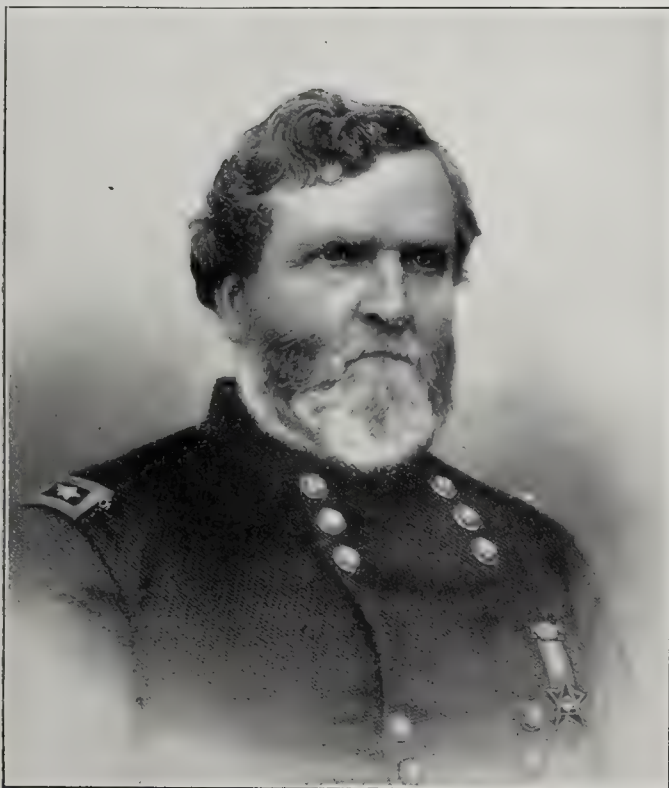
"Gen. Thomas was certainly one of the greatest generals of the Union army. He was a Virginian by birth, a graduate of West Point, a classmate of Gen. Robert E. Lee. It was

doubtless a great struggle when the war broke out for Gen. Thomas to decide his future course. Gen. Lee thought his first allegiance was to his native State, while Gen. Thomas thought differently, believed he owed his allegiance first to his country, and remained loyal to the Union and became one of its greatest generals, if not the greatest of all the generals in the Union army. He was known for his exceeding kind-heartedness and his great care for his soldiers. He took a personal interest in their comfort and welfare, and was beloved by all of them. In time of battle his constant thought was to save the lives of all he could, and to make no useless sacrifices. He surrounded himself generally with young men, particularly his personal staff, all of whom, with the exception of one or two, were between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five. He was like a father to them. Frequently he would call them together and advise with them, cautioning them against excesses of all kinds, and advising them to be merciful to the prisoners of war and to treat them as they would wish to be treated under like circumstances. A staff officer relates an incident that occurred at headquarters when the General heard that some of the younger members of his staff had been indulging in a game of 'draw poker.' He summoned them in his presence and told them that he was aware of the attractions of the game among officers of the army, and he said: 'I don't mean that you shall not play the game; but if you will, don't play with my provost marshal general' (the latter played a scientific or congressional game that was destructive to the younger set). This officer, Gen. Johnson, had a brother in the Confederate army.

"When the war closed there were none more anxious for peace than Gen. Thomas, and he at once set about restoring all the property, buildings, houses, etc., in use by the government to the owners. At that time his headquarters were in Nashville, and he was in command of the military division of the Mississippi. He at once issued peremptory orders to restore to the owners all the buildings occupied by the army. He caused the officers to occupy smaller quarters, to double up, where necessary, in order to surrender to the owners their property, that they might receive the revenue therefrom. He directed and caused to be restored to the corporations all the railroads and railroad properties in his division, and his whole mind seemed to be bent upon restoring peace to the country and to making happy and contented the returned soldiers of the Confederacy. Peace and prosperity and the building up of the country were his watchwords. Gen. Thomas's innate modesty was one of his great virtues. He believed not in display and honoring the victorious. His sympathy for those who had sacrificed their all was ever manifest. He loved his country and her whole people.

"An evidence of Gen. Thomas's modesty and dislike of being lionized occurred soon after the war. Upon his visit to Washington, where he was called on official business, news of his coming had preceded him, much to his discomfort. The morning after his arrival he was called upon by the Mayor of New York and a committee of fifty prominent citizens. He was standing in the vestibule of Willard's Hotel when the committee marched in. The New York Mayor advanced and said that they came from New York to extend an invitation for him to visit their city, that they might lionize him. The General replied: 'I thank you kindly for the invitation, but please say to the good people of New York City that when they can receive me as a lamb, and not as a lion, I shall be happy to visit them.' The Mayor and his committee were so surprised at the reply that the matter ended there.

"One of Gen. Thomas's great hobbies was national cemeteries. He often expressed a desire to see established a na-



GEN. GEORGE H. THOMAS.

tional cemetery on every prominent battlefield. He selected the cemetery site near Chattanooga at the time the great battle was being fought, and in obedience to his wishes it was established on that identical spot after the war. He also selected the location for the National Cemetery near Nashville, Tenn., the land, some sixty-five acres, being intersected by the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, with graves on each side of the track. His desire was, when practicable, to locate all the national cemeteries on lines of railroads or prominent rivers, that people should ever be reminded of the terrors and fatalities of war. One exception was made to this rule in Georgia. He desired particularly to locate a cemetery on the Western and Atlantic Road, near Atlanta, but in the several locations presented to the General to select from, there was a beautiful eminence in Marietta, about a half mile back from the railroad. The place belonged to a Mr. Boyd, a resident of Georgia and a staunch Union man, who insisted upon Gen. Thomas accepting his place as a gift to the government for a national cemetery. The only consideration asked was that the body of the donor should be interred within the cemetery inclosure. The donation was so magnanimous that the General could not decline. The place was selected, and the remains of Mr. Boyd now rest in the national cemetery."

The author of the foregoing, Maj. A. W. Wills, refers, among other matters, to the location of national cemeteries quite modestly, considering that he had charge largely of locating these cemeteries in the South, and the construction as well, of some of them, particularly those at Shiloh and Corinth. In addition to these, he located the Stone's River, Chattanooga, Memphis, Fort Donelson (at Dover), Vicksburg, and others.

Maj. Wills, a native of Pennsylvania, had finished his teens with educational advantages when the war of the sixties began. For quite a while he was department quartermaster at Nashville, and staff quartermaster for Gen. George H. Thomas, and handled seventy million dollars. He was pro-

moted for gallantry in the battles of Antietam and Nashville. His greatest achievement, however, was in the capture of a Southern girl, Miss Eleanora Willaner, of a prominent Southern family. He has been the efficient postmaster of Nashville for many years.

LETTER FROM A UNION SOLDIER.

Dr. Warren R. King, a prominent physician of Greenfield, Ind., writing to a friend in Nashville, says:

"It would indeed be a great pleasure to me to visit Nashville again. Of course the Nashville of to-day is very different from Nashville of nearly forty years ago. I was there during the battle. For about three days before, the whole face of the country was a glare of ice. The gunboat Carondelet, on which I was serving as paymaster's clerk, lay about three miles below the city, at the right of our armory. One day I walked along our lines from the boat up to Fort Negley. I assure you I had a slippery trip of it. The afternoon of the last day of the battle we were at the landing in the city. I shall never forget the terrible uproar and commotion of that conflict. Above the tumult there was, at regular intervals, a thunderous roar that was said to be the hundred-pound guns of old Negley. It is useless for me to try to describe the scene. The magic touch of pen has never been developed, nor has the tongue been created, that can fitly describe a battle.

"I shall never forget a scene I witnessed the day after the battle. I was at the stockade when the Confederate prisoners were brought in. All about the gateway the mud was about eight inches deep and very thin. A Union soldier brought in a prisoner, turned him over to the proper officer, sank down in that thin mud, and in half a minute was fast asleep. Forty-two years ago last August I was wounded at Richmond, Ky. I have suffered more or less ever since."

FOUNDER OF DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.—William B. Matthews, Jr., attorney at law, Washington,



SCENE AT THE NASHVILLE WHARF IN THE SIXTIES.

D. C., writes of Mrs. Flora Adams Darling's part in founding the Daughters of the American Revolution: "After a careful examination into the records of the society known as the Daughters of the American Revolution, I am satisfied, from the evidence and proofs found there, that she unquestionably founded this society on October 11, 1890, at Washington, D. C. In recognition of her work in founding this society she was elected First Vice President General in charge of the organization, and at the same time an honorary life membership was conferred upon her as 'founder of the society.' The fact that on August 7, 1891, she resigned her life membership and all other connections with the society does not in the least detract from the honor due her as its founder."

THE BURSTING OF THE "LADY POLK."

BY COL. WILLIAM D. PICKETT, FOURBEAR, WYO.

The monthly advent of the VETERAN is always looked forward to with pleasure by one, like the writer, cut off so far from the comrades of the past. It always recalls many reminiscences of those years—some pleasureable, many how tragic!

The March number was especially interesting. The frontispiece has a photo of the inauguration, at Montgomery, Ala., of Mr. Jefferson Davis, the first President of the Confederacy. The writer was present at that ceremony, and can testify to the correctness of the reproduction. Then among the reminiscences is an account of the bursting of the "Lady Polk" on November 9, 1861. Farther along is an allusion to a discourtesy shown John B. Gordon somewhere in the North by a band playing in his presence "Marching through Georgia." As the writer was an eyewitness and, to some extent, a sufferer, of the "blow up" of November 9, 1861, and also an eyewitness, under favorable circumstance, of the attempted discourtesy to Gordon, upon which, doubtless, the incident above alluded to is based, I shall, with the permission of the editor, relate each incident. It is very desirable and instructive for participants in those stirring scenes to correct through your columns any misapprehension of facts as a guide to the future historian, so far as these minor details will cut a figure.

The writer had, early in 1861, raised a company of sappers and miners at Memphis, with W. D. Pickett captain; E. W. Rucker, first lieutenant; Winter, second lieutenant; and Fay, third lieutenant. Under the supervision of this company, all the batteries and field works on the Mississippi River between Memphis and Cairo were constructed. Soon after its organization I was appointed senior captain of the Engineers of the Tennessee (State) Army, and was transferred to staff duty with Maj. Gen. Pillow, and afterwards with Maj. Gen. Polk. As senior engineer officer, it devolved upon me to locate and construct the water batteries at Fort Harris, Fort Wright, and Columbus, Ky. After the works at Columbus were practically completed, Lieut. Col. De Russey, of Polk's staff, to some extent, had advisory supervision.

After a considerable number of heavy guns had been mounted on the river battery under the high bluffs, with field works on top of the bluffs to protect the rear, a ten-inch Columbiad was received, and it was determined to mount it on the edge of the high bluff, so as to have a plunging fire on any craft that might attempt to pass—a very commanding position, with a full circle of fire. This piece was the most powerful gun of that date, but, instead of being smooth-bore, was rifled to eight-inch. The projectile, weighing one hundred and twenty-eight pounds, and being oblong, was designated by the Yanks, after seeing its effects, as "lamp-posts." On the day of the battle of Belmont this gun could not be used until the Federals

had driven the Confederates from the camps lately occupied by Col. J. C. Tappan's Arkansas Regiment, who then brought forward a field battery, which commenced shelling the steamboats engaged in ferrying reinforcements across. At this time Capt. Keiter, who had charge of this gun, your correspondent designating "Lady Polk," got in his work and landed "lamp-post" after "lamp-post" right in their midst as fast as was possible. This caused the Federals to immediately vacate this position with their artillery and retire toward their gunboats up the river.

The incidents to be related occurred on the day after the battle of Belmont, November 8, 1861. It was not mentioned in its proper place that the gun position of the "Lady Polk" was inclosed by a circular parapet, it being mounted *en barbette*, a temporary magazine or receptacle for cartridges being located in the parapet to the right and opposite the trunnions of the piece. The statement made me at the time by Maj. A. P. Stewart, the chief of artillery of the post (not Gen. McCown), was that there were stored in this receptacle from sixty to eighty cartridges of ten pounds each at the time of the accident. On the forenoon of the day after the battle of Belmont, Gen. Polk came on a tour of inspection to the works, and proceeded toward the position of the "Lady Polk." Capt. S. W. Rucker, of the sappers and miners, and the writer joined him. On reaching that redoubt, he sent for Capt. Keiter, of the heavy artillery. On his appearing, the General complimented him and his men on the skill and efficiency with which they handled the gun in the previous day's engagement in a very handsome manner, which appeared to gratify Capt. Keiter very much. In an informal conversation that occurred, it appeared that the gun had a load not discharged on the previous day's fight. He suggested that it be discharged. To this the General readily acquiesced, and asked that it be fired up the river to notice its range. Thereupon the Captain went for the "firing squad." I am sure nothing was said as to there being anything the matter with the gun or ammunition, and nothing was said suggesting danger. There was nothing said to ruffle the General's temper; and had there been anything suggested as to danger of the bursting of the



MISS CLARA L. MYERS, SPONSOR, WEST VIRGINIA.

piece, Gen. Polk, I am sure, would not have risked the lives of those around merely to gratify a whim. Yet all such rumors that our correspondent speaks of went the rounds of the army immediately after the accident. On the return of Capt. Keiter, he made preparation to fire the piece.

As the gun was in position to fire, Gen. Polk, Rucker, and myself were on the parapet just in the rear of the breech and in direct line of the recoil—myself on the left, Rucker on the right, and Gen. Polk in between. Sentinel Snowden, of the engineers, was still to the right of Rucker; Capt. Keiter and the firing squad at their proper positions around. My recollection is pretty distinct. There were thirteen persons exposed, and eleven were instantly killed, the three officers in the rear of the breech alone escaping instant death.

It appeared that the ignition of the powder in the magazine was simultaneous with the pulling of the lanyard. After the explosion I was unconscious until I found myself fifty or more feet to the rear on my feet, in a dense cloud of smoke and dust, and with a fierce rain of dirt on my bare head. Finding myself not crippled, my first thought was of Gen. Polk, and that he must be somewhere near me. The smoke was so dense as to prevent seeing distinctly five feet. Soon I stumbled upon him. He was in a squatting position, with his arms and cloak protecting his head as well as he could from the rain of dirt. Assistance soon came from the outside. He was gotten to his feet well shaken up, but not seriously hurt, except in the severe shock. Leaving him in the hands of an abundance of friends, I mounted my horse, that some good Samaritan had caught, rode to my quarters a half mile distant, sent for a friend among the surgeons, who promptly came, examined and reported no serious injury, except the danger of a permanent disfiguration of my face from a quantity of unburned grains of powder driven through the skin from the explosion. A few hours' work with needle and a thorough washing of warm water removed these stains, and the next day I was all right except the scars left by powder grains. Gen. Polk, being older, suffered more from the shock, the tympanums of his ears were more seriously injured, and as a precautionary measure he was kept off duty probably a week. Capt. Rucker, being less exposed to the blast, was less shaken up than either. As to the cause of the bursting of this gun, there were various rumors, without foundation however. There was only one cause: the treacherous and uncertain action of cast iron under sudden strain. Its victims during the subsequent operations can be counted by the hundreds, and probably a thousand, in the bursting of Parrott and all cast guns. This gun was found in four pieces—the breech found not to the rear of the line of recoil but in a line not far from the direction of the blast of the magazine, showing the almost immediate ignition of the magazine on pulling the lanyard. The other three pieces, the chase or forward part and a piece attached to each trunnion, were found in the direction indicated by the explosion of the magazine. Among the eleven men killed in this accident were Capt. Keiter, Lieut. Snowden, and the firing squad, who all must have been killed instantly. Capt. Keiter was a very meritorious officer; and had he lived, would have made his mark in that contest.

As a singular coincidence, it so happened that my brother, then captain, George B. Pickett, of the Confederate States Engineers, was the nearest person to Lieut. Gen. Polk at the time of his death, on Pine Mountain, Ga., in 1864, whilst reconnoitering the enemy's position. It will be recalled that he was struck by a rifle six-pounder shell, it passing through his chest, breaking one or both arms. My brother told me the blood forsook the General's face so instantaneously as to seem like the shadow of a passing cloud.

On my way back to Memphis, at Washington, Ga., it so happened that I met Maj. Gen. Gilmer, chief of engineers of the Confederate army. He and my brother, then Lieut. Pickett, had served together during the construction of the defensive works at Bowling Green, Ky., and had become warm personal friends. He informed me of the recent promotion of my brother to be major of engineers. He furthermore informed me that at one time it had been determined by the Confederate government to transfer the seat of war to the Trans-Mississippi Department, and that certain officers had been selected from each arm of the service to accompany the government. He stated that my brother, George B. Pickett, then major of engineers, had been selected as one of the engineer officers—a high compliment to a brave and deserving officer. The rapid pace of events toward the close, however, had prevented the accomplishment of this scheme.

Maj. E. C. Lewis writes from Sycamore, Tenn.:

"It gave me pleasure to read Col. W. D. Pickett's letter concerning the bursting of the 'Lady Polk.' I heard Col. Pickett give the facts in this case at Memphis in 1868. I remember the time of the disaster. It was greater than any at the battle of Belmont. The news was brought to Fort Donelson by a steamboat official—Capt. Ben Eagan, of blessed memory, I think—where I, as a boy, was visiting. I heard the firing at Belmont, and we were all eager to hear the result of the battle. The bursting of the big gun was the more interesting to those at Donelson for the reason that an exact (I think) counterpart of the 'Lady Polk' was the 'Lady Bell' at Donelson. This was the biggest cannon of all the batteries at Donelson, christened after Mrs. John Bell, who was a Miss Erwin, of Wartrace, all big people, and as Mrs. Bell was a very large woman, the gun appeared well named.



COL. W. D. PICKETT.

"Col. Pickett was right there; in fact, he was there from start to finish—from Belmont in 1861 to Savannah in 1865. I knew him well. Forrest was his firm friend. Everybody admired his coolness and courage. Pickett never got rattled. He was always cool, correct in his observations, and precise in his statements. He is seventy-eight years old, and has killed more bears than any man in Wyoming."

ANOTHER ACCOUNT, BY M. A. MILLER, C.E., RICHMOND, VA.

In the *VETERAN* for March, 1904, the account by "A. G. G." of the bursting of the big gun, the "Lady Polk," at Columbus, Ky., has my attention. It is to be regretted that "A. G. G." did not give us his full name. I do not deny his statements, but give my own recollections of the event.

The gun was an eight-ton Dahlgren, having the caliber of a thirty-two pounder, rifled, and carrying a one hundred and sixty-eight-pound long shot with conical point. It was mounted on an iron gun carriage, which in turn was on a wood and iron chassis. The chassis had a center pivot, so that it could be traversed around an entire circle, and the gun could be pointed in any direction. There was a circular parapet of earthwork entirely around the gun. In the rear of the gun, when pointed up the river, there was a small magazine under the parapet, in which were kept a few cartridges of fixed ammunition for the gun. During the battle of Belmont, on the Missouri side of the Mississippi River, on November 7, 1861, this gun, which was on top of the bluff on the Kentucky side, was fired a number of times, and when the Federals retreated and got out of range it remained loaded. It was served by the men of Capt. Keiter's Artillery Company from Nashville.

"A. G. G." recites a conversation said to have taken place between Gen. Polk and Gen. McCown three or four days after the battle, in which the latter called attention to the fact that the gun had been loaded while it was "conclusively shown that it was expanded from heat" by the firing during the Belmont battle, and having cooled "it had contracted and settled firmly around the bottom of the projectile, and any attempt to fire it would result in its explosion." Gen. Polk is said to have answered, "I think we shall have to make the attempt;" and Gen. McCown replied, "You will excuse me if I do not remain to witness it," and rode away.

I was on the spot at the time, and continued there for some time, and I never heard of any such conversation having taken place. I heard the theory of expansion and contraction advanced and discussed after the explosion, but not as coming from Gen. McCown, although he may have first suggested it. If Gen. Polk had been warned that "any attempt to fire it would result in its explosion," and particularly by an officer of Gen. McCown's well-known ability, he would not unnecessarily have jeopardized the lives of the gunners and officers who manned the piece, and his own life by standing within thirty or forty feet of the gun when it was fired. He would undoubtedly have ordered all men to places of safety, and had the gun fired by a slow match. At that time we had no electric appliances for firing guns. It seems unwarranted reflection on Gen. Polk's intelligence to suppose that he would

so have exposed his men and himself unnecessarily if he had been warned by such a man as Gen. McCown, or had the remotest idea that the gun would explode.

"A. G. G." states that Gen. Polk and staff sat mounted upon their horses about fifty feet from where Capt. Keiter stood. This is not in accordance with my recollection. I have a very distinct recollection of seeing Capt. Keiter standing on top of the parapet, to the left of the gun and just about opposite the breech. My recollection is that Gen. Polk and others stood on top of the parapet, to the left and a little to the rear of the gun. I stood about thirty feet to the rear and a little to the right. Lieut. Snowden was on my right, so close that our elbows touched, and we were in conversation a moment before the gun was fired.

I distinctly heard Capt. Keiter give the command, "Fire!" I saw the gunner pull the lanyard. I saw the flash of the gun. But I never have had any recollection whatever of hearing the report. I was knocked down, but not seriously hurt, and was on my feet in a moment. Lieut. Snowden was killed at my side. I stood over him as he breathed his last. Capt. Keiter and Maj. Ford were killed. The seven gunners, who stood by the gun, were torn to pieces, so that it was impossible to tell to which body an arm or a leg or a head belonged. A countryman, who arrived at the camp that morning to visit his son, a soldier, who was at a distance of a hundred yards to the right, was struck by something, perhaps a piece of the revetment, and was so injured that he died a few days after. There were ten others killed.

The powder magazine which exploded, as stated by "A. G. G.," was the small magazine under the parapet, and not the main magazine of the fortifications. In my opinion the explosion of this small magazine caused the most damage. The gun carriage and chassis were blown to fragments, which I think tore the gunners to pieces. The bursting of the gun alone might have killed the men, but would hardly have so torn them to pieces.

"A. G. G." says Gen. Polk sat mounted on his horse about fifty feet from where Capt. Keiter stood, and after the explosion was lying by the body of his horse. He was carried to his headquarters in what was thought to be a dying condition. In a few weeks he was on duty, but never a well man again. My recollection is that he was standing on top of the parapet, as before stated; that he was knocked down, but was immediately on his feet again, but was not "carried off in a fainting or dying condition," and was on duty that evening. He was about fifty-five years of age at that time, and continued in important command until he was killed by a solid shot from the enemy's artillery at Pine Mountain, Ga., on June 14, 1864. All this would not indicate that he was "never a well man again."

Hugh Davidson writes from Shelbyville, Tenn.:

"The Capt. Keiter who was unfortunately killed by the bursting of the 'Lady Polk' at Fort De Russy, near Columbus, Ky., was, just previous to the commencing of the war, conducting a military school at this place. I was too young to be a member of his company, but I well remember how I envied the boys in uniforms and their brass buttons. Soon after his death, or after the close of the war, this company had his remains brought to this place and laid at rest on a beautiful mound in Willow Mount Cemetery, erecting a suitable monument. When the Confederate Cemetery was established here, his remains were removed to it and now lie surrounded by those who fought and died for the 'Lost Confederacy.'"



HOME OF GEN. N. B. FORREST, HERNANDO, MISS.

WOMAN'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY OF NASHVILLE.

In 1866, just after the close of the war, a number of patriotic ladies met together to organize what was called the Benevolent Society of Tennessee, the purpose of which was to furnish with artificial limbs the disabled Confederate soldiers who had returned from the war maimed and impoverished. The



MRS. FELICIA GRUNDY PORTER.

officers were: Mrs. Felicia G. Porter, President; Mrs. Kendrick, Vice President; Mrs. Thomas Marshall, Secretary; and Mrs. Mary Paul Maguire, Treasurer.

Ladies who were managers (a star indicating a survivor):

Christ Church: Mesdames John Kirkman, Godfrey M. Fogg, George W. Cunningham, John C. Burch, William Cooper, R. F. Woods, Fannie Leigh,* C. E. Hillman, Robert Martin.

Church of the Advent: Mesdames J. M. Ellis, R. C. K. Martin, Geo. Heyward,* H. J. Jones, Addie Neal, J. H. Callender.*

First Presbyterian Church: Mesdames John O. Ewing, Thomas D. Craighead,* A. J. Duncan, George W. Fall,* R. C. McNairy, R. B. Cheatham, C. D. Elliott, J. C. French.

Second Presbyterian Church: Mesdames William Clare,* Louise Aiken,* Turner S. Foster, J. Lucien Brown.

Howell Baptist Church: Mesdames R. B. C. Howell, Albert G. Ewing,* Jane Watkins,* J. Darden, J. Dudley Winston, W. W. Craig.

Christian Church: Mesdames Henry Watterson,* Fox Wharton, N. Wharton, Alex. Fall.*

Cumberland Church: Mesdames Andrew Allison, W. E. Ward, David C. Love, Joseph W. Allen,* R. L. Weakley.

McKendree Church: Mesdames Washington B. Cooper, Jane Thomas, I. C. Nicholson,* R. F. Nevins, Matt McClung,* H. K. Walker, Thomas G. Pointer, Listen Stones, J. O. Griffith, William Evans, F. Furman, M. G. L. Claiborne.*

Catholic Church: Mesdames William Hefferman, J. Felix Demoville,* Thomas Farrell, M. L. Cartwright, J. Buddeke.

The following is a partial list of soldiers benefited by this

charitable institution. The amounts paid were from \$90 to \$150 each. The county follows each man's name:

J. W. Balantine, Montgomery; Gardner Green, White; James Campbell, Davidson; John Donovan, Davidson; John Balthrop, Robertson; W. S. Edwards, Maury; Harbert Whithead, Wilson; Michael Johnson, Davidson; Warren Hinson, Williamson; J. M. Hicky, Maury; John D. Lynch, Franklin; Thomas Welsh, Davidson; H. C. Hallam, Davidson; James Cloyd, Davidson; James W. Johnston, DeKalb; Thomas T. Foster, went to Alabama; Wood H. Gibbons, Perry; William F. Holmes, Rutherford; James M. Burchett, Rutherford; Francis A. Mayes, Maury; Benjamin F. Mayberry, Humphreys; John R. Farr, Rutherford; John W. Steward, Sumner; B. F. Stone, Maury; J. W. Rucker, Davidson; P. M. Hall, Sumner; Pat Mulloy, Davidson; William M. Spain, Rutherford; Charles R. Felps, Rutherford; James S. Roberts, DeKalb; James M. Taylor, Stewart; M. M. Stansil, Stewart; R. M. Singleton, Bedford; Thompson Word, Rutherford; George Thompson, Wilson; William R. Nevins, Williamson; James M. Kimbrough, Coffee; Merideth Winstead, Williamson; L. L. Duncan, Coffee; Thomas Henefer, Warren; Henry H. Wells, went to Kentucky; Pink Helms, Stewart; Fred B. Yates, Sumner; Robert H. Anthony, Coffee; A. B. Mills, Giles; James Neely, Williamson; James M. Moore, Giles; John G. Hanna, Franklin; James L. Goodrum, Bedford; Michael Fitzgerald, Davidson; John Creeman, Davidson; William McCarty, Davidson; Robert Murphy, Davidson; M. McMurrey, Davidson; John Tucker, Williamson; Alex. Bledsoe, Sumner; John Tucker, Williamson; John Bass, Giles; H. M. Austin, Sumner; J. C. Johnson, Williamson; Michael Scully, Davidson; Albert Jamison, Robertson; John W. Dyer, Giles; L. J. Philips, Bedford; M. Bowden, Lawrence; A. D. Jackson, Williamson; T. J. Jackson, Hickman; D. P. Cunningham, Lincoln.

In this cause twelve thousand dollars was expended by Mrs. Mary Paul Maguire. So great was the demand for assistance in this respect that these ladies unexpectedly found themselves

in debt to Mr. Morton, who had contracted to supply all that was called for. The young Confederate soldiers, who had returned to Nashville from the war, nobly came to the assistance of the ladies, and Albert Roberts (John Happy) composed an extravaganza called the "White Crook," a burlesque upon the "Black Crook," which was then being played so successfully throughout the country.



MRS. MARY PAUL MAGUIRE.

This play was comprised entirely of male talent, in which thirty-nine of the remaining flower of the Confederacy took part. To these young men is due the success of the most remarkable amateur performance ever given in the South. The debts were all paid, the stage managers presented with handsome souvenirs, and Mrs. Felicia Porter gave a magnificent ball at her home on Cedar Street to the "White Crook" Company.

Of this immortal thirty-nine, very few are living. Among the survivors are Maj. W. D. Kelley, Chas. Ridley, S. Kirkpatrick.

Of the officers of the Association, Mrs. Felicia Porter, that grand and noble woman, who gave her time to the cause, also Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Kendrick, have long since passed away, Mrs. Maguire being the only surviving officer.

ONLY CONFEDERATE IN U. S. REGULAR ARMY.

BY COL. R. W. BANKS, OF MISSISSIPPI.

Capt. Walter B. Barker, an heroic Mississippian, is now serving in the Philippine Islands.

Capt. Barker has the distinction of being one of the three ex-Confederates who, during the Spanish-American war, received commissions in the United States Regular Army, Generals Fitzhugh Lee and Joe Wheeler being the other two, and of the three Capt. Barker is the only one now in active service, the others being on the retired list.

In view of these facts, and that he acted a not unimportant part in the Island of Cuba in bringing to light the atrocities which led to the war between Spain and the United States, it is deemed timely to make some mention of the incidents in his Cuban life and experiences that will be new and doubtless interesting to Southern readers. The facts to be mentioned are historic, and it is due to Mississippi, not less than to her worthy son, that they be recorded and preserved.

In 1861, at the age of fifteen, Walter Barker enlisted as a private in Company F, Eleventh Mississippi Infantry. The regiment was ordered to Virginia, where the young recruit participated in the first Manassas, and thus early was initiated into the mysteries of battle and the horrors of war. In 1863 he was assigned to duty at the headquarters of Brigadier-General Joseph R. Davis. The brigade saw much hard service, and was conspicuous on many a hotly contested field, under Col. John M. Stone, the late lamented Governor of Mississippi. The acquaintance begun in those trying times between commanding officer and the boy soldier grew and ripened into a lifelong friendship. The attention of Col. Stone, one of the bravest among the brave, was attracted to Barker on account of his youth, unfailing energy, and unflinching courage in the hour of danger.

Barker served four years in Virginia, participating in all the campaigns of Lee's immortal army, and was distinguished for gallantry on various fields. In April, 1865, he was paroled at Appomattox, and returned to his home, in Macon, Miss.

In a short time after his arrival at Macon he became connected with a New York house, and for nearly twenty years traveled in Mississippi as representative of leading firms of that city, always commanding a handsome salary, which was ever at the command of his family or any friend in need.

A Democrat of Jeffersonian-Jacksonian stamp, he retains his Noxubee County citizenship when practicable to vote, and is always a liberal contributor to campaign funds. For many successive years he was a delegate from his county to the State Conventions of his party. In 1864 he represented the State as a delegate to the National Democratic Convention at Chicago.

In 1865, Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar being Secretary of the Interior, he was appointed Post Trader at Darlington, now in Oklahoma Territory. This position he held about five years. In 1891 he was the unsuccessful candidate for Railroad Commissioner of Mississippi, being defeated by the late Walter McLaurin. In December, 1893, he was appointed by Mr. Cleveland Commercial Agent at Sagua La Grande, Cuba, the duties of which position he assumed in January, 1894. This post was one for which he was admirably equipped by reason of his business experience, his high order of moral, physical, and intellectual courage, and because of his innate love of justice and hatred of wrongdoing and cruelty in whatever shape or form.

The office, during Barker's administration, was far from a sinecure; for, notwithstanding the fact that his official home was in a tropic isle where gentle zephyrs blow and salt sea

breezes drive physical pains and aches away, he found no bed of roses. In spite of fragrant flowers and shrubs, odor-laden atmosphere, and golden sunshine, within a year of his residence at Sagua La Grande yellow jack laid his saffron-hued hand upon him and he came near dying with the fever. When convalescent, and before he was restored to normal strength, the gentle winds gave place to terrific gales, sweeping up from the Caribbean Sea, and Sagua was swept by tidal waves that put the principal streets of that port ten to twenty feet under water. It was a time of terror. Old Boreas and Neptune had united their forces to bring on a war of elements in the West Indies, and the winds and waves, in their fury, knew no bounds until, tired of beating upon the unhappy island, they spent their force on the Mexican Gulf.

The horror and suffering at Sagua was intense. The population sought safety wherever it could be found. Among the strong structures of the town was the United States Consulate. The storm came up suddenly in the night. The morning dawned upon a submerged city, and the spectacle revealed was awe-inspiring. The frightened populace were struggling with an awful, unlooked-for condition. To the loss of life and destruction of property was added the agony of days and nights of fearful anxiety—anxious waiting and prayerful watching before the angry winds subsided and the waves receded.

In this condition of affairs Mr. Barker devoted himself to saving life, helping the poor and needy. At imminent risk and by unusual daring he personally saved the lives of several persons. Fortunately, he was an expert swimmer, and, despite his weak physical condition, he more than once plunged into the surging waters to rescue the drowning. The Consulate being a strong building, and able to withstand the buffeting of the storm, he gathered there more than twenty score of the unfortunate, and furnished them shelter and such comforts as he could during the thirty-six hours of suspense and anxiety that prevailed. When the tide ebbed and the flood flowed back to the sea, his kindness and matchless daring were amply rewarded by the grateful recognition of it all by the



CAPT. W. B. BARKER.

people. Whenever he appeared on the streets lusty cheers greeted him.

At the memorial services to an officer who was a victim of the storm Barker was specially invited to participate in the ceremonies—a distinction never before conferred upon a civilian or a foreigner in the island. He made himself more than the pride of Americans. He was the hero of the hour—the idol of not only the populace, but of the better class of the Spanish element that had been taught to respect and honor him; for, as all the world loves a lover, so all mankind bless the brave and generous.

In February of the following year, 1895, the smoldering insurrection burst into flame. Santa Clara, the province in which the Consulate was located, proved the hotbed of the outraged Spanish subjects. Within Barker's jurisdiction there were about four hundred Americans, a large proportion of whom had rich holdings in sugar estates. The Americans, to be sure, took no part in the rebellion, but they were harassed by the Spanish authorities, who, hating them as citizens of the republic, devoid of sympathy for monarchy, sought every plausible pretext to implicate them in the disturbances on the island. Under such conditions arrests and imprisonments on trumped-up charges were things of frequent occurrence. The situation was trying; but the greater the perplexity, the more active and vigilant was the United States Commercial Agent. His zeal was untiring, and his tact and courage were equal to every demand. He knew his duty, and dared to do it. By his capability and fidelity he succeeded, in every instance, in securing the release of his fellow-countrymen.

The records of the State Department at Washington show that through Barker's agency claims amounting to three million dollars were filed in behalf of American citizens wronged in Santa Clara, by the killing of one and the appropriation or destruction of the property of others. These claims are before the Spanish-American Commission for adjudication under the Paris Treaty.

In the last years of the insurrection, when the world stood aghast at the cruelties of the brutal Weyler, there were in Santa Clara alone one hundred and fifty thousand destitute persons—a great starving multitude—but, under Barker's watchfulness and intelligent management, the needy Americans were cared for through the fifty-thousand-dollar appropriation by the United States Congress in the early days of 1897.

Witnessing the suffering of the miserable reconcentrados, Mr. Barker, with other American Consuls, took steps to acquaint his home government and the outside world with the conditions as they actually existed. Through such exertions the charitable people of the Union responded nobly from every section to the harrowing tales told by their faithful representatives. The school children of Mississippi forwarded to Mr. Barker five hundred dollars through Hon. A. A. McKinnon, Superintendent of Public Education.

With sagacity and system Mr. Barker established relief stations all about the province of Santa Clara, including more than forty cities, towns, and villages, and, through such agencies, managed to furnish food supplies to about forty thousand people; many were on the verge of starvation and dying for want of the staff of life. This he managed to keep up until his recall, in April, 1898. He worked every day, and often far into the night. His protests to the Spanish authorities were earnest and forceful. At one time he was so strenuous in condemnation of the policy pursued by Spanish officers that the scenes he described read like pages from the records of the Dark Ages. His boldness and scathing denunciations of the barbarities he witnessed gave offense to General Weyler,

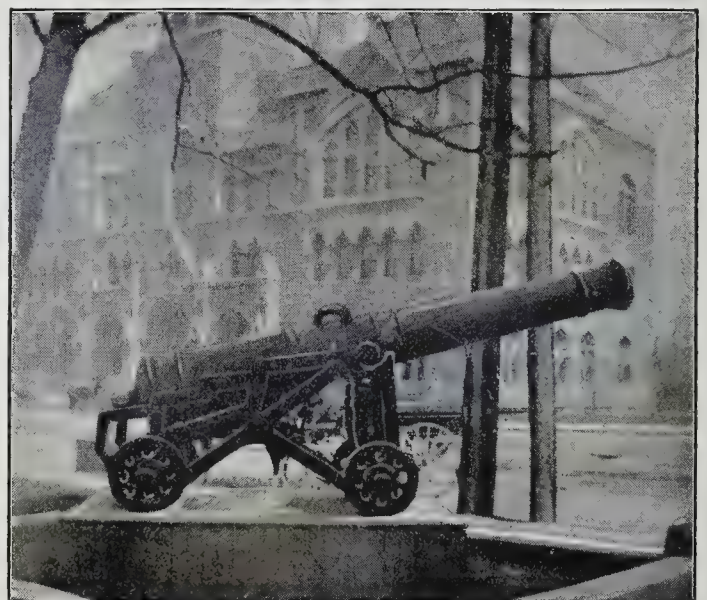
and that inhuman butcher appealed to the home government at Madrid for Barker's recall; but Secretary Olney, appreciating the value of Barker's services, refused to acquiesce in Weyler's demand.

The newspapers of the period teemed with notices of ex-Confederates Fitzhugh Lee at Havana and Walter Barker at Sagua. Their unswerving loyalty to the flag of the Union and their fearless, faithful efforts to protect and promote its honor and glory in those eventful days, when posts of honor had become posts of danger, were made occasions for laudation until all Southern hearts thrilled with pride at the conduct of these old Confederates and their work in behalf of humanity.

When the war for humanity was ended, when victory was on the side of the humane and the future of Cuba was committed to the keeping of Cubans by the generous victors, and the United States troops were to be withdrawn at an early date from the island, Capt. Barker was invited to Sagua La Grande, given a splendid banquet, and presented by the citizens with a handsome gold medal properly engraved.

In addition to the honors conferred upon this ex-Confederate by Sagua La Grande, he received similar distinguished courtesies from other places. When he took his leave from Cienfuegos, his army station, the fire department of the city, of which he had been elected honorary president, and the two Cuban and Spanish clubs escorted him to the steamer, and, in addition, they were accompanied by three thousand school children, who joined in the escort to evidence the great love they had for the good consular agent and gallant soldier, who, when they were hungry and naked, fed and clothed them, and who, when they were oppressed, bravely defended them.

Every American newspaper reader is familiar with the story of the incarceration, and the escape in male attire from the Spanish prison, of the young and beautiful Cuban girl, Evangelina Cisneros. The press was full of accounts of the romantic daring she displayed and the thrilling experience she encountered. It is doubtful if all the mysteries of the plot and the aid she received have ever been made clear to the understanding of the Spaniards. The fact is not generally known, but there is among some of us little room to question that the American consular agent, the old Confederate who was once a young hero in gray, in the chivalry of a nature whose



CANNON CAPTURED AT MANILA ON CORNER OF LOT FOR HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE STATES, NASHVILLE REUNION.

every fault leans to virtue's side, so far forgot the duty of cold-blooded officialism as to let his sympathy for the unfortunate girl strangle his implied obligations to noninterference in such contingencies. At any rate, he was an open sympathizer, if not an avowed rescuer, of the unhappy maid. If he was not actually *particeps criminis* in the liberation and flight of Miss Cisneros, he was at least present at the rescue; and, although Capt. Barker keeps a still tongue about it, it is equally certain that her escape was effected just before the date fixed for his sailing for New York, under orders to return to Washington to report on the conditions and situation in Cuba. It is also known that she was taken in charge by him, and furnished safe escort until delivered into the hands of her friends in New York City, and that, out of deference to his wishes, little or no publicity was at the time given to his connection with the affair, lest the engaging in such an escapade might be regarded as too partisan.

But Mr. Barker, in his consular capacity, was no ordinary commercial agent. He was something infinitely more than a mere compiler of statistics for his government, something more than a mere protector of his countrymen within his consular jurisdiction, something more than a mere sympathizer with the unfortunate and rescuer of distressed maidens. He was a close observer of events, a student of conditions, a correct diagnoser of situations, and an intelligent prognosticator of results likely to ensue therefrom. As an evidence of the accuracy of his observation and the soundness of his judgment, it may be mentioned that as early as 1895, before the insurrection in Cuba against the sovereignty of Spain was well out of its swaddling clothes, Mr. Barker advised his home government at Washington, in a special report of the state of affairs in the province to whose part he was the accredited agent, that Spain had practically lost her supremacy in the island, and, in his opinion, it would never be regained. In other words, his prophecies then are history now. The scepter of the Spaniard, which for four hundred years had controlled the fortunes and swayed the destinies of the Antilles, had departed, nevermore to be restored until America ceases to be the land of the free and the home of the brave, and her star-spangled banner, emblem of liberty, of faith, hope, and charity, shall be forever furled.

That those who know him best love him most is beautifully attested by the patriotic women of his native town who, not less in recognition of his meritorious services to the cause of humanity in Cuba than for his gallant record as a soldier of the lost cause, have, in his honor, named their local organization of the Daughters of the Confederacy the Walter Barker Chapter of the U. D. C., thus establishing the fact that he is a prophet not without honor, even in his own country.

In the late summer of 1902 Capt. Barker, who had long been stationed at Cienfuegos as commandant of the port, was, at his own request, transferred to the Philippine Islands. He is at present stationed at Batangas Province, about one hundred miles south of Manila. *En route* to his distant station, he passed through the States, and visited his home in Mississippi for the first time in ten years. Here he spent less than ten days, and hurried on to his post of duty beyond the Pacific, in the distant land of the rising sun. How long this battle-scarred Confederate veteran will tarry as a dweller in the Orient is not known. But it is to be hoped that some day he will return, and his home-coming will bring joy and gladness to many hearts, even as did Luke Wright's. He can be tendered no such reception as was given Gov. Wright, because his home is in a small town on the Mississippi prairies; but he will be as cordially welcomed by hearts as loyal and loving

as those that throbbed with delight at the return of Memphis's well-beloved son. Bluer skies, fairer elds, more golden sunshine, braver men, and nobler women nowhere may be found than those that bless and brighten Noxubee County. There patriotism is indigenous. It is a community to which a visit is esteemed a glorious privilege, and to the departing guest ever remains a pleasant memory. To dwell there is an inspiration and a benediction, since he who finds a home in East Mississippi and does not dishonor it has a foretaste of Paradise, and is more than half assured of a blessed immortality.

All Mississippi will unite with the writer in praying: "God bless the good, the generous, the gallant old Confederate, Walter Barker, who now wears the blue as worthily as forty years ago he wore the gray!"



CONFEDERATE OFFICERS IN PRISON.

PROUD OF HIS FATHER'S COUNSEL.

Comrade N. B. Littlejohn sends from Stillwell, Ind. T., a letter from his captain, Travis C. Henderson, of April 4, 1904, with a note:

"I have not seen him since I was taken off of the battlefield of Chickamauga, in 1863. I inclose also the parting words and advice of my father when I enlisted in the army of the Confederacy, in May, 1861. I enlisted in Texas. I want my old comrades who are yet survivors to know that I did not dishonor the cause nor the advice of my father. Capt. Henderson was shot squarely through the shoulders at Franklin while charging the enemy. I lost my leg at Chickamauga."

Capt. Henderson's letter is from Paris, Tex., April 4, 1904: . . . "Truly you were a good soldier, from first to last, at your post of duty. It is my recollection that you were never absent from the command a single day except from wounds. In my mental reviews of the past I have you ever on the roster as a soldier and a gentleman. In those days when we served together it was a trial of men's souls. Ours was a gallant band, and none were braver than you."

The words of Senior Littlejohn were as follows:

"My son, I grasp your hand probably for the last time upon earth. You are going to meet the dangers and hardships consequent to a soldier's life; you may fill a soldier's grave. Let me impress upon your mind to never fill it dishonorably. Ever be at your post of duty; be an honor to our beloved Southland; go where your superiors in office may order you; never turn your back upon the foe except when deemed necessary by your commanding officers. Be true to your God, yourself, and your country. Never bring reproach upon your beloved Southland and yourself. Never desert your country; but, if necessary, die at the post of honor."

WHY THE SOUTH FIRED THE FIRST SHOT.

[Paper read before the F. M. Cockrell Chapter, U. D. C., Warrensburg, Mo., by Miss Janet Schurman, State Normal School.]

As each State seceded from the Union, she resumed her rights and powers as a "free and independent State," and began to exercise them as far as she was able. They claimed the right to take possession of the forts, arsenals, and other public buildings within their territory, the sites of which had been ceded to the general government of the United States while the buildings had been paid for out of the public fund to which each State had given its share. While claiming the right to hold these, each State was willing to pay for them, the terms to be afterwards agreed upon according to the justice of the case.

South Carolina sent commissioners to Washington to secure by peaceable means the possession of the two forts (Sumter and Moultrie) in Charleston harbor. President Buchanan's administration would not agree to this, but promised that "the military status of the forts should not be disturbed," while the commissioners agreed, on the other hand, that "there should be no attacks on the forts pending negotiations." South Carolina scrupulously kept her word of honor; not so, however, with the parties on the other side. On the night of December 26, 1860, Maj. Robert Anderson, commanding the garrison on Fort Moultrie, spiked his guns and demolished the defenses as far as possible, and moved his men, provisions, and ammunition to Fort Sumter, which was much the stronger fort, nearer to Charleston, more inaccessible to attack, and which commanded the whole harbor. The Southern people were naturally very indignant at this "change of military status." The Secretary of War, John B. Floyd, demanded authority from the President to order Maj. Anderson back to Fort Moultrie, and on having his request denied he tendered his resignation, which was speedily accepted. In his resignation he said: "I can no longer hold my office under my convictions of patriotism, nor with honor, subjected as I am to the violation of solemn pledges and plighted faith."

South Carolina now sent her military forces to take possession of Fort Moultrie, the arsenal in Charleston, and other strongholds around the harbor, after which they immediately began preparations to capture Sumter, if it could be gotten no other way. Still they had hope of gaining possession of it by peaceable means, and again sent three commissioners—Messrs. Forsyth, Crawford, and Roman—to Washington with instructions and power to negotiate with the Federal government and to settle all the questions under discussion. In the meantime, Gen. Scott, after having conferred with some of the mili-

tary authorities, recommended the evacuation of Fort Sumter as a "military necessity," because it could not be provisioned and reënforced without a great cost both of money and human life. William H. Seward, Secretary of the State Department, refused to recognize these men officially, but still held out hopes of a peaceable settlement in an informal interview which he granted them. Judge John A. Campbell, of the Supreme Bench, assured Mr. Seward in a private interview that Fort Sumter would be evacuated in the next five days, and told him to assure the other commissioners of this fact, besides assuring them that the government would not undertake to supply Fort Sumter without giving notice to Gov. Pickens, of South Carolina. Promises, however, are often made to be broken, and such was the case here. Shortly after this the newspapers reported large naval preparations in progress, both at New York and Norfolk, evidently with the intention of reënforcing Fort Sumter. On the 6th of April, when the Federal fleet carrying 285 guns and 2,400 troops was setting sail for Charleston, President Lincoln, who had been elected in the meantime, sent a messenger to Gov. Pickens, telling him that he had changed his policy and had decided to provision and reënforce the fort, even if resistance should be made by the Confederates. This messenger reached Charleston on the evening of the day on which the fleet would have arrived had it not been delayed by a storm. This delay gave Gen. Beauregard, then in charge of the Confederate forces at Charleston, time to consult, by telegraph, with the Confederate authorities. Acting under their instructions, he demanded the evacuation of the fort, and, when that was not granted, a pledge that the guns of the fort should not be turned on his forces in any conflict he might have with the approaching fleet. Again being refused, fire was opened on Fort Sumter at 4:25 on the morning of Friday, April 12, 1861. Maj. Anderson and his men made a gallant resistance, but by noon of the next day the condition of the fort became desperate, and as the waiting fleet outside the harbor did not enter there was no other alternative left Anderson and his men but to surrender on the honorable terms offered by Beauregard—namely, "that he should be permitted to salute his flag with fifty guns, bring out all the personal baggage of the garrison, and have free transportation on a steamer to New York." No lives were lost on either side during this encounter; but, by the irony of fate, one of the garrison was killed during the firing of the salute by the explosion of a caisson. Thus began one of the most terrible wars known to history.

From the moment the first shot was fired at Fort Sumter the telegraph wires were kept hot throbbing with the news. The streets in the cities were crowded with people at bulletin



MEMPHIS COMPANY OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

boards, and when the news of the surrender flashed across the wires the people of the whole country were stirred as never before. In Charleston the bells rang, cannons were fired, and the people embraced each other in their excitement. This same feeling prevailed throughout the whole South. The Northern people, too, caught the war spirit, and were equally turbulent in their demonstrations. Men who dared express sympathy for the South were mobbed. Newspapers that had been friendly were forced to hang out the stars and stripes to protect themselves. The feeling rose at once to white heat, and the rage against the South passed all bounds.

Three days after the call of Fort Sumter Lincoln issued a call for 75,000 troops "to subjugate the seceded States," and was answered in half a week by 100,000 men, who wrangled for places in the ranks. This call was regarded by the South as a declaration of war, and was met by stern defiance. In the South the husband and father left his family and the youth his school to take up arms in defense of their beloved homes and their constitutional rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

MORE OF THE BATTLE AT NEW HOPE CHURCH.

BY J. D. NORMAN, COURIER FOR LOWRY'S BRIGADE.

I notice in the February VETERAN, pages 74-76, that Mr. Stan C. Harley says that if Lowry's Brigade took a conspicuous part in that engagement—New Hope Church—he does not remember it, and that he would be pleased for some one of Lowry's Brigade to speak out. In reply I state that Granbury and Lowry's Brigades did the most of the fighting in the battle at New Hope Church. Granbury's Brigade and Col. Baucum's Regiment, of Govan's Brigade, were ordered to the New Hope line, where so much hard fighting was done first. The order to Granbury was to go to the relief of our cavalry, which was being pressed hard. Soon after Granbury and Col. Baucum reached the New Hope line, the fighting became severe. Very soon Granbury sent a courier to Gen. Pat Cleburne, requesting more troops, as the enemy was trying to turn his flank. Lowry's Brigade, about two miles away, was ordered to move at a double-quick to the support of Granbury. On the arrival of Lowry with his brigade, he threw his command in line of battle by regiments. Very soon the fighting became terrific, and continued until the enemy was repulsed with terrible loss.

I was courier for Gen. Lowry, and was with him before and through the battle. I was with him during the entire day, except when bearing messages from him to officers of his command. I remember that Gen. Hardee rode by the side of Gen. Lowry and put his arm upon his (Lowry's) shoulder and said: "General, you have saved the right wing of the army."

For additional support to what I have written about the troops who fought this battle at New Hope Church, I refer to Gen. Cleburne's and Hardee's official report in the "War of the Rebellion," Series No. 74, Vol. 38, pages 724 to 726 inclusive. Gen. Cleburne says in part: "My thanks are also due to Gen. Lowry for the coolness and skill which he exhibited in forming his line. His successive formation was the precise answer to the enemy's movement in extending his left to turn our right, and his line was formed under heavy fire on ground unknown to him and of the most difficult character, and the stern firmness with which he and his men and Baucum's Regiment drove off the enemy and resisted his renewed attacks, without doubt saved the right wing of the army, as Granbury had done before." On page 706 Gen. Hardee states that the slaughter among the Yankees was terrific, and his loss could not have been less than 5,000. Seven hundred dead bodies were counted before Granbury's and Lowry's Brigades. We captured two hundred prisoners and twelve hundred or fifteen hundred stands of arms. Our loss was a fraction over five hundred.

Mr. Harley was evidently a good soldier, performing his duty and not looking about to see who was helping him.

NEW HOPE CHURCH, MAY 27, 1864.

BY W. H. REES, COMPANY A, THIRTY-SECOND MISSISSIPPI.

We disclaim all intention or desire to continue the controversy as to what troops participated in the battle of New Hope Church, May 27, 1864. It has been freely admitted all the time that other commands besides the brigades of Lowry and Granbury took some part in that affair, but that the main battle was fought by Granbury and Lowry's Brigades and Baucum's Regiment, of Govan's Brigade, is well settled by Gen. Cleburne's official report, and if our Arkansas comrade, whose article appeared in the February VETERAN, had been better informed in this report, he would not have questioned the brilliant part acted by Lowry's Mississippians and Ala-



MISS FRANCES YEATES, FORT WORTH.
Sponsor for Texas Division, U. S. C. V.

NEW FLAG FOR STONEWALL CAMP, PORTSMOUTH, VA.—Stonewall Camp, Confederate Veterans, of Portsmouth, Va., elected officers for the ensuing year by unanimous vote as follows: Commander, G. F. Edwards (re-elected); Lieutenant Commanders, James K. Langhorne and John W. H. Porter; Adjutant, Thomas Shannon; Quartermaster, W. S. Langhorne; Surgeon, Dr. George W. O. Maupin; Chaplain, Charles H. Eckert; Treasurer, John C. Ashton; Sergeant Major, Samuel Y. Browne; Color Bearer, John E. Foreman; Vidett, Joshua Denby. At the conclusion of the election of officers, the Ladies' Memorial Association, through its President, Mrs. Olivia J. Hatton, presented the Camp with a beautiful flag. The Portsmouth Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, were present, adding a charm to the ceremonies.

bamians, but would have accorded to them the same just praise that he did to Granbury's brave Texans.

Gen. Cleburne's report mentions all the commands that were upon the grounds during the day, including Govan's gallant Arkansas Brigade and the part that each acted in this engagement, and concludes as follows (Vol. 38, part 3, page 726, "Official War Records"): "It needed but the brilliancy of this night attack to add luster to the achievements of Granbury and his brigade in the afternoon. I am deeply indebted to them both. My thanks are also due to Gen. M. P. Lowry for the coolness and skill which he exhibited in forming his line. His successive formation was the precise answer to the enemy's movement in extending his left to turn our right. Time was of the essence of things, and his movement was the quickest. His line was formed under heavy fire, on ground unknown to him and of the most difficult character, and the stern firmness with which he and his men and Baucum's Regiment drove off the enemy and resisted the renewed attacks, without doubt saved the right of the army, as Granbury had already done."

The following extract is taken from the report of Maj. Henry Hampton, acting assistant adjutant general on the staff of Gen. Hardee (same volume, page 706): "The skirmishing continued along the entire line all day, but no serious assault was made by the enemy until 4 P.M., when he endeavored to turn our right where Cleburne was posted, pushing forward seven lines of battle against him. The fighting was very severe and lasted till night, Cleburne driving the enemy back in every attack. This fighting was marked by great daring on the part of the enemy, some of them getting as close as thirty feet to our lines. The slaughter among the Yankees was terrific, and his loss could not have been less than 5,000—700 dead Yankees were counted before Granbury's and Lowry's Brigades. We captured 300 prisoners and 1,500 stands of small arms."

WHAT FIVE CONFEDERATES DID AT PETERSBURG.

BY GEN. GEORGE REESE, PENSACOLA, FLA.

The following incident I have never seen in print. I relate it from memory after thirty-eight years. I cannot give dates, but it was just before the explosion of the Crater at Petersburg. I belonged to Company A (was a lieutenant), Forty-Fourth Alabama, Law's Brigade, Hood's old division, commanded by Field. This division had been kept on the move back and forth from Petersburg to the extreme left of Lee's army, north of the James River, to meet Grant's flank attacks. At this time it was intended, no doubt, to draw our troops from the neighborhood of the Crater and weaken Lee's forces as much as possible. The division was marching parallel with, and about two hundred yards west of, the line of breastworks, which was only occupied by our pickets at long distances apart. The writer was in command of the brigade provost guard to bring up the stragglers, as the march was a hard one. All at once we heard a yell in front, and, looking, saw our boys running pellmell without any order for the breastworks, and on the other side saw an innumerable host of negro troops marching in regular double-quick step for the same works. It was a race for life with our boys, and they won. I immediately ordered the guard to join their commands. It was but a little while before we repulsed the negroes, with terrible slaughter. In one place I saw five dead, one on top of the other. In the meantime we heard shots from a fort about two hundred yards on our right, which continued for about fifteen minutes, and then saw a company of negro troops with their white officers march

out and stack arms. The gap between our right and this fort was unoccupied. I hastened up to the fort, for my curiosity was excited, and, meeting one of the five Confederates who were in the fort, he led me to the top of the parapet, and I saw thirty-one dead negroes lying in the moat surrounding the fort, all shot in the head. As they attempted to scale the walls, climbing on each other's shoulders, they were shot by these five Confederates and fell back dead. I was told that these negroes were drunk. They finally yelled out that they would surrender. There were over sixty surrendered to these five brave Texas and Georgia soldiers. The negroes were heard to say in their frantic efforts to get into the fort: "Shove Corporal Dick up; he will make them Rebels surrender." But, alas! Corporal Dick met the same fate as the others who showed their heads over the top of the wall. I saw him, a large, bald-headed negro lying on his back with a bullet hole between the eyes. I do not remember the name of this fort, but think it was Fort Gilmer. If any of the five brave soldiers who were engaged in this fight are living, I should be glad to hear from them, and have them correct any mistakes I have made in this account. I write, as before stated, entirely from memory after these thirty-eight years.



WHERE BUELL'S ARMY ASCENDED THE BLUFF, PITTSBURG LANDING.

MOSBY AS A SOLDIER AND PATRIOT.

H. M. Doak, of Nashville, a Confederate proud and an able writer, reports through the *American* a most interesting conference with a few of Mosby's men, of whom were Col. William H. Chapman, second in rank only to Mosby himself, and Harry T. Sinnott, of Nashville, one of those noted Partisan Rangers. Extracts only are copied:

"I met three of Mosby's heroes about a year ago in the chambers of Judge Horace H. Lurton, himself one of Morgan's men, who shared the dangers and hardships of the Ohio campaign. I learned then to know that Mosby's command excelled all similar commands in history in daring and

skill, in attack, retreat, and originality of its commander. Most of such other commands have been largely freebooters. Mosby's command was unique in all respects, in organization, or the lack of it, in discipline, which, while loose in appearance, was perfect, under an iron will.

"It had no camp. It had no quarters or headquarters. It rendezvoused anywhere and everywhere. Never more than about eight hundred men, it scattered after every fight, unless another were in prospect, stayed in friendly houses, came together, apparently by accident, but always came together when rendezvous was required.

"Most of Mosby's most daring deeds were accomplished with small numbers held closely in hand. No other command of partisan rangers in the world's history went through with a similar organization and method of 'scatter' and assembly without becoming a band of highway robbers. The nearest approach to it in history is Marion's patriot body.

"Mosby's command was organized in the winter of 1863, under the 'partisan ranger' act of the Confederate Congress. It was the only one of such organizations that Lee did not recommend the disbanding of. Mosby was Gen. Lee's right hand, a man he trusted thoroughly and always, both as a man, a soldier, and a gentleman, and commended at brief intervals during the entire war.

"He operated chiefly in Loudoun and Fauquier Counties, along the Blue Ridge and Bull Run Mountains, operating upon the flanks and in the rear of the Federal armies in front of Lee.

"Mosby's own statement of his principle of war is: 'As a line is only as strong as its weakest point, it was necessary for it to be stronger than I was at any point in order to resist attack. To destroy supply trains, to break up the means of communicating intelligence, and thus to isolate an army

from its base, as well as its corps from each other, to confuse plans by capturing dispatches, are the objects of partisan warfare. The military value of a partisan's work is not measured by the amount of property destroyed, or number of men killed or captured, but by the number he keeps watching.



GROUP OF MOSBY'S MEN TAKEN IN 1866:

J. H. Alexander, Ab Settle, Cal Maddux, Clem Edmonds, Dan Lee Butts.

Every soldier withdrawn from the front to rear of an army is so much taken from its fighting strength.'

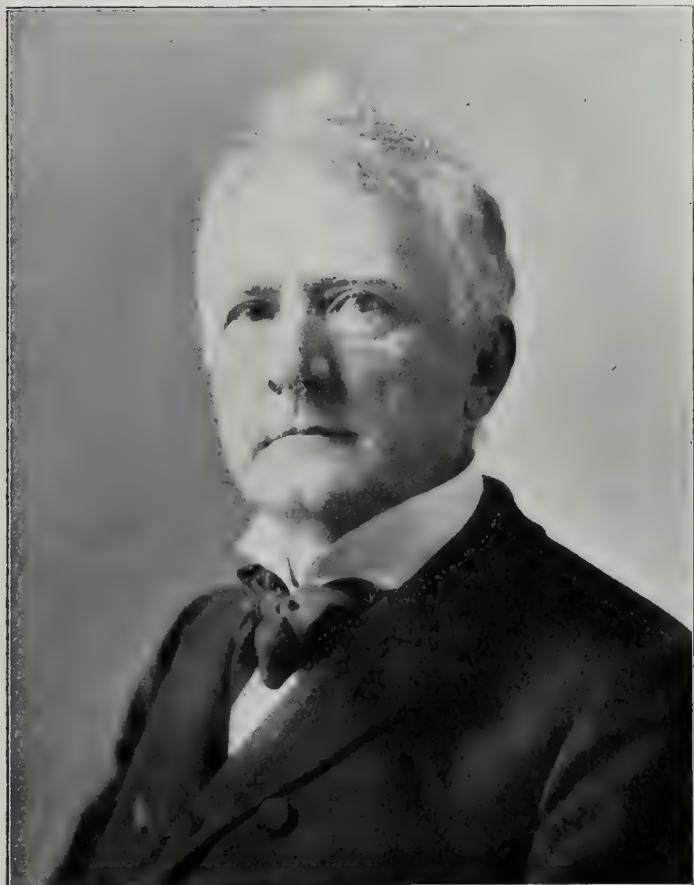
"Mosby's command killed and captured many more men than he had during the entire war. He destroyed millions of property, but his chief assistance to Gen. Lee lay in the extraordinary aid he rendered in destroying supply trains, railroads, communications, and means of communication.

"Grant had the highest opinion of Mosby as a man and as a soldier. He had an opportunity to know his value as a soldier, for he operated constantly and effectively upon Grant's lines of communication. He was a man of intellect and culture, well versed in English and classical literature, and an able lawyer.

"No man ever made war upon more humane or honorable principles, or more strictly within the rules of war, and yet he was so persecuted after the war that life became a burden. He appealed to Andrew Johnson, but of course got no comfort in that quarter. He found Grant a man, a gentleman, and ultimately a friend.

"Drawing the line at Greeley, he supported Grant in 1872. No man ever bore himself more the friend of his own people. He sought protection, and no more. He refused office again and again. No man was ever less the sycophant, the time-server, or self-seeker. He recommended friends for office. In 1877 he accepted the consulship to Hongkong. At that date none could pretend that he had sought by his course to benefit himself.

"In a free country where freedom of opinion and expression are so strongly enjoined and so little allowed, one may see that a very able, conscientious, and upright gentleman like Mosby, conscious of aiming only at good for his own people, should be somewhat astonished at the result upon himself. In a sense, it was bad judgment to think the course he advocated could be adopted. It was bad judgment, in a purely political sense, to advocate it. It does not diminish the force of the truth that he was a hero, the trusted of the noble and Godlike Lee, who made no mistakes in men. Mosby's course since the war has been that of a thorough gentleman, a conscientious patriot, preferring truth, as he saw it, to popular applause, a fit representative of the highest type of Southern chivalry."



COL. JOHN S. MOSBY.

SECESSION OF KENTUCKY.

b Mrs. Sophie Fox Sea, Historian of Kentucky Division,
p U. D. C., writes in reply to the article by J. Randolph Smith:

"When your contributor has been better informed, he will
u doubtless widen his horizon, and see that, after all, the 'elev-
d en' he designates as Dixie Land were not the only heroes of
§ the War between the States.

7 "Since the discussion has been opened I have found, even
c among generally well-informed Confederates, a great deal of
c misapprehension in regard to the part borne by Kentucky in
c that great struggle. As State Historian of the United Daugh-
t ters of the Confederacy, it lies directly in my province to do
i what I can to put the matter in its true light. In perfect good
t temper, and with studied moderation, I will mention a few
f facts about Kentucky. Far more eloquent pens than mine
h have been enlisted for Missouri and Maryland. Their sons
d and daughters stand sentinels at the gates with the swords of
h historic truth in their hands and the glow of ardent fealty in
t their hearts.

"In the beginning I may be pardoned for a bare allusion to
a notable incident in Kentucky's history of more than a cen-
tury ago. I refer to the Kentucky Resolutions of 1798, which
clearly enunciated the doctrine of State rights, and upon
which Jefferson won his memorable victory of 1800. The res-
olutions sounded the keynote, and have been the inspiration
for every utterance touching State rights from that day to
this. A striking illustration of the sentiment in Kentucky
just before the war was given in the presidential election of
1860. Although the Democratic party was hopelessly divided
between Breckinridge and Douglas, the Republican ticket,
headed by Lincoln and Hamlin, received only 1,366 votes in
the entire State.

"In the vain hope that war might be averted, and that
Kentucky as a border State might be able to prevent the in-
vasion of the South, there was a strong sentiment in favor of
armed neutrality. 'Stand with the olive branch in one hand
and the sword in the other,' was urged by some of our most

patriotic sons, honest in their convictions that Kentucky would
wield a mighty influence for peace. But when the govern-
ment threw off the mask and asked for money and troops, the
patriotic Governor of the State, Magoffin, replied that Ken-
tucky would not furnish a man or a dollar to invade and sub-
jugate her sister States of the South. And while the advo-
cates of armed neutrality were still striving and hoping to
protect the South from invasion, the Federal government was
secretly flooding the State with troops. Like a huge serpent
its coils were being fastened around Kentucky; and when the
people realized the futility of their hopes, it was impossible,
owing to the presence of a large Federal force, to assemble in
their State capital. Nevertheless, Kentucky did secede. The
vox populi spoke in unmistakable utterance.

"On November 18, 1861, at Russellville, Ky., a convention
was held, composed of over two hundred delegates, represent-
ing sixty-five counties, a majority of twenty-four of all the
counties in the State. It was in session for three days, adopted
an ordinance of secession and a provisional form of State
government. George W. Johnson was elected Governor, and
other executive officers named. Three commissioners were
sent to Richmond to negotiate an alliance with the Confederate
government. And the Congress of the Confederate States ad-
mitted Kentucky as a member of the Confederacy December
10, 1861. Two Senators and twelve members of Congress
were elected by the Executive Council. And during the war
a Congressional ticket was elected biennially by the Kentucky
soldiers. The following is taken from the Confederate Con-
gressional records:

"An act for the admission of the State of Kentucky into
the Confederate States of America, as a member thereof.

"Section 1. The Congress of the Confederate States of
America do enact that the State of Kentucky be, and is hereby,
admitted, a member of the Confederate States of America on
an equal footing with the other States of the Confederacy.
Approved December 10, 1861.'

"Gov. George W. Johnson was killed fighting in the ranks



TROOP A, A NASHVILLE CAVALRY COMPANY OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

at Shiloh. And the legislative council elected Hon. Richard Hawes his successor, and he was subsequently inaugurated with due formality in the Capitol at Frankfort, Ky., October 4, 1862.

"So much for the facts in regard to the secession of Kentucky. Now a word as to the number and character of the troops furnished by Kentucky to the Confederate army.

"It is difficult to tell the exact number, because there were so many Kentuckians not attached or credited to Kentucky commands. A great number of Forrest's immortal command were Kentuckians. A conservative estimate would place the number at not less than 40,000, although it has been accounted much larger. Shall I mention a few of the higher officers? Lieut. Gen. Buckner, Maj. Gens. Breckinridge, Preston, and G. W. Smith, Brig. Gens. John H. Morgan, Roger W. Hanson, Basil W. Duke, Abram Buford, George B. Cosby, John S. Williams, J. M. Hawes, Ben Hardin Helm, George B. Hodge, Joseph H. Lewis, H. B. Lyon, Humphrey Marshall, Thomas H. Taylor, Lloyd Tilghman, and R. M. Gano. Kentucky contributed a large number of distinguished officers, who, from their place of residence, were credited to other States. Such were Albert Sidney Johnston, John B. Hood, and Samuel B. Maxey, of Texas; Richard Taylor and Randall Lee Gibson, of Louisiana; Claiborne Fox Jackson, of Missouri; and Daniel Adams, of Louisiana.

"The record of Kentucky troops for dauntless valor and indomitable endurance was not surpassed by any other troops in the Confederate army. It was blazoned in fire and blood from Manassas to Appomattox. Thousands suffered the horrors of prison life, and immediately on being exchanged rejoined their commands to fight again for the cause they loved so well. No privations could discourage them. Was it any wonder? They were the very flower of the youth and manhood of Kentucky, a *strictly representative* body. And they were a volunteer force. Mr. Smith's illiberal spirit, in the article mentioned above, forces me to ask the world at large: Who, as a matter of fact, made the greatest sacrifices and suffered most in the War between the States? The troops from the Southern States enlisted upon calls from their respective States, some reluctantly, and many were conscripted. As I have said, the Kentucky troops were a purely volunteer force. They went South in the face of laws of expatriation and confiscation of their property. They separated themselves for an indefinite time from their families. They were threatened with all the penalties of treason. They sacrificed their all cheerfully, uncomplainingly, to fight, and, if need be, to die to protect the firesides of strangers, whom they loved as brethren.

"An enlightened and generous public will one day, if not now, realize that it was the border States that suffered most and sacrificed most, and no considerable numbers, even of the 'eleven,' will begrudge them a memorial shaft so justly merited."

PROTESTS FROM KENTUCKY.

Mrs. Henrietta Morgan Duke, State Director of Davis Monument for Kentucky and First Vice President United Daughters of the Confederacy, in a criticism of Randolph Smith's original attempt to justify the omission of columns for Missouri and Kentucky, writes:

"It may be admitted that the efforts made by Kentucky and Missouri to secede were neither so formal as some of the others, nor so strongly aided and indorsed by popular support, yet it is a fact that the highest and best authority accepted them as adequate. Action of that kind, undertaken in Kentucky or Missouri, was necessarily in the immediate presence

of an overwhelming hostile power and in the face of a direct threat of armed Federal interference. On the other hand, the delegates who composed the Legislatures or conventions which passed ordinances of secession for those States, which this writer fondly styles Mr. Davis's 'own eleven Confederate States,' were elected and were able to assemble in absolute security in the capitals of those States, and to deliberate without fear of factional or forcible interruption. Nevertheless, Kentucky and Missouri did secede in a manner satisfactory to the Confederate government and quite sufficient to meet the requirements of the Confederate Congress; and such secession, unostentatious as it was, proved no less successful than the others, for none succeeded.

"Now, what are the attested facts? First, as to Kentucky: On November 18, 1861, a convention was held at Russellville, composed of delegates from sixty-five counties—a very considerable majority of the counties of the State—and numbering more than two hundred members. This convention adopted an ordinance of secession and a provisional form of State government. George W. Johnson, of Scott County—afterwards killed at Shiloh while fighting in the ranks of a Kentucky Confederate regiment—was named as Governor, and other executive officers were named. It is true that the officials of this provisional government were shortly compelled to leave Kentucky, but this fact in no wise weakens the contention that Kentucky was deemed by Confederate authority a seceded State. Quite a number of the officials of even the 'own eleven Confederate States' became fugitive—very much fugitive—at different periods of the war. But Kentucky's status, so far as Confederate opinion and Confederate history are of import, was settled when the Confederate Congress passed 'an act for the admission of Kentucky into the Confederate States of America as a member thereof.

"Section 1. The Congress of the Confederate States of America do enact that the State of Kentucky be and is hereby admitted a member of the Confederate States of America, on an equal footing with the other States of the Confederacy.' This act was approved by President Davis December 10, 1861.

"The secession of Missouri was as regular and as duly in accordance with the forms of law as that of any of the eleven States for whom the writer claims the sole honor of such action. The Governor and other State officials, and the Legislature of Missouri—all having been duly elected and their terms



THE PARTHENON IN CENTENNIAL PARK, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Occasion of dedicating tablet to Col. W. C. Smith, the architect, a Confederate from Virginia, who lived at Nashville after the Confederate War, and died while at the head of the First Tennessee Regiment, U. S. A., in the Philippines.

of office not having as yet expired—had been driven away from the capital, Jefferson City, by Federal bayonets, and had re-assembled at Neosho. At this place, in September, 1861, the Legislature passed an ordinance of secession which was signed by the presiding officers of both houses, attested by the clerks of both, and approved by the Governor, Claiborne F. Jackson. Missouri was also admitted as a member of the Confederacy by an act of the Confederate Congress, the date of which I do not remember.

"It may be asserted that the formal admission of Kentucky and Missouri into the Confederacy was not in accordance with the will and wishes of the people of these two States, and that only a minority of each assented. But this is a matter which rests in surmise and can never be accurately determined. The men who were most prominent in the movement—Johnson, Breckinridge, Burnett, Bruce, Hawes, Machen, and others, who spoke for Kentucky; Jackson, Reynolds, Price, Clark, and their colleagues, who expressed what they declared to be the sentiment of Missouri—believed and insisted that the great majority of their people desired to be united by political ties to their brethren of the South, as closely as they were already connected with them by bonds of interest and sympathy. The Federal officials, both civil and military, seemed to share this opinion, and it would be nearer the truth to say that during the 'four years of the war' Kentucky and Missouri were under the Federal ban more than they 'were under the protection of the Federal flag.' Does any intelligent and well-informed person doubt that, if the Confederacy had succeeded, the recognition of its independence would have included Kentucky and Missouri, and that the people of both States would have ratified the steps previously taken to make them citizens of the Confederacy?

"The writer of the article in the VETERAN asks, 'What would Jefferson Davis say' to the proposition that Kentucky and Missouri should be recognized and 'honored' as Confederate States? Jefferson Davis answered that question when he approved the acts of Congress admitting them; and if his great heart could have harbored bitter scorn and contempt for anything, it would have been for such a suggestion coming from a Southern source.

"But, says this writer, Kentucky and Missouri had also 'Federal Governors' during the war; and, although they were represented in the Confederate Congress, they had representatives also in the Congress of the United States. The objection is almost too puerile for notice; but if such rule of construction should be adopted, it would prove fatal to the claims of some of the States which the writer admits to have been, beyond controversy, Confederate States. I will cite a single example, selecting therefor a State whose record during the entire struggle for heroic courage and patriotic devotion was unsurpassed. When the Confederate armies were driven by overwhelming numbers from the soil of Tennessee and she was helpless in the clutch of the invader, that gallant State had a 'Federal Governor' and representatives in the Federal Congress. But will any man of ordinary reason claim that such inevitable consequence of her then condition is just ground for reflection upon her record or her people?

"But all discussion of this nature is as idle as the provocation given for it was unnecessary. The right which Kentucky and Missouri have to be represented in any movement or effort for the preservation of Confederate memories and the illustration of the glory and heroism of the South depends not on their technical claim to have been 'Confederate States,' but, like that of Maryland, on the conduct of the soldiers which

they gave the Confederacy and the statesmen they sent to aid her councils.

"If these men were not lacking in valor and fidelity, in wisdom and constancy, then surely the zealous wish of their compatriots—men or women—to honor the cause they served should not be met with sneer and rebuff. If people in Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland, whose kinsmen fought and died for the South, and whose loyalty and devotion to the Confederate cause neither time nor disaster has diminished, desire to contribute to the success of an undertaking so worthy and a memorial so sacred, in heaven's name let not their efforts be received in a spirit so mean and with criticism so paltry and unfair.

"The first blood shed in the War between the States stained the soil of Maryland, was poured out in the streets of Baltimore on April 19, 1861, when the gallant citizens flung themselves against the bayonets of a Federal regiment, because that regiment was marching to attack their Southern brethren. On May 10, 1861, a similar sacrifice was witnessed in St. Louis, when twenty-eight citizens of Missouri were shot down by Federal troops because of their brave protest against the beginning of coercion.

"These events happened before a hostile foot had trodden the soil of the 'own eleven Confederate States.' The escort of twenty picked men who were detailed to accompany and guard



ELIZA BENNETT YOUNG, LOUISVILLE, KY.

This three-year-old daughter of General and Mrs. Bennett H. Young is chosen by the VETERAN for sponsor in 1916.

President Davis when he attempted escape in the closing hours of the struggle were Kentuckians. When these things are remembered, what generous, manly, and really loyal Southerner will deny these States the fullest and most cordial recognition?



COURTHOUSE AT TRENTON, TENN.
Confederate Relic Hall in nearest corner upstairs.

We do not ask it in the form of honors rendered to the living, but we do demand that justice shall be done our dead; and because we love the South, because we revere the memories of all who died for the cause, no matter whence they came, we are not willing that the heroic dead of Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland shall be forgotten in this sacred tribute to all that was heroic in Confederate history, and that the noble people who gave them to the battle and the grave shall be accounted recreant."

RIGHT REGARD FOR MEMORIAL DAYS.

On April 8, 1904, at the regular meeting of Camp Macon U. C. V., No. 1477, Commander Harris reported that he had a conference with the authorities of the Georgia University and the Georgia School of Technology in regard to this Camp action against sports arranged for April 26, 1904, and the boys of these colleges promise to take the matter up, and in the future there will be no games arranged for Memorial Day. Comrade J. W. Wilcox, in reporting the above, adds:

"This one day is set apart to inspire the hearts of future heroes with love and admiration for those golden-hearted Confederate soldiers who gave up their lives for this dear Southland of ours, and who in life showed the most devoted self-sacrificing courage and patriotism which ever illustrated immortal virtues.

"We know that these boys will be true to this sacred promise for the sacred day, because they are of that same stock of Southern soldiers whose 'blood nourished the laurels which otherwise had never bloomed to grace the brow of Lee and Stonewall Jackson,' and those sacred dead of ours, together with these few old soldiers who are now living, made the world admire them in war and in peace."

FIRING A CAPTURED CANNON AT FORT PILLOW.

BY LEE H. RUSS, OF SHELBYVILLE, TENN.

Much has been written descriptive in a general way of the storming and capture of Fort Pillow by that matchless cavalry leader, Gen. N. B. Forrest; and still very much more yet remains to be recorded of that glorious victory.

One of the interesting things not yet published was the novel manner in which one of the pieces of artillery captured

there was turned and fired on the Federal gunboat New Era that lay about a mile off, just opposite the fort.

After the fierce charge that resulted in complete victory and possession of the fort, the writer's suggestion that we turn the captured cannon that still remained in position at the embrasures on the gunboat was at once put into execution. Sergt. W. H. Mathews and W. E. Lipscomb, both members of the General's Escort Company, grasped the wheels of one of the guns and assisted in backing it out from its position, when we turned it in the direction of the gunboat. This done, we proceeded to load it, Lipscomb delivering the charge at the muzzle of the cannon, while the writer (acting as No. 1 in artillery practice) rammed it home. Mathews, in the meantime, having trained and sighted the piece, was "holding vent."

When the gun was loaded and ready to fire, the lanyard was missing. When we scaled the walls of the fort, the Yankee gunners sought safety in flight, carrying the lanyard with them. A bright thought struck Mathews. Hastily unbreeching his gun (a Sharp's carbine), he drew a cartridge and forced it, inverted, into the magazine and closed up the breech, thus cutting off the ball and furnishing him a blank charge; then stepping to one side, he deliberately fired his carbine into the touchhole of the cannon. A puff of smoke, followed by the almost deafening crash of the explosion, told that we were masters of the situation.

We watched the flight of this first shot, and found that it flew too high and some three hundred yards to the rear of the gunboat. Again we loaded and fired as before, the writer firing the blank charge into the touchhole of the cannon, and, failing to get far enough to one side, was struck and knocked down by one of the wheels as the gun rebounded. This shot proved to be better, and we were getting the range. This shot alarmed the crew on board the gunboat, for immediately her signal bell was sounded, and, while we were reloading, her hoarse whistle began to answer, and by the time our gun was again ready for action she began to move off upstream. This third also fell short, as did the former ones, and, glancing on the water, it passed only a few feet to the rear of the gunboat. Had the boat remained stationary, this shot would certainly have struck her about the water line, something like one-third her length. By this time she was under a full head of steam, rapidly retreating up the river. We loaded and fired as rapidly as we could, and succeeded in getting in two more shots, though harmless ones, before she was lost to sight around a sharp bend in the river, about a mile above the fort.

W. H. Mathews and W. E. Lipscomb, who participated in this novel gun practice, and than whom two braver soldiers never faced a foe, both sleep the sleep that knows no waking in Willow Mount Cemetery at Shelbyville, Tenn.

Lipscomb fell mortally wounded in a gallant charge made by the Escort, and led by the General in person, near Mt. Pleasant, Tenn. He died the following day, and was buried at Fouse's Springs. His remains were removed to Shelbyville after the war.

Mathews survived the war, but, like the true soldier that he was, died at his post of duty. He was employed as clerk in the office of the N. & C. R. R. at Shelbyville, and succumbed to heart failure while standing at his desk.

The "Fort Pillow Massacre" has recently been reviewed by Capt. Hugh T. Hanks, of Ripley, Tenn. This subject was so thoroughly described by Maj. C. W. Anderson that it would seem unnecessary to say more in the VETERAN, yet Capt. Hanks's account will have attention later.

THE FIGHT OF THE RIGHT AGAINST THE MIGHT.

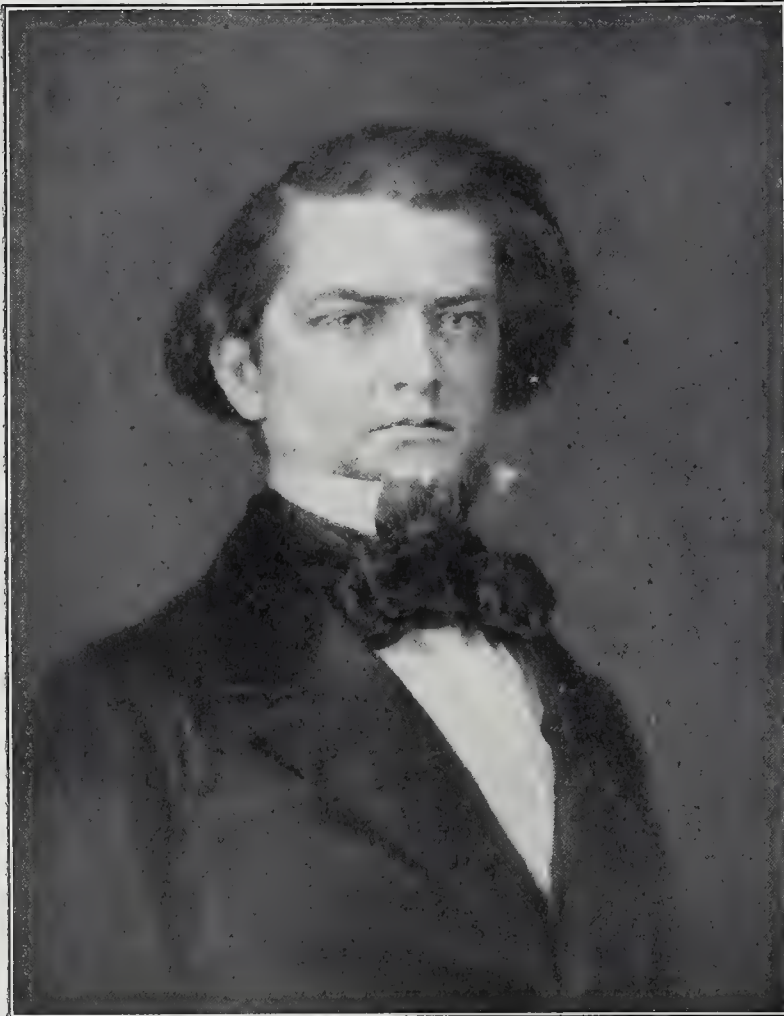
(An ode suggested by the funeral of Lieut. Gen. John B. Gordon, Atlanta, Ga., January, 1904.)

Akin in blood, but not in tongue,
In common two peoples in different lands yearned for Liberty.
Nurtured under cloudy skies and kingly rule, they seeming
thought

That where bright shone the sun, but temperately,
Must indeed be the true home of their Palladium.
Not counting cost in life or treasure,
They threw themselves into rude barks,
And dared the oceans wide.
The red man's shore, the one found,
Where now grows the Golden Fleece which clothes the world.
The black man's veldt, the other sought,
Where in after years were found gems and treasure
Far beyond the dreams of famed Indus.
There built they fabrics of Virtue, Chivalry,
And all that goes to make up pure Liberty,
The like of which has ne'er been known in all the ages.

* * *

Then came the jealousies, then the quarrels,
And then the Unsheathed Sword.
O those bitter, bitter years
Of Plutonic, but glorious, War
When the tattered Legions of Cronje and of Lee
With impact Titanic



JOHN B. GORDON AT TWENTY-TWO YEARS OF AGE.
(By courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Forced the fight—

The Fight of the Right against the Might!

* * *

Then came the Crash, Appomattox and the End.
With them came the Olive Branch,
But no regrets of the Defenders,
The Defenders of the Cause that lost,
Lost in the Fight of the Right against the Might.

* * *

Nigh unto forty years have passed.
The shotless gun booms from the Capitol,
Stirring the City to the core and signaling
From far and near the dwellers in the lands of the Golden
Fleece

To come and last tribute pay
To one who had led his cohorts
Into the thickest of the Fight
Of the Right against the Might.
No needed emblem to tell in painted or printed word
Who there lay in public state
To receive tribute
Not only unto himself, but also to the Cause that lost.
That scar upon the cheek
Indelibly marked him the man
Upon whom from a cloudy sky burst the shrieking shell,
Which echoed and reëchoed down the valley,
That glorious morn as with clarion voice
He led the charge—Gordon!

Wondrous it is that by the Grim Reaper

There any now be left

To tell of the terrors of Little Round Top,
And the gory fields that bathed Virginia;
But from such few they now gently came,
And put him away forever from the sight,
But not the hearts of men;
And as they marched,
They threw the old War Banners to the breeze,
And in dreams fought again the Fight,
The Fight of the Right against the Might.

* * *

Tell it not in story or in schoolbook to the children's children,

Who breathe the air of Diamond Fields,
Or those of the Golden Fleece,
That the Cause was wrong because it lost;
But more clearly and firmly than in marble white,
Let this scene upon the Capitol tell them,
And through them the World,
That Duty Done by follower or leader
Is dearer than Life itself,
Whether in the times of piping Peace
Or in the thickest of the Fight,
The Fight for their Palladium,
The Fight of the Right against the Might!

—J. T. Dargan.

Explanation is made that an accumulation of tributes to our beloved Commander in Chief, Gen. J. B. Gordon, precluded the practicability of publishing all of them. It is not because those used were more appropriate than the others. Camps and assemblies meeting later really paid more concise tributes, but there were too many of them for the space at command for the "Last Roll." The report on next page was promised and put in type, but it has been held over until now.



THE LORD'S PRAYER.

[The following beautiful composition was found on the battlefield at Charleston, S. C., during the war. It was by a wounded comrade who did not live to get home.

Thou to the mercy seat our souls doth gather,
To do our duty unto thee—OUR FATHER,
To whom all praises, all honor should be given;
For thou art the great God—WHO ART IN HEAVEN.
Thou, by thy wisdom, rulest the world's whole fame,
Forever, therefore—HALLOWED BE THY NAME.
Let nevermore delay divide us from
Thy glorious face, but let—THY KINGDOM COME;
Let thy commands opposed be by none,
But thy good pleasures and—THY WILL BE DONE,
And let our promptness to obey be given
The very same—IN EARTH AS 'TIS IN HEAVEN.
Then for our souls, O Lord, we also pray,
Thou wouldest be pleased to—GIVE US THIS DAY
The food of life, wherewith our souls are fed,
Sufficient raiment, and—OUR DAILY BREAD;
With every needful thing do thou relieve us,
And of thy mercy, pity—AND FORGIVE US
All our misdeeds, for him whom thou didst please
To make an offering, for—OUR TRESPASSES,
And forasmuch, O Lord, as we believe
That thou wilt pardon us—AS WE FORGIVE,
Let that love teach, wherewith thou dost acquaint us,
To pardon all—THOSE WHO TRESPASS AGAINST US;
And though, sometimes, thou findest we have forgot
This love for thee, yet help—AND LEAD US NOT
Through soul or body's want to desperation,
Nor let earth's gain drive us—INTO TEMPTATION;
Let not the soul of any true believer
Fall in the time of trial—BUT DELIVER,
Yea, save them from the malice of the devil,
And both in life and death keep—US FROM EVIL.
Thus pray we, Lord, for that of thee, from whom
This may be had—FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM,
This word is of thy works, its wondrous story
To thee belongs—THE POWER AND THE GLORY,
And all thy wondrous works have ended never,
But will remain forever, and—FOREVER.
Thus we poor creatures would confess again,
And thus would say eternally—AMEN.

GORDON MEMORIAL SERVICE AT NASHVILLE.

A beautiful and impressive service was held in Nashville on Sunday afternoon, March 6, 1904, as a tribute to the memory of Gen. Gordon. The meeting was convened under the auspices of Frank Cheatham Bivouac, in the First Presbyterian Church. Capt. M. B. Pilcher, of the Army of Tennessee, and President of the Bivouac, presided; and Dr. A. A. Lyon, Surgeon A. N. V., as Chairman of the Arrangement Committee, acted as master of ceremonies. All the active participants were Confederate Veterans.

The exercises were planned for a unique and pleasing ceremony, consisting of a blend of symbolic wreaths, with the Confederate battle flag, the American flag, and the banner of Frank Cheatham Bivouac. First, a wreath of laurel, denoting victory, was connected with the battle flag, as symbolizing the heroic military career of Gen. Gordon as a Confederate commander; next, the olive, symbolic of peace, with the American flag, under whose stars and stripes Gen. Gordon had immortalized himself, since the close of the war, as a national peace-maker; and lastly, the wreath of cypress, the funereal emblem of death, was attached to the banner of the Bivouac, whose members were, in a sense, the chief mourners on the occasion.

These beautiful and artistically wrought wreaths were graciously provided by the several Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Nashville, and by them were borne into the Church, and formally hung in their allotted positions by representatives of the respective Chapters as follows: The olive by Miss Mollie M. Claiborne, of Nashville Chapter; the laurel by Mrs. J. W. Fisher, of Bate Chapter; and the cypress by Mrs. John P. Hickman, of Kate Litton Hickman Chapter.

This ceremony was unique in conception and beautiful in execution, and proved an interesting feature of the services.

The regular exercises were opened with an invocation prayer by Rev. J. C. Cowan, Chaplain of Frank Cheatham Bivouac and Camp; the reading of Scriptures by Rev. J. P. McFerrin, of the Methodist Church; and the closing prayer was offered by Rev. J. H. McNeilly, an army chaplain.

The special memorial address was pronounced by Rev. Lansing Burrows, D.D., of the Baptist Church. Dr. Burrows had been a personal friend of Gen. Gordon, and had served with him till the end as a soldier in the Army of Northern Virginia. His address was appropriate and eloquent, and contributed in no small degree to the comfort of his hearers.

Carefully selected music, rendered by the best talent in the city—all male voices—lent its charm to the occasion, and will long be remembered in connection with this memorial occasion.

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. William M. Anderson, D.D., pastor of the Church.

THOMAS E. WALKER.

On February 12 Comrade T. E. Walker passed into the great beyond at his home near Aberdeen, Tex. He was born in Georgia in 1828, removing with his parents to Mississippi, and thence to Texas in 1851. His wife died in 1852, after which time his life was very unsettled for some years. Later, he began business in Moulton, Tex., and in 1856 married Miss Narcissa W. Wiggington. Eight children were born of this union, and his wife and five sons survive him. He entered the Confederate service in the fall of 1863, and served with Company G, Twelfth Mississippi Cavalry, commanded by Capt. John Hyneman, in its various perils and privations. After some years of suffering, the end came. He was a member of the Baptist Church and a Mason.

GEN. W. H. PAYNE.

Gen. William Henry Payne died in Washington recently, after a long illness. He was a native of Fauquier County, Va., but had resided in Washington for some years, and was counsel for the Southern Railway. Gen. Payne was a gallant Confederate. He organized and was the first captain of the famous Black Horse Cavalry, which he commanded at the battle of Bull Run. Two weeks later he was promoted to major, and subsequently to lieutenant colonel, colonel, and brigadier general. He was three times seriously wounded. His remains were taken to Warrenton for interment.

GEN. V. D. GRONER.

This gallant and distinguished Confederate officer, whose death, in Norfolk, Va., on November 26, 1903, terminated a career of varied and honorable activities, was born in that city September 7, 1836. His father, George Groner, emigrated to America from Germany in 1827, and married Eliza Newell, of an old Virginia family, whose father took a brave part with Capt. Emerson's company of volunteers in the repulse of the British at Craney Island in 1812, and whose grandfather was a captain in the American navy during the Revolutionary War. Young Groner attended the local schools, graduated with distinction at the Norfolk Military Academy in 1853, and after a private course of instruction in law was admitted to the bar during his twenty-first year. But his active and adventurous disposition craved a more strenuous life than the Old Dominion then afforded, and, journeying to Texas in 1859, he received from Governor Houston a commission in Bailey's Regiment of Rangers, then in active service on the frontier, where he displayed that aptitude for military affairs which afterwards distinguished him in a wide field. He remained in Texas until after the election of Mr. Lincoln, but when the War between the States became imminent he returned to Virginia. Pending the secession of his native State, he executed under authority of Gov. Pettus the delicate mission of securing and transshipping from New York to Jackson a large quantity of arms and munitions for the Mississippi troops; and later, going to Montgomery with letters of warm recommendation from Gov. Pettus, he was cordially received by President Davis and appointed captain in the regular army of the Confederate States, with an assignment to the adjutant general's department.

For some months after the transfer of the Confederate government to Richmond, Capt. Groner was engaged, under the direction of the Secretary of War, in the work of organizing the troops arriving from the South; but this duty, while discharged with the fidelity and thoroughness which marked all his life as a soldier, was not congenial to a bold and enter-



GEN. GRONER.

prising spirit, and in the spring of 1862, at his own request, he was given a cavalry command on the Blackwater River, in Southeastern Virginia, and won commendation for the skill with which that line was held intact against a superior force. Later, in the same year, he was promoted to the rank of colonel of the Sixty-First Virginia Infantry, with which force—a Mississippi battalion, a regiment of cavalry, and two batteries—he held Warrenton during the first Maryland campaign, and after the return of Lee's army to Virginia, until the advance of Burnside compelled withdrawal, when he executed orders to make a rapid movement in front of the Federal march upon Fredericksburg, at which point he met the van of Burnside's columns and forestalled their crossing of the Rappahannock.

After the battle of Fredericksburg, Col. Groner's regiment was incorporated into Mahone's Virginia Brigade and formed part of that justly famous command until the end of the war. In the battle of Chancellorsville his regiment bore a conspicuous part, and the conduct of its commander won special mention in the reports. From this time on Col. Groner was constant in service with the Army of Northern Virginia and sustained in every engagement the reputation of a cool and skillful officer. He was a strict disciplinarian and an accomplished tactician, and maintained the efficiency of his troops through all vicissitudes of danger and privation. During the battles incident to Grant's passage through the Wilderness, Col. Groner was severely wounded while leading his regiment in a brilliant charge; but he rejoined the army at Petersburg, when only partially recovered, and in the memorable attack of Mahone's Division on the Second and Sixth Corps of Meade's army, June 22, 1864, he went into action on crutches and inspired his men to even more than usual valor by his brave example. Faithful to the last, Col. Groner led the worn remnants of his regiment to the closing scene at Appomattox, and surrendered there with a record of unbroken loyalty and devotion.

After the close of hostilities Col. Groner returned to the home of his childhood and bore a manful part in the struggle to restore prosperity to his State and people. In the restoration of Virginia's relations to the United States government, he was an active and influential factor on the conservative side, and in the negotiations at Washington, which culminated in the readmission of the State to the Union, he formed friendships with President Grant and other leading public men, which greatly enlarged his sphere of influence and usefulness. During the remaining years of his life he was prominent and successful in many business enterprises, was an authority on questions of transportation, and full of energy and public spirit.

In January, 1872, in pursuance of a movement to reconstruct the military power of Virginia, the name of Col. V. D. Groner was sent to the Senate to be brigadier general of the Ninth Brigade State Troops, and the nomination was confirmed unanimously. Later, Gen. Groner was chief of staff to Gov. Cameron. He was for many years representative of the Boston and Providence Steamship Company, was the first President of the Norfolk Cotton Compress Company, was one of Virginia's commissioners to the World's Columbian Exposition of 1890, and held many other positions of trust and honor.

In 1866 Gen. Groner was married to Katherine R. Campbell, daughter of the late John A. Campbell, once Justice of the United States Supreme Court, Assistant Secretary of War to the Confederate States, and later Counsel for Mr. Tilden be-

fore the Presidential Commission. Of this marriage (Mrs. Groner surviving) there are three sons.

It remains to speak of the kindly virtues of the man aside from his claim to remembrance as a faithful soldier and a patriotic, useful citizen. No warmer heart was ever the prompter to a more open hand than that which gave the life pulse to Virginius Groner. His attachments were warm and unselfish as his convictions were strong and outspoken. From a continuing friendship of forty years, begun on the battlefield and continued through years of change and trial, until the clouds fell upon his coffin lid, one who knew his unbending loyalty and partook of his unvarying kindness offers this sincere, though feeble, tribute to his memory.

Gen. Groner was an active member of Pickett-Buchanan Camp, U. C. V., and his mortal remains were escorted to the grave and buried with funeral honors by his former comrades in arms.

W. E. C.

DR. W. F. COATES.

After many months of suffering, Dr. W. F. Coates passed into rest at his home, in Wills Point, Tex., in March, 1904, aged seventy-one years. He served as captain of a company in the First Arkansas Cavalry, commanded by Col. Arch Dobbins, participating in the principal battles which occurred in the Trans-Mississippi Department until January, 1865, when, as senior captain, he took command of the regiment, his field officers having been killed or captured during the raid into Missouri.

After the close of the conflict he removed to Navarro County, Tex., where he resumed practice of his profession as a physician and continued at or near Kerens till 1888, when he removed to Wills Point, where his death occurred. He was twice married, and leaves a wife and two children. He was loved by all who knew him for his many fine traits of character, and in his death leaves many mourning hearts.

DR. JOHN O. SCOTT.

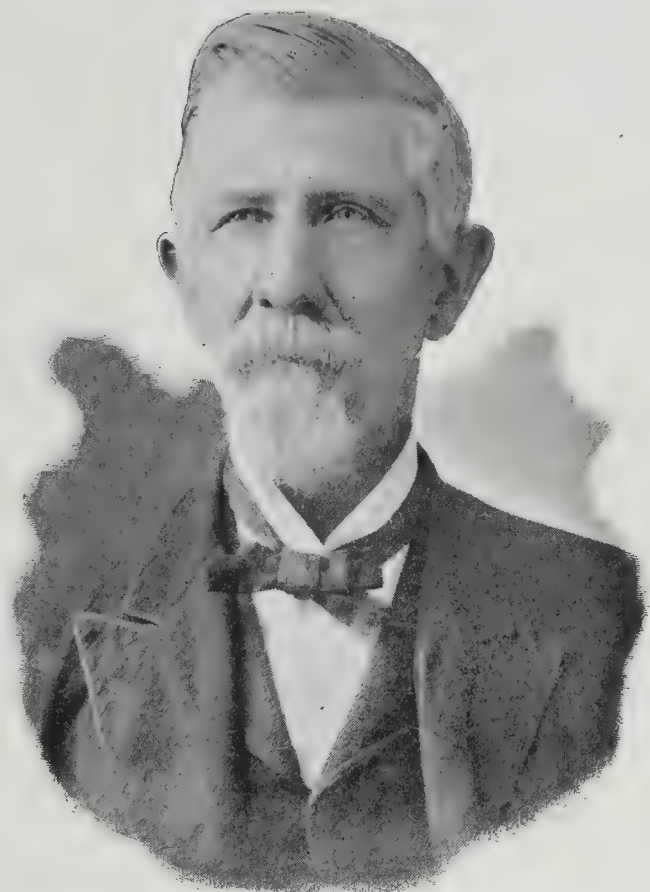
At the last meeting of Mildred Lee Camp, of Sherman, Tex., a special memorial service was held for Dr. John O. Scott, who died on the 8th of March. For many years he had been an interested reader and worker for the VETERAN, and it is a sad pleasure to pay him this tribute through its columns. From the resolutions passed by his comrades on this occasion, the following sketch is given of his life:

"Dr. John O. Scott was born at Locust Hill, near Frankfort, Ky., in 1837. He graduated from Center College, Danville, Ky., in February, 1862. He was assistant surgeon to the Second and Third Kentucky Regiments and Byrnes Battery, and was afterwards surgeon to the Seventh Kentucky Regiment, and participated in the battles of Shiloh, Vicksburg, Murfreesboro, Hartsville, and other engagements.

"Dr. Scott was married April 4, 1864, to Miss Ellen C. Melvin at Marion, Ala. He practiced his profession at Owensboro, Ky., until 1875, when he came to Sherman, Tex., where he resided until his death. He was a brother of Dr. Preston B. Scott, who died some years ago in Louisville, Ky.

"Dr. Scott was a man of classical education and unimpeachable private character. His even temperament and jovial disposition prompted him always to meet every one with true and gentle politeness and a smile that portrayed that geniality of soul which stamped him as one who loved his fellow-men.

"As a physician his record was known to the people of the city. He was ever ready to obey the call of the sick, be they possessed of wealth or the inmates of poverty-stricken homes.



DR. JOHN O. SCOTT.

As a soldier, in the capacity of surgeon and assistant surgeon, he was ever at the post of duty. As a writer he did much to show up the brilliant records of Texas troops. Being possessed of a great store of eloquence, his word and pen pictures will long live after him. This trait also characterized him in his affiliation with medical societies.

"Religiously speaking, he was a Christian gentleman, and had been a communicant of the Presbyterian Church for many years. The Camp has lost a devoted member, and his comrades a brother ever willing and ready to serve them in their need."

COL. J. A. BUCKNER.

John Alexander Buckner was born in Boone County, Ky., in 1832. His paternal ancestry were English, who settled in Virginia in colonial times, and on his mother's side they were Scotch-Irish, also early settlers of Virginia. His father, Henry M. Buckner, in early life was a merchant in Burlington, and subsequently in Covington, and was also the first postmaster of Covington. John A. Buckner attended the schools of Covington and Cincinnati, and was sent to Center College, Danville, Ky., graduating in 1852, after which, having determined to enter the ministry, he was sent to the Theological College at Princeton, N. J., and he also attended a course of medical lectures in New York in order to prepare himself for the missionary field. In this work he went to Rio de Janeiro, remaining until the fall of 1856, when he returned to his Kentucky home. He later purchased a cotton plantation in Louisiana, and became a successful planter. He was married in 1859 to Mrs. Mellie Mason Kellam, a lady of considerable wealth and amiable disposition, who died in 1863.

In September, 1863, Comrade Buckner enlisted in the Confederate army at Hopkinsville, Ky., and was made captain of Company A, Eighth Kentucky Regiment, commanded by Col. Henry C. Burnett, afterwards Confederate States Senator from

Kentucky. At the battle of Fort Donelson the regiment was commanded by Col. H. B. Lyon and Maj. P. W. Henry. Upon learning that surrender had been determined upon, Capt. Buckner disbanded his company, telling them he would not surrender, and with Lieut. Pressley Davis he crossed the Cumberland River and made his way back to Nashville and to Murfreesboro, where he joined Gen. A. S. Johnston's army, and was in the battle of Shiloh as volunteer aid to Gen. Charles Clark. In his official report of that battle, Gen. Clark complimented Capt. Buckner for his promptness, intelligence, and courage in the execution of his orders.

In July, 1862, Capt. Buckner was selected by Gen. John C. Breckinridge to succeed Maj. J. T. Pickett as assistant adjutant general upon his staff. When Col. Hunt was shot down at the battle of Baton Rouge, La., Capt. Buckner was, by unanimous consent, placed in command of the Second Brigade, in which position he displayed a high degree of skill and courage; and when Gen. Clark was thought to be mortally wounded, and the troops began to fall back in confusion, Capt. Buckner, with the assistance of Maj. Wickliffe, of the Nineteenth Kentucky Regiment, faced the brigade about and resumed the attack. Following the report of this action, by Gen. Breckinridge, he was promoted to rank of major, and subsequently brevetted lieutenant colonel for gallantry in battle. He was also in the battle of Stone's River, and in his mention of the officers of his division who had distinguished themselves in the three days' bloody conflict Gen. Breckinridge says: "It gives me pleasure to name Lieut. Col. Buckner assistant adjutant general, who was absent on leave and returned upon the first rumor of battle."

During 1864 Col. Buckner was in the Trans-Mississippi Department, and subsequently was on Gen. S. B. Buckner's staff, and placed in charge of the Cotton Bureau, discharging the delicate and difficult duties of the office with entire satisfaction to the government.

After the close of the war, Col. Buckner returned to his plantation home in East Carroll Parish, La. Like all brave soldiers of the Confederacy, he counseled the acceptance of the inevitable, and set a good example by turning his attention to the raising of cotton and rebuilding the broken levees of the Mississippi River. He served for many years upon the Levee Board without compensation, and to his good judgment and industry, assisted by equally enthusiastic members of the Board, the planters from Greenville to Vicksburg are much indebted for their fine levee system.

Col. Buckner married the second time, in 1866, Miss Sue Covington, a belle of New Orleans and a lady of high intellectual attainments, who died in 1878, leaving one daughter, Ethel, who married her cousin, H. G. Buckner, of Erlanger, Ky., in 1890, and with her family now resides at the home plantation, "The Mounds," in Louisiana.

Col. Buckner was a man of unyielding perseverance, and was eminently successful in business life.

SERG. WILLIAM A. HARVEY.

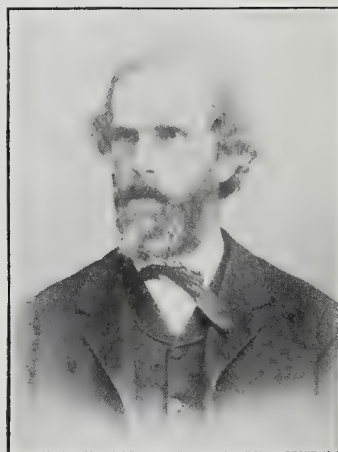
William A. Harvey, sergeant of Company F, Forty-Sixth Mississippi Regiment of Infantry, C. S. A., died in Meridian in February, 1903. He enlisted in the "Con. Rea Warriors" from Lauderdale County in the early days of 1862, and participated actively in the battle of Chickasaw Bayou and the siege of Vicksburg, and when Gen. Pemberton surrendered he was sent with the army to parole camp at Enterprise, Miss. When exchanged, his company was ordered to Georgia and joined the army of Gen. J. E. Johnston at Kingston about the

1st of May. He was on the firing line from that day until the close of the Georgia campaign at Lovejoy Station, having never missed a march, a skirmish, or a battle in which his regiment was engaged. When hostilities were renewed on the Tennessee campaign, Comrade Harvey was at his post ready for duty. He was in the battle of Altoona and at Franklin.

In writing this sketch of his comrade, Capt. R. N. Rea, of Brunette, La., says: "Sergt. Billy Harvey was always of interest to me. When ready for the fatal charge at Franklin, with every band in the army playing 'Dixie,' standing in front of Company F, I looked down the line to the left guide, and there stood Sergt. Harvey, with a smile upon his face, ready for the awful fray which would so soon render him helpless. He was shot through both legs in this battle, the bone of one being broken so that he was rendered a cripple for life."

HENRY YEATMAN.

A Virginian by birth and a member of one of the fine old families of that commonwealth, Mr. Henry Yeatman in his life was a typical representative of this great class of people. His home was in Maryland, and he died recently at his residence in Catonsville, near Baltimore. He entered the military service of the Confederacy in May, 1861, as a private in Burroughs's Battalion of Cavalry, and in July of 1862 was transferred to the Confederate navy, commissioned active master and assigned as executive officer of the navy yard, opposite Richmond, Va., where he served until the close of the war. One of his most prized possessions was the certificate of his membership in the Society of the Army and Navy in the State of Maryland.



HENRY YEATMAN.

After the war Mr. Yeatman became a merchant, and laid the foundation for a handsome competence. He retired from active work about twenty years ago, but used his energy in bringing the property on which he lived almost to perfection in the production of fruits, flowers, and grapes. He was endowed with a remarkable memory, and as he had traveled extensively, his fund of anecdotes and reminiscences was great, and they were told most interestingly and with dramatic skill. Comrade Yeatman exercised in his home that hospitality accredited to people of his State, and his friends were many. A devoted wife is left to mourn the companion of so many years.

REV. ROMULUS MORRIS TUTTLE.

Rev. R. M. Tuttle died at Greenville, Va., February 20, 1904. Comrade J. Scott Moore reports concerning him:

"For six years he had served as minister for the Colliers-town Presbyterian Church, in Rockbridge County. He was a native North Carolinian, and had served in the Confederate army from that State as captain of Company F, Twenty-Sixth Regiment, Pettigrew's Brigade. So modest and unassuming was he that few thought he was of the very best Confederate soldiers. Above all the honors that had ever come to him, he prized his captain's commission from the Confederate government, and second was the privilege of leading his gallant men on the gory fields of Gettysburg and its gun-crowned Cemetery Hill, July 1, 1863. That was a fateful day for his

company, for in the engagement that followed every officer and every man of the rank and file was either killed or wounded. His company went into action that morning with eighty-eight men and three commissioned officers. Of this number, thirty-one were killed and sixty wounded, many of whom recovered. The gallant Col. Harry K. Bur-gwyn, of Northampton County, N. C., a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, who was in command of the regiment, was also killed. In the company there were three sets of twins, of whom five were killed or mortally wounded, and sixteen men were named Coffey. The following account is given of a romance connected with the company: In 1862 a young woman in man's attire joined its ranks, received the bounty—\$50—put on the Confederate uniform, drilled, and did all the duties of a soldier. Finally she made herself known, to the amusement of the whole army.

"Again at the battle of Bristow Station, this company went into the engagement with thirty-four men and officers, thirty-two of whom were killed and wounded. During Capt. Tuttle's service he was wounded six times. The facts as to these statements Capt. Tuttle had preserved by a copy of the *Richmond Enquirer* in his possession, having given them to that paper while in a hospital in Richmond. They were indeed a chivalrous body of men.

"Dr. Tuttle was buried at Tinkling Spring Church on the 22d, Rev. G. W. Finley officiating. The coffin was draped with a Confederate flag, afterwards placed at the head of his grave that passers by might know what manner of man slept there."

THOMAS M. BRENNAN.

During his lifetime, Thomas M. Brennan was one of Nashville's most skillful and scholarly citizens. His father was a wealthy landowner near Dublin, Ireland, who gave to his sons every possible advantage for the acquirement of knowledge. Thomas was graduated with marked distinction from Trinity College, Dublin. Having pronounced aptitude for mechanical engineering, he made it a special study, and afterwards served as an apprentice in the Queenstown Locomotive Works



T. M. BRENNAN.

(1849), where, at the age of twenty-three, he designed and superintended the building of a locomotive that made great speed.

In 1851 young Brennan, with a party of gentleman friends, came on a pleasure trip to America. They visited Rogers's Locomotive Works in Paterson, N. J. This trip decided Mr. Brennan's entire after life. Miss Anna Smith Plunkett, of Nashville, Tenn., was visiting her kinsman, Mr. John Oliver Smith, at Paterson, and at a reception given in her honor they met. It was "love at first sight," culminating in marriage at the cathedral in Nashville, November 30, 1852.

After his marriage, Mr. Brennan remained in Nashville. He soon became the superintendent of the Nashville Manufacturing Works, a large iron-manufacturing concern on First Street. At this place, under his superintendency, there were constructed for the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad eight locomotives—viz., Nashville, Chattanooga, R. I. Moore, Gen. Robertson, Gov. Sevier, Gov. Blount, Gov. Carroll, Gov. Houston.

Afterwards Mr. Brennan established a business of his own, which he operated as the Brennan Iron Works. The business was highly prosperous from the beginning, with a great demand for boilers, engines, and other machinery. The sugar-refining interests of Louisiana were pouring in orders for centrifugal machinery, which was shipped by steamboat, and he had city contracts to supply water pipes and orders for big gas mains, some of which are still in use, and rails were cast for short railroads.

The old waterworks plant was designed and erected by Mr. Brennan, and, though it was intended to serve a city of 20,000 population, it did good service for a population of 60,000. His business assumed splendid proportions, earning a profit of over \$5,000 per month.

When the War between the States broke upon the country the Military Board of the State of Tennessee engaged Mr. Brennan's service for the manufacture of cannon, shot, and shell for the Confederate army. One of the most difficult problems the Confederate government had to solve was how to procure cannon that would be reliable in battle. Through Mr. Brennan's technical education, he manufactured cannon not one of which was ever known to explode. Some of the cannon are still preserved as war relics at various places.

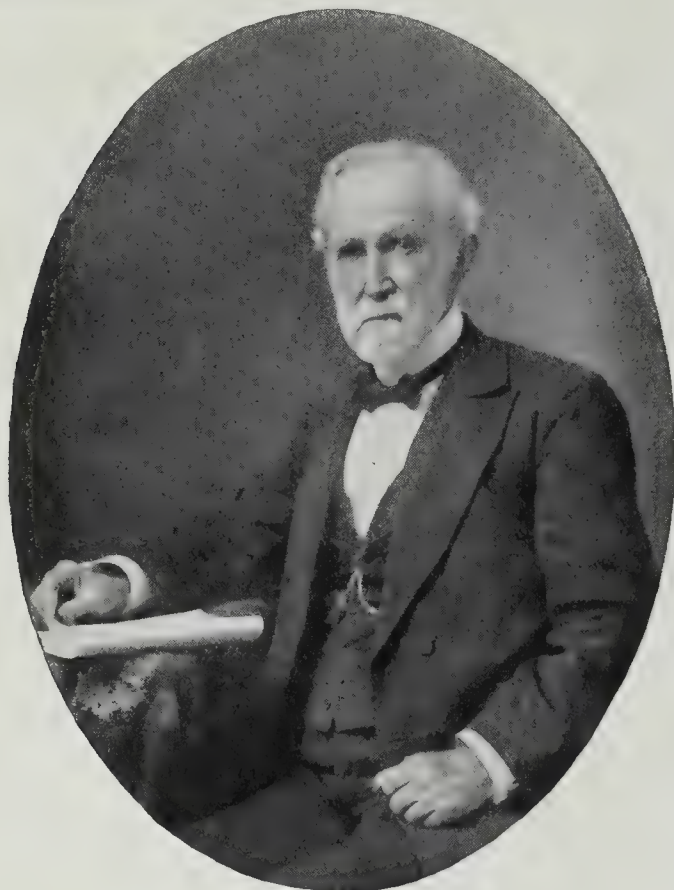
All went well until the news came that the Federals, under Gens. Buell and Provost, had entered the city (1862), whereupon the Brennan Iron Works were instantly seized by them. Mr. Brennan then went South to Elyton, Ala., in what is now the Birmingham district, and successfully continued to make munitions of war. He had received a million-dollar contract when the war ended. Returning to Nashville (1865), he gathered together the remains of his business, and in spite of devastation and "reconstruction," he set to work with that same brave, heroic spirit that has ever since caused the Southerners to amaze the world.

The iron castings of many of the public buildings of Nashville were made at the Brennan Iron Works. All of the structural and ornamental iron work of the State Capitol and the Maxwell House were made at this foundry.

Mr. Brennan was one of the directors of the Tennessee Industrial Exposition of 1871, and he served as Secretary to the Robertson Association, an organization which greatly relieved the distress of the city for years. During a smallpox epidemic in the city, Mr. Brennan remained and nursed the people whom others neglected. In private life he was a most genial and hospitable host, an accomplished musician, playing classic compositions equally well on piano and violin, and composing music for each instrument. He was a man of handsome appearance, of cordial manner, and was universally esteemed.

After suffering from a succession of attacks of paralysis, Mr. Brennan died October 15, 1887, aged sixty-one years. His wife survived him until February 14, 1904, dying at the age of seventy years. Rarely has a woman been more beloved or a death more universally regretted than that of Mrs. Anna Plunkett Brennan. Esteemed not only for her unswerving Christian faith, her lofty intellect and high ideals in life, but for her great charity in heart, in word and deed, and for her sweet, unselfish, refined nature, kindness, purity, sincerity, and genuine culture were her conspicuous characteristics.

Of a family of nine children, the three youngest survive their parents: Miss Anna Brennan and Harry W. Brennan, of Nashville; and Joseph P. Brennan, of Memphis; another son, Prof. T. P. Brennan, Principal of Brennan Military Academy, and Miss Belle Brennan, first wife of Hon. Lillard Thompson, of Lebanon, having died in recent years.



MR. D. N. KENNEDY.

David Newton Kennedy was born near Elkton, Ky., February 28, 1820. He was in his eighty-fifth year at his death. He came of that grand old Mecklenburg stock, so noted in the early history of the American Revolution, and which has given to our Southland so many of its stanchest and most useful citizens. At the age of fourteen he entered a dry goods store in Elkton, where he remained as a clerk for four years. In 1838 he went to Nashville, where he was again employed in a dry goods store. In 1842 he went to Clarksville to go into business on his own account, and there for sixty-two years he made his home, being actively and honorably identified with its varied life and enterprises during this long period. In 1854, in conjunction with Mr. Glenn, he organized the Northern Bank of Tennessee, becoming the President of it. This office he filled for forty-five years, retiring on account of failing health.

It is due to him that Clarksville has the most beautiful and well-managed cemetery in the State, outside of Nashville and Memphis. He was the prime mover in the erection of the

noble monument to the Confederate dead that adorns this cemetery, one of the most imposing and beautiful shafts to our fellow-braves to be found in all our Southland. He was in the Legislature of 1861, and was Chairman of the Committee on Finance and Military Affairs. Being physically unable to bear arms, he was assigned by President Davis to service in the Treasury Department of the Confederate government. He was an influential member of Tennessee's last Constitutional Convention in 1870.

A good and noble man has fallen, and will be missed in home, Church, and State. "Servant of God, well done." He is enjoying the reward of a blameless life and of duty well done.

The editor of the VETERAN recalls Mr. Kennedy's zeal for the magnificent Confederate monument. In an address for funds he illustrated his character by the statement: "I would not be willing for that monument to be erected without my having a part in it."

MR. STEPHEN E. TRICE.

It is a coincidence that tributes to the two venerable octogenarians—D. N. Kennedy and S. E. Trice, whose lives were so similar and who had lived nearly three-quarters of a century in the same vicinity—should be given at the same time.

Stephen Trice was eighty-four years of age. He was born at Trice's Landing, New Providence, near Clarksville, Tenn., in



S. E. TRICE.

1820, a son of James and Zilpah (Mallory) Trice, and died April 26, 1904.

At the age of nineteen young Trice secured a clerkship in the store of Archibald Gant at Hopkinsville, Ky. In 1868 he

and his brother, W. L. Trice, engaged in banking. This then became his vocation until his retirement when past eighty years, and then he went regularly to the bank until his fatal illness of a few weeks' duration.

Mr. Trice was a zealous member of the Baptist Church. In his brief funeral discourse, Rev. C. H. Nash, the pastor, said:

"In character, in judgment, in service, in liberality, in length of service, and in loyalty to his Church, he was the most valuable member the Church ever had. He was always regular, always punctual. He believed it a part of his religious duty to be in his pew every time the church was opened for services. He was an eager, attentive, appreciative listener, and in his home was always a student of God's Word."

Illustrating the steadfastness of his friend to his Church duties, Dr. Nash said: "If a Spurgeon had been in town and preached in a Baptist church a block away, Mr. Trice would have been in his regular place in this church."

While Mr. Trice at his age did not engage in active service for the Confederacy, he and his house were ever in thorough sympathy with the South, and never neglected opportunities to serve Confederate soldiers. While the Seventh Texas Infantry was stationed at Hopkinsville, with Col. John Gregg in command, Maj. Granbury and wife were guests of the family for a prolonged period. Both these officers were promoted to brigadier general and both killed—Gregg near Fredericksburg, Va., and Granbury at Franklin.

Mrs. Trice was of the distinguished Buckner family—Mrs. Virginia Buckner Stuart. The two children are John B. Trice (Cashier of Planters' Bank and Trust Company) and Miss Annie Trice.

THE LATE VENERABLE W. P. BREWER.

W. P. Brewer, Secretary of S. V. Fulkerson Camp, U. C. V., Bristol, died January 29, 1904. He was born July 30, 1826,

at Watauga Springs, near Elizabethton, Tenn. For seventy years he had been identified with Sunday school work as scholar, teacher, and superintendent, and for more than fifty-seven years he had been an elder in the Presbyterian Church, serving



THE LATE W. P. BREWER AND SONS-IN-LAW.

at Elizabethton from his twenty-first year, then in First Church at Jonesboro, and First Church at Bristol.

Mr. Brewer became a resident of Bristol in December, 1861, and was superintendent of the railroad and paymaster under the Confederacy till the close of the war, and was in Richmond on official duty at the time of the surrender. He had been identified with Confederate circles ever since.

Rev. J. C. Cowan, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Nashville, and Chaplain of Frank Cheatham Bivouac, is one of his sons-in-law in the picture given, and Rev. H. H. Newman, Superintendent of Monroe Harding Orphans' Home at Nashville, is the other. Both live in Nashville.

Confederate Mining Co.

IN THE BROWN MINING DISTRICT, ARIZONA.

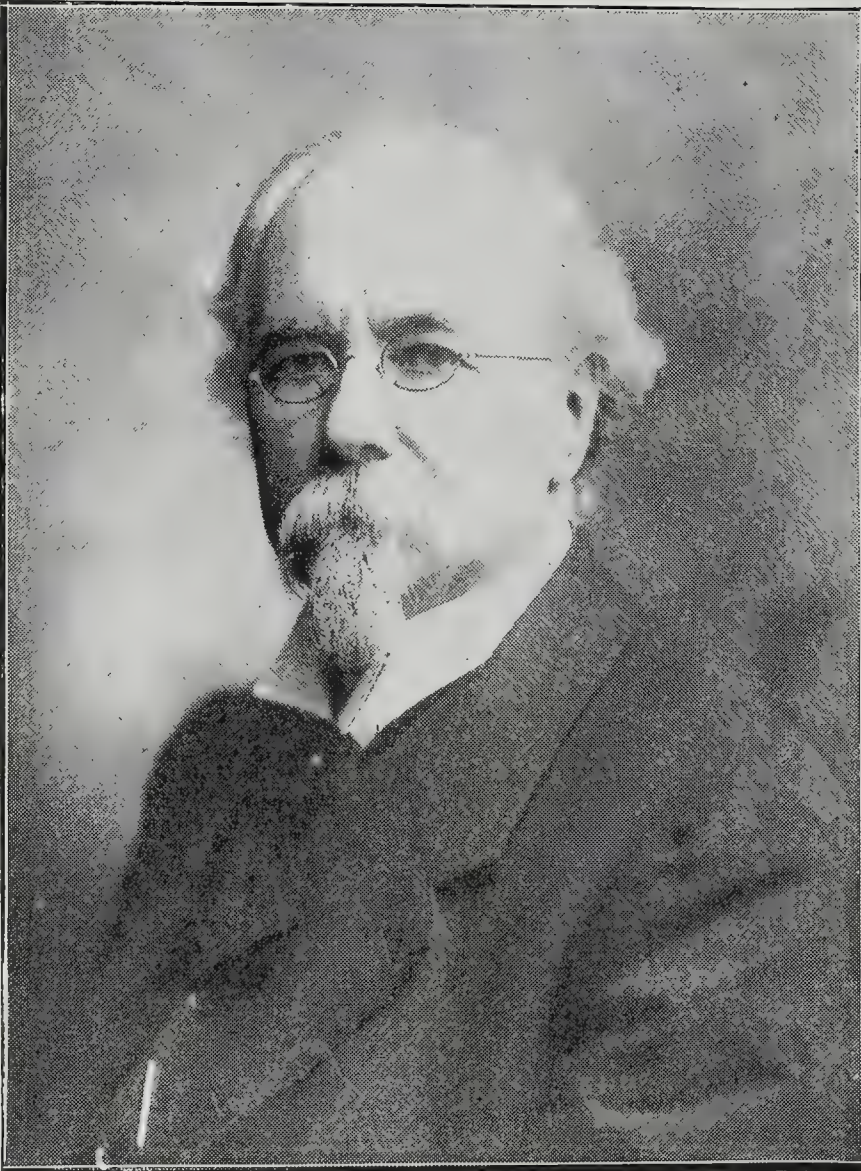
THE first block of stock was all sold at the New Orleans Reunion. The second block of stock, now selling at \$2, it is thought, will all be sold by the time of the Nashville Reunion, June 14-16, when it will be advanced perhaps to \$5 per share.

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This has become so well understood by the business public that Mr. Jennings's testimony is sought in the courts of justice with uncommon frequency, and on all occasions involving large concerns and great sums of money. He is just now engaged upon the books of a large establishment in Nashville, with a view to offering his testimony as an expert in an important suit at law. He is also an expert at detecting forgeries, and has many times been before the courts as a witness in cases of that kind, and it is said that his judgment is nearly always correct.

Mr. Jennings is a native of Edgefield, S. C., where he was born in 1838. At the age of sixteen, in January, 1855, he became bookkeeper for the Trion Manufacturing Company, at Trion, Ga. In 1857 he came to Nashville and became bookkeeper for the old firm of Gardner & Co. Thence he went to the Planters' Bank. In 1864 he was engaged for an extended period in the examination of the books of A. T. Stewart & Co., New York, at that time the largest mercantile firm in the world. This firm afterwards offered Mr. Jennings, then but twenty-six years of age, the position of Assistant General Manager of their counting-room on a salary of \$3,000 per annum; but this was declined, with a view then in prospect of entering as a partner in a wholesale house in Nashville. In 1865 we find him teller of the Falls City Tobacco Bank, Louisville, Ky., and shortly afterwards a partner and head of the countingroom in the two



FORTY years a bookkeeper without intermission and with an honorable record is surely something out of the ordinary run of business careers, especially when this course is an interesting one. R. W. Jennings, founder of Jennings' Business Col-

lege, closed his fortieth year with the close of the month just past, and finds himself to-day possessed of a reputation for capacity as an instructor and for integrity in all his dealings that should serve as a beacon light to young men seeking a business calling. As an expert examiner he has been engaged by some of the largest institutions of the country, and it is said that he invariably enters upon these examinations with the understanding that if the result shows up to the disadvantage of those who have employed him his statement will be made accordingly.

firms of Evans, Gardner & Co., New York, and Evans, Fite & Co., Nashville. He was afterwards partner and head of the office from 1872 to 1884 in the wholesale houses of Jennings, Eakin & Co., Jennings, Dismukes & Woolwine, and R. W. Jennings & Co., all of Nashville. He subsequently organized the business college that bears his name, which is now in a flourishing condition, as shown by the brilliant success of its graduates, who are filling lucrative positions throughout the country.—*Nashville Christian Advocate*.

R. W. Jennings, now the Principal of Jennings' Business College, Nashville, Tenn., was once employed by the great firm of A. T. Stewart & Co., of New York, to examine into and report upon their books. This was successfully and satisfactorily performed, and gave him at once a reputation as one of the expert bookkeepers of the country.—*New York Sun*.



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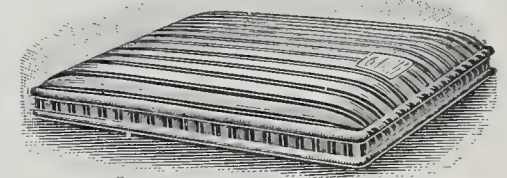
The price of the book is \$1.25 delivered. Dr. W. J. Worsham, 1221 Asylum Avenue, Knoxville, Tenn.

Robert F. Shaw, Denison, Tex., who belonged to Company E, Twenty-Sixth Alabama Regiment, would like to hear from any surviving members of the company.

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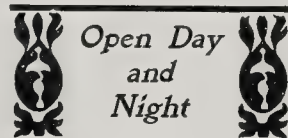
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Mrs. Margaret Ellen Henry-Ruffin is the only daughter of the late Thomas Henry, of Mobile, a prominent merchant and banker of the Gulf City. Her early education was at St. Mary's School, in that city, and she graduated from St. Joseph's Academy, in Emmetsburg, Md., in 1877, as valedictorian of her class. She was married in 1887 to Mr. Frank G. Ruffin, of Virginia, son of Col. Ruffin, for many years State Auditor. Her husband died some two years since. "The North Star" is published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. Price, \$1.50.

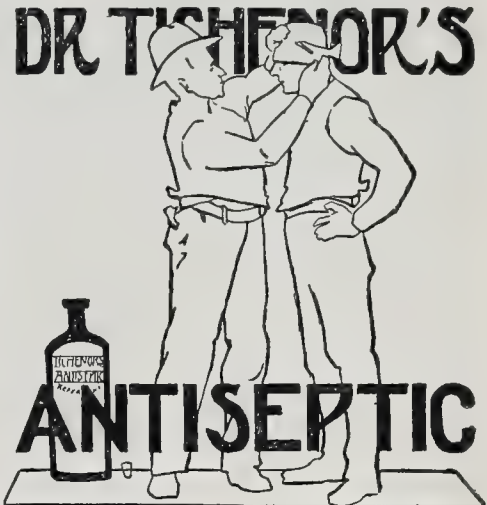
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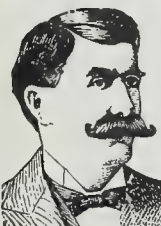
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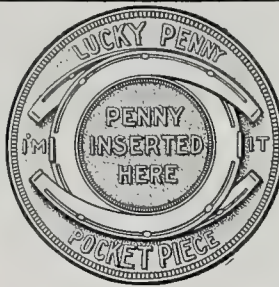
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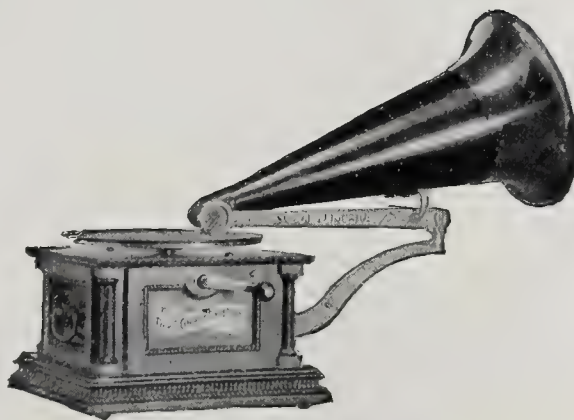
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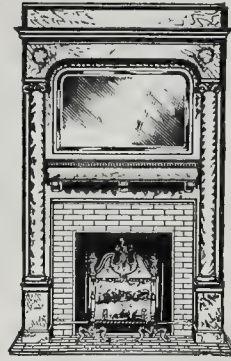


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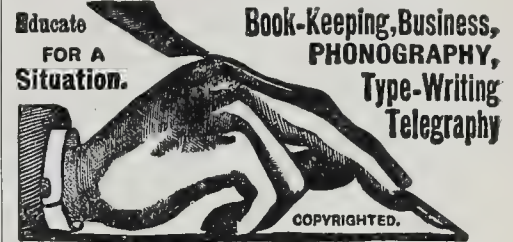
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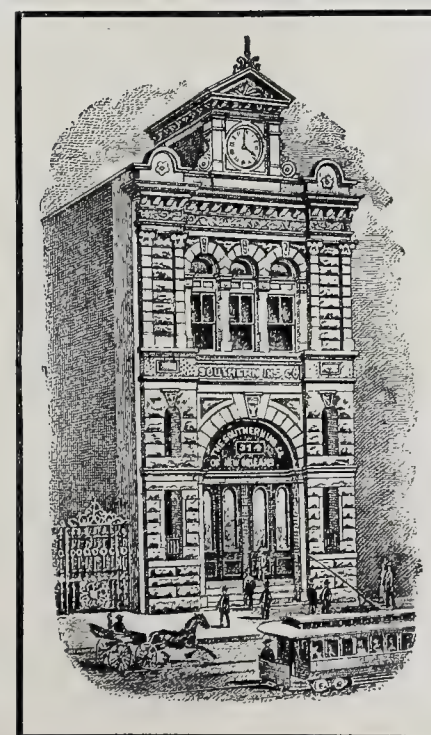
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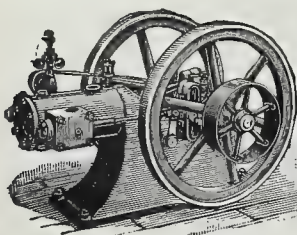
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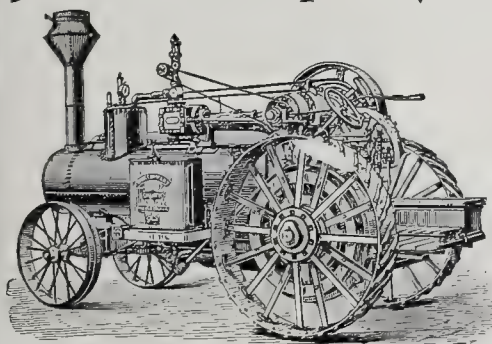
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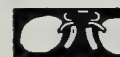
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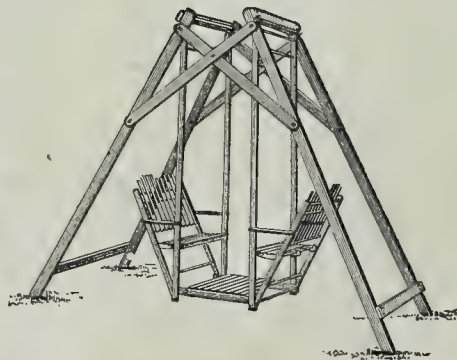
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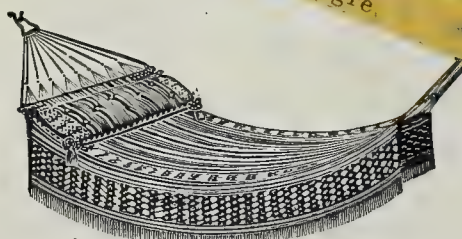
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Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important.
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The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1904.

No. 7. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

SUCCESS OF THE REUNION.

So universal is the praise for the Nashville reunion of 1904, and so gratified are the people that so many, many thousands came and were joyful that the VETERAN would echo the sentiment to the uttermost. It was not disappointed in the spirit of Nashville, for that had before been tested. All the people here, whether on the side of the South in the sixties or arrayed against it, gave glad welcome to guests, and as unstinted hospitality prevailed as was ever extended by a hundred thousand people to half as many more. A few individuals were evidently on the make. Since the days that Judas betrayed the Christ and the elder brother demurred at the feast of the fatted calf, there have been craven men whose avarice dwarfed their souls—unless it was during that awful period of the sixties and among those patriots at the front whose exalted convictions made them ignore money except where its use sustained life to help the Confederacy—but there has doubtless never been a time and a place that so exemplified such utter unselfishness as at Nashville, Tenn., through the midweek of June, from the arrival to the departure of the Confederate Veterans.

The committees' management of the stupendous entertainment by young men, middle-aged, and veterans was as thoroughly businesslike as that of the Tennessee Centennial, a type of which was never yet equaled. Wise and practical use was made of every dollar contributed by the liberal-hearted people of Nashville and the adjacent counties. While praise is given to the General Reunion Committee, it is equally due, and in a stronger sense, to the subcommittees, whose members do not share so liberally in public personal acknowledgment.

True, the time was opportune, for now, after forty years, all the world seems ready to praise the heroism and patient endurance of the Confederate soldiers. It can avail but little now, however, since they are falling asleep by battalions, but it is gratifying, none the less, as it promises well for the republic, that their children and children's children shall have a fair chance in future achievements for the common good.

While this Nashville reunion of 1904 has evidently eclipsed all such entertainments, many, many things might have been better. It is impossible that the management of such an undertaking be without fault. Better accommodations might have been provided in many instances. Many comrades and other guests might have gone to places where there were better accommodations, but when it is recalled that pleading was made through headquarters in New Orleans and from Nashville for notice to the committees of veterans who were com-

ing, and after deliberate waiting Gen. Mickle designated 10,000 veteran badges as sufficient, to which five hundred more were added, and then at the last moment it became necessary to prepare five thousand more for veterans in the multitude arriving on every railroad in regular and in forty special trains packed to the limit, some conception may be had of the embarrassment in locating comfortably the great army in quick time.

It will require several subsequent issues of the VETERAN to report the important proceedings which should be in its columns. One feature, however, considered here is the project of the VETERAN. It is a great disappointment that comrades did not comply with its pleadings for organization on the Vanderbilt University campus. Thousands who were there will bless the day, but many will justify complaint that comrades did not conform more fully to the plea in the VETERAN for more thorough organization. It was the work of this editor as "a committee of one" to arrange for that meeting, and he did his duty, working practically all the day for it. The university management removed panels of fence, furnished water, and the Howe Ice Company supplied great crystal blocks in abundance. Maj. R. H. Dudley, ex-Mayor of the city and as gallant a Confederate as ever went to battle, served as marshal (mounted), and every arrangement was perfected as outlined; but the olden-time discipline seemed to have been forgotten, so that comrades took their wives and daughters and groups were formed, and orators, who wanted to have their say, created such disturbance by applause that the purpose was in some respects a failure. Be it remembered to the credit of Alabama that her veterans conformed literally to the plan. Two comrades from that State, the ranking one a captain, called the regiments by number until representatives were practically all in line. They so demonstrated the practicability of the plan that assurance is given by witnesses of its diligent execution at succeeding reunions. (These Alabama comrades promised to write of their work, and reports are awaited anxiously.) There can never be a better place, however. Dr. Dudley, of the University faculty, suggested that they occupy more of the campus. It seemed a pity, for every visitor to the reunion could have rested on the blue grass under rich shade. It is hoped that comrades will make amends at subsequent meetings and do their duty in this respect. The VETERAN will aid in every way possible to this end.

THE PROCEEDINGS—THE WELCOMES.

At noon, June 14, the convention was called to order by Gen. G. W. Gordon, Commander of the Tennessee Division.

The entire assembly rose and stood while the invocation was delivered by Chaplain General J. W. Jones, of Virginia. He asked divine guidance upon the proceedings of the convention. He thanked the Almighty for the patriot heroes of the American Revolution and for the grand patriots who fought for four years to maintain and preserve the principles for which their fathers fought. He returned thanks for divine guidance for the old veterans since the close of the war. He asked that blessings rest upon the entire nation, and prayed that the nation be a Christian people. Thanks were returned to God for the magnificent heroes which he had given to the Confederacy, and that so many of the men and officers were Christians. Especial blessings were asked for those who were unable to be present on account of misfortune or sickness. A splendid tribute was paid the late Commander, Gen. John B. Gordon.

Gov. James B. Frazier delivered an address of welcome. He was greeted with a tremendous outburst of applause. It was doubtless the most captivating speech of his life.

Gov. Frazier said in part:

"I was honored in being selected to speak a word of welcome to this magnificent audience, not because of my war record, for when you marched to battle to the tunes of 'Dixie' and 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' candor forces me to say that I was actually at home dressed in woman's clothes. [Applause.] We extend to you a hearty greeting because you are the remnant of the greatest army of individual fighters that ever went to battle. The personnel of that army was the most magnificent the world has ever seen. They were the descendants of the men who suffered at Valley Forge with Washington, the greatest of rebels. Those men sprang from noble sires. Up to the war the South had played a conspicuous part in the government of this republic. A Southern man had written the Declaration of Independence, Southern men had dominated the Constitutional Convention, and a Southern man had written the organic law of the nation. It was a Southerner that planted the flag of the nation on the palaces of the Montezumas. Men who sprang from such an ancestry could not deliberately conspire and fight for the destruction of the government they had created. The Confederate army fought for the great and inalienable right of local self-government. If you had had equal resources with our brothers across the line, to-day the stars and bars would float as the national emblem.

"We love you men of the South for the heroism which you displayed upon 2,200 battlefields, and we honor you for the patience and fortitude which you have shown under the adversities which followed the war. You have accepted the results of that war in good faith. You have not taught your children hate and malice, but you have taught them to revere and be loyal to the flag of the nation.

"When you gray-haired old veterans—God bless the grand old Confederate soldier!—returned from the war, you solemnly declared that, having fought and lost the battle, from that day henceforth you would know but one flag, one country, and one Constitution, and you have faithfully kept that promise. You have met the problems growing out of that war with the same coolness and valor and intelligence that you displayed upon the battlefield. You have reorganized labor, and to-day the South is producing more cotton and grain and minerals with free than she did with slave labor.

"I welcome you to the grand old hospitable State of Tennessee. I welcome you to the warmth of her sunshine, and if that ain't warm enough, I welcome you to some of her moonshine. You have solved all the problems in a manner

that should have merited the praise and the honor of every man in the nation, but for thirty years you suffered the humiliation of sectional jealousy and prejudice, yet when the war with Spain was declared the men of the South, true to their glorious ancestry, marched side by side with the valorous sons of the North. If I had some magic power, I would place a garland of glory of forget-me-nots reverently at your feet. [Applause.] I would weave a melody whose refrain would be welcome to Tennessee, welcome to the hearts of the brave and the homes of the free."

The band played "Dixie" and the convention went wild. Gen. Gordon then appropriately introduced Mayor Williams, saying that "if any get too much of that moonshine to which the Governor so kindly referred in his speech, he will take care of you."

In Mayor Williams's welcome, he said:

"I can recall no period or occasion in the past history of my life among the good people of Nashville fraught with so much pleasure as the distinguished privilege this hour affords—to stand in the august presence of an assemblage of sol-



JOHNSON HOUSE.

East of pike midway between Franklin and Brentwood,

diers and patriots such as now confront me—clothed with the authority emanating from the unanimous desire of every citizen of our great city, to greet you at the very threshold of your assembling, in our midst with the smile of recognition and the right hand of fraternal fellowship, coupled with the assurance of welcome, thrice welcome every one of you to every home and fireside in grand old Nashville.

"We honor you for the many noble deeds of self-defense made in the defense of that principle so dear to the heart of every son of our Southland. It matters naught to us whether the cause you so nobly espoused and bled to sustain was right or wrong, it is enough for us—your posterity—to know that your motives were pure, your purposes sincere, and your desire the protection of your homes and your country. What worthy son would hesitate long enough to determine the righteousness of an assault made upon his devoted mother before defending her with his life?

"History verifies the statement that never before in the annals of civil warfare did so many thousand brave and patriotic citizens rally with such unanimity of purpose and concert of action around a common standard, the product of an hour. The history of that terrible struggle is too fresh in the minds of our people to need mention at this time. The patriotic

impulse and brave spirit so manifest in the inception of the strife by the Southern soldier abated not, but continued without cessation until the last gun was fired upon the battlefield and the terms of capitulation were made and accepted by the contending armies.

"We point you to the thousands of unlatched doors to our dwellings, ornamented with the cordial smiles of worthy



ON PORCH OF TENNESSEE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME.

matrons and lovely daughters ready to receive and to entertain you as only a Nashville woman can. Our men, every one of them, stand to-day with delight, impatiently awaiting an opportunity to contribute to your peace and comfort while you are the guests of our city. Our children rise up to call you blessed and offer the service of their little feet to take the place of the wooden legs and feet of the old soldier. Our neighbors have come to the rescue with corn and venison to feed 50,000; our weather clerk has provided typical Tennessee weather for your convenience while among us; our police have been instructed to deal gently with those who fall by the wayside under sun or other stroke. Our town is yours, gentlemen; make the best of it."

TULLY BROWN SPEAKS FOR THE CONFEDERATES.

Gen. Gordon introduced Tully Brown, Esq., of Nashville,

an ever-ready speaker who thrills his audiences by vivid portrayals of the subject under consideration, and whose happiest theme is that of his Confederate comrades. Mr. Brown said:

"No speech, no matter how eloquent nor how gracious, can adequately express the welcome which Nashville extends to the Confederate veteran. He would be welcome anywhere in any land, so broad is his fame. His triumphs in defeat have been so glorious and so magnificent that wherever he may go his fame precedes him. Of course you are welcome to Nashville and to Tennessee.

"Tennessee drew her sword reluctantly. She waited long, until the die was cast, then she nobly threw her broad breast between the South and the invader.

"When the Confederates reached their desolate homes after the war, their war had really only begun; there is no use to tell lies about it. It had taken all that was in them to learn to love that old flag again, carpetbaggers and free niggery had been almost too much for their patience and fortitude. Yet under such conditions they finally restored the South to its old place in the Union and supplanted negro slavery with white civilization.

"Were I Demosthenes or Cicero to-day, I could not overpraise the Confederate veteran. His courage has no equal and his endurance knew no end.

"Nashville has decked her homes with brilliant bunting, has entwined the flags of the Confederacy and of the Union together—the flag of our Union, which no Confederate will ever dishonor. But I speak the sentiment of every Southern soldier when I say that while one is the flag of our country that we honor and obey, the other little flag of the stars and bars is the flag of our hearts. [The wildest enthusiasm greeted this sentiment.]

"I don't know where we will meet next year, but Nashville extends you an invitation to meet here until the last Confederate soldier is laid in his grave. You saved the country; you saved it from the horrors and barbarities of reconstruction, and it is yours; you are welcome here whenever you may come."

GEN. LEE'S ADDRESS.

Gen. Lee spoke in response in part as follows:

"It is impossible for me to respond to the kindly and cordial welcome so fitly spoken to my comrades who wore the gray, without thinking of the great soldier and orator upon whom this duty would have fallen, if he had not been taken from us. It was in historic Nashville, seven years ago, that his eloquent voice gave utterance to the gratitude of our hearts to the citizens of this beautiful city for the hospitality



TENNESSEE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS HOME, NEAR THE HERMITAGE.

for which they are famous, and which to-day has laid us under new obligations. It was here that he placed in your hands his commission as your chieftain, and sought to retire into private station. With an outburst of loyal devotion, resistless as the whirlwind, you again called him to be your leader, and gave him the commission of your unmeasured love and confidence.

"He was true to your service to the last. His noble voice is hushed forever. He has answered the great roll call. He has conquered the last enemy. He has joined his great commander in the white hosts of peace. The armies of the Confederacy have marched to fame's eternal camping ground, and we who meet to-day are only the belated stragglers of that mighty host who have entered into their immortality."

'The living are brave and noble,
But the dead were the bravest of all.'

"As I listened to the eloquent and comforting addresses of welcome, it was impossible for me not to recall an occasion now nearly forty years past, when some of us yearned to enjoy the hospitality of Nashville. Between us and these hospitable homes there stretched a wall of fire, and instead of your cordial greetings we heard the thunder of guns.

"The Confederate soldier does not forget that from the bosom of this old commonwealth came 115,000 men to follow the banners of Lee and Johnston, and that more than 31,000 were enlisted in the armies of the Union—Tennesseans believe with their hearts' blood. They did not count the cost when the great questions of State or nation had to be settled with drawn swords.

"We, the witnesses of that great sacrifice, can never cease to honor Tennessee, for the blood of her sons, for the tears and prayers of her daughters, for the indomitable spirit which rebuilt the ruined homes, which has wrenched prosperity from field and mountain, and has made this wonderful land once more a thing of beauty and pride to every Southern heart. You have done well, men and women of Tennessee; with peaceful hands you have won back more than your fathers lost.

"Truly in human experience, without the shedding of blood, there is no redemption. Rather let us believe that the world is richer and better, purer and greater for the tragic story of forty years ago, and that the shed blood has brought blessing, honor, glory, and power, incorruptible treasures of which a brave and noble people can never be despoiled.

"But, my comrades, it is a great comfort to know that the South had such men to lose. It was a revelation to the world; it was a revelation to ourselves. What a magnificent race of men! what a splendid type of humanity! what courage, what grandeur of spirit! what patriotism! what self-sacrifice! It was sublime. It is wonderful beyond compare. Not all were conquered. Some of these men came back. I see them before me now. God has bountifully prolonged their days that they may illustrate to the next generation the civic virtues, that they may tell the wondrous story of those days, that they may stir up in the hearts of youth the emulation of virtue, the passion for noble achievements, the spirit of sacrifice.

"As the close of our day draws near and the work of up-building our country passes on into younger and stronger hands, let us make it our mission, comrades, to tell the story. Do not let your children and grandchildren forget the cause for which we suffered. Tell it not in anger, tell it not in grief, tell it not in revenge. Tell it proudly, as fits a soldier. There is no shame in all the history. Dwell on the gallant

deeds, the pure motives, the unselfish sacrifice. Tell of the hardships endured, the battles fought, the men who bravely lived, the men who nobly died. Your dead comrades shall live again in your words.

"The infinite pity and glory of it all will awake the hearts of those who listen, and they will never forget. Tell them of Albert Sidney Johnston, of Stonewall Jackson, of Stuart, with his waving plume, of Forrest with his scorn of death. Tell them of Wade Hampton and Gordon, the Chevalier Bayards of the South. Tell them of Zollicoffer, of Pat Cleburne and Frank Cheatham, of Pelham, of Ashby. Tell them of the great soldier with the spotless sword and the spotless soul, who sleeps at Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia. Tell them of the great President, who bore upon his sad heart the sorrows of all his people.

"This, my comrades, is your last commission. Do this for the dead, that they may be loved and honored still. Do this for the living, who are worthy of love and honor. Do this for our country, that when the time is ripe she may again be rich in heroes and in noble deeds. 'Shall not the selfsame soil bring forth the selfsame men?'

"When the great account is taken, which page, think you, my countrymen, will the South most willingly spare? Will it be the old page torn and ragged, stained with blood and tears, which tells the story of secession and defeat; or will it be the new page of her latest census, with its magnificent figures of wealth and prosperity? Whatever she chooses, give us old soldiers the old page to read and read again. This blood and those tears mean more to us than to all the world. The cause in which they were shed will never be lost to us, and the love we gave it will not die till the last gray jacket is folded and the last gray head is buried beneath the sod.

CLOSING WORDS TO SONS OF VETERANS.

"My comrades, under your adopted resolutions and orders, we have with us to-day for the first time our sons and grandsons, the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, sitting with us, having the privilege of the floor. It has been a long-cherished hope to bring about closer relations between the two great federated bodies. These relations are vital to the Veterans because their ranks are so rapidly thinning, and the time is near at hand when the Sons must take their places if the federation and its great objects are to be perpetuated. It is vital to the Sons, for the inspiration to succeed the Veterans and carry on the work must be absorbed from their sires. Devotion to the memory of the Confederate struggle is not inconsistent with the highest devotion to our country, which has grown a perfect whole out of discord and factions. The South fought for liberty and the right of self-government, as guaranteed in the Constitution of our fathers. The Sons are the heirs, and must, by association with the Veterans they have met and known, be taught the glorious hereafter that belongs to them. They inherit from them the glory of the matchless courage, fortitude, and endurance which they displayed during that memorable struggle in defending their principles, their homes, and their firesides, and which developed an almost Godlike manhood and womanhood. Their duty will be to guard the record and see that true history is written, and that the integrity of motive and patriotism be vindicated after her old men have passed over the river, and leave only one record as their inheritance. Let us in every possible way encourage and invite our Sons to be with us and join us from now on."

Gen. G. W. Gordon then introduced Thomas M. Owen, of

Alabama, who responded to the address of welcome. Mr. Owen said that for seven long years they had waited for this invitation, which had come at last, and thanked God that the Sons were in the house of their fathers to remain. He said that the organization for which he officially appeared was a truth-telling, truth-touching organization, and that whenever the voice of slander should be raised the Sons of Veterans would ever be raised to silence it. He paid an eloquent tribute to the heroism and devotion of the women, and said that he did not believe that during the darkest days of the war there was a doubting woman in the South. (Prolonged applause.)

OPENING PRAYER BY BISHOP O. P. FITZGERALD—SECOND DAY.

God of our fathers, taught by thy Word and led by thy Spirit, we invoke thy presence with us and thy blessing upon us in this reunion. Though the number of veterans that meet from year to year grows smaller, their frames feebler, we gratefully note that there is no diminution of their fame, nor of the affection of our people which finds expression in these annual reunions. We thank thee that for them defeat was not darkened by dishonor. We thank thee that our love for our own heroes, living or dead, is unmixed with any feeling of hatred toward any portion of our countrymen. We thank thee for the evidences we have of thy blessing upon our people, that blessing which is more to us, and better for us, than victory on the battlefield, "the blessing of the Lord that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow with it." For peace throughout all our borders, for brotherly kindness, and for a measure of temporal prosperity, we thank thee, our gracious God. And while we miss the presence of our comrade and chief—our Gordon—we thank thee for his life that was without stain, for his faith that was without cloud, and for his death that was a victory over the last enemy. We thank thee here and now for all thy mercies that have not failed in thy dealings with us as a people, for the wisdom which is from above that overrules our short-sighted plans and turns even

our blunders into blessings. We thank thee for thy presence, which has been, and is, to us a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. We beseech thee, God of our fathers, still to be with us and bless us. Help us to bear one another's burdens; help us to help each other in every good word and work. Help all our people in all parts of this nation to follow the things that make for peace. And when the last of these veterans shall receive their final discharge, may they, through thy mercy, be ready to join their glorified comrades in that city of God where no battle word startles the sacred host with alarm and where they shall enjoy unbroken fellowship forever. Amen.

Business proceedings to appear next month.

LAMAR FONTAINE ON THE VANDERBILT CAMPUS.

Will you allow me to thank you especially for the grand treat your suggestion gave us in the camp fire assemblage on Vanderbilt campus at our recent reunion in the beautiful city of Nashville? This feature of the reunion was by far the most enjoyable of all the rest. Out on the greensward in the beautiful park, away from the din and bustle of the seething crowd, we could meet and greet our old comrades, lie down on the cool grass, and fight our battles over. It is the sentiment of every old comrade that, instead of packing us in a crowded auditorium, we be allowed hereafter to have at least one day in the cool shade and open air of a park or lawn, with signboards to designate each State, etc. I especially ask that a particular spot be designated for the Morris Island Immortal Six Hundred and the survivors of the other Northern prisons. Will you keep this matter prominently before the committee who have charge of the programmes of all our future reunions, and have diagrams published showing the exact location of each State on the grounds, also the hours for the special meetings? These will be of great benefit to the old boys. We go to these reunions to meet one another, and in the crowded halls and streets the throngs are too great, and the crowds of citizens and curiosity seekers prevent our getting together. Many of us seek our friends for days and never find them, and go home sadly disappointed, so that the reunion becomes a failure for all such in its best sense.

Thanking you again for the pleasure you gave me on the Vanderbilt campus, I also tender you in the name of the men of Camp 1331, of Coahoma County, Miss., our most heartfelt good wishes and hope your influence will keep this feature for us in all future reunions.

W. E. Sloan wrote from Corona, Cal., about "How Comrades Can Get Together" on the Vanderbilt University Campus:

"The plan is certainly all right, but the date is wrong. Why wait until the reunion is almost over before giving the old men an opportunity of meeting their old army comrades face to face? Thousands, no doubt, will be there for the sole purpose of finding their old surviving friends with whom they, perhaps, associated in childhood, as well as touched elbows on many a sternly contested field, and must they be compelled to roam around or attend dull mass conventions for two whole days before given an opportunity to meet their dear comrades?"

"The longing desire of my heart is to meet the survivors of the Ashby Brigade of Tennessee Cavalry, and especially the Fifth Tennessee Cavalry Regiment, not one of whom I have seen for more than twenty-six years; and no doubt many of them, like myself, have for many years been hidden away in



MISS BESS L. GILDER, NEWBERRY, S. C.,
Maid of Honor South Carolina Division.

the great West, and may now take advantage of the opportunity of meeting their comrades on Tennessee soil, and journey thither to attend what will be to them the *only* Confederate reunion on this earth, and all in the hope of grasping the hands of old friends and talking over the scenes of years gone by. Many of them will, doubtless, arrive in Nashville the day before the opening session, and will feel lost until they find some old comrade to talk to. Surely that is, and should be, the chief feature of these reunions, and not the mere conventional business sessions. I heard complaints on that very point by a Californian who attended the Dallas reunion, and he found it impossible to find some of his friends who were there. He might have touched shoulders with them in the convention hall and still had no way of finding them out. Do try and find some way of bringing them together two days earlier."

It would have been better to name the first day rather than the second, but it was anticipated that comrades would themselves talk up that meeting and make the plan known to those who are not subscribers and therefore not know in time to attend such meeting the first day.

ECHOES FROM THE REUNION.

Col. W. D. Pickett, of Fourbear, Wyo., who served on the staff of Lieut. Gen. W. J. Hardee, writes of it:

"The reunion of the United Confederate Veterans at Nashville, Tenn., June 14-16, 1904, will always be classed as among the noted ones of the order. To one, like the writer, whose long residence in the Northwest since the organization of the order had deprived him of the privilege and pleasure of attending, this reunion was especially impressive. On this account he has been asked to dot down his impressions of what passed before him.

"What first impressed me was the genuine hospitality and kindness of feeling evinced by the citizens of Nashville. The veteran's badge opened the homes and hearts of every one, and nothing was left undone to show their full appreciation of the hardships endured and of the valor displayed by these veterans in a cause in which all took a common interest.

"What was everywhere in evidence was the genuine affection evinced by the veterans, the one to the other. No other introduction was necessary than the sight of the badge. This is not to be wondered at, for those friendships were formed amid the privations of the march and amid the storms of battle in one of the most memorable contests of history. To me, personally, it will be the *red-letter* event of a long and somewhat eventful life: the meeting and renewing of old friendships with such men as Stephen D. Lee, James D. Porter, E. C. Lewis, Geo. W. Gordon, Joe Vaulx, R. B. Snowden, Tully Brown, S. A. Cunningham, W. F. Foster, J. R. Buist, George Helm, Armistead Collier, and many others accidentally met in that great crowd.

"The insignia of rank was not very noticeable in the parade. This is as it should be, for on these occasions there are no officers or privates. We should all be brethren, comrades, and friends. The commanding general and his chief of staff set a commendable example by their plain clothing, and their example should be followed in future reunions. Of course the grand marshal and aids should have a distinctive insignia, and there is none better than the Confederate gray.

"It could but be noticeable, the feebleness evinced by many of the veterans on parade day; nor is it surprising when it is recalled that the youngest must have been nearly sixty years of age. A few trudged along on wooden legs, many with armless sleeves, and a few accompanied by their faithful

wives. Neither these circumstances nor the hot day were able to keep down the grand manifestations of enthusiasm as the veterans passed the reviewing stand. Many were the evidences of genuine affection shown the commanding general. This was not surprising. Stephen D. Lee is by nature a Democrat, he is by nature the splendid gentleman. When to these personal qualities are added his long successful military career, first under the eye of Lee in Virginia, from whence he came West as a brigadier, then the brilliant repulse of Sherman's Corps at Buffalo Bayou, then his distinguished services as division and corps commander in the Army of Tennessee until, after the battle of Nashville, he was assigned the honor of protecting the rear of that torn and bleeding army, which he effectually did until wounded; when these matters are considered, it must be conceded that the veterans made no mistake in placing on his shoulders the mantle of the lamented Gordon.

"My intercourse during the reunion was mostly with officers and men of Hardee's old corps. It was gratifying to hear from these universal praise of Gen. Hardee as a corps commander and as a man. The expressions of confidence were the more gratifying because it is believed he has never occupied that commanding position among the Southern people which his distinguished services entitled him to occupy.

"His corps (consisting at various times of two or three of the following divisions: Patton Anderson's, Buckner's, Breckenridge's, Cleburne's, Walker's, Cheatham's, and Brown's), in all the battles that it engaged, *never turned its back to the foe in battle*, with the only exception of the battle of Missionary Ridge, when the left of the corps, after having been attenuated to a mere picket line by the withdrawal of troops to reënforce Cleburne on the extreme right, who had been closely pressed all day by Sherman's Corps, gave way before two lines of battle of Grant's veterans. Even then Cleburne held the right till ten o'clock at night, thereby enabling a considerable part of the army to withdraw by a bridge just in his rear.

"W. J. Hardee was a soldier from start to finish. As a consequence, there was a complete organization of his corps from regiment to division. Each was always kept fully equipped with ordnance, commissary, and quartermaster stores. The corps was always ready to move with three days' rations, and at the proper time was always ready to strike an effective blow. The knowledge of this systematic preparedness gave the men full confidence that they would be well taken care of on the march and more especially in battle. In all of this he was ably assisted by some of the best division, brigade, and regimental commanders that this war brought to the front.

"The uniform success of Hardee's Corps was due greatly to its complete organization, ably assisted by his various division commanders.

"I have never thought Hardee had received proper recognition from the public men and press of the South—in a word, Southern public opinion."

DECORATION OF CONFEDERATE GRAVES AT FRANKLIN.—In the memorial exercises at Franklin, Tenn., June 3 an elaborate programme was carried out. Mrs. Tennie P. Dozier writes that in the afternoon at McGavock Cemetery there were short but interesting addresses by Rev. Jno. W. Hanner and Messrs. George Armistead and John Miller, and readings by Miss Cayce and Mrs. Pinkerton. They tried not to leave a grave without some flowers on it. The graves of the unknown dead were decorated by the children of the Franklin Chapter.

MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO GEN. J. B. GORDON BY JUDGE T. G. JONES, OF ALABAMA.

"Commander in Chief, Comrades, and Fellow-Countrymen:

One of the noblest souls that ever 'left or tenanted human form' has ascended. No words spoken here can add to the significance of the life that has gone or the nobility of its lessons; and yet, when we think of Gordon, all our souls cry out for utterance.

"As we recall his life and work, we are carried back to the days of storm and battle, when the differences bequeathed to the generation of that day by the forefathers rent our land in civil war, and the South, all unprepared, went out with naked valor against a world in arms. There come to us the first passionate rushing to arms and the delirium of those days, with their visions of glory, happiness, and greatness. Then we live again in the long years of alternate victory and defeat, hope and despair, in which were melted the ignobler passions of the strife and a whole people blended in a sterner consecration to duty, suffering, and sacrifice. Again we visit the graves of the slain and stand with the mourners, the wounded, the sick and dying, in a land harried by arms, where want stalks abroad, while the very sun seems darkened and the air is filled with wails. We see the Confederate soldier clinging to his colors, while wife and child at home clutched at his courage with cries for bread; that courage which sounded all the depths and shoals of misfortune and for a time throttled fate itself. We hear again the ringing yell of his onset, his battle anthem for native land rising heavenward above the roar of five hundred stormy fields. Then the conscious air is hushed with the solemn tidings from Appomattox. Then we view the home-coming of the defeated soldier, the woe and waste that awaited him there, the hard task of beginning life anew amid the wreck of industries, institutions, and order. Then we live again some days of peace worse than the days of war, when misconstruction and passion for a time misled the victor and the bayonet made law. Then we see, clear-cut and strong as figures cleft in rock, the Confederate soldier and the Confederate women rising superior to calamity and despair, and teaching the world 'how sublime a thing it is to suffer and grow strong.' Then the sunshine drives out the darkness, and the mists of passion and misconstruction fade, to give place to the rehabilitation of the States and the new Union, with its hopes and happiness and its reconciliation.

"In this flood of memories, Gordon, resplendent in the beauty of youth and hope and consecration, comes to us again, as he pleaded at Montgomery, in 1861, for 'a place in the picture near the flashing of the guns,' and we watch the sheen of his sword from Seven Pines to Appomattox. The story of one battle is the story of another, save that with greater opportunity came the exhibition of higher power, nobler daring, and sublimer genius.

"At Sharpsburg, while in command of the Sixth Alabama, he occupied a vital and exposed point on Lee's center. He promised Lee to hold it, and he held it. He roused his men to almost superhuman effort, and steadied them against tremendous odds, as he moved along the fiery crest of battle, the realization of all that warriors dream of, his blood flowing from four unstanched and unheeded wounds, until, stricken by a fifth and well-nigh fatal one, he was borne unconscious to the rear. A brigadier, at the head of six splendid Georgia regiments, he retook Mary's Heights, ere other troops who were to take part realized that the battle was on, and, like a thunderbolt, dashed Barlow's Division to pieces at Gettysburg. In the days of the Wilderness none won more glory than he. In the early morn; on the 12th of May, when Hancock seized the 'Horseshoe' and cut the Army of Northern

Virginia in twain, and was moving swiftly inside our lines to complete our destruction, Gordon, in temporary command of Early's Division, was in reserve, with orders which left him large discretion and charged him with momentous responsibilities. He decided quickly and acted instantaneously, with the divine instinct of the heaven-born soldier. He struck like the lightning flash, halting Hancock's assault at the supreme moment with one brigade, and then with the rest of the division headed the resistless reëntering wedge which shattered all on either side of it, and saved the day. His comrades and the country felt as did Lee, who said to him: 'You saved the army and won its admiration by the way in which you handled your division yesterday. I could not rest satisfied until you had permanent command of it. I telegraphed the President, and am glad to give you his reply: that you have been commissioned a major general to date from the 12th of May.' It was Gordon whose genius and skill suggested and executed the daring plan which passed Jackson's old corps by a swift night march along the base of Massanutten Mountain, despite the obstacles with which nature beset the movement, and hurled that corps at dawn, with the sweep and power of an avalanche, upon Sheridan's army, shattering two of its corps and driving all in disorder to the rear, where its situation doomed it to destruction, if the concentration he ordered against it had been left to the hands which struck the first blow.

"Next he was promoted to the command of Jackson's old corps, and placed by Lee to defend his right in the days of his extremity at Petersburg. There with rare skill he drove back a turning movement on the banks of Hatcher's Run, little less formidable than the effort which afterwards wrought our ruin when Five Forks fell. When the end was nigh, Lee, who held in check what was in the front, but was threatened in the rear by the disasters which everywhere else overtook the Confederate arms, selected Gordon to devise and head the last desperate offensive movement of the Army of Northern Virginia, to save the failing fortunes of the Confederacy. This attack failed, after great initial success, from untoward causes, which human foresight could not prevent. He held his lines on the fateful Sunday when our right was crushed, and such was the fury of his counter attack that the engineer brigade from City Point was hurried to the support of the troops who held the only point on his lines which he did not retake that day. He was ordered to protect the rear on the memorable retreat from Petersburg. When the time was nigh for the last attempt of the army to cut through encircling foes, Lee brought him from the rear to the front. With the small remnant of his own men and parts of Hill and Anderson's Corps and a body of cavalry under Fitz Lee, Gordon, as the sun rose on that fateful morning to look on a nation dying there, dashed furiously against superior forces of artillery and cavalry, driving them back in confusion on the solid masses of Ord's Infantry, and then stood ready to die until Lee ordered a cessation of battle. Without any military training or outside influence to help him upward, Gordon, at the age of thirty-three, had won a lieutenant generalcy and immortal fame in one of the world's greatest wars and in one of its grandest armies.

"What are the chief characteristics of a great captain? He must have power to compel the affections and inspire the blind confidence of his followers. He must be able to impress upon them that he sympathizes with them, watches over their welfare, cares for their lives as for precious jewels, while always ready to give his own life and reputation for them. He

must have the insight to discern the strength and designs and moral atmosphere of his opponents, and correctly to forecast their conceptions of their own surroundings and dangers, and the design, strength, and situations, moral or physical, which they ascribe to him. He must have an abiding confidence in himself and the ability to think clearly and decide quickly in time of disaster, conflicting information, or sudden or unexpected situations. He must have serenity of character not to be cast down by adversity, and the moral courage to grasp opportunity and risk life, reputation, and command on the hazard of the die, when the good of his cause justifies risk, or untoward events impel instant decision and action. He must have that judgment which tempers but does not shrivel boldness, the strength of conviction which does not halt or vacillate, or suspend its purpose, in the face of obstacles and doubt, when he has done his best, and the wisdom which sees all obstacles in planning and none in execution, save those which are insuperable. He must be liberal of praise and chary of blame, willing to yield his glory to others and to assume faults not his own. He must be unselfish in the large sense, yielding hearty loyalty to superiors and showing generosity and kindness to inferiors. When to these we add profound belief in the necessity and justice of his cause, the purpose to die rather than be beaten, and belief and practice of the highest code of religion and morality of his time, we have the subtle qualities which make the commander and his army one, molding it the willing instrument of his will, unquestioning, despising odds and death, following blindly to immolation to sustain his efforts. These are the sovereign gifts which make the great commander and crown men monarchs of the battlefield.

"Measured by these tests, Gordon came up to the full stature of military greatness. Nothing presents more strikingly his possession of the fine fiber of many of these traits than his conduct on the 5th of May in the Wilderness, when, after a fierce counter-charge, piercing the enemy's long advancing line of battle, which had driven our men in confusion, and gave way only along the small front of Gordon's assault, he found that his victorious men as formed were standing on the same general line of the enemy, which extended unbroken on either side, making retreat or advance or inaction equally fatal. He saw and remedied the situation instantly. Changing the battle front of his brigade by facing right and left from the center, so that his six regiments, three facing one way and three the other, were back to back, he was striking and driving the enemy's exposed flanks like a hammer on the head of a nail in ten minutes after the situation developed. No soldier ever displayed higher genius or more heroic qualities than did Gordon at dawn on the 12th of May, when, in the mists and fogs of the tangled woods, amid the clamor of disaster and the roar of a victorious assault, which had poured across our works and was mowing down our lines, he struck instantly with one brigade at a hostile corps, to gain time for the formation of the rest of his command; and then, having lifted his men to an exaltation bordering on fanaticism by his remonstrances to Lee, who was 'ordered to the rear,' hurled his division, himself at the head, in a resistless counter-assault, which reversed the glory of the day and saved the Army of Northern Virginia. Never was illustrated nicer calculation or better adaptation of plan to time, place, circumstances, and means, or comprehension of the moral effects of attack, than in the movement he advocated and led across the Shenandoah upon Sheridan's left on October 19, 1864. No commander ever displayed greater confidence in himself and in his men than did Gordon at Monocacy, when, the cavalry

having attracted attention to his dispositions while he was in the full tide of a flank movement, he found superior numbers threatening his destruction if he remained as he was, and yet strongly posted above the stream, compelling him to attack them with inferior numbers across open fields studded with fences and shocks of hay, and make instant changes in his plans, in sight and under the fire of the enemy. He instantly perceived and did what was best to do. His rare faculty for handling and inspiring masses on the field and his lordly personal courage carried his followers over all obstacles and drove Wallace back in defeat, though the Monocacy ran red with their blood, and a third of his division fell, killed or wounded. Greater unselfishness and higher moral courage to stake self, reputation, and command on the hazard of the die for the good of his cause, has never been than when this young general, whose laurels grew only brighter by contrast with disasters through which his corps had lately passed, proposed to Lee, after both had agreed 'that to stand still would be death, and it would only be death if we fought and failed,' to find some weak point in Grant's armor and command the assault upon it in one last desperate effort, when the chances were as one to ten on the side of defeat, and that he would only wither his fame and link his name, if he survived, with the memories of a great disaster. His march around Sheridan's army and assault upon his left at Cedar Creek, and the flank attack he suggested and commanded on the 6th of May, in the Wilderness, were worthy counterparts of Jackson's great movement on Pope and the last stroke of his genius in overwhelming Hooker.

"He had the sublime faith of Jackson, the sound judgment of Johnston, the steadfastness of Longstreet or Cleburne, the genius of Forrest, the boldness and dash of Stuart, the intensity of Early or Davis, and was as unselfish and pure in thought as Lee.

"No soldier who ever commanded English-speaking troops, or led citizen soldiery of any race, knew better how to sway and inspire the hearts of men upon the battlefield. None excelled him in feeling the pulse of the battle or detecting the play of moral forces in the current of fight. He was a born woodsman, and took in as with the glance of an eagle's eye the advantages of position. His voice combined the charm of a flute with the clearness and volume of a trumpet. It was worth the risk of battle to see him on horseback amid his troops. Maj. Stiles, in his great book, 'Four Years under Marse Robert,' gives this vivid picture of Gordon in a charge: 'Gordon was the most glorious and inspiring thing I ever looked upon. He was riding a beautiful coal-black stallion, captured at Winchester, that belonged to one of the Federal generals in Milroy's army—a majestic animal, whose neck was clothed with thunder. I never saw a horse's neck so arched, his eye so fierce, his nostril so dilated. He followed in a trot, close on the heels of the battle line, his head right in among the slanting barrels and bayonets, the reins loose upon his neck, his rider standing in his stirrups, bareheaded, hat in hand, arms extended, and, in a voice like a trumpet, exhorting his men.' He always had crisp words to rouse the ardor of his men as his line moved into action, and if it was prudent to do so, he often told them what was intended, and what he expected of them. Some of his battle speeches were masterpieces of emotion and oratory. No leader of ancient or modern times has excelled him in this respect. There was just enough glow in acts and speech to inspire confidence that all was going well, while a battle look beamed on his face which spoke the joy of fight and unalterable purpose to conquer or die. It was almost impossible for one to be in his presence,

or in the sound of his voice in battle, and then feel afraid. He knew what details and parts others could work out better than himself, and was always ready to avail of such aid and to praise it. He maintained discipline more by love than by force, and yet on proper occasions he was not wanting in sternness. He thoroughly despised a coward and skulker. He seldom noticed breaches of discipline, unless very grave, by the men who were always at the front. No skulker from the ranks was ever slain by Gordon's hand for fleeing in battle; and yet most soldiers had rather face a flaming battery than incur his expostulation and scorn. His relations with the officers and men under him were unique; and in many respects incomprehensible to commanders who believe only in the unthinking bayonet. He was a frequent visitor to the sick and wounded in the hospitals, often went through the camps and along the ranks on the march, and many a time selected some foot-sore private and directed him to ride his horse, while he 'walked to rest a little.' The men felt that the General was not merely a superior officer, but a friend, and in a degree a kinsman. If his private correspondence and interviews during those days were known, we would be surprised to find how many and what kind of personal concerns, quite apart from those of military life, his soldiers carried to him for advice and help. Once a Georgia youth, gawky and shamefaced, came to the General's tent while the General was dictating some correspondence, and asked to see him privately. I went out, and on my return found the General composing a letter. The private had trouble and a lover's quarrel to smooth with an absent sweetheart in Georgia. The General heard him and framed a reply, and Gordon won a victory for the boy. Yet with all this closeness to the rank and file, none ever dreamed of taking undue liberty with him or withholding the respect due his rank and character. He was a man of deep religious instincts, and took a keen interest in the spiritual welfare of his men. Many a time at some church service or great revival among the soldiers he extended the right hand of fellowship to some humble private. He was not jealous of his reputation or fault-finding, and during the four years of his service had only one controversy, with a superior officer, and then rather about his men than himself. He was careful of the feelings of others and quick to perceive and heal the wounds of oversensitiveness. For a man of his achievements, he was singularly simple and modest. Save with intimate friends, he seldom discussed any event in his own military history. He was besought time and time again by his old soldiers to prepare some memoir of his services in the Confederate army, and he yielded at last more from a belief that such a work might add to the comfort of his loved ones at home than from any thought that it would transmit to posterity the record of one whom the world would not willingly forget. He never exposed the lives of his men when he could avoid it, and never avoided exposure of himself. Amid the heat of fight he never forgot the commander's duty to watch the whole line, and never allowed the excitement of the shifting scenes of combat to concentrate his attention upon a minor event in his battle. He was buoyant and seldom cast down, and, no matter how desperate his fortunes, no brave man ever went out of his presence feeling that all was lost. Even Lee once said to him: 'General, it is a great comfort to be with you.' With the instinct of the hunter for game, he was always providing food and equipment for his men when within human reach, and he exemplified on march and in bivouac and camp the prompting of a lofty soul which disdained to avoid any of their trials and hardships. It was this personality and these characteristics which enabled this

young soldier, when the shadow of the coming eclipse darkened all our hopes, to rekindle in Jackson's Corps, thinned by the slaughter of years of incessant battle, and dispirited by recent disaster, the old enthusiasm, which carried them, undismayed and confident, in that plunge into black death in the night attack at Fort Steadman, held them unyielding and defiant on the long retreat; and at Sailor's Creek, and then hurled them with the abandon and fire of their early days into the last charge at Appomattox. Verily, he was a worthy successor of Stonewall Jackson.

"Defeat halted neither his achievements nor the sweep of his fame. Ere he knew it, the warrior had put off the sword, put on the toga of the statesman, and grappled with the times. In the evening after the formal surrender at Appomattox, he gave some counsel to his men, which, viewed at this day, is remarkable for its prophecy and lofty patriotism. The men were destitute, despairing, and many of them desperate. They were soon to return to their homes, not knowing what would await them there. They crowded about him for consolation and farewell. At first they came in little knots, and then, as these left, others would come. He comforted them as best he could. No man realized more keenly than he the wreck of the old order and what it meant to these men. His emotions well-nigh overwhelmed him. He remarked that he 'could not stand it,' and went inside his tent. But the men who loved him and hung on his words would not be denied, and soon several thousand gathered. Finding no place from which to address them, he mounted his horse and rode among them, speaking from his saddle. Had that address been recorded, it would have lived alongside of Pericles's oration in honor of the Athenian dead in the Peloponnesian War. No man can repeat the words or describe their power as they fell from his lips, but the first few sentences and the substance of what he said are burned in memory: 'I believe in God Almighty. I have not tortured my mind about what is pre-ordained and what is left entirely to men. The God who created the heavens and the earth, and made man, had a purpose. He can smite the waters, and we will pass over dry shod, or he may stay his hand and allow the billows to roll about us. Whatever is, is allowed for some divine purpose.' They could not understand it now, but must trust that some wise purpose would yet work good out of ill, from all our miseries and disaster. He bade his followers hope, pointing out that the men who had been arrayed against us in arms appreciated the valor and nobility of purpose of the Confederate soldier, and that the American manhood in the hearts of the victors would prevent extreme measures or oppression. He reminded his hearers that a people no more than an army could achieve or be worthy of anything without discipline or self-restraint, and he besought them to take part in civil government as soon as permitted, to be obedient to law and authority, and not to resort to lawless force to resent indignity and oppression, which for a time might be heaped upon them. He bade them remember that national disaster could not destroy character or individuals, or debar them from leading happy, useful, and noble lives, if only they remained true to themselves. He pictured the fertility of our soil and the variety of our resources, the need of the world for our great staple, and knew that the same energy and devotion which had made the Confederate soldier illustrious in war would restore the waste places. There might be trouble with the old slave; but the old master's intelligence, sense of justice, and patience with a helpless and ignorant race would in the end solve the problem. He spoke of his slain brother and the ties which bound us to our dead, and begged their surviving

comrades to be worthy of them, and not to leave the country, but to remain at home to care for the women and children, to succor the families of the dead, the destitute, and the maimed. Force, he said, could not kill principle and truth, but altered conditions may require different applications of them. He referred to early ties which bound the people of the North and South together, who, notwithstanding the war, still must feel the benign influences of the same language, Bible, and God, in national life under a constitution and flag which were largely the creation of the South. He believed the passions and mists of the war would soon lift, that the people would soon understand each other, and that the day would come to which the young, at least, could confidently look forward, when we would yet find in the New Union the happiness, security, and independence for which the forefathers fought. As his words rang out in the solemn hush of the woods, they came with the force and authority of one inspired. Every man who heard him was strangely lifted up and comforted. The counsels and wisdom of that address were a part of the moral forces which saved the homeward march from the stain of violence or wrong, and helped to make the paroled prisoner the citizen whose conduct and achievements in peace won the admiration and wonder of the world.

"Mingled in his thoughts of his old soldiers, and with the same affection, were the generation whom the war had deprived of education. Gordon had scarcely arranged his affairs at home, before he began to urge the necessity, and helped to provide the means, of putting in our schools non-partisan and non-sectional histories. He insisted that the youth of the country should be taught the truth concerning our great struggle and the issues it involved, just as the truth was. He was of and for and with the people, in every just aspiration, and counseled with them in all their trials. The people who had remained at home grew to love him as passionately as his old soldiers. He became a resistless force in public thought and life. Georgia twice made him Governor and twice bore him to the Senate of the United States. Prolific as she has been of sages, orators, soldiers, and statesmen, no man ever lived in her borders who had in a greater degree the confidence and affection of her people, or finer mastery over their hearts, or wielded it for nobler ends. After the death of Lee, no man had as wide influence as he in the South, and it was always and bravely exercised. He was prominent in her councils in the events which culminated when Hayes declared that 'the flag should float over States, not provinces,' and it was due to his counsels and influence, more than those of any one man, that great calamities were averted, in the then excited condition of the public mind. It was only 'the Chevalier Bayard of the Army of Northern Virginia,' as General Hill termed him, who could send the message, and be heeded, when passion was about to break all bounds in New Orleans, 'Bear and forbear, even unto death.'

"No man knew better than he that the future peace of the country and the happiness of the millions who had made such unparalleled sacrifices to separate from the government to which events returned them, must rest on surer foundation than the memory of defeat. He knew the followers of Lee and Johnston would observe their paroles, but his manhood taught him that a defeated people could not parole principles and future generations. He felt that the coming days would only repeat the past, if the generation which fought from Manassas to Appomattox sought to implant in the minds and hearts of their children any judgment of the past, which involved the millions on the one side or the other in dishonor. He believed that the men of those days, who did not create

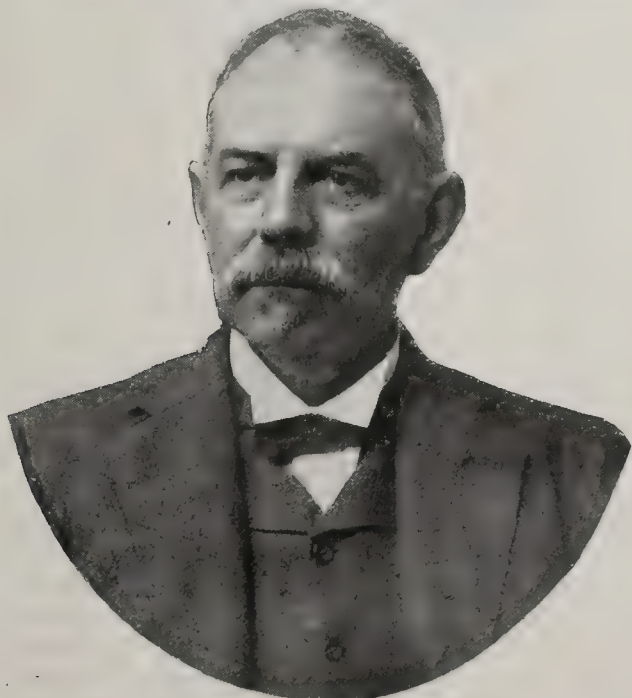
and could not control the apparently unalterable conditions which then wounded the happiness and unity of the republic; and, finding no other practical solution, marched out, as God gave their minds and hearts to see and know the right, to battle and death in defense of their convictions, though they differed and warred, were 'yet united in the higher and immortal bond of equal fidelity to principle.' He profoundly believed, and therefore earnestly taught, that the valor, heroism, and sacrifices of the struggle were a glorious and blessed heritage of the whole American people, and that neither fealty to the dead nor fidelity to principle, nor any law of honor or interest, called the people of any section to any other view. He felt that the man who went into that struggle with pure heart and came out with clean hands left a proud heritage. He sought to sow these seeds everywhere. . . . He 'held humanity high above all hate.' He appreciated Grant's delicacy of soul at Appomattox, admired him as a soldier, reciprocated the sentiment written by his dying hand at Mount McGregor, and was a sincere mourner at his bier. He venerated Davis and visited him at Fortress Monroe, and when, years afterwards, he was borne by the love of his people from the retirement of his home by the sea to his old capital, while the world looked on and learned that the people for whom he suffered had neither forgotten nor deserted him in the hour of adversity, Gordon was there to do him honor. Gordon, welcoming Davis, delivered a memorable address from the spot where the Confederacy was born, which went home to the hearts of the American people. 'It was idle and wrong,' he said, 'to expect men on either side, who followed cherished convictions to battle and consecrated the best days of their lives to a cause, to forget their past, their dead, their valor, or their achievements. If that time should come to pass, virtue would wither and die in the land. It was natural, right, and wise that the people of the sections should glory in their deeds of valor and the memory of their dead; and if proper inspiration were drawn from their great lesson, the country would rise higher, purer, and grander for the strife. He went all over this land of ours as the apostle of peace. Thousands heard him in the cities and hamlets of the North, East, and West, and for the first time understood the Confederate soldier as he was and is, and many at the South were taught by him that patriotism and courage are not sectional. His work was far-reaching and sublime, and ranks him among the purest and best of American statesmen. Need any one, least of all his old comrades, be told that this man was the knightliest of the knightly in his reverence for woman, a model husband, father, brother, friend, and neighbor, and grieved none who knew him save when he died.

"The joys of last Christmastide had scarce ended when the news came from the Florida shores that our Commander in Chief had gone beyond the stars. Flags at half-mast on Southern capitol and governors of States paid homage to his memory. Confederate Veterans and Sons of Veterans and people by thousands gathered around his bier. Aye, the North was there too. From camps of his old foes came resolutions and messages of condolence. A regiment of regulars, sent by the President of the United States, with national colors draped, and arms presented, saluted the dead soldier. And there were other soldiers who did him homage there, who had not followed 'the star-crossed banner which has long since taken its flight to greet the warrior's soul.' Grizzled and maimed members of the Grand Army of the Republic stood uncovered and tearful as we bore his body away. All that is mortal of him sleeps near Atlanta, in the soil he loved so well, on a consecrated spot near where Walker and McPherson and

thousands of brave men fell. There, among them, he will rise again when the Master sounds the reveille, and the soldier 'looks into the face which will make glorious his own.' I know not, as the vast throng wended its way back to the city, which of all the things that made us love him was uppermost in the hearts which then paid him each its own tribute; but there came to me the words from the soul of Davis, on his memorable visit, after the love of his people had kissed away the scar of the fetters, 'It is worth while to have suffered much to have known you and clasped your hand,' and Lee's thought of Gordon in the darkest hours of his life: 'It is a great comfort to be with you.' And thus our Arthur 'has passed to be king of the dead.'

"And now, in obedience to the command of his loved successor, I offer these resolutions:

"Since our last assembling John B. Gordon, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, in the fullness of his fame and usefulness, has passed from among men. He valued the office which our love conferred upon him as the greatest honor of his life. His death is the greatest loss that could have come to us. It is impossible in formal resolutions to express what he was to us, and what we were to him. His life and deeds from the day he entered the Confederate service to the hour of his death are known at every fireside in the South, and the frequent objects of admiration and veneration abroad. 'His countrymen, in telling them, can give no information even to the stranger.' Entering the service as captain, he had won at the age of thirty-three the rank of lieutenant general and imperishable fame in one of the world's greatest wars, in one of its grandest armies. Defeat halted neither his achievements nor the sweep of his fame. The warrior put off the sword to become the orator, statesman, and leader of his people in peace. Georgia twice made him Governor and twice bore him to the Senate of the United States. After the death of Lee, no man wielded as wide an influence in the South and commanded in as great a degree the confidence of her people, or had a finer mastery over their hearts, or used it for nobler ends. He was an exemplar of her manhood and of all that is best in the Confederate soldier in war and peace, and her counselor in great crises in the recent history of our country. He loved his home, revered woman, and trusted in God, and was stainless, unselfish, and loving in all the relations of life.



HON. THOMAS G. JONES.

Neither creed nor race bound his benevolence, and at the time of his death he was the most universally beloved man at home and the most respected abroad; therefore be it

"Resolved: 1. That the United Confederate Veterans mourn for John B. Gordon, and commend the example of his life to the admiration of posterity.

"2. That we tender our deepest sympathy and love to the noble woman and wife, whose courage, devotion, and gentle ministrations sustained and cheered him in all his trials, shared his danger on the battlefield, and who, from the days of his youth to the hour of his death, was the inspiration of his stainless life.

"3. That it would be a reproach to us, not to him, if a suitable monument be not erected to point the example of his splendid memory and virtues, and we, therefore, cordially approve the 'Gordon Monument Association,' which has been inaugurated in Atlanta, and ask Veterans and Sons of Veterans and the people at large to aid in this work.

"4. That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes and a copy be sent to Mrs. Gordon."

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the C. S. M. A., writes from Memphis, Tenn., June 19, 1904, to the VETERAN:

"I wish to thank you, and through you the Reunion Committee for their coöperation in making the fifth annual convention of this confederation one of the most successful ever held. The addresses of welcome were most cordial, and all our requirements were provided. The good people of Nashville are to be congratulated on the success attending this, the fourteenth annual convention of the United Confederate Veterans.

"It was a disappointment not to have a 'Memorial Association' to welcome us. We missed the tender greeting that would have been offered us by these our colaborers of the 'sixties.' At one time there was in Nashville a band of loyal, devoted women who were engaged in hospital work, then when the war ceased their hearts cried out for the heroic dead who had been buried where they fell, and at once it was determined to have their remains brought back to the land for which they died. After many trials this work of love was accomplished, and a magnificent monument was erected to their memory. It was to these women our hearts turned, and whose loving welcome we longed for.

"It was my pleasure and good fortune to meet a few of this original band of workers, though not at present actively organized, and to learn that an effort will be made to rally the remaining few who are still proud of the title 'Memorial Association' and will preserve their identity and perpetuate the record of their glorious work. They have left a priceless heritage to the 'Daughters of the Confederacy,' in whom they feel a mother's pride, and rejoiced to find that the spirit lives within their hearts to continue the work begun by their mothers and grandmothers."

The most important proceedings of the association will be given herein as soon as practicable. These mothers of the Confederacy should revive the old organizations wherever possible, and continue their worthy memorial work.

At Aberdeen, in far-away Washington, a Grand Army Post and the Woman's Relief Corps gathered for an excursion to Montesano on May 30 to decorate the graves of the Federal dead. A lone Confederate in gray, Jacob Heater, who served in the Twenty-First Virginia Infantry, was of the party, and "friendly greetings were extended to him from every side."

MEMORIAL TO WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The plan is outlined by which the true feelings of our Southern people are to be touched that they perform their loving duty to the women of the Confederacy. At the recent reunion of the veterans resolutions were unanimously and enthusiastically adopted, setting forth that the United Sons of Confederate Veterans have undertaken the loving task of erecting a memorial to the women of the Confederacy, and have raised a substantial nucleus of a fund for that purpose; also that they have expressed a willingness to assume responsibility for the successful issue of this movement and to labor unceasingly to that end. The veterans feel that this tribute to our glorious women should be erected and due honor paid in enduring form to their magnificent services to the Confederacy, and that their sons now stepping into their places, endowed with the greater energy of their youth, shall take up this most worthy work of honoring our noble women, their mothers.

Resolved, That the United Confederate Veterans' Southern Women's Memorial Committee is directed to turn over to the Committee on a Memorial to the Women of the Confederacy of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans any and all funds it may have on hand, and that the said committee be discharged, and that, having full confidence in the patriotism, devotion, and abilities of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, we commit to them the sacred task of erecting this memorial to these heroines of the Confederate days, believing that they will use their every effort to bring their work to an early and glorious consummation.

Resolved further, That, while committing to our sons the task of raising this fund, we call upon every veteran and every true lover of the South to contribute to this end and to aid the Sons in their effort, and the commander in chief is directed to appoint a committee of five to coöperate with the Sons and aid them in every way practicable; we also call upon the press of the South to bring this movement more fully to the attention of the people and to aid the Sons in their noble work."

At their session of Thursday afternoon, Mr. James Mann, representing the Sons, appeared and read the resolutions passed by the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, accepting the sacred trust and in most eloquent language portrayed the earnest devotion of the Sons to this high duty. He and his mission were received by the old veterans with much enthusiasm.

Therefore, hereafter the work of raising this memorial will be intrusted to the more active hands and equally warm hearts of the Sons, whose success so far gives absolute assurance of a most successful and early culmination of the effort. The veterans will give all the assistance possible. It is hoped and believed that the younger Daughters of the Confederacy will join the Sons in doing honor to their common mothers. It is as much a duty for the one as for the other.

Mr. James Mann, of Richmond, is the Chairman of the Women's Memorial Committee of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans. He was greatly encouraged by the deep interest manifested by Lieut. Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Commander Army Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V., in all that concerns the Sons, and particularly the movement to draw them into closer union with the veterans and the success of this the first duty which the Sons have taken up from their fathers, the paying of this just tribute to our glorious women. After the adjournment of the convention he conferred with him, and was most fortunate in securing his active services in the great work. The Sons will thus be aided by the per-

sistent efforts of Gen. Walker, working for them and their grand object. This is a very fortunate arrangement. Gen. Walker, from his distinguished and influential position with the veterans and as chairman of the Veterans' committee to help the work, can thus unite the two grand influences of the Veterans and the Sons into the closest union and direct them together for the attainment of the desired end.

It is believed that a deep sentiment exists for this noble object, and it will be now systematically pursued.

THE SONS TO BUILD A WOMAN'S MEMORIAL.

Of the important work in hand by the United Sons of Confederate Veterans they will evidently press the cause of a memorial to the women of the Confederacy. Mr. James

Mann, of Norfolk, Va., is chairman of the committee; and Gen. C. Irvine Walker, of Greenville, S. C., commanding the army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V., has been engaged to work in this special interest. He will deliver lectures and in other ways advance this cause. Remittances may be made to either of these gentlemen.

It is time the men of the South who are of one mind on this subject take united action. The VETERAN desires to do everything possible to advance it, and suggests the propriety of formulating just what is to be done. From knowledge of the sentiment of Southern women generally, it is submitted that a building



MISS PAULINE DAVIS, ROCK HILL,
Sponsor for S. C. Division, Nashville Reunion.

ing or buildings for memorial and educational purposes would be better than any shaft or bronze. More of this later.

Gen. Stephen D. Lee has issued the following appeal:

"My comrades, for some reason our movement to erect a monument to our patriotic Confederate women who shared with us all the hardships, sacrifices, and trials of the great war between the States has not met with the success it deserves, and mostly because our glorious women have discouraged the work, saying: 'No! Let us build monuments to our heroes; we want no monuments for ourselves.'

"At our recent reunion in Nashville, as the United Sons of Confederate Veterans had already decided to build the monument, and had in hand a handsome sum, it was thought best to turn over to them this duty. They at once accepted the responsibility and said they would carry out our wishes. Our Southern women cannot deny our successors this privilege, even while working to build monuments to their heroic dead.

"In placing the duty of building the monument on our Sons, we unanimously and enthusiastically resolved that, while com-

mitting to our Sons the task of raising this fund, we call upon every veteran and every true lover of the South to contribute to this end and to aid the Sons in their efforts; and the Commander in Chief is directed to appoint a committee of five to coöperate with the Sons and aid them in every way practicable.

"It must be our great and precious privilege to give our Sons every assistance we can possibly render; and to carry out this resolve, I have selected as chairman of the committee our Lieut. Gen. C. Irvine Walker, whom you have several times elected to command the Army of Northern Virginia Department. I consider him eminently fitted for the duty, because of his great interest and untiring energy in all of our Confederate work. He has, too, more than any other veteran, brought about the practical union of the two great fraternal associations of the United Confederate Veterans and the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, who, for the first time, sat together in the same hall at Nashville. I can fully indorse his ability, earnestness, and enthusiasm.

"I would therefore earnestly urge and appeal to every Veteran of our great association and to every other lover of the South and our glorious women to give every assistance to



GEN. C. IRVINE WALKER.

Gen. Walker and his committee, who are working for a grand and patriotic object, and to aid our Sons who have so nobly assumed this supreme object. Help him and them, and I feel sure that the effort will be crowned by a most deserved success. Let the monument not be surpassed in grandeur and beauty by any other in our Southland.

"Address Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Special Representative U. S. C. V. Committee, and chairman U. C. V. Committee, Greenville, S. C."

UNITED SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

N. R. Tisdal, Commander in Chief of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, in General Order No. 1 to his comrades, states:

"By virtue of election as Commander in Chief in our convention at the General Reunion of 1904 held in Nashville, Tenn., I hereby assume command of this organization.

"General headquarters are hereby established at Fort Worth, Tex.

"I hereby appoint I. J. Stockett, of Fort Worth, Tex., Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, and Clinton Barr, of Fort Worth, Tex., Quartermaster General.

"It is with a full appreciation of the labors and responsibilities incumbent upon the office that I assume command of this glorious organization. It is proper at this time to call attention to the name of the order, 'United Sons,' and to ask your earnest interpretation of the meaning. Strife and bickerings should have no place in our organization, and the purposes of this confederation should and will, I hope, be placed high above personal feeling and ambitions. Let it be understood that our love for it began in the cradle and will end only in the grave. Let it be known that we are the sons of the truest, bravest men that ever faced the cannon's mouth. Each son has a duty to perform in perpetuating the proud records of our soldier fathers whom we love so well. And still a greater duty, the perpetuation of the memories of the Spartan mothers of the Confederacy, who are our everlasting pride and eternal love.

"Comrades, when the roll is called, stand up with the consciousness of having done your duty. There are fully one million sons of the Confederacy, and every one of them should be in the ranks working with a single purpose. An invitation should be extended to every one of them. Each member should constitute himself a recruiting officer and lend his influence and energies in building up the organization. Let us all work in harmony in the promotion of the welfare and growth of the grandest, most glorious organization that mortal man has ever conceived of, and next year at Louisville, Ky., meet in love and unity with but a single purpose.

"Where it is practicable it is the desire of the commander in chief that all matters should pass through division and department headquarters in which they emanate."

Capt. W. P. Reddish, of Liberty, Mo., while sending a good list of subscribers to the *VETERAN*, incloses a notice of the Confederate monument to be unveiled there on August 10. It is made of Vermont granite, and is surmounted by a bronze statue of a Confederate soldier at parade rest. The structure is twenty feet high, and it is the second monument north of the Missouri River in that State, the other being at Moberly. Capt. Reddish will have a pleasant surprise for his people at the dedication. Over two hundred volunteers enlisting from Clay County went down in the struggle. They were of representative families, and their names have been preserved with the places where they were killed or died.



RESIDENCE OF HUGH MOORE, BRENTWOOD.
Used as a hospital, after a fight, by Forrest.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

The list of officers of the U. C. V. organization published in the June VETERAN was incomplete and defective. The Trans-Mississippi Department was omitted, and the error not detected until too late. It may be expected complete and correct in August issue.

LET EVERY PATRON READ THIS.

On page 337 there is a comment in regard to the VETERAN that is commended to its friends everywhere. The publication is a grave responsibility, and its friends would help it more than they will readily conceive by renewing their subscriptions without waiting for statements. If all would send direct to the office, without waiting for collectors to call, they would save the VETERAN at least ten dollars every day, and that sum would enable its publisher to improve it very, very much. A multitude when writing beg pardon for delay, saying it was "an oversight;" then many others write to the office for a statement. This is unnecessary. *Look to the date by your name.* That indicates the time to which payment has been made. Anybody can tell that, yet splendid business men will impulsively, when it occurs to make a payment, write inquiring in regard to when their time is out.

If every subscriber would act promptly upon the foregoing suggestions, it would be worth to the VETERAN at least a thousand dollars. Why not do so? Again, instead of buying a post office order for one dollar, ask others to subscribe with you, proposing to save them all expense of remitting, since the cost of a money order for several would be no more than for one. Besides, any who will send direct may deduct all cost of sending. It is strange indeed that so many will wait and wait for a collector. Please act on this request now.

These requests are made earnestly, and it is due the VETERAN for each one to examine the date when subscription expires and write the office. If not convenient to remit, say so, but show that much interest in the cause. This brief appeal is made in this dull season in the hope that every friend in arrears will renew and solicit other patrons before this month of July expires. Such action would be a real blessing.

In connection with the foregoing, the suggestion is made that every friend of the VETERAN do some missionary work by sending names to this office for sample copies. It would be a good time now to procure sixteen new subscriptions and get the great work of "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," by Jefferson Davis. See notice on index sent as a supplement with this issue. The publishers' price of this work, \$14 in half morocco, makes it, as a premium for the sixteen subscribers, as attractive a proposition as was ever offered.

With Wyeth's "Life of Gen. N. B. Forrest" at \$4, remember that a year's subscription to the VETERAN is given free.

"Two Wars," by Gen. S. G. French, and a year's subscription at \$2.50, is better worth the money than gold is gold.

"Two Years on the Alabama," by Lieut. Sinclair, \$3, will be furnished with a year's subscription for the \$3. "Bright Skies," by Dr. H. M. Field, at \$1.50, will be supplied with a year's subscription at that price. In that book there are fifty pages in regard to the battle of Franklin.

SOUVENIR OF THE NASHVILLE REUNION.—In response to



many requests for reunion badges, it is explained that the supply was exhausted long before the veterans were supplied, the attendance having been so much larger than was anticipated. There was made, however, a button, herewith illustrated, that was sold for a half dollar. The surplus of that stock has been procured for free distribution to subscribers of the VETERAN, and this splendid souvenir will be sent to every subscriber renewing direct to the office when requested.

The VETERAN committed an error in the June issue by supplementing some notes by Gov. Porter concerning the brigades of Smith and Granbury. In a desire to compliment Thos. Benton Smith that given name was used, whereas it was the brigade of Gen. J. A. Smith, of Mississippi.



A. H. HAYNES. J. J. LEWIS. W. T. JOHNSON. W. D. SMITH.

L. O'B. BRANCH DRUM CORPS OF RALEIGH, N. C.

The only "Old Veteran Drum Corps" in existence. Acknowledgment is made to Comrade A. B. Stronach, of Raleigh, for this picture of the drum corps. On the last day of the reunion in Nashville the VETERAN office force was given a serenade by the corps, which was much enjoyed. A similar compliment was tendered by Gen. Bennett H. Young with the Kentucky band, a similar courtesy having been extended by him to the VETERAN at the Nashville reunion seven years ago.

SILLINESS AND SHAME OF SWEARING.

The Anti-Profanity League, inaugurated at Hanson, Mass., has as its Secretary Rev. Roland D. Sawyer. It is said to be the only organized movement of its kind in the world. Secretary Sawyer has published a card quoting a conference between Gen. R. E. Lee and one of his officers who had sworn in his presence: "General, you know as well as I do what the army regulations say about profanity, but as a friend, *let me ask you if that dreadful habit cannot be broken!*"

The card referred to contains on the reverse side the sentiments of Virginia, the South, the North, and the world's estimate of Gen. R. E. Lee. These cards are offered for sale at fifteen cents per hundred.

General Secretary Sawyer concludes his letter as follows: "I wish the greatest success to your magazine in its great mission, and firmly believe that the verdict of an impartial history will be:

"No braver band bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee."

SURPLUS OF THE REUNION FUND.

Col. D. B. Cooper, who has known and been interested in the cause of the VETERAN since it was launched in journalism, has published a generous appeal in its behalf and suggested that the surplus from the reunion fund be utilized in sending subscriptions. The Nashville *American* favors it.

In gratefully accepting the suggestion, and being determined to favor such appropriation, the editor, first of all, states that in such event he would accept so much of the fund as contributors might graciously agree to give on condition that the VETERAN be sent at actual cost, the committee to determine the amount. It would neither be wise nor patriotic to miss the opportunity to do so important a service to liberal-hearted Tennessee patriots. Many of them have no conception of its far-reaching results.

When at Richmond, in the close competition of Nashville with other cities then desiring to entertain all the Confederates, the turning point for Nashville was made as stated, "because it is the home of the VETERAN." Then again, when there seemed to be no place for them to meet this year, the editor of the VETERAN took it up against what seemed to be insurmountable opposition, and the result is conceded to be the greatest success of all the reunions.

While contributions to this fund were given without the anticipation of any return, the committee is evidently under obligation to tender it to the donors *pro rata*. As this is not practicable to those who gave provisions, there could be a proportionate return in copies of the VETERAN, and it would be a worthy stimulant in the event of future appeals for similar purposes. A percentage of amounts given in the larger donations might be asked in return, but in most instances the amounts would be left for such disposition as the committee might elect. In this way every contributor would be satisfied, and monthly visits of the VETERAN to those who gave to the fund would be constant reminders of the faithfulness of the management.

No monthly publication in all time at the South has equaled that of the VETERAN, and as Tennessee has not patronized it in proportion to her advantages over other States, such action as is here proposed would give worthy and lasting impetus to the work and the cause it represents.

In so far as the editor of the VETERAN has personal merit to consideration in this matter, the fact is mentioned that at no other time of all the reunions did he give up his personal business from first to last in looking after the welfare of guests, whereby many—a multitude who will not come this way again—were disappointed in failure to find him in their desires to advance the interests of the VETERAN. No other event approximates these general reunions in importance to its business feature. It is the sole occupation of the editor, and the South knows his work.

Gen. G. P. Thruston, seeing the article of Col. Cooper, writes from Beersheba Springs that if there be any surplus he desires that the *pro rata* of Prewitt, Spurr & Company, of which he is President, be devoted to sending the "excellent" VETERAN to the old Confederate soldiers.

[The foregoing was written for local circulation, but it is copied in the VETERAN, as it will explain to friends who sought him at the headquarters, his usual place at reunions.]

Confederate leaders have a correct appreciation of the work of the VETERAN. In sending out a general order of acknowledgment to the people of Nashville for what they did in the recent reunion, mention was omitted of the VETERAN and its editor, so that Gen. Stephen D. Lee promptly sent a supplemental "official paper" on his return, which is as follows:

OFFICIAL LETTER FROM COMMANDER IN CHIEF LEE.

COLUMBUS, MISS., June 19, 1904.

Mr. S. A. Cunningham, Editor and Proprietor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

My Dear Comrade and Friend: I have scarcely yet recovered from the effects of the magnificent reunion which Nashville gave to the Confederate Veterans. Before leaving the city, I had an order issued expressing my gratitude and appreciation to the citizens of Nashville for their munificent hospitality. Somehow, your name was not included among those who were thanked. This was a great oversight on my part, for to you more than any one else we are indebted for the pleasure of going to Nashville and having such a glorious reception and entertainment. It was you alone who took upon yourself the responsibility of suggesting Nashville as the place for our reunion; it was you who went before the Frank Cheatham Camp making the appeal and brought it before the trades associations of your city; it was you who went to that broad-hearted citizen, Maj. John W. Thomas, who crystallized your thought and invitation, and you made the formal invitation to the Executive Committee at Louisville; and now, my dear comrade, in behalf of all the veterans, I thank you for your inspiration, which met with such glorious results.

I have been much impressed with the recent numbers of the VETERAN. It is full of historic and reminiscent matter. It does seem to me that every Confederate Veteran should have your magnificent publication in his home, and I now wish to emphasize and urge upon all our survivors not only to take the CONFEDERATE VETERAN themselves, but that it also be urged upon the younger generation that they may take it as a necessity; that they may fully understand the cause for which we fought and which we loved so well. I urge this, not for your sake, or for mine, but for the record made by the soldiers, women, and people of our beloved Southland.

With kindest wishes, your comrade and friend,

STEPHEN D. LEE.

The general order referred to states:

"1. Through the goodness of a merciful Providence, many, very many, of the survivors of the grandest armies the world ever produced have been able to meet once more and exchange tender greetings and loving words, and to enjoy in common the boundless hospitality provided by the noble and patriotic men and beautiful and glorious women of the city of Nashville, which was heaped up in immeasurable prodigality for their enjoyment.

"In many respects this reunion has been superior to all heretofore held—in the numbers in attendance, the harmony, and cordiality of the meeting and the beautiful weather which prevailed. All these have combined with the generous and open-handed behavior of the great people of Nashville to make this gathering a red-letter day in the calendar of our reunions. . . .

"2. The wearers of the gray are under obligations to the different railroads for the low rates given them; to the various hotels and boarding houses for the reasonable charges made for meals and lodgings. Special thanks are due to W. J. McMurray, M.D., Commissary General, who had charge of the Confederate Hotel; to M. S. Cockrill, Quartermaster General, to whose painstaking zeal in the collection and distribution of horses the success of the great parade is in no small degree due. . . . But above all, honor and praise should be bestowed on the Chairman of the Executive Committee, Charles F. Frizzell, for his untiring energy, ceaseless activity, and never-ending attention to all of its details."

DISASTROUS CAMPAIGN IN TENNESSEE.

In the greetings to Confederates who come from every part of the country, the *VETERAN* for this month will contain much of the history of the campaign under Gen. Hood. It will be quite as much a matter of interest to home people as to the veterans, for, strange as it may seem, there has been perhaps less published about the battle of Nashville than any in the four years of as great consequence. Reminiscences have been requested of those who were in the city and the Federals themselves, but responses have been so slow that much will have to appear later, if at all.

The editor of the *VETERAN*, who carried a gun and was insignificant in that service, will give sketches of what he saw and remembers, supplementing them with reminiscences of officials high in authority and others. He presumes to do this the more freely since many of the illustrations are made from his view points in the campaign.

A memorable night, to many Tennesseans especially, was that at Palmetto, Ga., after the eventful campaign at Rocky Face, near Dalton, to Atlanta and back to Jonesboro and then to Lovejoy Station. The Federal troops had fallen back to Atlanta, and the Confederate army had moved across to the village of Palmetto, on the Atlanta and West Point road. This was September 19, 1864. A truce of ten days having occurred

for exchange of prisoners, there was absolute cessation of hostilities, a welcome diversion from nearly three months of excessive fighting. President Davis, Howell Cobb (of Georgia), and Gov. Harris (of Tennessee) were speakers on the night mentioned, and the Tennessee campaign was the theme. The wind blew briskly, tattered battle flags were grouped about the place for speaking, flapping over the pine fires, and when the President said we were to go into Tennessee there was indeed wild enthusiasm among those who were ready to face any foes and undergo all possible privations to breathe the air and greet the loved ones in their native State. Soldiers from all the States pulsed with wild enthusiasm.

The march across the country was full of interest. Sometimes rations were acorns and crab apples, but the men were buoyant with the prospects ahead. On reaching the rich lands of Maury County, near Mt. Pleasant, and marching across to Columbia by the magnificent estates of Polk, Pillow, Granbury, and others, such joy filled the hearts of Tennesseans as they had never realized before.

Sunday the army rested about Columbia, and Monday morning, November 29, a large part of it crossed Duck River a few miles above the town on a pontoon bridge that was ready at early dawn. The marching was in the direction of Spring Hill, and the confidence in Gen. Hood was such that he would surely cut off the escape of all the Federals who had not already passed on the Nashville pike.

The head of the column arrived at Spring Hill about an hour before sunset, and commands were deployed promptly, ready for any command. Delay of movement there became inexplicable. We were in plain view of the Federals, who had tumbled fences for hasty breastworks. Officers dashed back and forth along the lines, evidently expecting a mad rush of Confederates. We waited until darkness, but even into the night we fully expected orders to break their lines and secure the pike. By and by fires were built by the thousands, it seemed, and we remained as tranquil through the night as if the war were over, and poor, silly fellows we were to believe that the day of our redemption was at hand.

Morning came, and we moved out the pike toward Nashville. As evidence of the condition of the enemy, the writer counted thirty-four wagons that had been abandoned on the way, and in some instances all four of the mules to a wagon had been killed to prevent their capture.



HARRISON HOUSE—SOUTH OF WINSTEAD HILL.

Filled with the wounded, as was the yard also, from the battle of Franklin.



ASCENT OF WINSTEAD HILL, LEFT OF PIKE.

First stand made by Federals was on these slopes, but they retired without firing. On hill to the right Federal fixed bayonets are recalled as a sheen of silver in the afternoon sun. The Harrison house above is to the left and near the point of this view.

The first appearance of the enemy was to our right of the pike, east of the Winstead Hill. They soon disappeared, and we advanced to the top of the range overlooking Franklin.

Gen. Hood was soon at the head of the army, and, riding down a hundred yards or so to a lind tree which is there yet,



LIND TREE BY WHICH GEN. HOOD TOOK THE LANDSCAPE IN PLANNING THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

unattended, he examined the fortifications and position of the enemy, and, ascending to the top of the hill, he said to an officer, who awaited: "General, we will make the fight."

The editor of the VETERAN was at his place as right guide of the Forty-First Tennessee Regiment, and very near where the two officers met, and reports this from his personal knowledge. Soon couriers were dashing right and left with orders, and bands of music gave increased animation.

No event of the war perhaps showed a scene equal to this. The range of hills upon which we formed offered the best view of the battlefield, with but little exposure to danger, and soon there were hundreds collected there as spectators. Our ranks were being extended rapidly to the right and left. In Franklin there was the utmost confusion. The enemy were greatly excited. We could see them running to and fro. Wagon trains were being pressed across the Harpeth River, and on toward Nashville. Gen. Loring, of Cleburne's division, made a speech to his men. Our Brigadier General O. F. Strahl was quiet, and there was an expression of sadness on his face. The soldiers generally were full of ardor, and confident of success. They had unbounded faith in Gen. Hood, and he believed he would achieve a victory that would give us Nashville. Such was the spirit of the army as the signal was given which set it in motion. Our generals were ready, and some of them rode in front of our main line. With a quick step we moved forward to the sound of stirring music. The writer was right guide to the Forty-First Tennessee; marching four paces to the front, he had an opportunity of viewing his comrades, and well remembers the look of determination that was on every face. Our bold movement caused the enemy to give up, without much firing, its advanced line. As they fell back at double-quick, our men rushed forward, following the retreat so closely that their men behind the works lost their last opportunity for our destruction in getting through their chevaux-de-frise about fifty yards in front of their breastworks.

Before we were in proper distance for small arms, the artillery opened on both sides. Our guns, firing over our heads from the hills in the rear, used ammunition without stint, while the enemy's batteries were at constant play upon our lines. When they withdrew to their main line of works, it was as one even plain for a mile. Why half of us were not killed yet remains a mystery; for after moving forward so great a distance, all the time under fire, the detention, immediately in their front, gave them a very great advantage. Arrived at the works, some of our men, after a club fight at the trenches, got over. The colors of my regiment were carried inside, and when the arm that held them was shot off, they fell to the ground and remained until morning. Cleburne's men dashed at the works, but their gallant leader was shot dead, and they

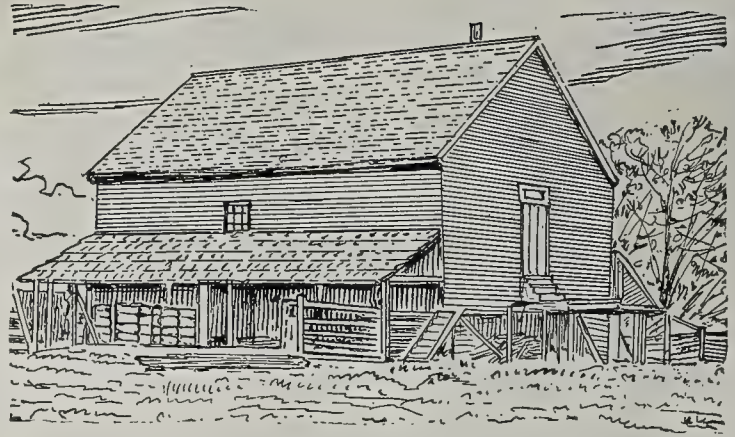


VIEW OF FRANKLIN—FROM THIS POINT GEN. HOOD PLANNED THE BATTLE.

gave way, so that the enemy remained on our flank, and kept up a constant enfilading fire as long as the battle lasted.

Our left also failed to hold the works, and for a short distance we remained and fought until their outer ditch was almost full of dead men. Night came on soon after the hard fighting began, and we fired at the flash of each other's guns. The works were so high that those who fired the guns were obliged to get a footing in the embankment, exposing themselves, in addition to their flank, to a fire by men in houses. One especially severe was that from Mr. Carter's, immediately in my front. I (this sketch is finished the first person) was near Gen. Strahl, who stood in the ditch, and handed up guns to those posted to fire them. I had passed to him my short Enfield (noted in the regiment that I was permitted to carry as a special favor) about the sixth time. The man who had been firing had cocked it and was taking deliberate aim, when he was shot and tumbled down dead into the ditch upon those killed before him. As the men so exposed were shot down, their places were supplied by volunteers until these were exhausted, and it was necessary for Gen. Strahl to call upon others. He turned to me, and, though I was several feet back from the ditch, I arose immediately, and, walking over the wounded and dead, took position with one foot upon the pile of bodies of my dead fellows, and the other in the embankment, and fired guns which the General himself handed me. One other man had position on my right, and assisted in the firing. The battle lasted until not an efficient man was left between us and the Columbia Pike, about fifty yards to our right, and hardly enough behind us to hand up the guns. We could not hold out much longer, for indeed but few of us were then left alive. It seemed as if we had no choice but to surrender or try to get away, and when I asked the General for counsel, he simply answered, "Keep firing." But just as the man to my right was shot and fell against me with terrible groans, Gen. Strahl was shot. He threw up his hands, falling on his face, and I thought him dead, but in asking the dying man, who still lay against my shoulder until he sank forever, how he was wounded, the General, who had not been killed, thinking my question was to him, raised up and said that he was shot in the neck, and called for Col. Stafford to turn over his command.

He crawled over the dead to the left, the ditch being three deep, about twenty feet to where Col. Stafford was. His staff



COTTON GIN IN THE LINE OF BATTLE AT FRANKLIN.

officers started to carry him to the rear; but he received another shot, and directly the third, which killed him instantly.

Col. Stafford was dead in the pile, as the morning light disclosed, with his feet wedged in at the bottom, with other dead across and under him after he fell, leaving his body half standing.

By that time but a handful of us were left on that part of the line, and as I was sure that our condition was not known, I ran to the rear to report to Gen. John C. Brown, commanding the division. I met Major Hampton, of his staff, who told



WHERE GEN. P. R. CLEBURNE FELL.

Carter smokehouse in distance to the left. Débris of burnt school building (Battle Ground Academy) intervening. Site of the cotton gin.



THE CARTER HOUSE AT FRANKLIN—VIEW MADE FROM ACROSS THE GARDEN.

The point described in this number of VETERAN (by S. A. Cunningham). The cotton gin across the pike east, and the locust grove west.

me that Gen. Brown was wounded, and that Gen. Strahl was in command. This assured me that those in command did not know the real situation, so I went on the hunt for Gen. Cheatham. By and by relief was sent to the front. This done, nature gave way. My shoulder was black with bruises from

I could see only what passed directly before my own eyes. True, the moon was shining; but the dense smoke and dust so filled the air as to weaken its benefits, like a heavy fog before the rising sun, only there was no promise of the fog disappearing. Our spirits were crushed. It was indeed the Valley of Death.

A CROSS RETURNED AFTER FORTY YEARS.—In the sad and gory days of 1864 a soldier of the Fourteenth North Carolina Regiment was wounded near Winchester. He was carried to a hastily improvised hospital in the town. As he lay there a ministering angel, a Mrs. Taylor, of Winchester, removed him to her home, where, night and day, she sat by his side, thereby saving his limb and maybe his life. Feeling unbounded gratitude for the kind ministry, the soldier on leaving gave his benefactress a small gold cross, which he had worn continually during his three years' active service in the war. It was about the only article of value he possessed. Since that time he has kept an eye upon the family of Mrs. Taylor, and once visited them. Recently the soldier, who is Mr. C. A. Hunt, a citizen of Lexington, N. C., and a prominent Veteran, received the cross from which he had parted forty years ago. It was pinned to a silk battle flag, and was sent him by the son of Mrs. Taylor.

SPRING HILL AND BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

Hon. James D. Porter, ex-Governor of Tennessee, who was Chief of Staff to Maj. Gen. B. F. Cheatham, commanding Cheatham's Corps in the Army of Tennessee, gives in the "Confederate Military History" (the Tennessee volume of which he is the author) the following account of the affair at Spring Hill and the battle of Franklin. Gen. Cheatham's report states:

"In pursuance of orders from army headquarters my command crossed Duck River on the morning of November 29, 1864, the division of Maj. Gen. Cleburne in advance, followed by that of Maj. Gen. Bate, the division of Maj. Gen. Brown in the rear. The march was made as rapidly as the condition of the road would allow, and without occurrence of note, until about 3 P.M., when I arrived at Rutherford's Creek, two and one-half miles from Spring Hill. At this point Gen. Hood

MISS BATSON CRAVENS, ARKANSAS,
Sponsor for Trans-Mississippi Department.

firing, and it seemed that no moisture was left in my system. Utterly exhausted, the battle over, I sank upon the ground and tried to sleep, as the battle was over and I could do no more. With concern for the fate of comrades, I returned to the awful spectacle at daylight in search of some who year after year had been at my side. Ah, the loyalty of faithful comrades in such a struggle!

The greater part of the battle was fought after nightfall and, once in the midst of it, with but the light of the flashing guns,



THE CONFEDERATE CEMETERY AT FRANKLIN.

gave me verbal orders as follows: 'Get Cleburne across the creek and send him forward toward Spring Hill, with instructions to communicate with Gen. Forrest, who is near the village, ascertain from him the position of the enemy, and attack immediately. You remain at the creek, and assist Gen. Bate in crossing his division, and then go forward and put Bate's Command in to support Cleburne. He should push Brown forward to join me.'

"As soon as the division of Gen. Bate had crossed the creek I rode forward, and at a point on the road about one and a half miles from Spring Hill I saw the left of Cleburne's Command just disappearing over the hill to the left of the road. Halting there, I waited a few minutes for the arrival of Bate, and formed his command with his right upon Cleburne's left, and ordered him forward to the support of Cleburne. Shortly after Bate's Division had disappeared over the same range of hills, I heard firing toward Cleburne's right, and just then Gen. Brown's Division came up. I thereupon ordered Brown to proceed to the right, turn the range of hills over which Cleburne and Bate had crossed, and form line of battle and attack to the right of Cleburne. The division of Gen. Brown was in motion to execute this order when I received a message from Cleburne that his right brigade had been struck in flank by the enemy and had suffered severely, and that he had been compelled to fall back and re-form his division with a change of front.

"The direction of Cleburne's advance was such as had exposed his right flank to the enemy's line. When his command was formed on the road by which he had marched from Rutherford's Creek, neither the village of Spring Hill nor the turnpike could be seen. Instead of advancing directly upon Spring Hill, his forward movement was a little south of west and almost parallel with the turnpike toward Columbia, instead of northwest upon the enemy's lines, south and east of the village. A reference to the map will show Cleburne's line of advance. Gen. Cleburne was killed in the assault upon Franklin the next day, and I had no opportunity to learn from him how it was that the error of direction occurred.

"Meanwhile Gen. Bate, whom I had placed in position on the left of Cleburne's line of march, continued to move forward in the same direction until he had reached the farm of N. F. Cheairs, one and a half miles south of Spring Hill.

"After Brown had reached the position indicated to him and had formed a line of battle, he sent to inform me that it would

be certain disaster for him to attack, as the enemy's line extended beyond his right several hundred yards. I sent word to him to throw back his right brigade and make the attack. I had already sent couriers after Gen. Bate to bring him back



MRS. JOHN M'GAVOCK, OF FRANKLIN.

and direct him to join Cleburne's left. Going to the right of my line, I found Gens. Brown and Cleburne, and the latter reported that he had re-formed his division. I then gave orders to Brown and Cleburne that as soon as they could connect their lines they should attack the enemy, who were then in sight; informing them at the same time that Gen. Hood had just told me that Stewart's column was close at hand, and that Gen. Stewart had been ordered to go to my right and place his command across the pike. I furthermore said to them that I would go myself and see that Bate was placed in position to connect with them, and immediately rode to the left of my line for that purpose.

"During all this time I had met and talked with Gen. Hood repeatedly, our field headquarters being not over one hundred yards apart. After Cleburne's repulse, I had been along my line and had seen that Brown's right was outflanked several hundred yards. I had urged Gen. Hood to hurry up Stewart and place him on my right, and had received from him assurance that this would be done; and this assurance, as before stated, I had communicated to Gens. Brown and Cleburne.

"When I returned from my left, where I had been to get Bate in position, and was on my way to the right of my line, it was dark; but I intended to move forward with Cleburne and Brown and make the attack, knowing that Bate would be in position to support them. Stewart's column had already passed by on the way toward the turnpike, and I presumed that he would be in position on my right.

"On reaching the road where Gen. Hood's field quarters had been established, I found a courier with a message from Gen. Hood requesting me to come to him at Capt. Thompson's



RESIDENCE (NEW) OF GEO. H. ARMISTEAD, FRANKLIN.

house, about one and a fourth miles back on the road to Rutherford Creek. Here I found Gens. Stewart and Hood. The Commanding General there informed me that he had concluded to wait till morning, and directed me to hold my command in readiness to attack at daylight.

"I was never more astonished than when Gen. Hood informed me that he had concluded to postpone the attack until daylight. The road was still open—orders to remain quiet until morning—and there was nothing to prevent the enemy from marching to Franklin."

The following communication, written by ex-Gov. and Senator I. G. Harris, of Tennessee, then acting as aid to Gen. Hood (from Drake's "Annals of the Army of Tennessee" for May, 1877), was furnished to Gen. Hood by James D. Porter, who was adjutant general on Cheatham's staff:

"Dear Sir: In answer to yours of the 12th inst., I have to say that on the night that the Army of Tennessee, under command of Gen. J. B. Hood, halted at Spring Hill on its march from Columbia to Nashville, Gen. Hood, his adjutant general,

within the Federal lines; that the troops were in great confusion, that a part of them were marching in the direction of Franklin; others had turned toward Columbia, and that the road was blocked with baggage wagons and gun carriages, rendering it impossible to move in order either direction. Upon the receipt of this report, Gen. Hood directed Maj. Mason to order Gen. Cheatham to move down on the road immediately and attack the enemy. Gen. Hood and myself remained in bed. I went to sleep, and I suppose that Gen. Hood did the same. At daylight on the following morning we learned that the Federal army had left Spring Hill and was being concentrated at Franklin.

"On the march to Franklin, Gen. Hood spoke to me, in the presence of Maj. Mason, of the failure of Gen. Cheatham to make the night attack at Spring Hill, and censured him in severe terms for his disobedience of orders. Soon after this, being alone with Maj. Mason, the latter remarked that 'Gen. Cheatham was not to blame about the matter last night. I did not send him the order.' I asked if he had communicated the fact to Gen. Hood. He answered that he had not. I replied that it is due to Gen. Cheatham that this explanation should be made. Thereupon Maj. Mason joined Gen. Hood and gave him the information. Afterwards Gen. Hood said to me that he had done injustice to Gen. Cheatham, and requested me to inform him that he held him blameless for the failure at Spring Hill. And, on the day following the battle of Franklin, I was informed by Gen. Hood that he had addressed a note to Gen. Cheatham, assuring him that he did not censure or charge him with the failure to make the attack."

Maj. Gen. John C. Brown, commanding Cheatham's Division, gave the following account of the same affair:

"My division comprised four brigades of infantry, commanded respectively by Gen. S. R. Gist, of South Carolina, Gens. O. F. Strahl, G. W. Gordon, and John C. Carter, of Tennessee. On the morning of Nov. 29, 1864, when I left my bivouac on the Mooresville Turnpike in front of Columbia, Tenn., the whole command numbered not exceeding 2,750 effective men. Gist's Brigade was the largest, and Strahl's was next in numerical strength; those of Gordon and Carter being about equal in the number of effective men. We started on the march about sunrise, and, after traversing cedar brakes and pathless woods, crossed Duck River by a pontoon previously laid, about four miles above Columbia, at or near what was known as the Davis ferry or Davis's ford. Conforming to the daily alterations, my division was the rear of your [Cheatham's] corps. After crossing Duck River, as I now recollect, at or near Bear Creek, the commanding general, apprehending an attack on our left flank, ordered your corps, on its march from that point, to move in two parallel columns, so that it could come instantly into action in two lines of battle if attacked on the flank. Accordingly, my division was ordered to form the supporting column, and for that purpose to leave the road by which the main body was moving, and so conform its movements to that of the other two divisions (Cleburne's and Bate's), that in coming into action to meet an attack on our left flank, it would occupy a place in the rear of and about four hundred yards distant from the front line of battle. The march thence to Rutherford Creek was made pursuant to these orders, and the whole distance thus traversed (five or six miles) was through fields and woods and over rough ground, adding greatly to the fatigues of the day. About the commencement of this movement, or soon afterwards, by the order of the commanding general in person, the whole of Gist's and about one-half of Strahl's Brigade were detached for picket duty, to be relieved by the orders of the command-



THE M'GAVOCK RESIDENCE, NEAR FRANKLIN.

Maj. Mason, and myself occupied the same room at the residence of Capt. Thompson, near the village. Late at night we were aroused by a private soldier, who reported to Gen. Hood that on reaching the camp near Spring Hill he found himself



EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT ASHWOOD, TENN.,

Temporary burial place of Generals Cleburne, Strahl, and Granbury.

ing general, thus leaving me with about one-half of my division.

"When near Rutherford Creek, learning that a crossing was not practicable east of the road, I changed the direction of the march to the left into the road, and found Bate's Division preparing to cross the stream. After reaching the north bank of the stream, I was ordered to pursue the road leading in the direction of the Caldwell place, while Cleburne's and Bate's Divisions moved at an angle to the left; but before reaching the Dr. Caldwell house, I was ordered to change the direction of my column to the left, and we reached the 'Lewisburg' or 'Rally Hill' Pike, near the tollgate, a distance of one and a half miles from Spring Hill.

"This was within an hour or an hour and a half of sunset. I could distinctly see the enemy in force, both infantry and artillery, at Spring Hill, but did not, and perhaps could not at that point, see either troops or wagons moving on the Columbia Pike. Forrest's Cavalry were on higher ground northeast of my position.

"I was ordered to form a line of battle and 'take' Spring Hill. Gist's Brigade and the detachment from Strahl had not reported. I formed my line as speedily as worn-out troops could be moved, and, after throwing forward a skirmish line, advanced four hundred or five hundred yards, when I discovered a line of the enemy thrown out of Spring Hill, across and threatening my right flank, and I then discovered for the first time that General Forrest's Cavalry, which I had been assured would protect my right, had been ordered to another part of the field, leaving me without any protection on my right flank or support in the rear. I had neither artillery nor cavalry, and was left in a position where I must meet with inevitable disaster, if I advanced on Spring Hill.

"A hasty consultation with my brigade commanders resulted in a determination to suspend the advance and confer with the corps commander. I need not remind you that in a very few minutes you were upon the field, and fully approved of what had been done, as did also Gen. Hood a little later, when he directed that the attack be delayed until the arrival of Gens. Stewart and Gist, and in the meanwhile that the whole command should be held under orders to advance at a moment's notice. Gen. Gist's Brigade reported a little after nightfall, and was immediately placed in position on my right. Gen. Stewart's Corps came up later, and went into bivouac on the stream in the rear of my right, where it remained until the following morning. I received no further orders that evening or during the night to advance or change my position. After daylight on the morning of the 30th I took up the line of march for Franklin, the enemy in the meantime having preceded, under circumstances of which you are fully advised.

"On the march to Franklin Gen. Cleburne, with whom I had long enjoyed very close personal relations, sent a message to the head of my column requesting an interview. Allowing my column to pass on, I awaited his arrival. When he came up we rode apart from the column through the fields, and he told me with much feeling that he had heard that the commanding general was endeavoring to place upon him the responsibility for allowing the enemy to pass our position on the night previous. I replied to him that I had heard nothing on that subject, and that I hoped he was mistaken. He said: 'No, I think not; my information comes through a very reliable channel.' He said that he could not afford to rest under such an imputation, and should certainly have the matter investigated to the fullest extent as soon as we were away from the immediate presence of the enemy. Gen. Cleburne was quite angry, and evidently was deeply hurt, believing that the

commander in chief had censured him. I asked Gen. Cleburne who was responsible for the escape of the enemy during the afternoon and night previous. In reply to that inquiry he indulged in some criticisms of a command occupying a position on his left, and concluded by saying that of course the responsibility rested with the commander in chief, as he was upon the field during the afternoon, and was fully advised during the night of the movement of the enemy.

"The conversation at this point was abruptly terminated by the arrival of orders for yourself from the commanding general. As Gen. Cleburne left he said, 'We will resume this



FLAT ROCK—RESIDENCE OF WESLEY GREENFIELD.
View made from point of Gen. B. F. Cheatham's headquarters tent.

conversation at the first convenient moment,' but in less than three hours after that time this gallant soldier was a corpse upon the bloody field of Franklin."

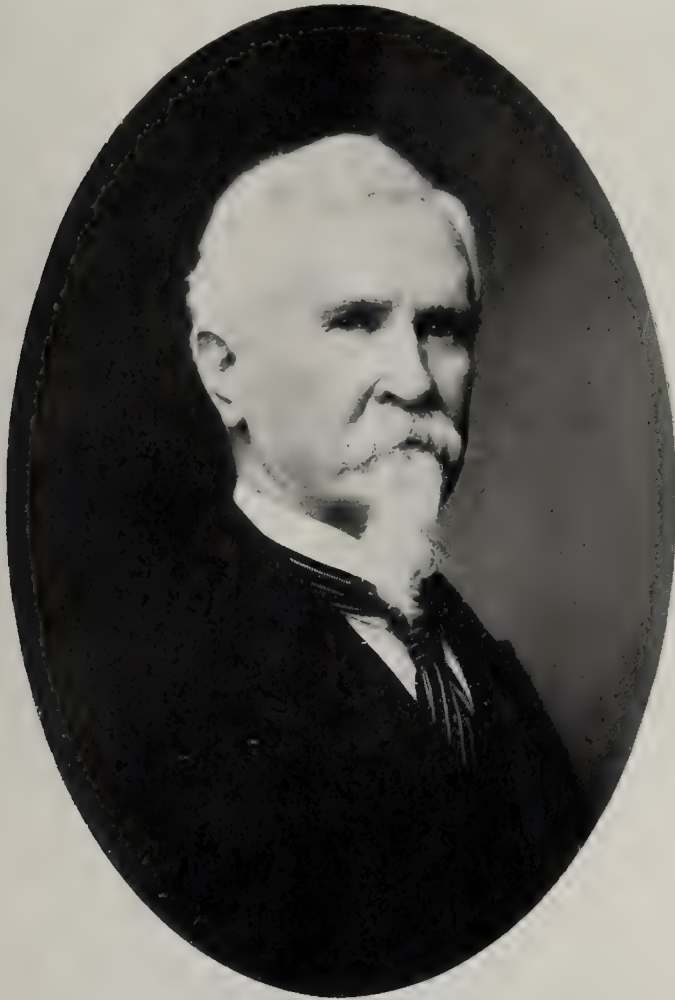
Maj. Gen. Bate, referring to an interview with Gen. Hood between the hours of ten and twelve of the night of the 29th of November, at which Gen. Bate mentioned a conflict in the orders of the general commanding and the corps commanders touching the movement of his division, states that Gen. Hood said: "It makes no difference now, or it is all right, anyhow,



THE RAINS HOUSE.
One of the most advanced positions of the Confederates during the battle of Nashville. The view overlooks the city.

for Gen. Forrest, as you see, has just left, and informed me that he holds the turnpike with a portion of his forces north of Spring Hill, and will stop the enemy if he tries to pass toward Franklin, and so in the morning we will have a surrender without a fight." He further said, in a congratulatory manner: "We can sleep quietly to-night."

Gen. Forrest reported, after the arrival of Cleburne's Division at Spring Hill, that he ordered Brig. Gen. W. H. Jackson to move with his division in the direction of Thompson's Station and there intercept the enemy. He struck the road at



HON. JAMES D. PORTER.

Fitzgerald's, four miles from Spring Hill, at 11 P.M., just as the front of the enemy's column had passed. This attack was a complete surprise, producing much panic and confusion. Brig. Gen. Jackson had possession of the pike, and fought the enemy until daylight, but receiving no support he was compelled to retire.

Two small brigades, commanded by Brig. Gens. Armstrong and Ross, constituted Jackson's Division. If an adequate force had been sent forward to take advantage of the panic and confusion created by Jackson's attack, a second golden opportunity would not have been lost.

The first intimation of dissatisfaction on the part of the commanding general at the management of the affair at Spring Hill was suggested by the receipt of the following note, written in front of Nashville and dated December 3, 1864:

"My Dear General: I do not censure you for the failure at Spring Hill. I am satisfied that you are not responsible for it. I witnessed the splendid manner in which you delivered battle at Franklin on the 30th ult., and I now have a higher estimate of you as a soldier than I ever had.

"Yours very truly, J. B. Hood, General.

"Maj. Gen. B. F. Cheatham."

"On the morning of the 4th of December," says Gen. Cheatham, "I went to the headquarters of Gen. Hood, and, referring to his note and criticism that had evidently been made by some one, I said to him: 'A great opportunity was lost at Spring Hill, but you know that I obeyed your orders there, as everywhere, literally and promptly.' Gen. Hood not only did not dissent from what I said, but exhibited the most cordial manner, coupled with confidence and friendship."

At daylight Cheatham's Corps passed through the village of Spring Hill, and between 1 and 2 P.M. the army reached the vicinity of Franklin, and Stewart's and Cheatham's Corps were put in position. The enemy was heavily intrenched and was superior in numbers and equipment. On the morning of the battle, Gen. Schofield, commanding the Federal army, had behind his works 23,734 infantry and artillery, and his cavalry numbered 5,500. Maj. Gen. J. D. Cox, U. S. A., upon whose authority these figures are given, states in his history of the battle of Franklin that Hood delivered the assault on the Federal lines with "two or three hundred less than 24,000" men, and gives Forrest's strength at 9,000. Maj. Gen. John C. Brown reported that on the morning of November 29, 1864, he had not exceeding 2,750 men in his division, the largest in Cheatham's Corps, and the three divisions did not exceed 6,000. Smith's Brigade, of Cleburne's Division, was not present. Stewart's Corps, after Allatoona, was less than 7,000, and with Johnson's Division, of Lee's Corps, the assaulting column did not exceed 16,000 men. Gen. Forrest stated in his official report that the entire cavalry force under his command was about 5,000.

Bate's Division was on the left, Brown's in the center, Cleburne's on the right. Gen. Bate says his line "charged the works of the enemy. My right got to the works (the second line), and remained there until morning; the left was driven back. The enemy's works were strong and defiant, constructed on a slight elevation, with few obstructions in front for several hundred yards. The works to the left of Carter's Creek Turnpike were not strong, and with a vigorous assault should have been carried; a fact, however, not known until next day." Bate's Division sustained a loss of forty-seven killed and two hundred and fifty-three wounded. Capt. Todd Carter, on staff duty with Smith's Tennessee Brigade, fell mortally wounded near the enemy's works and almost at the door of his father's house.

No more magnificent spectacle was ever witnessed than the advance of the two divisions commanded by Cleburne and Brown; no two divisions of the army were ever led with greater skill and gallantry; no generals of division were ever supported with better ability by brigade, regimental, and com-



LEALAND—ON SITE OF JUDGE J. M. LEA'S RESIDENCE.
Gen. Hood's headquarters at time of the battle.

pany officers. The troops were veterans who had never failed to respond to orders, although discouraged by recent and frequent disasters; and fully alive to the desperation of the assault about to be made, they advanced with noble courage.



TRAVELERS' REST—THE OVERTON HOME.

Gen. Hood's headquarters during occupancy of his army before Nashville until the battle began.

Before troops of equal numbers in the open field they would have been irresistible, but to attack intrenched troops, superior in numbers, advancing over an open plain without cover, was a disregard of the rules of war, a waste of precious lives, and a wrecking of an army once the pride and hope of the Southwest.

Maj. Gen. Stanley, commanding the Fourth Federal Corps, in his official report, stated: "In view of the strong position we held, nothing appeared so improbable as that they would assault. I felt so confident in this belief that I did not leave Gen. Schofield's headquarters until the firing commenced." Maj. Gen. Cox, commanding the Twenty-Third Corps, and in active command of the Federal line of battle, undertakes to account for the attack made by Gen. Hood thus: "His exasperation at what he regarded as a hair-breadth escape on our part from the toils in which he thought he had encompassed us at Spring Hill had probably clouded his judgment. He blamed some of his subordinates for the hesitation which he seems himself to have been responsible for, and now, in an excitement which led him astray, he determined to risk everything upon a desperate assault." The same eminent author, referring to the assault made by Cleburne and Brown on the Federal center, says: "They were seen coming in splendid array. The sight was one to send a thrill through the heart, and those who saw it have never forgotten its martial magnificence."

Maj. Gen. John C. Brown, in a report to Gen. Cheatham of the operations of his command, said:

"After we had dislodged the enemy's advance pickets from the chain of ridges in front of Franklin, Gens. Bate and Cleburne and myself were summoned to the commanding general at a point very near the Columbia Turnpike road, and, as I recollect, both yourself and Gen. Stewart were present. From that point we had an unobstructed view of the enemy's works in front of Franklin, across the turnpike road, and for some distance to the right and left. My position was immediately on the left of the turnpike, while Cleburne was upon the right. Gen. Bate's position was either in my rear or immediately upon my left.

"The commanding general, after surveying the field, remarked in substance: 'The country around Franklin for many miles is open and exposed to the full view of the Federal army, and I cannot mask the movements of my troops so as to turn either flank of the enemy, and if I attempt it he will withdraw and precede me into Nashville. While his immediate center is very strong, his flanks are weak. Stewart's Corps is massed in McGavock's woods on the right, and I will send Bate's Division under cover of the hills to the left in advance of the movement of my center, giving him time sufficient to get into position to attack concurrently with the center column. He can connect with Chalmers's right (posted upon the Harpeth below Franklin) and with Brown's left.' The policy of Gen. Hood's decision was not discussed, and I cannot recollect any question propounded by him to any one present indicating a desire for an expression of opinion by any one. He thereupon ordered Bate to move at once, and directed Stewart to attack with his corps the enemy's left flank. Cleburne and myself were directed to form in conjunction, Cleburne on the right and I on the left of the turnpike, and threaten and (if not routed before we reached the works) attack the enemy's center; but were instructed not to move until further orders from him, as he desired Bate and Stewart, having a longer distance to march, to move in advance of us.

"After the expiration of half an hour or more, at a signal from yourself, Cleburne and myself were directed to commence our movement. We advanced our line, attacking simultaneously the enemy's front line of works (being a lunette some 400 or 500 yards in advance of the main works). We routed and drove that line back upon the enemy's main line with but slight loss to ourselves and without impeding the advance of our line. Gen. Cleburne and myself met several times upon the turnpike road and conferred and acted in harmony in the movement. When we assaulted the main



MISS MYRA SMARTT, CHATTANOOGA,
Sponsor for Tennessee Division, Nashville Reunion.

line, we carried the works in many places. Gen. Gordon, commanding the right brigade of my front line, stormed and carried the enemy's works at the turnpike road and advanced a considerable distance within the works, when he and a part of his command were captured. The enemy rapidly re-enforced his center from his flanks, and the slaughter in our ranks was frightful, considering the very short time in which we were engaged. The loss was so heavy to my front line that I immediately brought forward the supporting brigades (Strahl's and Carter's), and we held the works in a hand-to-hand fight, with varying fortune, until night closed upon the bloody conflict. The engagement lasted but little more than one hour, during which time the fire of the enemy's infantry was terrific. Gens. Gist and Strahl were killed on the field, with nearly all of their staff officers. Gen. Carter received a mortal wound, from which he died in a few hours. When I was shot from my horse near nightfall, I had only one staff officer and two couriers on duty.

"Gen. Carter, whose command was on my extreme left, reported to me once through a member of his staff, and again in person, that there were no supports on his left and that flank was being threatened, and on personal inspection I found that there were no troops on my left at sunset. I regret very much that the loss of my papers will not allow me to give you in detail the list of casualties and to mention the conduct of very many officers and men conspicuous for their gallantry during the engagement. It is just to say, however, that the entire command did its full duty. The enemy were intrenched in strong works protected in front by an abatis of black locust, which was almost impassable, and our advancing

lines were met by successive volleys of musketry that would have repulsed any but well-tried and dauntless veterans."

Gist's and Gordon's Brigades reached the outer ditch of the intrenchments, mounted the works, and met the enemy in a death struggle. The colors of the Twenty-Fourth South Carolina, says its gallant Col. Ellison Capers, were planted and defended on the parapet. Part of both brigades went over the works, Gen. Gordon himself was captured, and Col. Horace Rice, of the Eleventh and Twenty-Ninth Tennessee (consolidated), was wounded inside of the enemy's main line. Gen. Gordon states that "the gallant Ensign-Sergeant Drew, of the Twenty-Ninth, bearing the flag of the Eleventh, was killed as he mounted the main line of works, fell inside and died upon his colors, upon whose folds are still seen marks of his blood."

Lieut. James A. Tillman, Twenty-Fourth South Carolina, led his company over the works and captured forty prisoners and the colors of the Ninety-Seventh Ohio, this being the only stand of colors captured by the Confederate forces. Gen. Gist, gallant gentleman and soldier, was killed in the advance; Col. Capers was dangerously and his lieutenant colonel, J. S. Jones, mortally wounded. The loss of officers and men in Gist's Brigade was very great. On the march to Nashville it was commanded by Capt. Gillis, Forty-Sixth Georgia. Its senior officer, Col. Capers, recovered and received a well-earned promotion. At the close of hostilities between the States he dedicated himself to the Church, and in that sacred calling has won eminence and the love of his people.

Cheatham's Division was commanded after the battle by the gallant Col. C. C. Hurt, Ninth Tennessee, Gen. John C. Brown being dangerously wounded. Brig. Gen. John C. Carter was mortally wounded, Gist and Strahl were killed, Gordon was captured inside the enemy's works. Maj. John Ingram and Thomas F. Henry and Capt. M. B. Pilcher, of the division staff, were severely wounded; Maj. Joseph Vaulx, always gallant and reliable, alone escaped unhurt. No division of the army ever sustained such a loss in general officers.

O. F. Strahl was born on the banks of the Muskingum, came to Tennessee in his youth, and was as thoroughly identified with the State as any one of her sons. He gave to the Fourth Tennessee its drill and discipline, and made it a noted regiment; and, succeeding A. P. Stewart in command of his brigade, added splendor to the reputation won for it by that accomplished soldier. When Gen. Strahl entered upon the Tennessee campaign he was just recovering from a dangerous wound received at the battle of Atlanta on the 22d of July. He was a very accomplished tactician, and always handled his regiment and brigade with ease and skill. He was most fortunate in his subordinates, with officers like Col. Andrew J. Keller; Col. A. D. Gwynne, distinguished at Mill Creek Gap, and called by his comrades the "Knight of Gwynne;" Lieut. Col. Luke W. Linley, severely wounded at Shiloh, Perryville, and New Hope Church, and Maj. Henry Hampton, dangerously wounded at Perryville. The officers of his staff, Capt. Johnston, adjutant general, Lieut. John H. Marsh, inspector general, soldiers of experience and gallantry, were both killed.

John C. Carter was a native of Georgia, a citizen of Tennessee, where he was educated, entered the service as a lieutenant in the Thirty-Eighth Tennessee, won honorable mention from his colonel at Shiloh, and further promotion and honor until he was made a brigadier general. He early attracted the attention of his division general, upon whose recommendation his final advancement was made upon his



MISS ADDIE CLAYPOOLE,
Sponsor Camp Newbern, North Carolina.

MISS MARY L. HENDREN,
Maid of Honor.

MISS NANNIE P. STREET,
Maid of Honor.

merit. He had a wonderful gentleness of manner, coupled with a dauntless courage. Every field officer of his brigade except Col. Hurt was killed, wounded, or captured on the enemy's works. In one regiment, the gallant Sixth, Orderly Sergeant W. H. Bruner remained the ranking officer.

Gen. William A. Quarles, of Tennessee, was dangerously wounded and captured. His division general, Walthall, said of him: "Brig. Gen. Quarles was severely wounded at the head of his brigade within a short distance of the enemy's inner line, and all his staff officers on duty [W. B. Munford and Capt. S. A. Conley] were killed." Col. Isaac N. Holme, Forty-Second Tennessee, and Capt. R. T. Johnson, Forty-Ninth, were severely wounded; Lieut. Col. T. M. Atkins, Forty-Ninth, Maj. S. C. Cooper, Forty-Sixth, and Capt. James J. Rittenburg, Fifty-Third, were wounded and captured; and Maj. J. E. McDonald, Fifty-Fifth, and Capt. R. T. Coulter, were killed, leaving a captain in command of the brigade.

Brig. Gen. John Adams, of Tennessee, was killed after leading his command up to the enemy's main line of works. Gen. Jacob D. Cox says of him: "In one of the lulls between these attacks, when the smoke was so thick that one could see a very little way in front, the officers of the line discovered a mounted officer in front forming for another attack or rallying them after a repulse. Shots were fired, and horse and rider both fell. The horse struggled to his feet and dashed for the breastworks, leaped upon it, and fell dead astride it. The wounded officer was Gen. John Adams. He was brought in, and soon died."

Gen. Hood reported the loss of the Army of Tennessee at 4,500. The loss of Schofield's army numbered 2,326 killed, wounded, and missing. Of this number, 1,104 were captured by the Confederates, about 600 of them by Brown and Cleburne from the enemy's line in advance of his intrenchments.

Gen. J. D. Cox says the Federal loss in killed was "trifling everywhere but near the center," the point assailed by Cleburne and Brown. No report with list of casualties was ever made, and no data exist for the ascertainment of the actual losses of these two divisions, but it must have been 40 per cent in killed, wounded, and missing. In Quarles's Tennessee Brigade, of Stewart's Corps, the loss was just as great, and the death rate in Stewart's and Cheatham's Corps was out of the usual proportion. It was great enough to make Tennessee a land of mourning.

The attacks of the Confederates were repeated at intervals until dark, and on part of the line until nine o'clock. At midnight the Federal forces withdrew and marched to Nashville.

After our dead comrades were buried and the wounded of both armies provided for, the Army of Tennessee moved forward to the front of Nashville, where, on the 2d of December, a line of battle was formed and intrenchments provided. Smith's Brigade, of Cleburne's Division, came up, and Ector's Brigade, of Stewart's Corps, rejoined the army, which was now 23,053 strong, opposed to an army under Gen. George H. Thomas of more than three times that number.

ECTOR'S BRIGADE IN BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.

J. T. Tunnell, first lieutenant commanding Company B, Fourteenth Texas Infantry, writes from Proctor, Tex.:

"Ector's Brigade was composed of the Tenth, Fourteenth, and Thirty-Second Texas and the Twenty-Ninth and Thirty-Ninth North Carolina Regiments. Gen. Ector having lost a leg at Atlanta in July, the brigade was commanded by the senior colonel, Col. Coleman, Thirty-Ninth North Carolina.

"On the morning of December 15 the brigade was camped

on Harding Pike, with a picket line in front, extending across the pike at the mouth of a lane, in charge of Capt. House, of the Tenth, on the right and the writer on the left. We soon discovered a vast body of cavalry maneuvering to our left front, and a little later we saw a large brigade of infantry advancing upon our left front in line of battle, followed by a battery of artillery. We reported to Col. Coleman, who came to our line and examined the situation. He instructed us to hold the line until forced to retire, then to fall back over the ridge in order, and make a run of about two miles to the Hillsboro Pike, where we would find him with the brigade. The enemy threw forward a skirmish line and moved slowly but steadily forward. Our thin line in rifle pits gave them a warm reception. When they got uncomfortably near, we hastily fell back, but in order, over the ridge. We then made a run for the brigade, fearful of being cut off by cavalry.

"We found the brigade near the Hillsboro Pike in line of battle fronting west. Very soon a large regiment of cavalry galloped up in our front to the foot of the hill, probably a hundred yards distant, and halted Col. Coleman, called to them to show their colors, for as the morning was gloomy he could not determine whether they were Federals or Confederates, but they made no response. Then Col. Coleman gave the command to fire. They returned the fire, but soon retreated at full speed. Their loss was pretty heavy, especially in horses killed. If we had any loss, I did not hear of it. In another minute or two our brigade was ordered into a redoubt near the pike. About this time we heard a heavy battle in front and to our right. Very soon we could see the Confederate lines moving to the rear and to our right, but fighting desperately as they retreated. They and the Federals, that were pressing them, passed our fort and left us in the rear. A prompt retreat was ordered, and we moved at a double-quick on a line parallel with the movement of the troops in the battle. When we got to the Brentwood range of hills, Gen. Hood and his staff were on the hill. Gen. Hood rode down the line saying to all the soldiers as he passed, "Texans, I want you to hold this hill regardless of what transpires around you," and the spontaneous answer was: "We will do it, General." Our line was formed on the brow of the hill fronting west. In the meantime the battle reported above had



MISS FLORENCE ROSE DAUGHTRY, BOWLING GREEN, Maid of Honor for Kentucky Division at Nashville Reunion.

ceased and Gen. Bate was re-forming his lines to our right and in plain view of our line. Soon they attacked him again, and for a time we stood watching a terrific battle. A battery of artillery close in the rear of Bate's Infantry on a little eminence did splendid work. The lines of infantry wavered back and forth as long as we saw the fight. Before very long, however, a strong force of infantry attacked our line and made a desperate, but unsuccessful, effort to drive us from the hill. Night closed the conflict with our line unmoved. Our losses were pretty heavy. During the night our brigade was relieved by other troops and placed on the east side of the hill in reserve. By morning the troops that took our place had very good fortifications. On the 16th, from our position on the side of the hill overlooking the Granny White Pike at a point where the road makes a right-angle turn to the east, we could plainly see the assaults made upon Lee's line. About noon one (Ector's) brigade was ordered to the left, nearly due south, at a double-quick, to head off a flank movement of the enemy over the range of hills. When we arrived at the place, their skirmish line was in possession of the hill, but we climbed the hill, which was very steep, and drove them off. We held this hill till late in the evening, when we were ordered down to an old country road running down the narrow valley. When we got to this road we found a column of troops marching in quick step down the valley, when we learned that Hood's entire army was in full retreat, and we were ordered to follow. Soon a brigade of Federals attacked our retreating column from the west, and Ector's Brigade was called on to drive them back, which was done by a vigorous charge just at twilight. We hastily gathered up our wounded and carried them to some farmhouses near by and continued our march, intersecting the Franklin Pike, which we found full of retreating troops.

"We had no more fighting till we got to Columbia. At this point Ector's Brigade and four other little decimated brigades under Gen. Walthall were attached to Forrest's Cavalry, constituting the rear guard of the army to the Tennessee River. Of all the hard service poor soldiers ever endured, this is among the worst.

"On Christmas day we left Pulaski, setting fire to the bridge there when we left. The rascals came up, put the fire out, and crossed over and attacked us on the first hill. We gave them a good drubbing, however, capturing some of their artillery. We made a forced march then to Sugar Creek, only a few miles from the Tennessee River, wading the creek in a late hour of the night and bivouacked at the edge of the valley, half a mile or more from the creek.

"At daylight we were aroused and informed that the Yankees were on our side of the creek. A dense fog rested upon the valley. After waiting some time for them to make an attack, which they failed to do, we were ordered to charge them, and did it very successfully. In trying to cross the creek on their big cavalry horses, the banks on our side were so high they could not ascend them, and our boys captured many large, fine horses. When they were driven across the creek, Gen. Ross's Cavalry Brigade charged and drove them for miles. Our brigade got a good Yankee breakfast from the saddle pockets on horses killed and captured. From there to the pontoon bridge on the Tennessee River our brigade was largely mounted."

MRS. CUTLER SMITH, FLORENCE, ALA.

The memory of dedication of the Florence, Ala., Confederate monument has as its frontispiece the enthusiastic woman illustrated in the above picture with her husband. She was one of the charter members of the Memorial Association, and had

worked most assiduously for the monument for years. While the VETERAN would not detract by comparison from the great credit due the President, Mrs. Camper, and other diligent workers, it has been anxious to record the amazing joy of Mrs.



MR. AND MRS. CUTLER SMITH.

Smith when the curtain fell and revealed the magnificent white structure, capped by a fine specimen of the Confederate soldier. Her face was as radiant as if there had been an audible summons to "come up higher" to a devout Christian. The writer never witnessed more unalloyed bliss in a human face.

Sad, but true, our women as well as the veteran soldiers are dropping out, having finished their course, and now Mrs. Cutler Smith has the impairment of a paralytic stroke on the right side. This brief reminiscence is intended specially as a tribute to her zeal and enthusiasm in the achievement through years of struggle to honor men who gave their lives for principle.

Mrs. Smith served as President of the Memorial Association while the money was being raised for the monument, of which sum \$1,200 was lost by the failure of a bank. Later the Daughters of the Confederacy coöperated with the Ladies' Memorial Association. She is an officer of both associations, and is an honorary member of Camp O'Neal, U. C. V. Twice during the war she made her way into the enemy's lines to serve the Confederate cause, and she proudly owns a badge given her for her faithful and efficient services. Mr. Cutler Smith enlisted in Company I, Thirty-Fifth Georgia Infantry, March, 1862, after having been discharged in the fall of 1861 for disability. His captain, W. T. Irvine, gives him a fine record as a soldier, stating that "he was courageous in battle, patient on long, weary marches, and always at the post of duty. At the battle of Cedar Mountain he attracted attention for soldierly conduct, and once in particular, after a long, weary march at the second battle of Manassas, he was the only member of the company when the regiment was halted."

GEN. S. D. LEE'S PART IN CHECKING THE ROUT.

Quite a carefully prepared and exhaustive paper comes to the *VETERAN* concerning the remarkable achievement of Gen. Stephen D. Lee in that crucial period when Hood's army was dismayed by the overwhelming flanking forces of Gen. Thomas on the last day of the battle of Nashville. So much of his report is given as seems important to the general history and to pay due tribute to Gen. Lee and his men in that wonderful test of patriotic endurance by as noble men as Omnipotence has yet created. The paper is by Louis F. Garrard, Columbus, Ga.:

"As far as I have been able to read, the time which elapsed between the rout of Hood's army, on the afternoon of the 16th of December, 1864, and that when said army reached Brentwood, a station four miles to the rear of the battlefield, has been left a comparative blank, and what occurred during that short period has been entirely overlooked, to the detriment of a man who was and is every inch a soldier, a perfect type of the American Anglo-Saxon, beloved of his men, and freely spoken of by them in time of war as one of the bravest men in the army, a general among generals. . . . I refer as a personal witness, even though a humble Confederate private, to the time when, about four o'clock in the afternoon of December 16, Gen. Stephen D. Lee formed a rear guard for Hood's defeated army by his own heroic efforts, and continued in command of that rear guard all of the night of the 16th and all of the day of the 17th. After being wounded on the 17th, he continued in command of the rear guard until nightfall. When he was physically unable to further remain in command, he turned over a well-organized rear guard to Maj. Gen. Stevenson.

"I remember as if it were only yesterday the morning of the 16th of December, 1864. The morning opened silent and murky. Not a gun was heard, although everybody expected that the battle would begin quickly, for the Federal lines were drawn up and almost in front of the thin Confederate line, which had sustained defeat on the day before in front of Nashville and had fallen back to a new line, with Lee's Corps to the right and on or near Overton's Hill.

"The Confederate army was stretched in a single line of battle. In some places the men were fully five feet apart, while here and there a single company of infantry was placed in the rear to support and reënforce such parts of it as might need their services. It was, in fact, only a good skirmish line, although the remnant of Hood's army—after the disastrous battle of Franklin and the engagement of the day before (December 15). Gen. Lee literally opened the fight by exposing himself. He rode to the left of his corps, and then rode down the line of battle, followed by his staff and couriers. As he passed each Federal battery he was given a full discharge of the battery. By the time he had ridden down his line, the battle was in full progress, and very soon the charging began, and it continued all day at intervals until about four o'clock in the afternoon. Every charge made by the Federals in front of Lee was repulsed, and in some instances the Confederates sprang over their temporary breastworks and met the enemy, who were charging, capturing numbers of stands of colors.

"I was with Gen. Lee at the time the line broke. We were mounted sitting just in the rear of a Confederate battery and of Clayton's Division. Over on the left we could see confusion, and we saw a Federal line advancing from the rear and attacking the left wing of Lee's Corps. Everything else had apparently been swept before it. Clayton's Division was divided by the Franklin pike. Gen. Lee rode across the pike,

taking both stone fences, followed by Maj. Ratchford, of his staff, and by Robert Howard and myself, of his escort. He rode until he reached the rear of Stevenson's Division of his corps, rode right into the midst of fugitives and in the face of the enemy, who by this time had reached the rear of Pettus's Brigade. Gen. Lee seized a stand of colors from a color bearer and carried it on horseback, making himself a conspicuous object for the Federal infantry. His example was inspiring. He looked like a very god of war. I recall his words as if only yesterday. They seemed to come from his very soul, as if his heart were breaking. One appeal was: "Rally, men, rally! For God's sake, rally! This is the place for brave men to die!" To those who came in contact with him and under the spell of his presence and personal magnetism the effect was electrical. Men gathered in little knots of four and five, prompted by individual gallantry. He soon had around him other stands of colors, three besides himself carried on horseback—one by his adjutant general, Maj. Ratchford, one by Robert Howard, and another by one of his couriers.

"The Federals, meeting with this resistance, hesitated, halted. They were led by an officer on horseback, with a flag in his hand. I think he was wounded and fell to the ground. At any rate, if he was not killed it was not because he was not shot at often enough. I think his falling aided in checking the advance. This was late in the evening, and it was misty. The rally thus made enabled Clayton's Division to form a nucleus, and they, together with other Confederates, principally Lee's Corps, formed a line of battle. Gen. Lee came back from his advanced position to this line, which was formed on one of the Overton hills and crossing the Franklin pike. In order to reassure the men, Gen. Lee gave them the command to commence firing by file. I heard him afterwards say that he thought this would give them more confidence.

"Of all our artillery, over one hundred pieces, only a few pieces joined this little band and commenced firing. Right at the wheel of one piece of artillery I recollect a drummer stood, a mere boy, and beat long roll in perfect time, without missing



MISS MARTHA ROBINSON,
Chief Maid of Honor Pacific Division, U. D. C.

a note. The line of battle formed across the pike was a memorable one. It was certainly a brilliant array of colors, and struck me as a rally of color bearers. This line was in the woods, near Col. Overton's house, and was formed by Gen. R. L. Gibson, of Lee's Corps, under his direction. A little farther back, Maj. Gen. Clayton re-formed his division of Lee's Corps. This division and Gibson's Brigade and other troops continued to retreat until they reached Hollow Tree Gap, just north of Franklin, where they went into bivouac. This movement was all made under the direction of Gen. Lee. (See official report of Brig. Gen. Randal Gibson, made January 11, 1865.) Gen. Hood, in his official report of January 9, 1865, uses the following language: 'At Brentwood, some four miles from our line of battle, the troops were somewhat collected, and Lieut. Gen. Lee took command of the rear guard, encamping for the night in that vicinity.'

"It is well known that Gen. Hood entertained the highest regard for Gen. Lee's ability. On page 295 of his book, 'Advance and Retreat,' he uses this language: 'I might assert with equal assurance that, had Lieut. Gen. Lee been in advance at Spring Hill the previous afternoon, Schofield's army would never have passed that point.' I merely mention this extract to show his exalted opinion of Gen. Lee. [While the worst blunder of the war occurred at Spring Hill, the VETERAN in copying this extract does not concur in the censure of any officer, unless it be Gen. Hood himself.—ED.]

"Gen. Hood fails to record the fact that Gen. Lee had checked the advance of the Federal army and had formed a rear guard before Brentwood was reached. It is this period of time, commencing between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, with the rout of Hood's army and its falling back to Brentwood, that history has been so silent in regard to—Gen.

Lee and his conspicuous gallantry in saving the remnant of Hood's army.

"Gen. Hood, on page 304 of 'Advance and Retreat,' says: 'Order among the

troops was in a measure restored at Brentwood, a few miles in the rear of the scene of disaster, through the promptness and gallantry of Clayton's Division, which speedily formed and confronted the enemy, with Gibson's Brigade and McKenzie's Battery of Fenner's Battalion acting as rear guard of the rear guard. Gen. Clayton displayed admirable coolness and courage that afternoon and next morning in the discharge of his duties. Gen. Gibson, who evinced conspicuous gallantry and ability in the handling of his troops, succeeded, in concert with Clayton, in checking and staying the first and most dangerous shock that always follows immediately after a rout. The result was that after the army passed the Big Harpeth at Franklin the brigades and divisions were in marching order. Capt. Cooper, of my staff, had been sent to Murfreesboro to inform Gen. Forrest of our misfortune and to order him to make the necessary disposition of his cavalry to cover our retreat.'

"I was present and within pistol shot of Gen. Lee during the whole afternoon. I had been ordered by him to remain with him, having his field glasses in my possession, and I know of my own personal knowledge that no officer from Gen. Hood approached Gen. Lee with an order, nor was there any cavalry, of any command, on the battlefield within sight of Lee's Corps or of Gen. Lee. It was Gen. Lee's prompt action in rushing to the rear of Stevenson's Division and rallying the men in the face of the enemy that created the idea of organized resistance in the minds of the Federals and caused them to halt, thus giving Clayton's Division and some of the brigades of Stevenson's Division time to fall to the rear in comparatively good order and form, under the direction of Gen. Lee. But for this action on the part of Gen. Lee, the Federals, who were advancing on the left flank and rear of our army in a full run, would have been on all the troops of Clayton's Division in the rear before they would have had knowledge of their approach or time to get out in any order. The real rally took place on the left of the pike, in the rear of Stevenson's Division, and prior to the formation by Gen. Gibson of the troops above referred to on the right of the pike and in the rear of where Gen. Lee was checking the enemy. These facts doubtless were



MISS ITALJA BOWER, LOS ANGELES, CAL.,
Sponsor Pacific Division.



MISS MARY ARMISTEAD JONES, N. C.,
Sponsor A. N. V. Department.



MISS FANNIE FRAZIER REDD, LEXINGTON, KY.,
Sponsor Kentucky Division.

never brought to the attention of Gen. Hood. Gen. Lee, in his official report, fails signally to refer to them.

"In Gen. Lee's official report of January 30, 1865, he refers to the rout in these words: 'The troops along the entire line were in fine spirit and confident of success, so much so that the men could hardly be prevented from leaving their trenches to follow the enemy on and near the Franklin pike [he refers to the enemy who had charged his lines and been repulsed]; but suddenly all eyes were turned to the center of our line of battle, near the Granny White pike, where it was evident that the enemy had made an entrance, although but little firing had been heard in that direction. Our men were flying to the rear in the wildest confusion, and the enemy following with enthusiastic cheers. The enemy at once closed toward the gap in our line and commenced charging on the left division (Johnson's) of my corps, but were handsomely driven back. The enemy soon gained our rear and were moving on my left flank when our line gradually gave way. My troops left their lines in some disorder; but were soon rallied, and presented a good front to the enemy. It was a fortunate circumstance that the enemy were too much crippled to pursue us on the Franklin pike. The only pursuit at that time was by a small force coming from the Granny White pike.'

"Gen. Lee says his troops were soon rallied. Yes, indeed, they were. But who rallied them? On this point Gen. Lee is silent with his accustomed modesty. He caused them to present a good front to the enemy. Let justice be done even at this late day. There is not a living man who can deny that Gen. Stephen D. Lee rallied these troops, and to him belongs the credit of saving Hood's army.

"Farther on in Gen. Lee's report, he says: 'Being charged with covering the retreat of the army, I remained in the rear with Clayton's and a part of Stevenson's Division, and halted the rear guard about seven miles north of Franklin at about 10 P.M. on the 16th.'

"Gen. Forrest did not rejoin Hood's army until the evening of the 18th of December, near Columbia, about forty miles from Nashville, at which time he reported to Gen. Hood and was assigned to command the rear guard of the Army of Tennessee, Gen. Stephen D. Lee, who up to that time had commanded the rear guard, which he personally organized, having to retire from its command by reason of a serious wound. It was customary in the Army of Tennessee to alternate the different army corps in marching front, middle, and rear. Gen. Lee had been marching in the rear with his corps from the 16th of December up to and including the 18th of December. His corps then assumed the position as the center corps of the army, and Stewart's Corps, which by this time had been organized and was in good fighting shape, was placed in the rear. This is the rear guard referred to by Gen. Thomas, of the Federal army, in his report, which is to be found in 'Official Reports,' Vol. XIV., Part I, page 46. Gen. Thomas says: 'Forrest and his cavalry and such other detachments as had been sent from Hood's main army joined Hood at Columbia. He formed a powerful rear guard, numbering about four thousand infantry and all his available cavalry. With the exception of this rear guard, his army had become a disheartened and disorganized rabble of half-armed and barefooted men. The rear guard, however, was undaunted and firm, and did its work bravely to the last.' That this rear guard, which took its place in the rear at Columbia, did its duty, no one will deny. It was commanded by Gen. Walthall, of Stewart's Corps.

"In 'The Life of Gen. Forrest,' so beautifully written by John Allen Wyeth, it is stated (on page 567) that Gen.

Forrest proposed to Gen. Hood to undertake the protection of his rear and requested that Maj. Gen. E. C. Walthall be placed at the head of the infantry, to act under his orders during the retreat, and he speaks of this rear guard as 'the ever famous,' and says that when the uncomplaining sacrifices which these heroic spirits made are fully known the historian and the poet will transmit to posterity in lasting form the thrilling story of the immortal rear guard of Hood's army under Forrest and Walthall.

"Dr. Wyeth, in his 'Life of Forrest,' uses the following language on page 563: 'Gen. Stephen D. Lee, who handled his corps with such marked ability and success in the two days' battle in front of Nashville, still held his immediate command together in excellent fighting shape, and, selecting two brigades (Pettus's, of Alabama, and Stovall's, of Georgia) of troops, he, with the cavalry of Chalmers and Buford, organized these into a temporary rear guard and awaited the onslaught of the Union cavalry.'

"In a book recently published by Prof. John W. Burgess, of Columbia University, New York, I am sustained entirely in my position that it was the individual gallantry of Gen. Stephen D. Lee that saved the Army of Tennessee on the occasion referred to. In Volume II. of the above work, page 207, in describing the rout of Hood's army, he says: 'The Confederates were now routed all along the line, and a scene of confusion and flight followed. Only the corps commander, Gen. Stephen D. Lee, stood and rallied around himself a handful of brave men and formed a rear guard to protect the retreat.'

"One of the participants in this engagement, Col. William Garrard, of Savannah, a lieutenant, and afterwards captain in Gen. Pettus's Brigade, and at that time serving on his staff, in a recent letter says: 'We received the charge of the Federal cavalry with our two very small brigades, and repulsed them. We then began our retreat, throwing back the right regiment of our brigade and the left regiment of the Georgia Brigade, thus forming three sides of a square. We marched in this formation some time, facing outward when the Federal cavalry would charge us, which they did from time to time; and finally we threw a line across the rear of the square, reducing our frontage accordingly. This formed a hollow square, with our commanding officers, staffs, and couriers in the center. This formation was kept up during the day, the Federal cavalry attacking us repeatedly and always being repulsed. Our march during the day was across open fields covered with snow. In some places the men would sink up to their knees in mud and slush. There was nothing to do but fight, which was done most gallantly.'

"These are the troops that used this hollow square formation in battle, possibly the only time it has ever been used in America, that Gen. Thomas speaks of as 'a disorganized rabble.' This was Lee's rear guard, and it was in recognition of the gallant conduct of these troops that Gen. Lee, on December 18, while about to yield the command of his corps to Gen. Stevenson, on account of his severe wound received the day before, issued General Order No. 67. (See War Records, Series I., Vol. XLV., Serial No. 94, p. 706.)

"'HEADQUARTERS LEE'S CORPS, In the Field, Dec. 18, 1864.

"'Before taking temporary leave of this corps, I desire to express to the officers and men of my command my high appreciation of the good conduct and gallantry displayed by them at Nashville in the engagement of the 16th inst., and to assure them that they can be held in no manner responsible for the disaster of that day. I extend to them all my thanks for the manner in which they preserved their organization in the midst

of temporary panic, rallying to their colors and presenting a determined front to the enemy, thus protecting the retreat of the army. I would also respectfully thank the officers and men of Holtzclaw's and Gibson's Brigades, of Clayton's Division, and of Pettus's Brigade, of Stevenson's Division, for the gallantry and courage with which they met and repulsed repeated charges of the enemy upon their line, killing and wounding large numbers of the assailants and causing them to retreat in confusion. I desire also to tender my heartfelt thanks to Maj. Gen. Stevenson and the officers and men of Pettus's and Cummings's Brigades, of his division, for their skillful, brave, and determined conduct while protecting the retreat of the army from Franklin yesterday. Constantly attacked in front and on either flank, these brave troops maintained an unshaken line, repulsed incessant attacks, and inflicted heavy loss.

"In conclusion, my brave comrades, I beg to assure you that I am not only satisfied with your conduct in the recent campaign, but that I shall repose unalterable confidence in you in the future—a future which, despite the clouds which seem to lower around us, will yet be rendered bright by the patriotic deeds of our gallant army, in which none will gain prouder laurels or do more gallant deeds than the veterans whom I have the honor to command.

S. D. LEE, Lieutenant General.

"I commenced this paper with a view to doing justice to Gen. Lee. I have long desired to see him given the credit for his glorious conduct, not only on the battlefield on the 16th of December, 1864, but during the time subsequent thereto, when Hood's army was in deadly peril, during which time he was in sole charge of the rear guard, of his own formation. . . ."

A STORY OF AN OLD FLAG.

BY HELEN CARMICHAEL ROBERTSON, OF NASHVILLE.

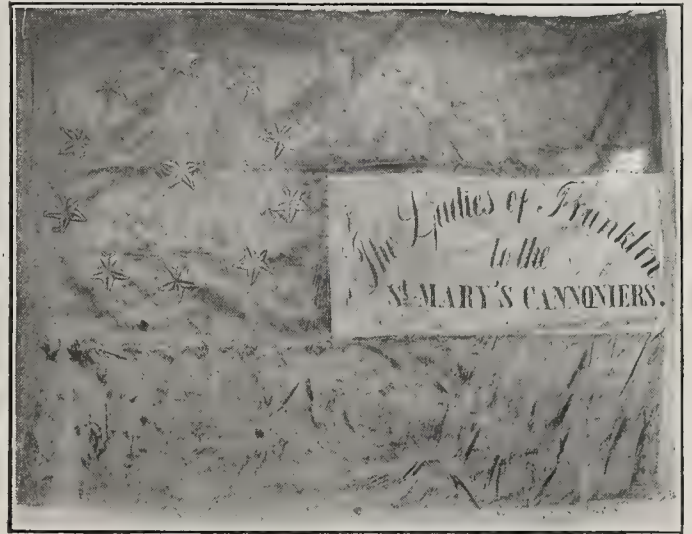
At the annual luncheon of the New York Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, given in the spring at Delmonico's, I heard an interesting and touching story of the capture of a Southern flag by a Connecticut regiment and of its return to the Southland many years after. The flag was captured by the Thirteenth Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers from St. Mary's Cannoneers in the battle of Irish Bend, Franklin, La., April 14, 1863. It fell into the hands of Maj.



MAJ. KINNEY AND WIFE.

Kinney, of the Thirteenth Regiment, and, as time sped on, the sympathy of his wife was enlisted as she looked upon the tattered and faded folds of the old flag which represented so much of history and pathos. To her it seemed a sacrilege to allow the ravages of time to desecrate its one-time beauty.

"It was their pride," she said, "and it waved above the heads and hearts of fearless men." She could read in its silken folds the high hopes and pride of those who long ago had presented it with fondest "God speed you" to the boys in gray. She knew of the splendid efforts of the men who bore it aloft on battlefields, and in its fast fading colors she read heart memories of camp life and of comradeship through long days of struggle, and then there came one day into this good woman's heart a noble, sweet resolve. Kneeling, she wove in and out with her needle the broken meshes; mending here and there a cruel rent until it bore some semblance to its old-time glory. Perhaps there fell a silent tear and a prayer



FLAG OF ST. MARY'S CANNONEERS.

went up for the union of the gray and blue. Straightway she went to Maj. Kinney, picturing to him what scenes of happiness would be brought about if the old flag might be sent home, after so many years, to the surviving members of the old St. Mary's Cannoneers. Maj. Kinney believed, by proper action, it might be done. The resolution was accordingly introduced into the House of Representatives by Mr. Joslyn, of Hartford, Conn., and referred to the Joint Standing Committee on military affairs. It was passed on February 19, 1885, directing the quartermaster general to appoint a committee of the late Thirteenth Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers—namely, Col. Homer Sprague, Maj. Frank Wells, and Maj. John C. Kinney—to return the old flag to the veterans of St. Mary's Cannoneers. When the news reached this Veteran Association at Franklin, La., the scene of the battle of Irish Bend, the whole village and surrounding country was thrilled with excitement. Elaborate preparations were made for a gala day in honor of the old flag's return. It was suggested by the Connecticut regiment that, should the fair girl who made the presentation speech in the old days be living, it would be a pretty bit of sentiment to ask that she honor the occasion with her presence, and so she did in the charming person of Mrs. Louise E. Chambers on October 16, 1885.

Mrs. Kinney was the recipient of many exquisite gifts and much grateful appreciation from the Southrons. The part she played in the restoration of the old flag was "the touch that makes the whole earth kin"—a seed, as it were, from whence is springing a vine laden with fragrant blossoms. This vine twines lovingly about the monuments erected to the memory of the Confederate soldier in these Northern States, and its blossoms, rich with the aroma of peace and love, make beautiful the graves of the Federal dead in our own dear Southland. It blooms above the graves of all strife and sectionalism, and its magic is "brotherly love."

THE GALLANT J. H. TOOMBS.

James K. Langhorne, who was assistant engineer on the Confederate steamer *Chicora*, writes from Portsmouth, Va., in regard to an article in the March *VETERAN* about the first steam torpedo boat, the little *David*. He notes the omission of J. H. Toombs, who also took part in the attack on the *Ironsides*. He states that there were three on board the *David*—Lieut. Glasset (first assistant engineer), J. H. Toombs, and a pilot—when they struck the ship. Thinking that their little boat would swamp, Glasset and Toombs jumped overboard, expecting to be captured. Toombs, seeing that the boat did not swamp, swam to her and got aboard. The pilot remained on her. Glasset swam to the *Ironsides's* chains and was captured. Toombs found the water had put the fires out; and, finding some dry fuel and matches, he relit his fires, raised steam, and returned to his ship, the *Chicora*. For his gallant conduct he was promoted to chief engineer, a position he gallantly filled to the end of the war.

SIEGE OF SPANISH FORT, NEAR MOBILE.

BY G. T. CULLINS, CALEDONIA, ARK.

I have often wondered why more has not been written about the siege of Spanish Fort. This was one of the hardest fights of our great war for the number engaged on the Confederate side. The siege opened in the spring of 1865 with Gen. Gibson's Louisiana and Gen. Holtzclaw's Alabama Brigades and some other small detachments of commands that had been cut to pieces on the Tennessee and Georgia campaign. It was against a strong force of Federals under Gen. Canby. This little garrison held Spanish Fort sixteen days against an overwhelming force, and was subjected to a heavy fire of its guns day and night. The Army of Northern Virginia surrendered during this siege. I was a lad sixteen years old, and belonged to Company I, Eighteenth Alabama Infantry. When we retreated over into Mobile, we learned of Lee's surrender. We lost there some of our boys who had gone through the entire war. Among them were A. J. Johnson, Jesse Mondine, Tom Ray, Willie Duyrett, with many others. I wish some more capable comrade would write of that Spanish Fort siege.

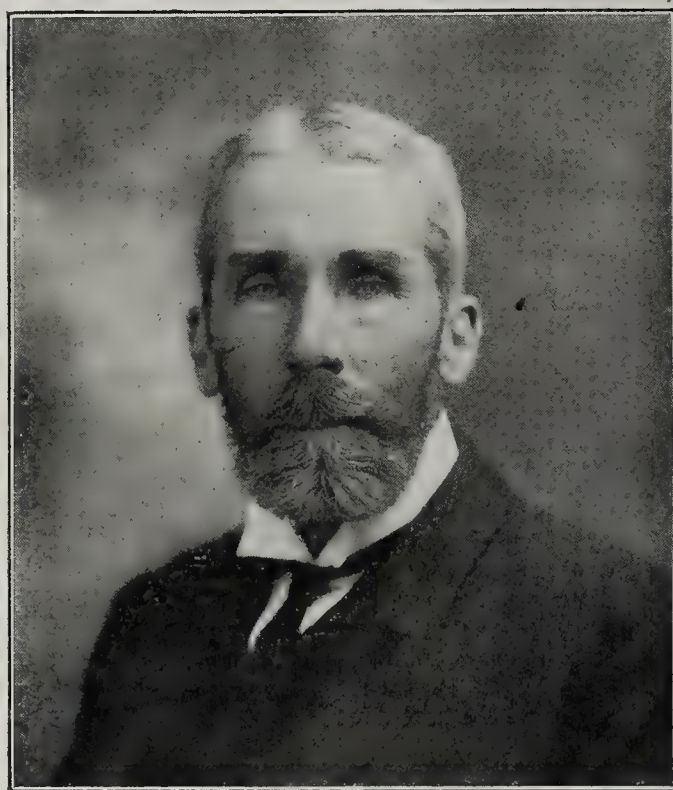
AUTHOR OF ODE TO GEN. J. B. GORDON.

The June *VETERAN* contained an ode by J. T. Dargan, of Atlanta, Ga., under the caption of "The Fight of the Right against the Might," which merited marked recognition and publication. Col. Abbott, of the Atlanta bar, a capable critic, said of the ode: "It seems to be nothing short of an inspiration." Mr. Dargan actively participated in the scenes he depicts with such pathos. Before reaching the regulation age of eighteen, he became a soldier in 1863, and served through to the end. He enlisted with Company A, Citadel Cadets, a crack company of young men from Charleston, S. C., commanded by ex-Gov. Hugh S. Thompson (at present Comptroller General of the New York Life Insurance Company). Among his army comrades were Hon. Joseph W. Barnwell, of Charleston; the late Hon. G. W. Croft, M. C.; and other distinguished men in South Carolina. He shared with his command the fighting and hard service that are commemorated by a marble tablet now on the walls of the citadel at Charleston. It contains a list of his old command who lost their lives while in the field.

Mr. Dargan greatly values and takes justifiable pride in the fact, which so largely characterized the rank and file of the Confederate army, that the love of liberty of conscience and action, referred to in his ode, is a natural inheritance. While

English and Scotch blood also courses in his veins, his paternal strain is Huguenot French. As shown by Smiles in his "History of the Huguenots" (pages 312-407), the name Dargan is an Anglicism of the original patronymic Dargent—a family which hailed from the town of Sancerre, in France, noted for its siege after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Emigrating to England, they were given lands in Ireland and Virginia for services rendered William and Mary. Finally the branch in Virginia moved to, and settled in, the counties of Sumter and Darlington, S. C., where, during the Revolution of 1776, they were ardent patriots and followers of Marion and Sumter, and where to this day they are still prominent and largely connected.

This ode by Mr. Dargan is not, by any means, the first time the public has heard from his forceful pen. In his chosen vocation of fire underwriting he has, from time to time during the past twenty-five years, written a number of notable articles, which are universally recognized by fire underwriters as among the ablest that have ever appeared in this country,



J. T. DARGAN.

North or South, not the least of which was the prize essay, when, in competition with the ablest men of his profession, he captured the Alfred G. Baker gold medal offered by the Fire Underwriters' Association of the Northwest at their meeting in Chicago in September, 1880.

Mr. Dargan is still in the prime of life, and is at present the President and Chief Executive of what is now generally considered to be the leading Fire Insurance Company in the South—the Atlanta-Birmingham, of Atlanta and Birmingham.

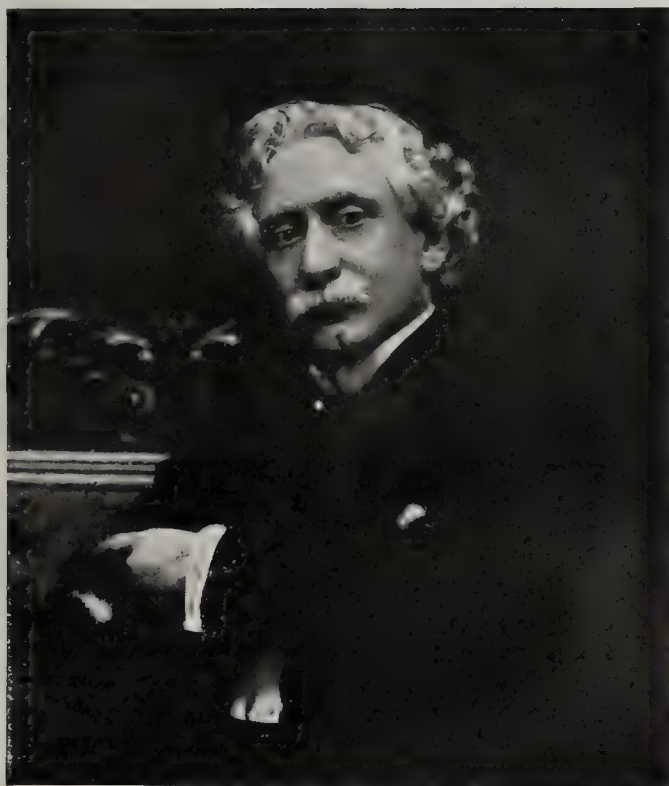
J. L. Payne, of the Thirteenth Mississippi Regiment, writes from Mineral Wells, Tex., of the Franklin battle. He heard the last command from Gen. John Adams as they advanced to the charge: "Forward! Guide right! March!" Gen. Adams had a pipe in his mouth. Comrade Payne was wounded in the *chevaux-de-frise* in front of the Federal main line of works, and near where Gen. Adams's horse mounted the breastworks and both rider and horse were killed.

CONCERNING A DISTINGUISHED LAWYER.

When it was settled that the United States government would pay forty million dollars for the Panama canal, for which Mr. William Nelson Cromwell, of New York, is the attorney and is to receive the largest fee ever paid a lawyer (\$2,000,000), the editor of the *VETERAN* wrote the following to the *Nashville American*:

"Upon seeing the courteous reference by Senator Carmack this week to William Nelson Cromwell, the chief counsel of the Panama Canal Company, when he was handling the canal subject barehanded, it occurred to me to pay a fitting tribute to the eminent lawyer.

"Twenty years ago I was very much with Mr. Cromwell. He lived in a modest home in Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, and I boarded a little farther from the ferry, and it was my custom to go by his home and enjoy his good companionship to New York. It was quite the rule, in fact, to join his family at breakfast, enjoying hot cakes and another cup of coffee.



WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL.

The fact that Mr. Cromwell's father was killed in the siege of Jackson, Miss., in which I had prolonged and memorable experience on our skirmish line, added to, rather than detracted from, our interest in each other. His mother and only brother, Charles Cromwell, a brilliant, generous soul who died young, were my delightful friends, as was also his lovely wife.

"Mr. Cromwell had to rely upon his own achievements, and many a lecture did I give him for working too late into the night upon his law cases. He always carried a small satchel with papers, and was thoroughly ready with his clients.

"He was given a partnership, at a very early age, with Algernon S. Sullivan, an eminent lawyer from Indiana, who was made the first President of the Southern Society in New York not only in compliment to his Southern wife but for his own spirit of good fellowship with Southern people. This tribute is paid in pride of my prophecy that young Cromwell would become the first lawyer in this country.

"During these intervening years I have watched his course

with affectionate interest, and I have enjoyed his fraternal greeting at opportune times."

The paper was sent to Mr. Cromwell's wife, and her response is given to illustrate the delightful spirit of friendship in which it was received:

"NEW YORK, March 21, 1904.

"*Dear Mr. Cunningham:* Thank you for the inclosed clipping. You are the same generous fellow, and I appreciate your splendid tribute to Mr. Cromwell. Mr. Cromwell sailed for Paris a week ago, and expects to return in a month."

"THEY ARE A GREAT PEOPLE."

An eminent citizen of a Northern State, Judge Alton B. Parker, of New York, is reported as having said in a personal conversation with a friend concerning the section dominated by the Confederate element:

"Elliott, they are a great people; they are the countrymen of Washington and Jefferson and Madison and Jackson and Lee. Their courage and their constancy have never failed. They have changed velvet for homespun and endured the pinch of honorable poverty, and are just now beginning to reap the reward of their great sacrifices. I have implicit faith in their ability to solve rightly and righteously the difficult problems with which they are confronted, and I believe it is the duty of their countrymen at the North to permit them to solve those problems unmolested by irritating political interference from the outside."

GEN. SIR GARNET WOLSELEY'S TRIBUTES.

ROBERT E. LEE.—He was the ablest general, and to me seemed the greatest man I ever conversed with; and yet I have had the privilege of meeting Von Moltke and Prince Bismarck, and at least upon one occasion had a very long and interesting conversation with the latter. Gen. Lee was one of the few men who ever seriously impressed and awed me with their natural, their inherent greatness. His greatness made me humble, and I never felt my own individual insignificance more keenly than I did in his presence. He was indeed a beautiful character, and of him it might be truthfully written: "In righteousness he did judge and make war."

STONEWALL JACKSON.—What a hero! And yet how simple, how humble-minded a man. In manner he was very different from Gen. Lee, and I can class him with no one I have ever met or read of in history. Like the great Commander whom he served with such knightly loyalty, he was deeply religious, but more austere, more Puritan in type. Both were great soldiers, yet neither had a Gothlike delight in war.

BATTERY IN ROSSVILLE GAP—INQUIRY.—Mr. J. P. Smartt, with the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Park Commission, writes the *VETERAN*: "I have been trying for many years to find to what battery a section of artillery belonged that was posted in Rossville Gap on November 25, 1863, supported by two regiments of Clayton's Alabama Brigade, on the extreme left of Gen. Bragg's army engaged on this day. It was doubtless one of the batteries of the Artillery Battalion serving with Gen. Stewart's Division on this occasion. If there is an officer or member of this battery alive, I should be glad to correspond with him as to the position of the remainder of the battery. I should also like to communicate with any officer or member of Dawson's Georgia Battery, commanded by Lieut. R. W. Anderson; Humphreys's Arkansas Battery, Lieut. John W. Rivers; Mississippi Battery, Capt. Thomas J. Stanford; Waters's Alabama Battery, Lieut. Wm. P. Hamilton; Scott's Tennessee Battery, Lieut. Jno. Doscher."



"UNCLE" DAN EMMETT DIES AT EIGHTY-NINE YEARS.—After a long lapse of any knowledge from the South's famous friend who was the author of the music of "Dixie Land"—he did not call it simply "Dixie"—a note came from the old man to the VETERAN, in which he wrote from his old home, Mt. Vernon, Ohio, as a postscript: "I am well, and hope you are the same." Prompt response was made to this letter, and on that very day he died. The VETERAN may republish a photo engraving of his original "Dixie Land" in the August number. The note referred to above is dated June 25, five days before his death.

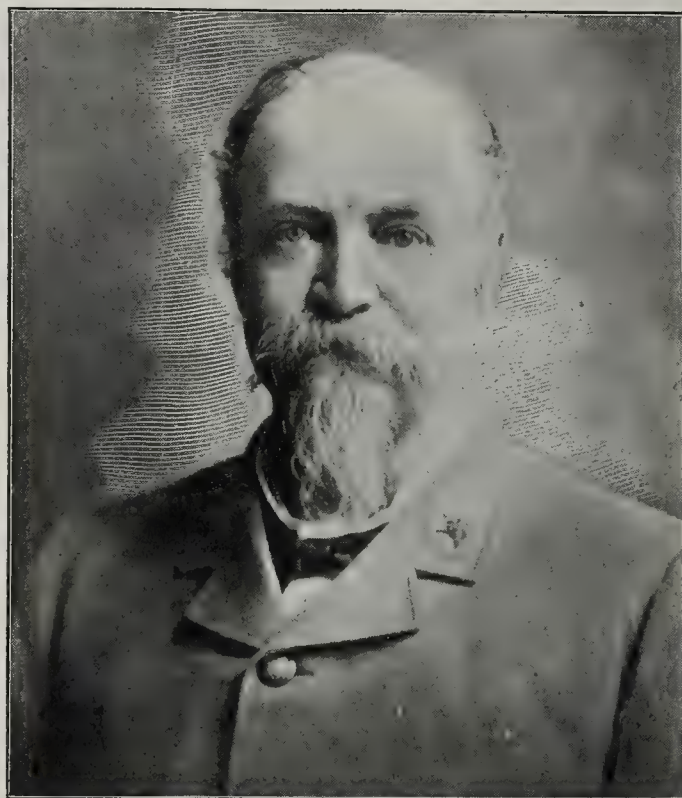
MAJ. THOS. E. STANLY.—DIED AT NASHVILLE REUNION.

Maj. Thos. E. Stanly was born in Lawrence County, Ala., September 8, 1844; and died in Nashville, Tenn., June 14, 1904, of angina pectoris. He was the son of Joseph Stanly, who, with three other brothers, came to this county from North Carolina about eighty years ago, and since that time the Stanlys have been prominent people in North Alabama, especially noted for their fearless integrity. Maj. Stanly was educated in the schools of his county and at the LaGrange Military Academy. In 1861 (at the age of seventeen) he joined Company G, Sixteenth Alabama Regiment, as a private, and was afterwards elected a lieutenant of his company, which he followed through the marches and fights from Fishing Creek to Chickamauga, where he was seriously wounded, having his arm badly shattered by a Minie ball. In this condition he was furloughed to go home. The Federals then occupied the railroad from Tusculumbia to Decatur, but he made his way through the lines to his uncle's, Edward Stanly, who lived a few miles north of the railroad. In a few days he became restless and told his uncle that if he would lend him his shotgun he would join Roddy's Cavalry until his arm got well. He went out by the road where the Federals were passing at all hours of the day. Soon a Federal colonel was passing when young Stanly stepped out before him and ordered him to dismount, which the colonel did promptly. In a few moments Stanly was mounted on the colonel's horse, with his sword and pistols. He marched his prisoner to Gen. Roddy's headquarters, some fifteen miles away. On their arrival at headquarters, Gen. Roddy asked the officer how he came to let a crippled boy take him. The colonel replied that when a boy laughed over the barrels of a shotgun full cocked like that boy did he was dangerous, and he did not hesitate to comply with his demand.

As soon as his wound recovered he rejoined his old command, the Sixteenth Alabama, and served with them until the close of the war, making for himself a splendid record. On his return home, in 1865, he commenced the study of law, and graduated at the Lebanon (Tenn.) Law School in 1867. He then moved to Augusta, Ark., where he began the law practice, and was eminently successful. He did not take to politics, but was elected to the Legislature, and was made Speaker of the House. In a Democratic convention of his State he was defeated by Senator Berry by only eight votes

for governor. In 1869 or 1870 he was married to Miss Laura McCurdy, daughter of Judge McCurdy, of Augusta, Ark., who survives him with one daughter and two sons, all grown, the daughter being married to Mr. J. R. Vinson, of Augusta.

Financially, Maj. Stanly was very successful, owning fine plantations in his county, was President of the Bank of Augusta, and was largely interested in other enterprises. On account of heart trouble he retired from the practice of law in



MAJ. STANLY.

order to avoid excitement; and for the same reason, on being elected general of his brigade at the last State reunion of Arkansas, he could not accept. He was personally a man of wide popularity, true to his friends, temperate in all things, but absolutely fearless in the expression of his opinions.

Dr. R. B. Porter, of Town Creek, Ala., who sends the above sketch, adds a note saying: "I knew Maj. Stanly from our boyhood; and although for thirty years we had lived in different States, I had kept in touch with him, and know of his unceasing generosity to old comrades who had been less fortunate than himself. He was gentle, kind, and courteous, and these elements were so mixed in him that he stood before all the world a man."

RICHARD F. ARMSTRONG.

The recent death, at Halifax, N. S., of Lieut. Richard F. Armstrong, a native of Macon, Ga., closed the record of one of the officers of the Confederate States war vessels Sumter and Alabama. His attractive characteristics, courageous nature, and devoted loyalty to the cause for which he gave up his position as cadet at the naval academy at Annapolis in April, 1861, endeared him to those who had the pleasure of association with him during the eventful scenes of the Civil War. His name was one of an honored ancestry in his native State, and six of them showed their loyalty to the State of their birth by being in the Confederate service. One who knew him well, and who was reared in the same town, says: "Richard was always a daring and fearless boy and very bright. I think he had a mind that sought knowledge

even in childhood, and as he became older he had intensity of feeling above most men, with great will power, stern to his duty, a devoted son, husband, and father." His cheerful temperament always among the anxious scenes of war times made him a delightful messmate, and his frank, direct avowal of opinion, readiness in accepting his duties always with a happy mixture of zeal united with good judgment in performing them, filled up his qualifications as a fine officer.

At the close of the war he went to Halifax, N. S., and a city paper there says of him that "he was widely known, highly esteemed, and respected. He was a great reader, a thorough student of public affairs, and, while always deeply interested in matters of the United States, he also took great interest in Canadian affairs and wrote many valued letters on subjects of importance to the country, and to Halifax in particular." His health for some time before his death had been a serious anxiety to his family, and his remaining in the climate of Halifax had a bad effect. Lately he resigned a responsible position in the Canadian Railway System and moved his family to Kentucky, though he returned to Halifax for a while, where he died rather suddenly.

In "Two Years on the Alabama," by Sinclair, one of the officers of the Alabama, is an interesting sketch of Armstrong's career which shows how fine an officer he was in one cruise to which his personal character added brilliant luster.

The foregoing sketch is by F. L. Galt, M.D., formerly surgeon of the Sumter and Alabama, Welbourne, Va.

Readers of the VETERAN may recall some of Comrade Armstrong's sketches. He was author of that superb tribute to

MONUMENT TO GEN. R. E. LEE AT MEMPHIS.

Col. R. B. Snowden sends a letter from the Memphis Trust Company, in which the Vice President, Mr. Jno. H. Watkins, states:

"Referring to the generous offer made by you to donate five thousand dollars for the erection of a monument to Gen. Robert E. Lee, provided an additional sum of twenty thousand dollars be raised, we have to say that in response to your request the Memphis Trust Company will act as depository of the funds subscribed for the building of the Lee Monument. All subscriptions for this purpose may be sent to the company marked "For Account of Lee Monument Fund," and receipts will be returned and the funds will be held for the purpose named."

REUNION OF MOSBY'S CAVALRY AUGUST 12.—This year's gathering of Mosby's men is to be at Berryville, Va., on August 12. It is the anniversary of the capture at that place of Sheridan's wagon train, in which much loss occurred to the enemy.

CHANCE FOR A HANDSOME DIAMOND.

Mrs. Mary Fairfax, 235 Second Street, S. E., Washington, D. C., has a handsome diamond ring which she wishes to dispose of to best advantage, so she will raffle it at one dollar a chance. The ring cost \$525 a long time ago, and is fully worth that now, as diamonds are continually increasing in value. Mrs. Fairfax has the indorsement of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, U. D. C., of Washington, which she helped to organize, and in addition has the encouragement in this undertaking of others high in authority. The following account of her has been given:

"Mrs. Mary A. Fairfax, of Washington, who wishes to raffle the designated diamond ring, is the lady of whom the late Senator Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, said that 'every Southern Congressman should consider her his constituent at large.'

"She was so indefatigable in her efforts for the comfort of our men in prison during the war that her Southern friends said she was 'the best Confederate they knew of,' and when she was thrown into prison (as she was twice) the provost marshal of Washington said she was 'the d—— rebel in the District of Columbia.' The courage and tact which she showed in overcoming obstacles thrown so often in her way she did not lose afterwards, as she proved by draping her house (the only one in Washington) in mourning for Jefferson Davis, for which she received many tokens of approbation from all parts of the South.

"She has been most shamefully impoverished in consequence of an order of Congress which authorized the building, in 1871, of a huge negro school (the first one), where it ruined the best part of her property, and made the retention of the rest a matter of so much difficulty that it finally became an impossibility. She has now scarcely any resources but in the sale of her valuables.

"As she, when she had means, gave to our men during the war, and long after, with both hands, it is hoped that no Southerner to whom she applies will refuse to aid her to the extent of taking a chance on the ring."

Ex-Secretary of the Navy H. A. Herbert gives this indorsement: "The above account, which was prepared by one of our veterans who knows Mrs. Fairfax, agrees with everything I hear of her. I sincerely sympathize with her in the necessity which compels her to part with her beautiful things, and hope she may succeed in her attempt to raffle her diamond ring, which, having seen, I can testify is superb."



R. F. ARMSTRONG.

Capt. James D. Bulloch, pages 128 to 130 of the VETERAN for March, 1901, and a later tribute to his brother. The manuscript of this later tribute was so well executed that it was sent to President Roosevelt, a nephew of the Bullochs, and cordial thanks were communicated for the President by his then private secretary, Mr. Cortelyou.

GREETING TO VETERANS FROM OHIO.—Mrs. Florence Tucker Winder, President of the U. D. C. in Ohio, wired greetings to the reunion June 16, and announced that "the ceremonies were most beautiful at Camp Chase Cemetery." This gifted and loyal Daughter of the Confederacy is ever diligent to honor the men and memories of her Southland.

ARE YOU GOING EAST?

If so, take the Seaboard Air Line Railway. Best line to Norfolk, Richmond, Raleigh, Wilmington, Petersburg, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York. Double daily trains from Atlanta, with superb Pullman drawing room and sleeping car service; café dining cars and comfortable thoroughfare coaches.

If you are contemplating a trip to the seashore or mountains, we shall be glad to quote you the rates. Can take care of you all rail or by way of Norfolk and water. For folder of time tables, rates of fare, reservations, etc., call upon nearest ticket agent, or address William B. Clements, T. P. A., or W. E. Christian, A. G. P. A., Atlanta, Ga.

Mrs. Mattie Rylander, of Palestine, Tex., wants to hear from any surviving comrade of William Hurst, who went into the Confederate Army in 1861 from Morrowville, East Tennessee, and was killed at Tazewell, Tenn., January 12, 1865, in a skirmish in which it is thought the Sixty-Fourth Virginia Regiment was engaged. She has been told that he belonged to Blackburn's Brigade, but is anxious to establish his record beyond doubt.

ALL EYES ON TEXAS.

The San Antonio and Aransas Pass Railway traverses the artesian water belt and early market gardening country. Health, climate, schools, and churches unsurpassed. Send a two-cent stamp and get our Agricultural Folder. E. J. Martin, G. P. A., San Antonio, Tex.

Capt. John Phinazer, of Jackson, Ga., R. F. D. No. 5, is trying to secure a pension for Mrs. T. W. Fox, and wishes to hear from any comrades of her husband who, it is thought, was a member of Company A, Eighth Tennessee Volunteers.

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GOLD SPECTACLES, FREE!
And make \$25 to \$100 Weekly.

Send us 10 names of spectacle users for our Perfect Home Eye Tester and full particulars. Also ask for our Agent's Outfit Offer if you wish to make from \$25 to \$100 a week selling spectacles. This is the best time to begin. Address — **DR. HAUX SPECTACLE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.**

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W. D. MOONEY.

THE HOME.

WORLD'S FAIR MAP.

Send five cents postage, and we will send free an elegant, indexed map in five colors of the World's Fair Grounds. It contains also a correct map of St. Louis, detailed information regarding street cars, restaurants, hack and cab rates, the wonderful Pike, World's Fair buildings, and all other features of the Fair. You can't get along without it. Send twenty-five cents for three months' trial subscription to *Travel*, the great World's Fair magazine. Travel Publishing Company, Department C, St. Louis, Mo.

H. B. Gerhart, No. 400 North Main Street, Los Angeles, Cal., wishes to inquire if any member of Company A, Twenty-Sixth Mississippi Infantry, knows what became of Capt. H. C. Hyneman, who was badly wounded at Fort Donelson and left Tupelo, Miss., the following September to go to his regiment, which had been exchanged and was in the Virginia army. He was never heard of after he started. Any information would be thankfully received.

Northern Rebellion
and
Southern Secession.

By Maj. E. W. R. EWING, LL.B.

2432 Troost Avenue.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 28, 1904.

I have carefully read this book, and unhesitatingly pronounce it, in my judgment, to be the clearest statement of facts regarding slavery and the causes that led to the great war that I have ever seen. . . . I should like to see it in every family in the land, especially in the South. W. C. TYLER.

Rev. Luther H. Wilson, in the *Atlanta Journal*, June 25, says: "It will richly repay perusal, and deserves the widest circulation in our Southland. . . . It displays a vast amount of patient, painstaking, laborious research, and is filled from cover to cover with an array of evidence that is absolutely overwhelming and unimpeachable. . . . It is an able work, and written in a spirit of utmost fairness and candor."

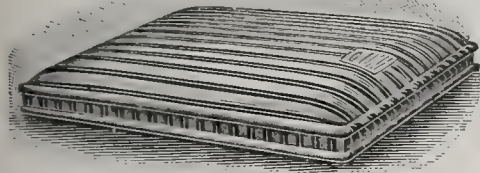
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Write nearest office for a beautifully illustrated FREE convincing booklet.

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E. Falls Avenue, BALTIMORE, MD.

Is Dr. D. M. Bye a Fraud? What Mrs. Williams Says about Him.

Dallas, Tex., December 31, 1904.

Dr. D. M. Bye, Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Sir: This testimonial is sent hoping it may be of use to some and to my friends or their neighbors in the different States in which I have lived. So many die after long and excruciating suffering, and so few recover, that I had little hope when I was told that without doubt I had a Cancer. Friends wished me to try Dr. D. M. Bye, who said he could cure Cancer, and without pain. I thought this a barefaced fraud. However, could I prove him such, I could report him to the postal authorities and do the world, if not myself, some good. After writing to several whose testimonials I had read, I had to admit there was something in it. I had had the Cancer two and a half years, and the best specialist in this section said my time was short in which a cure was possible. You referred me to the Dallas, Tex., office, and I got a month's treatment. Before my month was up my cancer was gone, not only to my joy, but to that of all who know me. Besides, as one expressed it, "Now we will know what to do."

The medicine also made me feel better, although I had doctored much before. Dr. D. M. Bye's discovery is grand. He must be one of the happiest men in the world, enjoying the happiness and blessing he has brought to many and which he will bring to thousands more. I will do all I can to spread the good tidings.

But I must add warning: Before using this medicine, I got medicine from Kansas City, purporting to be the very same, and it and the directions were very unsatisfactory. Dr. D. M. Bye, Indianapolis, Ind., and the Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Dallas, Tex., are the only places to trust.

ANNA M. WILLIAMS, Katy, Tex.

There is absolutely no need of the knife or burning plaster, no need of pain or disfigurement. The Combination Oil Cure for Cancers is soothing and balmy, safe and sure. Write for free book to the Originator's Office, Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Box 462, Dallas, Tex.

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Warranted with SORE EYES USE **Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

THE DAY BEFORE APPOMATTOX.

BY CAPT. JAMES M. M'CANN.

Jackson and Hill and Stuart
Had been taken home to God,
And half our best and bravest
Were sleeping under the sod.

Onward came the army of Grant—
German and Swede and Finn,
Yankee and Dane and Dutchman—
Like a torrent pouring in.

But we held our lines of battle,
Though they charged us ten to one;
And our crimson cross was flying
At the setting of the sun.

But still they swarmed around us,
Negro and Pole and Hun,
Like vultures round a lion slain—
Do you marvel that they won?

Bridgeport, W. Va., December 1, 1903.

M. C. White, Columbus, Ga., wants to know something of the company to which his father, John Daniel White, belonged. He thinks it was Company B, of the Sixth Tennessee, and that his father may have been a lieutenant after the reorganization. Any one who can furnish the muster roll and any history of the organization will confer a great favor by addressing Mr. White as above.

Dr. A. B. Gardner, of Denison, Tex., asks that any one who knew Francis A. Hill, of Company I, Fourth Mississippi Infantry, will kindly communicate with him in order to help the old man get a pension. Capt. Robert Middleton was the first commander of the company, which was organized in 1861, near Bovilla, Miss.

In behalf of the aged widow, J. C. Stoner, of Huntsville, Ala., makes inquiry concerning the fate of W. J. Lauderdale, a member of Company A, Thirty-First Tennessee Regiment. It is thought that he died at Shiloh about July, 1862. Anything about him will be highly prized by his old mother.

N. M. Berryman, Albany, Tex., wants to know if Zeke Samuel, a Georgia soldier whom he found exhausted on the roadside two days after Appomattox, is still living. "Zeke" had succumbed to the high living of Gen. Lee's army (parched corn and redbud blossoms). His home was twenty miles east of Washington, Ga. Comrade Berryman was a lieutenant of Company I, First Texas, and would also like to know if Sam Watson, of Company E, same regiment, is living.

FOR KIDNEYS, BLADDER, AND RHEUMATISM

New Discovery by Which All Can Now Easily Cure Themselves at Home—Does Away with Surgical Operations—Positively Cures Bright's Disease and Worst Cases of Rheumatism—Thousands Already Cured—Note Indorsements.

TRIAL TREATMENT AND 64-PAGE BOOK FREE.

At last there is a scientific way to cure yourself of any kidney, bladder, or rheumatic disease in a very short time in your own home and without the expense of doctors, druggists, or surgeons. The credit belongs to Dr. Edwin Turnock, a noted French-American physician and scientist, who has made a lifelong study of



"None can say they are incurable until they have tried my discovery. The test is free."

these diseases, and is now in sole possession of certain ingredients which have all along been needed, and without which cures were impossible. The doctor seems justified in his strong statements, as the treatment has been thoroughly investigated, besides being tried in hospitals, sanitariums, etc., and has been found to be all that is claimed for it. It contains nothing harmful, but, nevertheless, the highest authorities say it will positively cure Bright's disease, diabetes, dropsy, gravel, weak back, stone in the bladder, bloated bladder, frequent desire to urinate, albuminuria, sugar in the urine, pains in the back, legs, sides, and over the kidneys, swelling of the feet and ankles, retention of urine, scalding, getting up nights, pain in the bladder, wetting the bed, and such rheumatic affections as chronic, muscular, or inflammatory rheumatism, sciatica, rheumatic neuralgia, lumbago, gout, etc., which are now known to be due entirely to uric acid poison in the kidneys—in short, every form of kidney, bladder, or urinary trouble in man, woman, or child.

That the ingredients will do all this is the opinion of such authorities as Dr. Wilks, of Guy's Hospital, London, the editors of the United States Dispensary and the American Pharmacopœia, both official works, Dr. H. C. Wood, member of the National Academy of Science, and a long list of others who speak of it in the highest terms. But all this and more is explained in a 64-page illustrated book which sets forth the doctor's original views and goes deeply into the subject of kidney, bladder, and rheumatic diseases. He wants you to have this book as well as a trial treatment of his discovery, and you can get them entirely free, without stamps or money, by addressing the Turnock Medical Co., 2093 Bush Temple, Chicago, Ill., and as thousands have already been cured, there is every reason to believe it will cure you if only you will be thoughtful enough to send for the free trial and book. Write the first spare moment you have, and you will soon be cured.

It would seem that any reader so afflicted should write the company at once, since no money is involved and the indorsements are from such a high and trustworthy source.



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Battle Flag, 4x7 feet, complete with pole and iron bracket, express paid, \$6. Just the thing to hang from the window of your home.

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Unaffected with
SORE EYES USE **Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER**

THE REUNION.

BY DR. J. E. STINSON, CHICKASHA, IND. T.

Fall in, fall in, Company D!

Among the thousands gathered there,
The men who fought in sixty-three,

You know them by their snow-white
hair.

Not one knew the call!

Yet, when the orderly called again,

A piping voice from out the throng
Answered the call, and then began

The thumps from crutches, as along
They bore a vet'ran tall.

The orderly was old and gray,

His eyes were dim, he could not see
That only one was there that day

Where full a hundred once could be
Deployed in perfect line.

He knew the roll; he called a name—

A ghostly silence answered him,

Till piping voice: "He's not to blame;

At Seven Pines, when stars were dim,
We laid him 'neath a pine!"

The orderly called again, again;

A silence dread fell on the throng,

And then the answer: "In deep pain,
While guns and muskets sang their
song

Of war, both loud and deep;

We left him sadly, for we knew

His grave must be on foeman's soil,

Unmarked, unknown; yet one so true

Could sweetly rest from further toil,

At Gettysburg, asleep!"

Another name brought forth reply,

That 'mong the trees so thick and
dark,

Where thousands met to bleed and die,

He lay at night so still and stark

Beneath the starry sky.

No more to answer country's call,

No more to march in proud array,

No more to mourn a comrade's fall,

But proud he was to go that day

At Wilderness to die.

Of all the others it is true,

They fought like men who knew not
fear;

And though our ranks are thinned to
two,

We offer them a silent tear

For memory so sweet.

Some sleep among Virginia's hills,

And others in her valleys fair,

And some by softly flowing rills,

Where rippling music fills the air,

And singing birds all meet.

But few among us stood in line,

At Appomattox at the end,

Where we our muskets did resign,

And then our sad way homeward bend,

To fight new battles there.

Nonpareil Wood Mantels

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Every modern and artistic idea in mantel architecture is embodied in them. They are made in all styles, at prices from \$2.75 to \$100. No extra charge for WHITE ENAMEL. We finish a number of designs in this way to please our patrons. We are the highest-rated manufacturers in the South selling direct, and our large volume of business allows us to make prices that others cannot meet. We refer to Dun, Bradstreet, or your own bank. No other firm finishes all designs in imitation mahogany at the same price as oak finish. Write for prices and free catalogue.



White Enamel, \$18.
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STERCHI BROS.,

94 Gay Street.

Knoxville, Tenn.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

And Other Poems and Songs.

This is the title of a unique book by Joe A. Cunningham, known as the "preaching drummer." The objects of the book are to extend fraternity between the North and the South; to show the real cause of the war; to refute the slander of the book known as "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" to show that the carpetbag reconstruction period was a curse to both white and black; to show that the enfranchisement of the negro violated the decree of God through Noah, and that the repeal of this enfranchisement is the only solution of the negro question; and finally, that the whole war was a mistake, both sides being more or less in the wrong. The book is entirely beyond ordinary views, and is calculated to do much good.

The same author has two books of sermons, Vols. I. and II., defending original Christianity, tracing God's Church from its origin in Jerusalem to the present time, and claiming that prophecy indicates that God will use the United States as an instrument in connection with his Church to bring about the millennial age. The sermons are nondenominational, and deserve a vast circulation.

These books are published by the McQuiddy Printing Co., Nashville, Tenn. Price, 50 Cents per Volume.

Of these some rest 'mong Southern trees,
Where sighing winds their branches
bend,

Soft swaying in the balmy breeze,
And these with flowers ever spend
Sweet incense in the air.

And, comrade, we must shortly go
To join them on the other side.
We have grown old since we did know
A soldier's life, a soldier's pride,
In battle's stern array.

The years have modified our woe,
Since bloody war laid waste the land;
And we shall meet them all, I know,
Beyond the sunset, where our band
Will reunite for aye.

April 8, 1901.

Warren McAbee, Burmah, Okla.,
writes that if there are any survivors of
Company D, Sixtieth Georgia Regi-
ment, he would like to hear from them.

25 CTS. **PISO'S CURE FOR** 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
in time. Sold by druggists.
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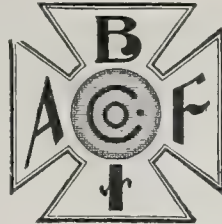
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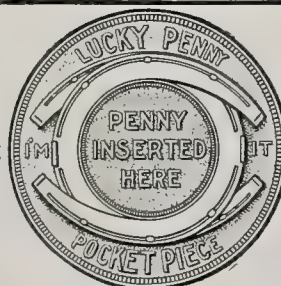
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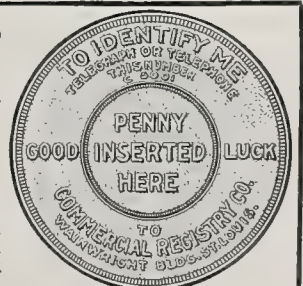
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E. A. White, Assistant General Freight Agent.
F. E. Young, Assistant General Passenger Agent.

The officers hereby appointed will have headquarters at the general offices of the National Railroad Company of Mexico, Colonia Station, Paseo de la Reforma, City of Mexico, except Mr. Jackson, A. G. F. and P. A., whose headquarters are at Ciudad Porfirio Diaz.

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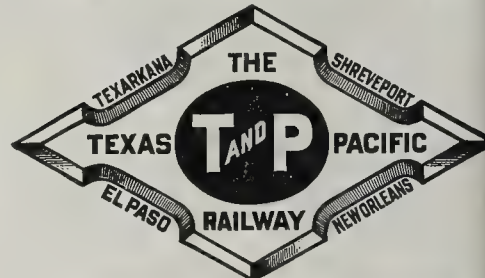
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For Catalogue, Address

MISS KATE M. HUNT, Principal.

From A. D. Mayo, National Educational Lecturer, Washington, D. C.

I have enjoyed greatly the pleasure and profit of a week spent as a guest at the Stonewall Jackson Institute in Abingdon, Va. My visit was one of educational inspection, which extended through the entire valley of Southwest Virginia and East Tennessee, from Lynchburg to Chattanooga. With very few exceptions, it included all the seminaries for girls in that extended region of country. In almost every place I saw enough of the workings of this class of schools and their interior arrangements to form an intelligent opinion of special schools. I have no hesitation in saying that I nowhere found an institution of this sort better ordered or instructed than the Stonewall Jackson Institute.

Commendation from Gen. Robert E. Lee.

WASHINGTON, VIRGINIA, June 28, 1870.

REV. S. D. STUART.

Dear Sir: In reply to yours of the 17th inst., in reference to the Stonewall Jackson Institute, I am glad to hear that any scheme designed to perpetuate the recollection of the virtue and the patriotism of Gen. Jackson meets with my approval. As he was a friend of learning, I know of no more effective and appropriate method of accomplishing the praiseworthy object in question than the establishment of an institution in which the young women of our country may be trained for the important and responsible duties of life. I hope the institution established by the people of Southwest Virginia and dedicated to the memory of Gen. T. J. Jackson may meet with entire success and prove a blessing to the State.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE.



Confederate Veteran



Gen. John C. Breckinridge, the eminent soldier and statesman, after leaving the Senate at Washington and returning to the South, said to his people: "I come to defend your birthright and mine, which is more precious than domestic ease or property or life. I exchange with proud satisfaction a term of six years in the Senate of the United States for the musket of a Confederate soldier."

Look for sketch in the September VETERAN.

JOHN CABELL BRECKINRIDGE

BORN IN JANUARY, 1821; DIED MAY 17, 1875



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THE BLUE AND THE GRAY And Other Poems and Songs.

This is the title of a unique book by Joe A. Cunningham, known as the "preaching drummer." The objects of the book are to extend fraternity between the North and the South; to show the real cause of the war; to refute the slander of the book known as "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" to show that the carpetbag reconstruction period was a curse to both white and black; to show that the enfranchisement of the negro violated the decree of God through Noah, and that the repeal of this enfranchisement is the only solution of the negro question; and finally, that the whole war was a mistake, both sides being more or less in the wrong. The book is entirely beyond ordinary views, and is calculated to do much good.

The same author has two books of sermons, Vols. I. and II., defending original Christianity, tracing God's Church from its origin in Jerusalem to the present time, and claiming that prophecy indicates that God will use the United States as an instrument in connection with his Church to bring about the millennial age. The sermons are nondenominational, and deserve a vast circulation.

These books are published by the McQuiddy Printing Co., Nashville, Tenn. Price, 50 Cents per Volume.

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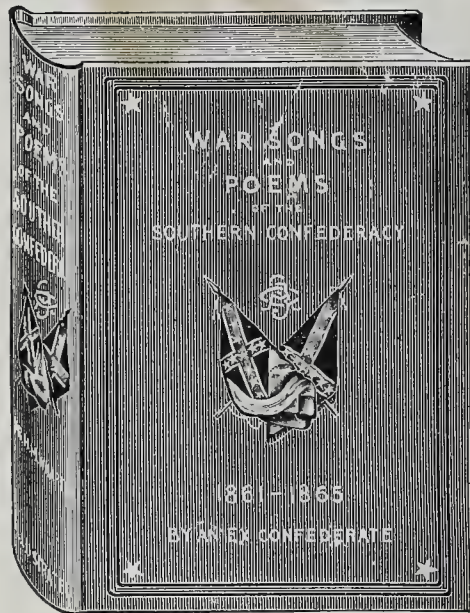
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—OF THE—

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A collection of the most popular and impressive Songs and Poems of War Times dear to every Southern Heart.

ARRANGED AND EDITED WITH
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—BY—

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From every State of the South have come these beautiful poems and songs. With the poems are many incidents and stories of war time told by the author as seen when they occurred. The heroes of the South and their gallant deeds are immortalized in the verses of many Poets. Many tunes to which the songs were sung are given, and this book will receive a welcome wherever the "Bonnie Blue Flag" and "Dixie" are known. The bravery and heroism of the South are the Nation's heritage, worthy to be perpetuated in this magnificent book of poetry and song collected and edited by one who was himself a "sweet-voiced singer," and who carried his gun under Gordon and Lee until the last day of Appomattox.

Profusely Illustrated by Rare, Beautiful Pictures

Never before have so many beautiful pictures of interest to the world and to the Southern people been collected in one volume. "Jefferson Davis and His Cabinet," reproduced from a picture once in the possession of Mrs. Davis, and "The Burial of Latane," are two of many rare pictures found only in this volume. Besides there are pictures of the great Commander, Robert E. Lee, both as a Cadet and as a Commanding General, also portraits of the great Generals, and pictures of the many beautiful Monuments erected in different States. There are 48 Full-Page Engravings.

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SHEPPARD PICTURES FOR THE JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT FUND.

Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Chairman Central Committee of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, Richmond, Va.:

"The Central Committee of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association have a set of three pictures, representing the three branches of the Confederate army. These plates are executed from designs in water color by Mr. William L. Sheppard, whose service in the Confederate army afforded him advantages in the study of types, places, and color in the life of the Confederate soldier which were possessed by only a few artists.

"The figures are treated with almost no background, and only a few accessories appropriate to the branch of the service represented.

"The infantryman is equipped with rolled blanket over his shoulder, belt, bayonet, canteen, etc. He has stopped for a moment at the camp fire to light his pipe, and supports his rifle in the hollow of his elbow, in order to have both hands free.

"The artilleryman, a captain, stands on the slight slope of a breastwork, and signals to the gunners to reserve their fire until he can observe the enemy with his field glass. The smoke drifting by indicates that a gun near him has just been fired.

"The cavalryman is about to saddle his horse; has the bridle in his hand, whilst the saddle is on a limb near by, and near it lies his rolled blanket and saber.

"Attention is concentrated on the figures alone. There is no newness about their 'outfit.' Their clothing shows service.

"The figures are of the light-haired and dark-haired types—two of them. The artilleryman's hair is iron-gray, as there were numbers of middle-aged men in the Confederate service who should not go unrepresented in this series. The figures belong to the campaign period of 1863.

"These pictures are sold for the benefit of the Jefferson Davis monument. The work is done by the Chapters. It is hoped that every Camp and Chapter will buy at least one set, as it is necessary that the younger people of the South should know the uniform of their fathers, and not the grotesque figure of a Confederate soldier in a long frock coat.

"The price is \$1 for the set; postage, 13 cents. The size is 10½ inches by 17 inches, mounted upon board 15 inches by 20 inches, ready for framing. Orders to be sent to Mrs. William Robert Vawter, Chairman and Treasurer Picture Committee, Richmond, Va."

The committee are so pleased with the presentation above that they request its further publication with the following note:

The editor of the VETERAN presented the Central Committee, Davis Monument, with 2,000 copies of this print to be sent to Camps, etc. In sending orders, please remember thirteen cents for postage. Mrs. N. V. Randolph, Chairman, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. William Robert Vawter, Ronceverte, W. Va.

"NORTHERN REBELLION, SOUTHERN SECESSION."

BY L. H. WILSON, DICKEY, GA.

This is the title of a new work just out and advertised in the *VETERAN* to which I call the attention of its readers throughout the South. I feel that I am rendering them a real service in doing so, as well as a real service to the cause of truth so long and so unrighteously withheld. Long, long indeed has that cause been buried so deeply under the mass of falsehood and defamation that it did look as if it could never be lifted out from beneath it. But the truth is at last silently but irresistibly emerging from the darkness in which it has been so long obscured. And this is one of the books that is going to scatter to the winds much of that falsehood. It was written by a Virginian, E. W. R. Ewing, LL.B., the son of a worthy Confederate soldier, and without animosity or bitterness. It shows on every page the evidences of a master's hand and one whose acquaintance with his subject is thorough.

The book is just what its name purports it to be, a history of "Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession," and with an array of evidence, compiled from entirely Northern sources, that will be certain to open the eyes of every one who has not seen that evidence before. Hundreds of thousands all through our Southland know almost nothing of this evidence. Our people, and the world too, have been so systematically and so persistently misinformed by those mendacious publications, grotesquely labeled "histories," that it is not surprising so few comparatively know the *real origin* of that war that so desolated our fair Southland.

Beginning with the formation of the constitution, Mr. Ewing goes patiently through its subsequent history, showing how all the principles subsequently contended for by the South had been openly acknowledged by the courts, Legislatures, and people of the North generally, and never called in question until after Lincoln's election; and that the South, in attempting a peaceable withdrawal from the Union, was only doing what she had the unquestioned constitutional right to do, and to which she was simply *driven* by the Northern people against her. *And there it is* as if written with the pen of a sunbeam, page after page of unimpeachable evidence, showing *what those designs* were and who the persons were that attempted to carry them out—Governors, Senators, Congressmen, judges, courts, Legislatures, as well as wealthy, influential, private individuals throughout the Northern States. The evidence is conclusive and damning. In his history of the *slavery* question the author goes far back of the formation of the government, and by the same array of unimpeachable evidence, *all from Northern sources*, shows where the true sin and guilt of slavery lay. He shows, too, who alone have ever been the true friends of the negro. He makes the fact clear that long before the abolition of slavery in the British Empire and even afterwards, and after it had been prohibited in the Southern States, and by those States themselves, Northern vessels, built by Northern money, manned by Northern officers, and backed by Northern capital, were engaged in the slave traffic with the full knowledge of the Northern people, and endeavoring to *bring slaves into the South*, and, failing in that, carried them to Brazil and other slave markets then open to them.

O shade of Harriet Beecher Stowe and Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips and all "pious," slavery-hating New England, these slave ships and slave excursions into Africa were nearly all fitted out in *New England* ports! "Alas, poor Yorick!" But I cannot go into all the subject treated by this able author. The book is published by the J. L. Hill Publishing Co., Richmond, Va.

SONGS AND POEMS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Many Southern hearts will be gratified when they read that Rev. Dr. H. M. Wharton, of Virginia, will issue a large and complete volume of the "War Songs and Poems of our Confederacy." To say that Dr. Wharton has done this work is all that is necessary to certify to its completeness. He was a soldier himself in Gen. Lee's army, and loves to sing the songs of those days. He is well known not only all over this country but in other lands, and the South is to be congratulated that he has undertaken to save to us and to coming generations these treasures of song and poetry.

The volume is dedicated to the late Gen. John B. Gordon, who wrote Dr. Wharton a personal letter congratulating him upon his undertaking. He has also received congratulatory letters from Gov. Montague, of Virginia; Gov. Jennings, of Florida; Col. Cabaniss, Gen. Evans, of Georgia, and others.

The book will be profusely illustrated with portraits and engravings of great value. Among the illustrations will be the reproduction of a rare engraving entitled "Jefferson Davis and His Cabinet," which was loaned to the editor for this purpose by the daughter of the late distinguished Gen. Dabney H. Maury, the President of the Daughters of the Confederacy of Pennsylvania; also a reproduction of a portrait of Gen. Lee, taken while he was a cadet at West Point. These two pictures, as well as others in this work, have never before appeared in print.

The book will be handsomely bound in gray cloth, stamped with the Confederate flags printed in colors. It will be a large octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, and will be issued from the press of The John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Price, in silk-finished cloth, \$2; half morocco, \$2.75; full morocco, \$5.

"HISTORY OF WALTHALL'S BRIGADE."

A book, valuable as an historical reference and entertaining as the pages of the best fiction, is the "History of Walthall's Brigade," just completed by Gen. E. T. Sykes. This work was given him by Gen. Walthall himself to be written and published after his death, and Gen. Sykes regarded the request as a sacred trust.

The author is especially equipped for the work, as he was adjutant general on the staff of Gen. Walthall, participated in the battles with him, and the subject is of deep personal concern. Gen. Sykes has papers furnished him by Gen. Bragg and Gen. Walthall for this express purpose. These documents include the order book of the brigade from its organization to the date of Walthall's promotion, also correspondence between Gen. Walthall and others touching the battle of Lookout Mountain. The author gives graphic accounts of many of the battles participated in by the brigade, especially Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Resaca, New Hope Church, and the engagements elsewhere on the Dalton-Atlanta campaign.

The book is dedicated to the friends and survivors of the Walthall Brigade. The reader is treated to a full history of the brigade through victory and defeat, triumph and tears, and finally the surrender and mustering out of the brigade. The book is written in attractive style. It is furnished with a preface and copious notes, in which the author gives historical authority for the contents. The celebrated letter of Gen. Bragg to the author, under date of February 8, 1873, and freely copied from in the author's "Cursory Sketch of Gen. Bragg's Campaign," published in the "Southern Historical Papers," Vols. XI. and XII., is given in the appendix.

The manuscript is ready for the publishers, and no doubt the book will find a ready sale.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable; these suggestions are important. Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them.

Advertising rates furnished on application. The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS, AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The VETERAN is approved and indorsed officially by a larger and more elevated patronage, doubtless, than any other publication in existence.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR. } VOL. XII.
SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. }

NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1904.

No. 8. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

CAMPS REPORTED BY GEN. W. E. MICKLE.

The annual report of Adj. Gen. and Chief of Staff W. E. Mickle shows that there has been an increase of forty Camps since the last reunion, making the total number now 1,563, distributed as follows: Texas Division, 314; Georgia Division, 144; South Carolina Division, 139; Alabama Division, 125; Mississippi Division, 102; Arkansas Division, 100; Tennessee Division, 88; Missouri Division, 78; North Carolina Division, 76; Kentucky Division, 72; Louisiana Division, 69; Virginia Division, 65; Florida Division, 47; Indian Territory Division, 46; Oklahoma Division, 25; West Virginia Division, 24; Pacific Division, 15; Northwest Division, 14; Maryland Division, 13; District of Columbia, 2; Illinois, 2; Indiana, 1; Ohio, 1; Massachusetts, 1.

The indebtedness of the organization has been reduced from \$2,375 to \$750, while the expenses for the past year were \$5,662.23.



ADJT. GEN. W. E. MICKLE.

FRATERNAL CONVENTION OF VETERANS.

The survivors of the Confederate and Union armies have taken steps for an important convention in May, 1905. At a preliminary meeting in St. Louis the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That this preliminary gathering, composed of ex-Federal and ex-Confederate soldiers and sailors of the Civil War, heartily favors holding a fraternal convention of the Blue and the Gray, the survivors of the Federal and Confederate armies and navies of the war of the sixties, at Washington, D. C., in May, 1905, on the fortieth anniversary of the closing of that great war."

Letters were read at the meeting from Gen. Lee and Gen. Black, respectively, showing that each of said commanders is in full accord with the objects of such a meeting.

Gen. Black, as commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, and Gen. Lee, as commander of the United Confederate Veterans, were requested to appoint a committee of five veterans to coöperate with the committee appointed by this meeting to arrange the details of the proposed meeting.

The committee seems to have been chosen at once. It is designated as follows: Gen. George P. Harrison, Opelika, Ala., chairman; Col. W. A. Collier, Clanton, Ala.; Col. J. G. Booth, Austin, Tex.; Maj. D. R. Lowell, Middletown, Conn.; Col. R. H. Greer, Oroville, Cal.; Judge Lee S. Estelle, Omaha; Col. V. Y. Cook, Newport, Ark.; J. D. Hannahan, Rutland, Vt.; Judge O. S. D. Ewing, Mount Olive, Ky.; Col. Robert Buchanan, St. Louis, Mo.; and the Rev. E. Henry Byrons, New Smyrna, Fla.

Maj. D. R. Lowell was chairman of the meeting and W. A. Collier secretary.

SURVIVORS OF THE CONFEDERATE NAVY.

At their annual meeting, held during the reunion at Nashville, the survivors of the Confederate navy elected Capt. H. B. Littlepage, of Washington, Commander, and Capt. W. F. Clayton, of Florence, S. C., Secretary. Commander Dabney M. Scales, of Memphis, had signified his wish to retire from the office, and recommended the election of Capt. Littlepage.

It had been intended to adopt a constitution and by-laws at this meeting, but it was decided to omit this. It was the sentiment of those present that they were bound together with ties more close than any constitution could produce, and that by-laws were unnecessary to the organization.

Commander Littlepage, the newly elected chief officer, was a young lieutenant on the Virginia, the Confederate gunboat which destroyed the wooden navy of the Union in Hampton

Roads and impressed upon naval authorities the necessity for armored ships.

The Virginia drove the Monitor into shallow water, and virtually won the battle. She was made from the hull of the old Merrimac, the famous ironclad of the Monitor fight, which was remodeled after that engagement and rechristened the Virginia, although the old name Merrimac is retained by many in writing or speaking of it.

The retiring commander, Dabney M. Scales, of Memphis, was an officer on the Shenandoah. His cruiser did not surrender until six months after the war was over, continuing to destroy Union vessels on the high seas. Her commander was out of communication with his government and knew nothing of the overthrow of the Confederacy.

DECLINED IN FAVOR OF ANOTHER.—Col. Ben B. Chism, of Paris, Ark., writes: "I see in the VETERAN that one of your correspondents states that I was the leader in the daring venture in which the Federal gunboat Petrel was captured by the Confederates. While I took part in the enterprise, Col. John Griffith, of the Eleventh and Seventeenth Arkansas (consolidated) Regiments, was the commander, and a more generous or brave soldier never followed the Confederate flag, and I ask that you make this correction in justice to him and for the truth of history."

CONFEDERATE ARMY AND NAVY MEDICAL OFFICERS.—At a meeting of the Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederacy held during the reunion the following gentlemen were elected officers for a year: Dr. John S. Cain, of Nashville, President; Dr. J. D. Plunket, of Nashville, Dr. D. H. Key, of Monroe, La., Dr. William Martin, of Kingston, Ky., and Dr. Peter B. Bocat, of Florence, S. C., Vice Presidents. Dr. Cain made a brief address after he had been introduced by Dr. Gildersleeve, the retiring President.

SONS OF U. C. V.

The report of Adj. Gen. Hall made at the convention of the Sons during the reunion showed the general condition of this organization unsatisfactory. He reported that two-thirds of the Camps were in arrears, and many had not even paid charter fees. This should not discourage the Sons.

It was recommended that headquarters for the organization offered them in New Orleans be accepted, and that a permanent secretary be employed. The number of Camps in all departments was given as 481, while the number in good standing was stated as 104. The vote by States was given as follows: Alabama, 38; Arkansas, 23; California, 1; Colorado, 1; Florida, 6; Georgia, 32; Indian Territory, 18; Kentucky, 19; Louisiana, 34; Mississippi, 15; North Carolina, 14; Oregon, 1; Pennsylvania, 1; South Carolina, 54; Tennessee, 44; Texas, 86; Virginia, 36; West Virginia, 13; District of Columbia, 2; Maryland, 1; Oklahoma, 1.

The report of Quartermaster General T. S. McChesney showed receipts during the year amounting to \$680.26, comprising charter fees, fines, *per capita* taxes, concessions, buttons sold, etc. The disbursements were given at \$666.91; balance on hand, \$13.35. Gen. McChesney reported that about \$500 had been received by him since making out his report, which was not included in the above.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Commander in Chief, N. R. Tisdal, Fort Worth, Tex.; Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, John J. Davis, Louisville, Ky.; Commander of the Department of Tennessee, R. E. L. Bynum, Jackson, Tenn.; Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, C. A. Skean, Wapautucki, Tex.

HISTORICAL RECORDS TO BE PRESERVED.

IMPORTANT MOVEMENT ACTION AT NASHVILLE REUNION.

A movement to establish "Departments of Archives and History" in all the Southern States was inaugurated at the Nashville reunion. The determined effort to accomplish this worthy object owes its origin and impetus to the United Sons of Confederate Veterans. A published report on the subject states:

"Realizing the necessity for immediate action, in order to save from neglect and ruin some of the most valuable historical data in the South, and in order to establish for posterity a true account of the War between the States, the Sons of Confederate Veterans adopted the following resolution, which was submitted by William Armistead Collier, Jr., of Memphis, Tenn.

"Whereas, in view of the facts, set forth in the Supplementary Report of the Former Historical Committee, that the archives of the State of Tennessee have been found by a committee of the last Legislature to be in a deplorable condition—many of the most valuable State records having been allowed to go to ruin from neglect; that the archives of the State of Mississippi were in a like condition previous to the establishment of a Department of State, known as the 'Department of Archives and History;' and that doubtless similar conditions exist in other States of the South; and whereas we believe the preservation of historical material to be a sacred duty which we owe to our State and country, to our forefathers, to ourselves, and to our posterity—and one of the high objects of the existence of our organization of Sons of Confederate Veterans; and whereas it has been demonstrated by the



MISS IOLA PHILPOT, PINE BLUFF,
Sponsor for Second Arkansas Brigade.

States of Alabama and Mississippi that this object can be best accomplished by the creation and maintenance of a separate department of State, devoted to 'the care and custody of official archives, the collection of materials bearing upon the history of the State, the completion and publication of the State's official records and other historical materials, the diffusion of knowledge in reference to the history and resources of the State, the encouragement of historical work and research,' etc., and that such department can be maintained and do efficient service at an expense of \$2,500 a year; therefore be it

"Resolved, That we, the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, in convention assembled, do hereby indorse and commend the efforts of the States of Alabama and Mississippi, and pledge ourselves as an organization, as Camps, and as individuals, to bring about the early establishment in every State in the South of similar departments; the purpose of such departments being to save from neglect, loss, and destruction the archives of the States; to collect, preserve, edit, and make known their invaluable records, and all public documents and material, which will be necessary in the future to a true knowledge and understanding of State and Southern history.

"Be it further resolved, That the movement to establish these departments be put in charge of a special committee, which shall be appointed for no other purpose; that this committee be designated 'the Committee on the Establishment of Departments of History;' that it be made up only of comrades who will pledge themselves before appointment to appear before the Legislatures of their respective States, bear their own expenses, and use every honorable means to secure the enactment of laws establishing such departments in every State where the same are needed.

Be it further resolved, That we hereby call upon the Governors of the Southern States to recommend the passage of such laws, as aforesaid; that we invite the coöperation of all patriotic organizations and historical societies, and invoke the aid of the press of the South in this important movement."

The Department of Archives and History in the State of Alabama was created by act of the General Assembly in February, 1901. In January, 1902, Gov. Longino, of Mississippi, sent a special message to the Legislature, recommending a bill, which was immediately passed, to establish such a department

under the auspices of the Mississippi Historical Society. The following provision was made concerning Confederate war records in that connection:

"That the department is charged with the duty of collecting data in reference to the soldiers from Mississippi, in the war between the United States and the Confederate States, both from the War Department in Washington and from private individuals, and cause the same to be prepared for publication as speedily as possible." The value of the department in that State has already been proved, by the discovery of lost records estimated to be worth \$15,000. Under the administration of Gov. Vardaman the Legislature has appropriated the sum of \$11,200 for the maintenance of the department, for issuing its publications and the publications of the Mississippi Historical Society.

The necessity and great benefit of these departments is recognized by all who give the matter attention. There has been sad neglect of official records in some States; in others, wanton destruction. Several years ago many of the valuable records of Alabama were dumped into the river; and the Capitol porters in Nebraska consigned a part of the archives of that State to the flames.

The condition of the archives of Tennessee is fully set forth in the Supplementary Report of the Historical Committee of the Sons of Veterans, submitted by Mr. Collier in support of his resolution. It was secured from a member of the committee of the last Legislature appointed "to investigate the condition of the State's historical records, and recommend an appropriation for their preservation and assortment."

"The archives of the State of Tennessee have remained so long neglected that their present condition, when fully realized, will bring shame to any patriotic inhabitant of the 'Volunteer State.'

"Previous to two years ago, all State records of every description—correspondence, proclamations, muster rolls, officers' reports, governors' messages, written in their own hand, original maps of great value—archives since our State was a territory, through its career as the State of Franklin, then as the State of Tennessee, and on through the war of 1812, the time of Jackson, the Mexican War, the Civil War, down to 1900—all these invaluable records were stored away in the basement of the Capitol building, so completely neglected and abandoned that when brought to light nearly all of them were found to have been damaged by water, and many of them totally destroyed.

"Under Gov. McMillin, the Capitol Commission, appointed solely to repair and improve the building, diverted a small part of their appropriation to fit up a small room in the attic above the Hall of Representatives; and then employed a capable man to assort them, but the appropriation ran out before much headway was made.

"During this work a certain map was found, showing the original surveys between Virginia and Tennessee, which, it is said, might have saved the long and expensive litigation between these States in determining their respective boundaries.

"By the present condition of the official records, much of the time of the Adjutant General's office is consumed in searching for old books and papers for data to assist Federal soldiers or their heirs in securing pensions from the Government.

"Realizing the disgraceful condition of the archives of Tennessee, Secretary of State John W. Morton, of Nashville, introduced a bill into the Legislature of 1903, authorizing the expenditure of \$2,500 during the two years to assort and arrange



MISS WILLIE JEAN ATKINSON, PINE BLUFF,
Maid of Honor, Second Arkansas Brigade.

the records. The Committee made a personal investigation of the condition of the records, and not only approved the measure but was active for its passage. The bill passed the House; but the Senate cut the appropriation in two, allowing only \$1,200. It is needless to say that little can be expected from this.

"A bill providing for the establishment of a Department of History in the State of Tennessee will be introduced in the next Legislature. It will have the indorsement of the Tennessee Historical Society, and the active support of its able and distinguished president, ex-Gov. James D. Porter; and it is expected that the aid and influence of all the literary, historic, and patriotic organizations of the State will be exerted in behalf of the movement.

"The Nashville Banner said on this important subject: 'The purpose of the Sons of Veterans is most commendable and should have all necessary encouragement and aid; and if there are to be separate historical organizations, having like purposes, there might be an arrangement of coördinate societies, or departments under adequate State support to consummate the important end of securing and preserving the fullest possible historical records of the State and continuing the work indefinitely on lines that will save Tennessee in the future from any charge of neglect.'"

C. S. M. A. CONVENTION AT NASHVILLE.

The opening feature of this, the fifth, annual convention of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, held in Nashville, Tenn., was the usual Jefferson Davis memorial service, which was held in Christ Church, on June 14, at 10:30 A.M. A large congregation attested the interest of veterans and other Confederates—men and women. There was not a vacant seat in that immense auditorium, and many stood during the entire service. Gen. Stephen D. Lee and members of his staff, with a large number of other veterans in uniform, gave a strikingly impressive military air to the scene. The church was beautifully decorated in white magnolias and crimson blossoms, with battle flags at half-mast. The music was grand—a chorus of fifty well-trained voices, supplemented by four noted soloists, rendered Gounod's magnificent arrangement of the Te Deum and a selection from Mozart with fine effect, the Processional and Recessional hymns being scarcely less effective. But the grandest feature of the occasion was the address by Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Gailor, Bishop of Tennessee. The solemnity and beauty of this service cannot be described.

From the church the C. S. M. A. delegates went in a body to the Convention Hall of the United Confederate Veterans to witness their opening exercises. The president and delegates (C. S. M. A.) were escorted to reserved seats on the platform. The exercises were most interesting and impressive. Many touching allusions were made to the loss sustained in the death of Gen. J. B. Gordon, whose commanding presence and matchless voice were sadly missed; and when the convention was turned over to Gen. Stephen D. Lee, Acting Commander, he won all hearts by his beautiful tribute to his beloved predecessor. The subsequent action of the veterans electing Gen. Lee Commander in Chief must meet with general approval. It was an honor worthily bestowed.

Dr. Owen, a talented son of Alabama, spoke in behalf of the Sons of Veterans, and in glowing words expressed his appreciation of the work of the Memorial Association. A recognition was most gratifying to the Memorial women present. All

of the addresses were fine, and that of Bishop McKim, of Washington, D. C., was of great historical value.

The first business session of the C. S. M. A. Convention was held on the second morning of the Reunion, in the lecture room of the First Presbyterian Church, which was appropriately decorated with Confederate flags and flowers, with a large number of delegates and visitors present. An invocation was offered by Rev. J. C. Cowan, followed by an address of welcome on behalf of the city by the Mayor. Next came a beautiful vocal solo, "In Tennessee," by Mrs. Matthew M. Gardner, a grand-niece of President Polk. John H. DeWitt, Commander Sons of Veterans of Nashville, delivered an address on behalf of the Sons, which was frequently interrupted by applause, especially when he offered the services of his organization to the C. S. M. A. in its work. He paid a high tribute to the work of the Confederation and said: "The Memorial Associations are perpetuating memoirs that must not be allowed to die, and the Sons of Veterans are anxious to help them make Jefferson Davis's birthday a legal holiday." It may be in order here to state that many of the Memorial Associations have, through their State Legislatures, secured the passage of a bill making June 3 a legal holiday. Following Mr. DeWitt came a piano selection by Miss Ellen Rion; then an able address by Gen. George W. Gordon, of Memphis, welcoming the Association on behalf of the Tennessee Division, U. C. V. He complimented the patriotic purposes of the body and promised the loyal coöperation of the veterans. "The Land o' the Leal," a vocal solo, was beautifully rendered by Miss Katherine Stewart, of Nashville; and a recitation by Miss Will Allen Dromgoole, the well-known author, elicited prolonged applause. Miss Martha Hill, representing the president of the Nashville Chapter No. 1 U. D. C., delivered a beautiful address of welcome from that body.

Mrs. W. J. Behan, President C. S. M. A., responded to the addresses of welcome and gave many interesting facts about the Confederation work, among them the increase in interest and the compilation of the History of the Confederated Memorial Associations of the South. After a recess, the business session commenced, with the President, Mrs. Behan, presiding in her characteristic dignity and ease. Reports from the various Associations all gave evidence of good work during the past year. A large majority of the Associations were represented. Those not represented by delegates sent reports, which were read. The Confederation now numbers sixty-five Associations, with an average membership of seventy-five.

The action of Congress in looking to the preservation and care of Confederate graves in Northern cemeteries was officially commended. The President called attention to a circular sent out by her after the death of Gen. Gordon, requesting all Memorial Associations to contribute to a fund for the erection of a monument to his memory. Many Associations in their reports gave the amounts subscribed by them. Col. Simpson, of Dallas, Tex., announced that a resolution was presented by the Sterling Price Camp, U. C. V., of Dallas, Tex., proposing that a medal be given to the women of '61-'65—the mothers and wives of Confederate soldiers—and that the resolution was adopted as recommended by the Committee on Resolutions. This is a deserved tribute to the women of those perilous days, one they will not fail to appreciate, and the medal will be a precious heirloom to their descendants. A communication was received by the President from the Society of American Insignia, New York City, asking for the official badge of the C. S. M. A., to preserve in this collection; and the Corre-

sponding Secretary was instructed to send one of the pins for the purpose. The C. S. M. A. desired to go on record as opposing the movement to make Laura Galt, the little girl who very rightly refused to sing "Marching through Georgia," the "Daughter of the Confederacy," a title that ended with the life of Winnie Davis, its first wearer.

The "History of the Confederated Memorial Associations of the South" was formally accepted, with a rising vote of thanks to Mr. W. J. Behan, Miss D. M. L. Hodgson, and Miss Louise Benton Graham, its compilers. The Committee on Resolutions, composed of Mrs. Cary, of Montgomery, Ala., Mrs. Moore, of Portsmouth, Va., and Miss Hixon, of Manassas, Va., beautifully expressed the appreciation of the C. S. M. A. for all the courtesies extended by the citizens of Nashville, the perfect arrangements for our memorial service in honor of President Davis, for our Convention, and for kindly welcomes given. The Convention adjourned to meet in Louisville, Ky., at the time of the next U. C. V. Reunion.

The last day of the Reunion was given over to the parade and social enjoyments. The C. S. M. A. had three carriages in the procession—Nos. 1, 2, and 3.

The little boy outriders formed a very attractive feature of the parade, in their white-and-red uniforms, and seemed as intensely Southern and enthusiastic as the gray-haired veterans who led the march. The parade engendered the greatest enthusiasm.

Nashville is to be congratulated upon the success of the Reunion. Her well-known hospitality was cordially extended to all, the Veterans receiving *first* consideration, as is their due.

CROSSES OF HONOR AT LOUISIANA HOME.

The Daughters of the Confederacy made more memorable April 6, one of the anniversaries of the battle of Shiloh, by presenting Crosses of Honor to sixty-three Veterans. Mrs. D. A. S. Vaught, President of the New Orleans Chapter, No. 72, opened the proceedings, saying:

"*Veterans and Friends:* We are assembled this evening, the anniversary date of a great battle which took place forty-two years ago, to do honor to the men who so bravely fought on Shiloh and other fields, and to convey to them, through the medium of this little bronze cross, bestowed upon them with reverence and love, the expression of our high regard and of our deep respect and of our undying gratitude for their faithful part in the great struggle. Especially do you, Veterans, who have sought the shelter of this Home, accept this gift with the filial love of the Daughters of the Confederacy. We will celebrate this occasion with song and story, but first will call upon the Rev. Father Janssens, your faithful friend and visitor, to invoke the divine blessing."

EMBARRASSING OMISSIONS.

The list of officers of U. C. V. in the June issue omitted Trans-Mississippi Department, which is as follows (Texas revised at recent election):

Trans-Mississippi Department.—Lieut. Gen. W. L. Cabell, Commander, Dallas, Tex.; Brig. Gen. A. T. Watts, Beaumont, Tex.

Texas Division.—Maj. Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Commander, Fort Worth, Tex.; Col. Geo. Jackson, Fort Worth; Brig. Gen. T. H. Edgar, First Brig., Houston; Brig. Gen. T. L. Largen, Second Brig., San Antonio; Brig. Gen. J. D. Sharp, Third Brig., Waco; Brig. Gen. H. W. Graber, Fourth Brig., Dallas; Brig. Gen. B. B. Paddock, Fifth Brig., Fort Worth.

Indian Territory Division.—Maj. Gen. John L. Galt, Com-

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mander, Ardmore, Ind. T.; Col. George H. Bruce, Ardmore; Brig. Gen. James H. Reed, Chickasaw Brig., McAlester; Brig. Gen. D. M. Hailey, Choctaw Brig., Krebs; Brig. Gen. Charles M. McClellan, Cherokee Brig., Clarimore; Brig. Gen. William E. Gentry, Creek Brig., Checotah.

Missouri Division.—Maj. Gen. Elijah Gates, Commander, St. Joseph, Mo.; Col. John C. Landis, St. Joseph; Brig. Gen. James Bannerman, E. Brig., St. Louis; Brig. Gen. Harvey W. Salmon, W. Brig., Clinton.

Arkansas Division.—Maj. Gen. Thomas J. Churchill, Commander, Little Rock, Ark.; Col. Dan W. Jones, Little Rock; Brig. Gen. James F. Smith, First Brig., Nashville; Brig. Gen. Wm. A. Roby, Second Brigade, Hamburg; Brig. Gen. H. L. Routh, Third Brig., Harrison; Brig. Gen. T. W. McCown, Fourth Brig., Lockesburg.

Oklahoma Division.—Maj. Gen. S. J. Wilkins, Commander, Norman, Okla.; Col. William M. Cross, Oklahoma City; Brig. Gen. J. P. Allen, First Brig., Oklahoma City; Brig. Gen. A. P. Watson, Second Brig., Shawnee; Brig. Gen. Sam Porter, Third Brig., Martha.

Northwest Division.—Maj. Gen. Frank D. Brown, Commander, Philipsburg, Mont.; Col. J. H. Williams, Philipsburg, Mont.; Brig. Gen. Paul A. Fusz, Mont. Brig., Philipsburg, Mont.

Pacific Division.—Maj. Gen. A. W. Hutton, Commander, Los Angeles, Cal.; Col. E. H. Owen, Los Angeles.

OMISSION FROM SKETCH OF WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL.

In an article, page 355, of the July issue much pride and interest was given to an article "Concerning a Distinguished Lawyer," in which the leading points were omitted and the error not discovered until about ten thousand copies had been printed. As supplemental to that erroneous edition the sketch as printed below will be found interesting.

"I have watched his course with affectionate interest, and I have enjoyed his fraternal greeting at opportune times.

"The newspapers reported his happy adjustment of a firm that failed for \$15,000,000, and without asking for a bill they wrote him a check for a quarter of a million.

"Later he reorganized the Northern Pacific Railroad system, whereby the bonded debt was reduced some \$60,000,000.

"Again, when the billion-dollar steel syndicate was organized 'the papers were written under the direction of Mr. Cromwell.'

"He sought my opinion on one occasion on a question not in the law books. An art gallery was burned, containing many paintings of a noted artist, and Mr. Cromwell wanted to know which was the greater loser, the man who owned the pictures or the artist, and we agreed that it was the latter. We did not vote the same ticket, for I, with his pastor, wanted Cleveland for President; but while Mr. Beecher was not in accord with his congregation, Mr. Cromwell said he was bigger than Plymouth Church.

"While Mr. Cromwell in these later days devoted himself almost exclusively to the Panama Canal, by which he now receives \$2,000,000, said to be the largest fee ever paid, he was never too busy to serve me, and without price."

The colonel of a Texas Regiment issued positive orders against "foraging" on a certain campaign. Soon after he had retired one night the continuous squealing of a hog aroused the officer, who at once called his adjutant, telling him to find the officer of the day and direct him to take matters in hand. The adjutant yawned and said: "Colonel, I know the men of this regiment better than you do, and I assure you that that disturbance is not by our men. When they attack a hog it never squeals but once."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

Much of what was intended for this issue is unavoidably held over, that promises heretofore made be fulfilled.

Response to a statement sent in July to delinquent subscribers induces expression of gratitude. True, not half have answered in any way; while some write back to stop it, with maybe two or three years due. A charitable view of the matter releases them from the knowledge that, if all were to do likewise, they would involve the VETERAN thirty to forty thousand dollars and overwhelm it. Happily, however, very many responded, and sent with the money much good cheer. To those who have not answered, *Won't you send at least a brief answer?* You can state that you intend to pay by and by.

Patrons and good friends of the VETERAN omit to do it valuable service in its advertising. "This is a trial order," is often stated by advertisers; "and if it pays, it will be renewed." How easy it would be to mention the VETERAN when writing!

HARVARD MAY HONOR CONFEDERATES.

A telegram to the *New York Tribune* from Cambridge, Mass., says Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in his annual Memorial Day address at Harvard, predicted that in time tablets would be placed in Memorial Hall for the fallen Confederate Harvard men beside the tablets bearing the names of the sons of Harvard who fell in the Union ranks. In connection therewith he said: "We have ceased calling the war of 1861 the rebellion, and instead speak of it as the Civil War. We have also come to see that the men who fought for the South bled and died for a principle that was as sacred to them as the preservation of the Union was to us—the love of their State and the belief in her sovereign rights."

EDITOR OF THE VETERAN HONORED IN TEXAS.

Col. Duke Goodman, of Fort Worth, addressing the Texas Division in convention at Temple, July 21, 1904, said:

"Comrades: The hour has now arrived for the election of officers. I desire before you proceed with the election of major general, which is the highest office in this division, to prelude this action with a fitting expression of appreciation and love. We have with us a distinguished comrade from another State, a veteran who has done more to perpetuate the truths of your history and memories of your dead than any other one man in the South or out of it. I know of nothing we can do that would be more expressive than to bestow upon this comrade a distinctive honor, an honor that no other comrade in our Southland enjoys at your hands. I now move that Comrade S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville, Tenn., editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, be elected an honorary member of the Texas Division, U. C. V."

The motion carried unanimously, and with a rising vote.

NORTH CAROLINA STATE REUNION.

The Buncombe County Confederate veterans send greetings to their comrades of the Old North State for a reunion August 30, 31, 1904.

Their good people will throw wide open their doors to

exchange for "War Romances" the best their larders afford. Guests are requested to reach Asheville on afternoon trains Tuesday, August 30, when the Reception Committee will be at the depot to register, furnish badges and street car tickets, and assign them to their homes.

The programme for the event is as follows: On the night of August 30 the Asheville Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy will give the play "Under the Southern Cross," a thrilling war drama written by the distinguished North Carolina authoress, Christian Ried (Miss Fisher). On the following morning a visit will be made to the Ostrich Farm and Riverside Park. In addition to the thirty to fifty ostriches, among which are some of the finest specimens ever known, there are many rare birds, quadrupeds, and animals. At ten o'clock, August 31, there will be a general assembling at the courthouse grounds for addresses and the transaction of business, the election of officers, division and brigade commanders, for the ensuing year. At 1:30 there will be a parade, and at night will be repeated the play "Under the Southern Cross."

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

HEADQUARTERS FOR THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION.

The Hamilton Hotel has been selected by the Local Committee as headquarters for the U. D. C. during the convention which meets in St. Louis October 3 to October 8.

The Hamilton is conveniently located and on direct car lines to the World's Fair and the Convention Hall, at No. 911 Vandeventer Avenue. The delegates will travel in the morning to the Convention Hall in an opposite direction to the World's Fair Grounds, also the same in the afternoon returning to the hotel, thus assuring satisfactory street car accommodations.

The hotel is also within a short walk of the Fair Grounds. Rates are such that all can be suited. A special rate has been made of \$2 per day per person, and \$1 per day for delegates occupying cots. These rates also apply to friends accompanying delegates, and cover a period during the convention and three days before the opening of the convention and three days after the closing. Parties wishing to secure the benefit of these rates must communicate direct with W. F. Williamson, President and Manager of the Hamilton Hotel, at least thirty days before the convention is to meet. If accommodations are desired, all that is necessary is to advise Mr. Williamson. It is not necessary to write a long letter, asking for full information. The hotel is first-class in all appointments, the Local Committee having visited it and gone over all necessary points. As before stated, the rate, made especially for this convention, is \$2 per day per person, and it is expected that two people will occupy a single room and four people a double room. The cots will be located in large rooms, and are for ladies only.

We find upon communicating with the different Passenger Agents that Eastern, Southern, and Southwestern lines will sell tickets to the World's Fair at one rate plus \$2 for the round trip. No further reductions will be made for conventions. The Passenger Associations advise that ticket agents at the different stations throughout the South will furnish delegates and visitors, upon application, all details of the rates, tickets, arrangements, etc.

Comrades at Richmond and in Ray County, Mo., are diligent in building up Confederate organizations in that section. A local paper prints a list of thirty-five Confederate veterans in the county.

MARGARET SEVERANCE HONORS TENNESSEE AND HER NATIVE SOUTHLAND—A GIFTED ARTIST.

Margaret Severance, the delightful sketch artist and entertainer of American fame, was not rewarded with success among her own people until recent years. She found applause on the shores of the Atlantic and mingled them with the cheers from the coast of the Pacific before gaining recognition in her native Tennessee.

New York has long since recognized her as one of the most unique character artists on the American stage. Her original sketch, "The Elixir of Youth," gave play to her marvelous gifts of impersonation. It has been applauded by some of the most cultured audiences of this continent, and pronounced a work of fine art by the best critics of America. At first magazine work was given to her, and for a time her powers of recitation lay dormant. Her literary attempts readily found favor. Her poems and illustrations were widely copied by the daily newspapers of this country. Of her native State she writes:

TO TENNESSEE.

"Where pink and purple blossoms
blow,

And white and ox-eyed daisies grow,
And waving cornfields tassel low,

And all the world is mellow;
Where Indian pinks, in clusters, make
Great ruby gems, in emerald lake,
And thrice a billion blossoms shake
Their pollen, rich and yellow;
Where honeysuckles cling and twine,
And fling their fragrance to the vine,
O'erladen with its luscious wine,
And low winds play a cello—
Em-em-em.

Where mammy sings my lullaby
And low winds play a cello."

When at length she was allowed a hearing, New York audiences received her with enthusiasm. In 1902 she was accepted under the great American Lyceum Union, going abreast with the best entertainers of the age—George R. Wendling, Bob Taylor, and Thomas Dixon. She has appeared in every State in the Union, Canada, and Mexico.

Mrs. Margaret Severance has recently scored a decided success as an impersonator in humorous dialect, child recitations, and selections from late classics. In the power of clear-cut characterization she is unexcelled. The remarkable qualities of her voice have called forth many favorable comments of the American press. Mrs. Severance's voice is strikingly Southern in both quality and inflection. There is a certain liquid melody in its tones that soothes, fascinates, and conquers. Her range is broad and her programmes afford a delightful evening.

Her latest work consists of telling stories from the new books of fiction, old plantation songs, and Southern stories. In impersonations her audiences forget at times the real, charming young woman, thinking of her as a schoolgirl or a grandmother.

EXTRACTS FROM AN EXACTING PRESS.

Proved herself capable of a wonderful range and exceptional power.—*St. Paul Globe*.

Responded to deafening applause.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

A wonderful voice, worthy of the honor she has earned.—*The Athenian*.

The peculiarities of this tender, sympathetic voice admirably fitted to the parts.—*New York Herald*.

A lasting impression of favorable nature.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

Truly great in her art.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

Her tone and accent are purely Southern, and her poise perfection itself. Her audience was carried away with her in every motion and attitude. She is certainly a genius in her line.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The best of the season. We want you again.—*Mr. C. A. Richmire, Secretary of Entertainment, Twenty-Third Street Y. M. C. A., New York*.

HER "ELIXIR OF YOUTH."

In "The Elixir of Youth" she goes from seventy-five years to a thirteen-year-old child with exceptional facility.—*Daily American, New York*.

The hit of the season.—*New York Journal*.

Unique and original.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

She conquered the audience.—*Chicago Tribune*.

A happy thought artistically presented.—*Washington Post*.

In the highest degree admirable.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

The transformations are marvelous.—*Knoxville Sentinel*.

Many other testimonials indicate her rare gifts.

INSCRIPTION TO JOHN HAMMON, OF PHILLIPS'S LEGION.—An "old veteran" writes from Orangeburg, S. C., April 6, 1904: "Though forty years have passed since the Confederate war, I give the inscription on a simple stone, in the cemetery of the Episcopal Church at this place, marking the resting place of one of the dashing heroes of our Southern army: 'John Hammon, Company G, Phillips's Legion, Young's Brigade, Georgia Cavalry, C. S. A. Killed in battle at Orangeburg, S. C., February 11, 1865, in defense of a principle that was right and a cause that was just.' This notice, even at this late day, may be a source of consolation to some relative, friend, or comrade of this noble Georgian, to know that his body received a decent burial at the hands of those in defense of whose homes he gave his life."

COMPANY C, THIRTY-THIRD TENNESSEE.—John J. Eaves sends from Chaseville, Tenn., a list of officers and men of Company C, Thirty-Third Tennessee Regiment. This regiment was commanded by Alex Campbell (Jackson, Tenn.), with Warner P. Jones as lieutenant colonel and H. C. McNeill (Paris, Tenn.) as major. The regiment was organized at Union City, Tenn., on August 1, 1861. Comrade Eaves desires to know the whereabouts of Bud Autry, of Chambers County, Ala., who was a member of some Alabama regiment, and of James Hughes, of the Twenty-Fourth Tennessee.



MRS. MARGARET SEVERANCE, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

ROBERT H. STOCKTON.

For several months it has been intended to say something in the VETERAN about "Bob" Stockton, of St. Louis. Recollections of this remarkable man are very fascinating.

When at the Missouri Reunion (Columbia, in the fall of 1903), and notified that "Bob" Stockton would banquet a party of twenty, and that this Editor was of the party, the unexpected compliment created special interest in the young man whose father it was presumed was a Confederate soldier. Pity was the thought that the big-hearted young man did not know of the Confederate fame and the struggles for the fortune he seemed to be dispensing so liberally, but he was credited for his loyalty to his father's principles.

The feast had been thoroughly enjoyed, when the master of ceremonies, Gen. Harvey W. Salmon, called upon Mr. Stockton for a speech. Then it was that his own Confederate record was ascertained to be his pride; and when he told of how, in that beautiful town after the war, he secured employment by the month with a weekly board bill, and his worry over how to get on until pay day, the prosperity that had attended him was shown to be of his own achievement.

The VETERAN is not fully informed of his business success; but the venerable gentleman (Mr. Dorsey) who secured him a clerkship being present, in a happy account of young Stockton's efficient services, said that in seeking aid to a school enterprise in Columbia sometime before he wrote this friend among others, and that he promptly received his check for five thousand dollars.

Comrade Stockton is reticent about his business affairs, but a letter head represents him as President of the Majestic Manufacturing Co. (stoves, ranges, etc.), and it is in the atmosphere of St. Louis that he is a man among men, a director in many large financial institutions, and a forceful character in that great city.

In a postscript on a letter to a friend Lieut. Stockton says: "I lost my diary about eighteen years ago, and I would freely pay one thousand dollars to find it."

Lieut. R. H. Stockton joined the army under Gen. Sterling Price in 1861 as a private. When his regiment, the Second Missouri, was reorganized at Tupelo, Miss., he was made sergeant major, but really filled the place of adjutant about half the time until the following spring. About this time he was appointed lieutenant of his company (I). When the Federal army closed in on Vicksburg after the battle of Big Black River, the regiment was shut up in that city with Pemberton's army. About June 5 Lieut. Stockton was sent out one night with three or four men from his company beyond our lines to gain information concerning the enemy's position, and, getting too far in advance of his men, was captured. Up to that eventful night he had participated in every engagement and march with his regiment, and had never missed a roll call. He was first sent to prison at Alton, Ill., and afterwards to Johnson's Island.

In March, 1865, Lieut. Stockton was sent out on exchange, and reached Richmond about the middle of the month. Reporting to Col. Bevier, who was assigning exchanged prisoners

to their destination, he was informed that while in prison he had been promoted to first lieutenant of his company, and on March 24 the following orders were given him:

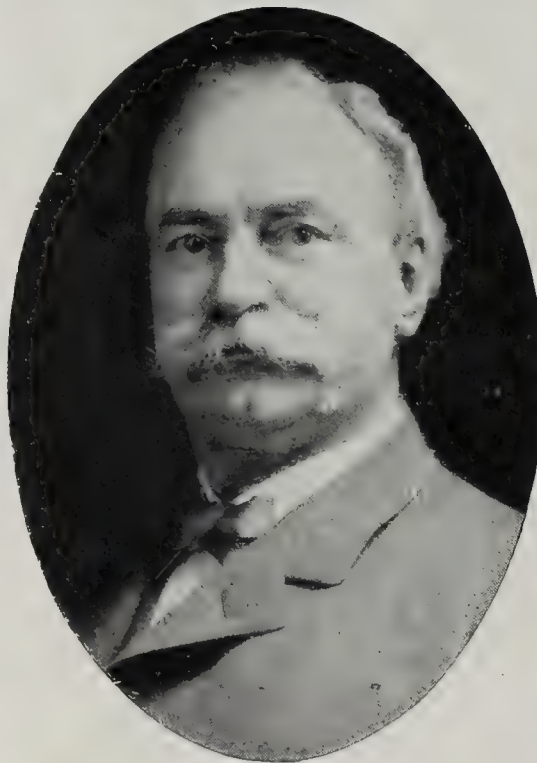
"RICHMOND, VA., MARCH 24, 1865.

"Lieut. R. H. Stockton, Company I, Second Missouri Infantry, is hereby, by virtue of the power vested in me under Par. VIII., Special Orders No. 253, from the A. and I. G. office of October 24, 1864, directed to take charge of the men (paroled Missouri soldiers) whose names are included in the accompanying list and conduct them as soon as possible to Brig. Gen. Cockrell, Commanding Missouri Brigade, now at Mobile, Ala.

"He will keep strict account of said men by frequent roll call and personal observation, and report to Gen. Cockrell all men left sick or absent without leave when he reports the rest.

"Quartermasters will furnish Lieut. Stockton with transportation to Mobile for one hundred men, and commissaries will furnish him with rations for them while *en route*.

"R. S. BEVIER, *Lieut. Col. and Adjt.,
Cockrell's Brigade, commanding
Missouri Exchanged Soldiers.*"



ROBERT H. STOCKTON.

Under this order Lieut. Stockton left Richmond with his men, with orders for transportation over three or four different railroads, but found none of the trains running after the first fifty miles; then they had to foot it and subsist on the country as best they could. He reached Eufaula, Ala., April 12 with all his men, but experienced much trouble in holding them together. There he first heard of Lee's surrender, and calling the men in line he informed them of what had happened, and, their duty as soldiers having ended, to make their way home as best they could. He continued his way to New Orleans, and was furnished transportation to Cincinnati, where he arrived about May 1.

THE MEN WITH LIEUT. STOCKTON FURLOUGHED AT MACON, GA., APRIL 18, 1865.

First Missouri Cavalry: J. E. F. Robinson, William Gibbons, George Carson, W. W. Doak, and John Hyler.

Second Missouri Cavalry: J. H. George, D. S. Cannon, and Henry Cave.

Third Missouri Cavalry: C. C. Porter, John C. Campbell, E. L. Eddlum, T. Hull, J. H. Hawkins, J. W. Kimmons, T. O. Bannon, L. M. Falkner, J. N. Pyle, W. A. Brown, F. Shell, and John Kimes.

Fourth Missouri Cavalry: L. W. Key, J. Staggs, D. Merritt, J. A. Huckstop, J. H. Shotwell, D. Thomas, J. C. Honnicutt, and F. M. Hope.

Fifth Missouri Cavalry: J. F. Langston and A. M. Ballon.

Seventh Missouri Cavalry: W. F. Rudisill, G. Garrett, and R. Clarkson.

Eighth Missouri Cavalry: W. Ansell, G. H. Holley, P. Hedges, W. R. Maguire, G. W. Smith, and T. S. Childs.

Tenth Missouri Cavalry: S. W. Hargraves, J. M. Pinson, D. C. Hughes, B. Melton, John Hays, and M. Doyle.

Fourteenth Missouri Cavalry: E. Hooper.

Ninth Missouri Cavalry: J. J. Sullivan.

Fifteenth Missouri Cavalry: J. Crass, F. Clark, A. Rush, and S. D. Anthony.

Wood's Battalion Cavalry: George Smith, J. T. Harrison, J. W. Colbert, and J. Carey.

First Battalion Missouri Cavalry: H. C. Burton and R. H. Burton.

Marmaduke's Escort: J. S. Jugram.

Second and Sixth Missouri Infantry: T. J. Marsh.

Third and Fifth Infantry: L. F. Knight.

Tenth Infantry: F. M. Musgrove, Frisatoes Luegon; S. Mc-Masters, and G. W. January.

Harris's Battery: S. E. Scorlett, F. M. Proffer, and J. G. Blount.

Fifth Battalion, Missouri Cavalry.

Proper observance of Confederate Memorial Day for 1904 was had at Waycross, Ga. Business houses were closed and graves were "banked" with flowers. The oration by Prof. Pound elicited enthusiastic applause. Crosses of Honor were distributed.

The Geneva Chapter, U. D. C., observed fittingly Memorial Day at Geneva, Ala. Solicitor Carmichael made a fine address. Rev. Messrs. McNeil and Harris participated. A quartet sang appropriately, flowers were strewn on the graves, and a volley fired over them by the military company. About forty Crosses of Honor were distributed.

TOM RANDOLPH AN EMINENT FINANCIER.

Introductory to a brief sketch of one of America's most successful financiers a brief statement is given of the father:

Capt. J. L. Randolph has been born and reared in Wilson County, Tenn. At nineteen years of age, in 1849, he crossed the plains and Rockies, in company with Col. Paul Anderson and others from Lebanon, Tenn., to California. He emigrated to Sherman, Tex., in 1859, and commanded the Ninth Texas Partisan Rangers during the war. At one time he had command of the Regiment of Chickasaw Indians (Confederate soldiers) and all Seminole Confederate Indian soldiers. Capt. Randolph stands behind his only child, Tom, as Director in the Merchants' and Planters' National Bank, and occupies the same position in the Commonwealth Trust Company, in St. Louis. Their relations socially and in business have ever been remarkably close and often cause very complimentary comments.

Tom Randolph was born in Rome, Smith County, Tenn. He emigrated to Sherman, Tex., with his parents when a small boy, and was educated principally in Capt. J. H. Letellier's private school, that still flourishes in Sherman. He entered the Merchants' and Planters' Bank early after it was opened as office boy. He soon became paying teller, and was cashier at nineteen years of age. At the death of Judge C. C. Binkley, the founder and President of the bank, in 1886, he was made President. The original capital was \$150,000. At the death of Judge Binkley it had been increased to \$600,000. The bank has always flourished and paid good dividends, and stands high in financial circles. On February 8, 1903, Mr. Randolph accepted the presidency of the Commonwealth Trust Company, of St. Louis. At that date the deposits of the company were \$1,493,698.17; on February 8, 1904 (twelve months later), the deposits had increased to \$8,854,385.89. Within that time the Commonwealth had absorbed the Colonial, Hamilton, and Germania Trust Companies. Randolph still remains President of the Merchants' and Planters' National Bank.

Campbell's Illustrated Journal says of Tom Randolph:

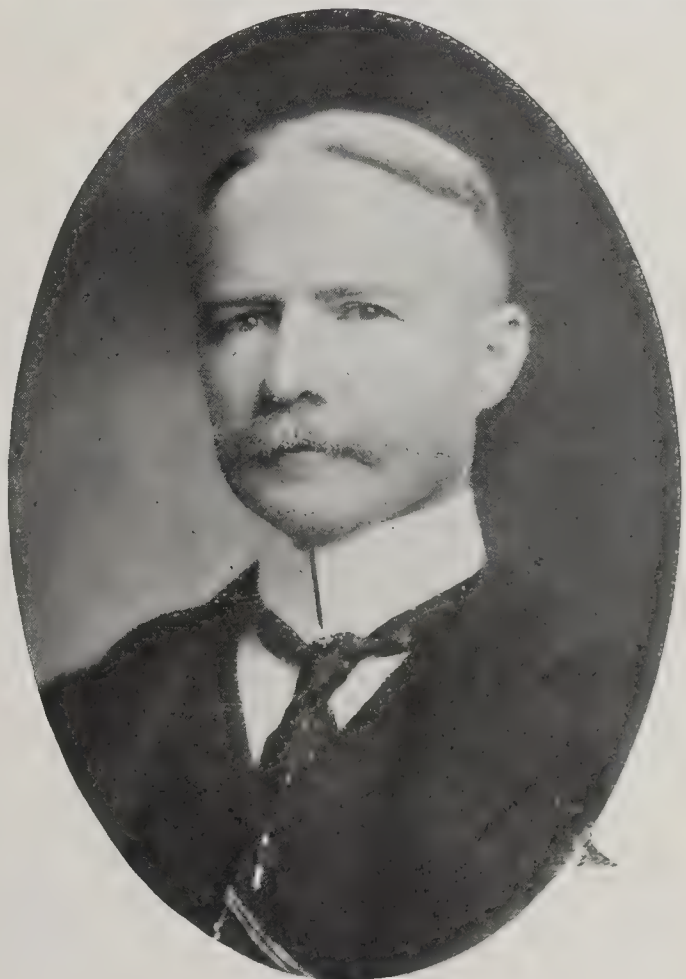
"He is a man of broad and liberal spirit, and is at all times ready and willing to aid his fellows. Quick to recognize a good investment, Mr. Randolph has acquired large interests in Texas lands and in several banks in the Indian Territory and Texas.

"The following resolution was adopted March 31, 1903, by the Board of Directors of the Merchants' and Planters' National Bank:

"After years of active service as president of the Merchants' and Planters' National Bank, our associate on its Board of Directors, Tom Randolph, is moving from Sherman to a larger field of labor. While his connection with this institution as its President will be maintained in name and in fact still, his new home will be in the city of St. Louis, and there the greater part of his time will be spent in the discharge of his duties as President of the Commonwealth Trust Company. We, his associates on this board, wish to express our appreciation of his long and valuable services to this bank and to declare to those with whom he shall form new business and social relations his high character and sterling worth.

"By his grasp of large problems, his thorough understanding of complex details, he has evinced a comprehension of the theory and practice of banking and of the laws of finance which places him in the front rank of conservative and successful bankers.

"His qualities of mind and heart endear him to those with whom he is brought into close contact. Urbane, easily approachable, with gracious mind and quick sympathies, amid the demands and cares of a busy life, he has been neither forgetful nor neglectful of his social obligations and the duties of good citizenship. On the contrary, all things which



TOM RANDOLPH.

have made for the good of his people and the upbuilding of his city have found in him their most ardent advocate, their most diligent supporter.'

"The Commonwealth Trust Company, with its enormous capital and surplus, possesses the united strength and combined judgment represented by these officers and Board of Directors: Thomas W. Crouch, Vice President, formerly President of the Colonial Trust Company; Edward Hidden, Vice President, formerly President of the Hamilton Trust Company; Henry Koehler, Jr., Vice President, formerly President of the Germania Trust Company; Albert N. Edwards, Vice President, formerly Vice President of the Hamilton Trust Company; W. L. McDonald, Vice President, formerly Vice President and Treasurer of the Germania Trust Company; L. S. Mitchell, Treasurer, formerly Secretary of the Colonial Trust Company; and John S. Carter, Real Estate Officer, and Lee Benoist, Trust Officer, who filled the same offices in the Germania Trust Company.

"The former officers of the Commonwealth Trust Company, to which the 'new blood' has been added, includes Lawrence B. Pierce, Vice President, who organized the company; L. B. Tebbetts, Vice President; J. M. Woods, Secretary; A. G. Douglass, Assistant Secretary; J. W. Perry, Manager Savings Department; W. V. Delahunt, Trust Officer. The original legal counselors of the company, Bryan & Christie, still act in that capacity. The President and leader of this splendid corps of officers, Tom Randolph, comes from the Merchants' and Planters' National Bank, of which he has been for several years the President.

"A late statement of the Commonwealth Trust Company shows capital and surplus of \$5,500,000, with total assets of \$14,620,504.40. A remarkable increase has been made during the past year in both its saving and check accounts."

PAUL DAVIS CUNNINGHAM, ASSOC. M. AM. SOC.
C. E.

DIED JULY 13, 1901.

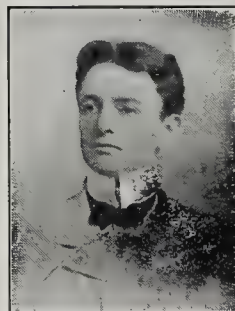
The following memoir was prepared by Maj. E. C. Lewis, Nashville, Tenn., member of the American Society of Civil Engineers. It is a reprint from "Transactions of the American Society of Civil Engineers," Vol. lii., p. 556:

"Paul Davis Cunningham was born in Monroe County, Ga., on November 27, 1869.

"He was an undergraduate of Emory College, Oxford, Ga. From July to Sep-

tember, 1887, he was a rodman on surveys for the Atlanta and Florida Railroad, and then, until February, 1888, Assistant to the Resident Engineer on the construction of that road. From April to December, 1888, he was rodman and leveler on surveys for the Tennessee Midland Railway. From April to October, 1889, he was leveler on surveys for the Cumberland Valley Extension of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and then, until February, 1890, assistant to the resident engineer on the Big Stone Gap residency of that road. In June, 1890, he became resident engineer of the construction of the Decatur, Chesapeake, and New Orleans Railroad, where he remained until September of that year. From October, 1890, until March, 1891, he was resident engineer on the construction of the Clarksville Mineral Branch of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. He was next engaged as leveler on the survey of the Upper Tennessee River for the Engineer Department, U. S. A., which work occupied his time from May to October, 1891. From February, 1892, until February, 1894, he

was transitman in charge of one of the topographical parties of the International Boundary Commission between the United States and Mexico, and from August to October, 1894, he was U. S. Assistant Engineer in charge of remeasurements under that Commission. From October, 1894, to March, 1896,



his position was that of U. S. Assistant Engineer on the International (water) Boundary Commission, United States and Mexico, and then he became Engineer Clerk in the Southwest and Northwest Divisions of the Engineer Department, United States Army, which position he held until June, 1898. From July to September, 1898, he was Assistant Engineer with the Chief Engineer on the staff of the Major General commanding

the Army in Porto Rico. He then became Principal Assistant Engineer, Department of Havana, Cuba. In 1899 he was Acting Chief Engineer in the latter department, and in December, 1899, became Chief Engineer of the city of Havana.

"On July 10, 1900, Mr. Cunningham, then in Havana, received the following cablegram from General Anson Mills from Washington:

"May I recommend you for Consulting Engineer, Boundary Commission, salary thirty-six hundred a year and expenses?"

"On July 14 he received the following cablegram:

"You have been appointed Consulting Engineer, Mexican Water Boundary Commission, subject to acceptance of your resignation as Assistant Engineer and Superintendent, Havana Engineering Department, by Military Governor of Cuba. I start for El Paso to-day. Hope you will join me as soon as practicable.

ANSON MILLS, Commanding.'

"Mr. Cunningham joined his corps in August, 1900. He was Chief of Party for the International Boundary Commission, his work being to follow the course of the Rio Grande from El Paso to the Gulf, a distance of thirteen hundred miles. The voyage was deemed hazardous, and for half the distance the party would be cut off from all communication with the rest of humankind.

"He was drowned in the rapids of the Rio Grande, below Eagle Pass, on Saturday, July 13, 1901, and his body was not recovered until the next Monday. The remains were brought to Nashville, Tenn., and then taken to Shelbyville, where, on July 19, they were laid to rest in beautiful Willow Mount Cemetery.

"'Death loves a shining mark.' Never was this adage more fully exemplified. Paul D. Cunningham was a shining mark in life and for death. Born of most worthy parents, given all the advantages the American youth desires or requires, he reached manhood thoroughly equipped for the battle of life. Cultured, refined, considerate, of splendid manner and attractive person, with fine social, professional, and official position and an unsullied escutcheon, what a shining mark he was—so shining that death struck him, a long way off, full fifty years before his time.

"Paul Davis Cunningham was elected an Associate Member of the American Society of Civil Engineers on March 1, 1899."

THE BILL ARP MEMORIAL.—Mrs. C. A. Allday, Treasurer of the Barton Chapter, U. D. C., Georgia Division, sends from Cartersville, Ga., the following:

"Please accept five dollars for the 'Bill Arp' (Maj. Smith) Monument from the Barton Chapter of Cartersville, Ga., who knew him and loved him well."



MONUMENT TO KENTUCKY CONFEDERATES.

In the presence of a large assembly from Louisville and Pewee Valley Col. Biscoe Hindman presented a handsome granite monument at the Confederate Cemetery, near the Kentucky Confederate Home at Pewee Valley, Ky., on June 18, 1904, in memory of the veterans now or hereafter to be buried there from the Home.

On a large platform were seated Lieut. Gov. William P. Thorne, of Kentucky, Gen. Bennett H. Young, President of the Home, the donor, and a number of distinguished ladies and gentlemen interested in Confederate matters. The First Regiment Band of Louisville furnished inspiring music throughout the ceremonies. Gathered around the large circular mound on which the monument rests were the brave old heroes of the Home. There were about two hundred of them in double line dressed in gray uniforms, and several were holding their old battle flags. It was an imposing sight. A few of the Confederates who have died at the Home have been moved elsewhere by relatives and friends, but many express a preference to be buried in this Confederate lot, especially since this beautiful monument has been erected.

The erection of this monument was due to a pathetic incident. Some months ago when one of the old soldiers was dying at the Home he was asked where he desired to be buried, and he replied: "Just put me over with the other boys in the cemetery here." As grave after grave was added to the Confederate lot in Pewee Valley Cemetery, it was thought that a monument for these brave men would be a fitting recognition of their valor and courage. Gen. Bennett H. Young was talking to Col. Hindman about the Home, and incidentally mentioned the above pathetic incident, when Col. Hindman immediately remarked that he would consider it a privilege and an honor to be permitted to erect the monument, and directed Gen. Young to go ahead and put up the monument and send him the bill. As a result Col. Hindman presented the monument in a graceful address, in which he paid high tribute to

the brave men before him and the cause they represented. He claimed the right to call them comrades by inheritance, saying: "Because he whose name I bear, and whom I honor above men, drew his sword—stainless like the sword of Robert Lee—in defense of his country and poured out his blood at Chickamauga and Shiloh, I thank God that I am permitted the high privilege of presenting this monument to-day to my father's comrades for the brave soldiers of the Kentucky Confederate Home. We sing the praises of the Southern soldiers, won on many a glorious field, where their victories were ever tempered with mercy, and where they were ever magnanimous to the foe. With equal pride they sing their defeats, which only served to add still greater luster to the laurels that circle round their names. Though the Southern soldiers fought an army with superior munitions of war and with far greater numbers and resources, it is remarkable how few times the starry cross went down in defeat, and this is no detracting from the glory of the brave men who fought under the stars and stripes. The bravest victors at Inkerman or Albuera, at Worth or Gravelotte, at Marengo or Waterloo, at Shiloh or Chickamauga or Fredericksburg or Spottsylvania or the Wilderness or Perryville or Prairie Grove might well envy the glory of Pickett's defeat at Gettysburg!" Col. Hindman paid eloquent tribute to the brave men who gave up their lives on the altar of their country in Northern prisons, where he said "thousands sleep in unmarked graves, while others have the simple word 'unknown' engraved above their heads; but beneath that word is also written 'Confederate soldier.' Their brave struggles against cold and hunger fill our hearts with sadness and sorrow, but increase our admiration and love for those heroic men who in dungeon walls, with scarcely any clothing to protect them against the rigors of Northern winters, and with hunger gnawing at their vitals, yet, like the immortal god Prometheus, refused to unbend their manhood to superior force, and did not shrink from sacrificing their lives rather than forsake their country or be false to their sacred cause."



MONUMENT PRESENTED BY BISCOE HINDMAN TO KENTUCKY CONFEDERATE HOME.

Lieut. Gov. W. P. Thorne was then introduced, and in accepting the monument on behalf of the commonwealth of Kentucky he said: "No one regrets more than I the inability of our Governor to be present on this occasion. In sharing it with you I convey to you his regrets in not being present. I have a strong inclination to participate in these exercises while receiving this monument on the part of the State, and rejoice with you that, while mustered squadrons, clashing steel, and thundering cannon are doing war's bloody work in our sister nations, we should be grateful to Him who now guides us in the ways of pleasantness and the paths of peace, in the enjoyment of rich blessings of civil and religious liberty."

Referring to the monument, the Lieutenant Governor said:

"We know that if we could cause this structure to ascend not only till it reached the skies but till it pierced them, its broad surface could still contain but a part of that which in an age of knowledge has already been spread over the earth. History charges herself with making known to all future times. We know that no inscription on this shaft less broad than earth itself can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone, and that no structure which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men can prolong this memorial. But our object is by this monument to show in a measure our deep sense of the value and importance of the gallantry and achievement of our soldiery and by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye to keep alive similar sentiments and foster a constant regard to the principles for which these brave soldiers fought."

"Human beings are composed not alone of reason but of imagination and sentiment. Let it not be supposed that our object in erecting this monument is to perpetuate national or sectional hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit; it is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate it to the memory of the gallant men who occupy this Home and lie buried here, and we hope that the Light of Peace may rest upon it forever. We come not as Federals or Confederates, but as American citizens to mark a spot which must be forever dear to us and our prosperity. We wish that whosoever in all coming time casts his eye thither may see that this place where lie these brave soldiers who waged the greatest battles ever fought is not unmarked. We wish that this monument may proclaim to every class and every age the magnitude and importance of the many battles these men fought. We trust that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look upon it and be proud in the midst of toil. We wish that in those days of disaster which come upon all nations, and must be expected to come to us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hither and be assured that the foundation of our national power still stands impregnable against the powers of earth. We wish that this column, rising toward heaven among the spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce in all minds a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, will be something which should remind him of the liberty and glory of his country. Let it rise until it meets the sun in its coming, let the earliest light of morning gild it, and parting day linger and play upon its summit."

Lieut. Gov. Thorne was followed by Gen. Bennett H. Young, President of the Home, who made a most touching and elo-

quent address, and presented the history of the Home and all that had been done for it by the State and its friends. He then introduced to the audience Mrs. Blackley, who is President of the Daughters of the Confederacy at Pewee Valley, who were especially interested in the Home. It is expected that this Chapter will keep kindly, vigilant watch upon this cemetery.

The *Courier-Journal* published the picture and stated: "It stands as a fitting tribute to these brave old men who thus die away from their kindred and homes, and as a magnificent evidence of the profound interest of Col. Hindman in all that concerns Confederates and his deep and abiding love for that cause to which his distinguished and gallant father rendered such noble service."

As is well known by Confederates throughout the South, Col. Hindman is a son of Confederate Maj. Gen. Tom Hindman, of Arkansas, who was greatly distinguished at Shiloh, Chickamauga, Prairie Grove, and other hard-fought battles, and who showed executive ability of the highest order while in command of the Trans-Mississippi Department. He is remembered by old soldiers as one of the most dashing and gallant generals that the South produced.

The ceremonies were concluded by the introduction of the following resolution by Col. W. O. Coleman, Commandant of the Confederate Home, which was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved by the veterans of the Kentucky Confederate Home, That we thank Col. Biscoe Hindman with hearts full of gratitude and emotion for his munificent gift for our dead comrades and those who will in the future find their final home in this sacred and now consecrated spot. Acts of kindness and beneficence to the living may have some ulterior or selfish motive, some remote hope of temporal reward; but when given to the dead to mark and perpetuate their place of burial and to become a part of the history of each individual never to be forgotten, these acts illustrate a principle that cannot die and a patriotism and fidelity to duty unequalled in the ordinary affairs of mankind. In the latter case the motive cannot be questioned as representing any other thing than that of love and charity."

"Here in after years our children and friends will make pilgrimage to this lovely place, and with uncovered heads strew each grave with flowers and be guided and impressed by the lessons taught by this monument and the separate headstones in this beautiful bivouac of heroism and duty well performed. We appreciate this the more when we remember how desolate and neglected are the graves of so many of our comrades, with no headstones or shafts of honor to mark their resting places."

"But for Col. Hindman's generosity and thoughtfulness this monument might never have been erected. We trust that his future may be one of uninterrupted pleasure, profit, and happiness, and that he may realize the full fruition of his brightest and most cherished hopes."

ESCAPED FROM ROCK ISLAND.—S. S. Priest, of Side View, Ky., who was a member of the First Kentucky Cavalry, in sending some data to the *VETERAN*, says: "I was a prisoner at Rock Island, Ill., from Christmas, 1863, until December 3, 1864, when I made my escape and went to Canada. Five of us escaped through the sewer—John Totts, of Kentucky, who has since died; Tom Berry, of Kentucky; Tom Daily, of Henderson, Ky.; J. W. S. Emerson, of the Eighth Texas Cavalry; and myself. I should like to hear from any of them through the *VETERAN* or by letter. The last I heard of Emerson he was living in Columbus, Ky., but I've never heard of Berry or Daily since we parted in Chicago."

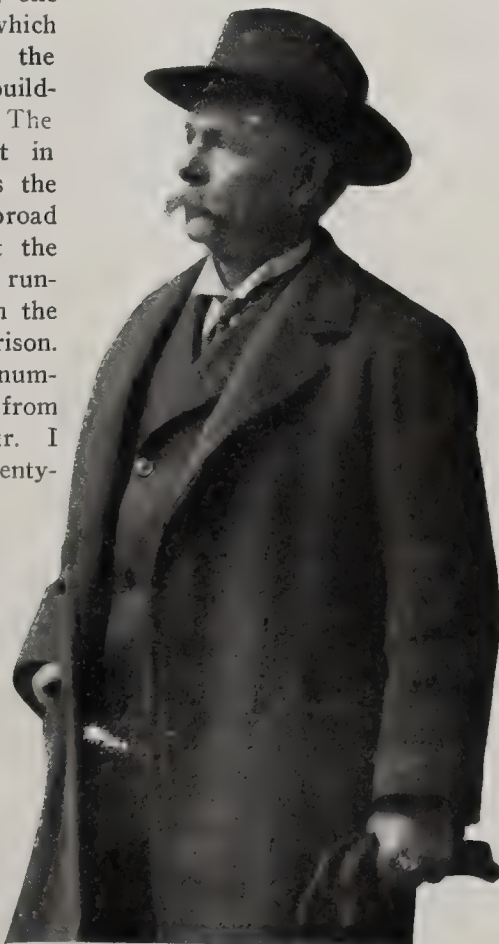
FORTY HOURS IN A DUNGEON AT ROCK ISLAND.

BY B. M. HORD, NASHVILLE.

I was a member of Dobbins's Regiment, Walker's Brigade of Arkansas Cavalry, and a short time after our fiasco at Little Rock, where our army abandoned a strongly fortified position without firing a shot, except a little cavalry skirmish below the town, I was captured by the Eighth Missouri Federal Cavalry and, after spending a few days in the penitentiary at Little Rock, was sent with a batch of other prisoners to St. Louis and confined in McDowell's old Medical College, which had been converted into a Federal prison. Shortly after our arrival an unsuccessful attempt to escape was made by cutting through a partition wall that divided the college from a chapel or schoolroom. I was accused of being in the plot and, with a number of others, was promptly sent to Rock Island, some four hundred miles above.

This prison, located on an island in the Mississippi River, was a square inclosure of some eight or ten acres, surrounded by a heavy plank fence twelve or fourteen feet high, with a parapet four feet from the top extending all around on the outside for the sentinels, and on the inside, ten or fifteen feet from the fence, there was a shallow ditch called the "dead line." Prisoners were not allowed nearer the fence than this ditch upon penalty of being shot without challenge by the sentinels. Several were killed while I was there who thoughtlessly stepped over the line. Two, I remember, were killed at different times who, in the excitement of a ball game, chased the ball across the ditch. The barracks were about ninety by twenty feet, built of rough upright boards, with a partition at one end for a kitchen, which was furnished with a forty-gallon kettle in which we did all of our cooking save the bread. The kitchen was presided over by a sergeant of the barracks and his cooks, who were also prisoners. Wooden bunks in three tiers, one above the other, in which we slept, extended the full length of the building on each side. The barracks were built in uniform rows across the inclosure, with a broad avenue beginning at the main entrance and running directly through the center of the prison. The houses were numbered consecutively from one up to eighty-four. I was in barrack twenty-four.

When we arrived at Rock Island, early in December, 1863, Col. Rust was in command with a detachment of the Fourth Invalid Corps. He was a kind-hearted old fellow, and just to the prisoners; but unfortunately for us the old colonel was soon removed, and in his



BEN M'CULLOCH HORD.

place came as inhuman a brute as ever disgraced the uniform of any country, one A. J. Johnson, with his regiment of negroes for guard duty, leaving the Fourth Invalid men, many of whom had grown to middle age in the service on the frontier, for light fatigue duty, such as calling the roll of prisoners morning and evening, inspecting the barracks, etc. Many of these old, battle-scarred veterans and their officers were kindly disposed toward us, but dared not show it beyond a word or look, for every devilish device that could be conjured up in the brain of a savage to make us suffer was put in force by Johnson. Men were brutally punished upon the slightest pretext. I saw prisoners tied up to the fence by their thumbs, their toes barely touching the ground, in the hot, broiling sun until they would faint, and when cut down by the guards fall limp and unconscious, while none of us dared approach; for they were next the fence, over the dead line, and grinning negro sentinels stood just above them with ready guns in hand. We were no longer allowed the privilege of buying provisions from the post sutler or to receive such things from home; at the same time our rations had been gradually reduced to less than half the amount issued to us when we first reached the Rock Island prison. Hunger began to develop the savage instincts that lie dormant in us all; men grew ugly in temper, quarrels and fights were frequent over their scant rations, yet this was but a foretaste of what was to come.

In the summer of 1864 twelve barracks in the southeast corner of the inclosure, near the main entrance to the prison, were fenced off, the occupants transferred to other barracks; and at roll call one morning we were informed that the United States government had opened a recruiting office in our prison, and that all who would take the oath and join the United States army would be moved into the new pen—calf pen, we called it—furnished good clothing, bountiful rations, paid one hundred dollars bounty, the post sutler permitted to bring in whatever they wanted to eat, and that they would not be sent South to fight, but out on the frontier to hold the Indians in subjection. Never, since the Son of Man was tempted by the devil, was dishonor more cunningly devised or temptingly displayed. Quite a number jumped at the bait, mostly men who were willing to take the oath under any circumstances; but after this came the heroic struggle between patriotism and starvation, for our rations had been still further reduced under the pretext of creating a "prisoners' fund" to pay for medicines, caring for our sick, and to pay for such clothing as the government issued us. (See "Record of Rebellion," Series II., Vol. 8.) But every few days starvation would claim a victory. It was pitiful. Gaunt forms with the glare of wolfish hunger in their eyes, the very pictures of famine, could be seen going up to take the oath, tears streaming down their faces and curses on the Yankees from their lips, their poor, shriveled flesh showing beneath fluttering rags, for when one of this kind was starved into submission, knowing he would soon be well supplied, he exchanged his clothes with some more needy comrade.

Dart was the name of our post sutler. He was a kind-hearted fellow, had made many friends among the prisoners before Johnson began his starving process and stopped us from trading with him, but he was now permitted to resume business with the recruits in the "calf pen." It was some fifty steps from the main entrance of the prison to the gate of the "calf pen," and frequently numbers of us would gather along this space, as near the dead line as we dared get, to await the arrival of Dart's wagon with supplies for the recruits just to catch a glimpse and get a whiff of the odor

of fresh bread, meats, and pies as they passed from one gate to the other. Ah, the odor of those pies! I will carry to my grave their odor.

Dart had a dog that would sometimes follow his wagon into the prison. We were assembled one evening, as usual, to smell the pies and things, when the front gate swung open and Dart drove in; the dog came in also. The best of us, man or beast, sometimes make mistakes. Dart and his dog were not exceptions. In allowing the dog to follow him was Dart's mistake. The wagon stopped a moment in our midst for the sentry to open the gate to the "calf pen;" the dog took position midway beneath the wagon—wise dog; a wink, a significant nod at the dog, passed between a half dozen prisoners; two stepped around on the opposite side of the wagon and, unobserved, made a pass at the dog; the dog instinctively dodged to the other side—this was his mistake. He didn't understand the advantage of a flank movement. In an instant a bony, brown hand had him by the back of his neck and another clutched his throat; he was tucked under the skirt of a long-tailed coat, and a moment later three men, walking close together as if to conceal something from the crowd behind them, disappeared around the corner of the nearest barrack.

I wish to state emphatically that I did not catch Dart's dog, neither did I tack the skin to the big oak tree in the main avenue that was found there the next morning with a note attached requesting some one to "send in another dog," but I've always conscientiously felt I was indebted to Dart for the hind quarter of a dog. My bunk mate, Charlie Goodwin, however, had no conscientious scruples about it. He thought the fruit was overripe—that if it had been pulled greener, say in the puppy stage, it would have been more palatable. But Charlie was a bit fastidious. He was head clerk in a swell confectionary establishment in Memphis, Tenn., when the war began, accustomed to selling bonbons, fancy candies, and cakes to ladies, and naturally his taste had become more or less vitiated for the substantials of life.

Having sampled the regular prison fare for more than ten months, with such side dishes as I could get, as our rations contracted the price of rats expanded until one could not be had for love or money, I determined to make another effort to relieve Uncle Sam of any further expense on my account. I had been engaged in two unsuccessful attempts to tunnel out, and I knew a negro too well to trust him a bribe, for three comrades that I knew were shot and killed by the negro sentinels at night after the villains had accepted cash bribes, so I decided I would make the attempt disguised as a Yankee. Every morning after roll call a detail of six prisoners from each barrack was made to carry out the slop barrels through a little side gate, escorted by a Yankee guard, empty the barrels in the river, and return to the prison. My idea was, disguised in a Yankee uniform, with a citizen's suit underneath, to take charge of a detail, march out with it, discard my uniform as soon as possible when safely outside, and in citizen's clothes the greatest danger would be past. The prison was constantly searched for contraband articles, especially Yankee clothes. I had managed to keep concealed a Yankee blouse and cap, but had no pants, no pistol, and no scabbard. These last were as necessary as the pants, for the guards were required to wear pistols when they came in prison. I had on a Yankee belt when captured, which had not been taken from me, and the pistol and scabbard I soon provided. A thick piece of pine board furnished the material out of which I whittled a good imitation handle of a pistol, which I stained with ink and glazed over with a lead pencil

to give it the appearance of steel. The scabbard I made from the knee flaps of my cavalry boots, a fine Yankee pair that my best girl had smuggled out of Helena, Ark., for me under her hoop skirt just before our fight there; but it was a month later before I secured the pants. I was standing one morning near the main entrance when a two-horse wagon, loaded with coal and driven by a green-looking Dutchman, came in. The driver's big blue Yankee overcoat was lying back on the coal, and I determined to have it. While he was fumbling in his pockets to find the ticket showing the number of barrack that had made requisition for the fuel, I advanced and roughly asked what had detained him, that I had been waiting an hour for the coal; taking his ticket and signing my sergeant's name to it, I mounted the wagon and directed him to my barrack, number twenty-four, on the far side of the prison. Throwing the coat on the wheel horse as I jumped down, I bade him wait and I would have his wagon unloaded. I went in, informed my sergeant, John Smith—John Rodgers was his real name, but he belonged to Quantrell's command, and had this been known his life would not have been worth a day's rations—of my intentions, and asked that he send out a detail to unload the coal. I then posted two or three of my friends, and, while the men were unloading the wagon, they were attracting the driver's attention on the far side from me by urging him to buy trinkets they had made out of shell, bone, etc. Unobserved I slipped the coat under my overcoat, carried it into my barrack, lifted up a loose plank in the floor, dropped it underneath, and went back to watch developments. Of course the Dutchman missed his coat when he started to drive away, and appealed to the sergeant, who called up the men; all declared there was no coat on the wagon—in truth, they had not noticed it. Then the Dutchman got mad, and they began to come back at him with unbiblical language. Being in the midst of five or six thousand half-starved rebels, he curbed his tongue; but within twenty minutes after he drove out the bugle sounded the assembly, and the entire prison was searched, though without results. Two nights afterwards, when all was quiet, the coat was ripped up, washed in our cooking kettle, wrung out dry as possible, the pieces placed smoothly over the planks in the bottom of my bunk, my oilcloth over them, my blanket over that, and my bunk mate and I slept on them for a week (no patent for either washing or ironing on this plan was applied for). I took them out at night and, ripping up an old pair of my pants, placed the pieces over the blue cloth on our kitchen table, cut out the pants with my pocket knife, and in three or four nights had them made. No slouch of a job was it, either, considering it was my first pair, made without thimble or scissors, and much of the thread drawn from my old pants. All the work had to be done secretly with a shaded light at night, for the prison was full of spies, but at last I was ready for business.

Next morning at roll call my sergeant reported me sick; and when the Yankee sergeant came in to verify the report, he found me in my bunk with a blanket drawn close up under my chin, suffering from a severe chill (?), but a moment later when the bugle sounded break ranks I threw off the blanket, sprang out of my bunk in Yankee uniform, the butt of my pistol showing bravely in the scabbard belted under my blouse—all of which I expected to discard as soon as I was at a safe distance outside, for the citizen suit I had on underneath. Passing out the back door of our barrack as the men came in the front, I soon found a squad (six men with three barrels) waiting for a Federal guard to escort them out. Assuming authority, I ordered them to take up the barrels

and move forward. We had to march to the far side of the prison, and when we arrived at the little side gate found all the scavenger force in line, the first squad standing at the edge of the dead line, the others extending back in the prison probably a hundred yards. Glancing from under the visor of my cap, I saw the officer of the day on the parapet directly over the gate, a negro sentinel on either side, watching the line form. He called to me as I came up, asking if I was the last. Replying that I was, he ordered the guard below to open the gate, and we began to pass out. Up to this time it had been nothing but pure bluff on my part, but as we moved toward the dead line my nerve began to leave me. From the furtive glances I gave from time to time at the officer and sentinels I imagined they were giving me special attention, and the nearer I approached the greater became my fear that I had been betrayed or they had penetrated my disguise and were only waiting for me to step over the dead line to shoot. Had it been a dash or rush with other comrades, I could have taken my chance with the bunch, but only one at a time could pass out of the narrow gate, and to be slowly moving up foot by foot to a line that I knew was certain death to cross, with two negro guards watching me and anxious to shoot, sent a tingling sensation down my back and a sharp pain in my jaws, as if I had bitten a sour pickle. A dozen times I was tempted to spring behind a barrack before they could shoot, and give up the attempt, but it was too late now. I was within ten feet of the line, and the least wavering or false step would confirm their suspicions, if they had any, and certainly draw their fire; so, pulling myself together as best I could, I stepped over with my men, marched them out the gate, and saw, for the first time in ten months outside of a prison wall, the broad Mississippi and the city of Davenport beyond.

We had gone a hundred yards down the river bank when I felt a hand on my shoulder and some one asked, "What company do you belong to?" Looking up, I saw it was the officer from the parapet. "Capt. Ameron's," I replied promptly, at the same time ordering my squad to "close up." He walked with me a little distance, and when not more than fifty feet from where they were mounting guard for the day he halted me, called to the sergeant of the guard and asked if the detail from Ameron's company had reported. They had. Facing me squarely to them, he asked if I belonged to their company. The play was over. The Yanks gave a knowing grin and, shaking their heads, pronounced me a "counterfeit." Calling a sergeant to take charge of my detail of Rebs, who were as much surprised as the Yankees, I was marched up to the officers' quarters, stripped of all my clothing, and after failing to find any money or papers—I had a \$10 bill rolled in a small ball and glued to my head under the hair back of my ear—I was furnished a pair of old second-hand brown jeans pants, a woolen shirt, and a pair of russet shoes, without socks. The officers, several of whom had collected, evidently intended to make me look as ridiculous as possible, for while I was small, even for my age, the things furnished me would have been rather large for a six-foot, two hundred and fifty pound man. Then they began to question me as to where I procured my Yankee uniform. They could see I had designed the pistol and scabbard—but the clothes? I knew I would be punished severely if I told them I stole the coat to make the pants, so I decided to saddle the whole thing on a Yankee. The recruits in the "calf pen" were permitted to come out in detachments, accompanied by a guard, morning and evening to get water at the well in our prison, and I told my captors that I had bought the clothes late one evening from one of these guards; did not know his name and would

not recognize his face. They refused to accept the statement; but no coaxing, bribes, or threats could make me deviate from the truth (?) of this story, so they ordered the sergeant to take me to the guardhouse, put me in irons, and drop me in the dungeon until my memory improved. The guardhouse was like our barracks except it was better built, had no bunks in it, was ceiled and made comfortable inside. Underneath the room which we used as a kitchen an excavation probably twelve by fourteen feet and eight or ten feet deep had been made, which was used for a dungeon. The entrance to it was through a trapdoor in the middle of the floor, secured by a bolt on the upper side. The door was lifted up, a ladder thrust down in the hole, the prisoner descended, the ladder was withdrawn, the door dropped back, the bolt shot, and—there you were in darkness absolutely black. A thirty-two pound shot on a four-foot chain, with an ordinary spring lock cuff at the other end, was fastened around my ankle and I was marched to the trapdoor. When it was opened and I started down the ladder a horrible, loathsome odor from the fetid atmosphere below almost caused me to fall, but, gripping the chain in one hand and the rungs of the ladder with the other, I was carefully feeling my way down with my long russet shoes when the old, familiar challenge of "Who comes there?" sounded in the darkness below. There was a devil-may-care tone in the voice that prompted me to answer: "A friend without the countersign."

"Advance, friend! The rattle of that chain is countersign enough," he answered back.

"Are you down?" the guard called to me from above.

"Don't know, but I am at the end of the ladder," I replied. When the ladder was drawn up and the door closed, I saw there was a faint, flickering ray of light near my feet that I discovered came from the open door of a small stove. "What's your game, and what barrack are you from?" asked the voice that had challenged me. I told him, and he in turn informed me that he was the unfortunate prisoner who, a short time before, in a fight with a comrade had killed him by striking him in the head with the footboard of his bunk. The Yankees had taken him out of prison and given him the choice of either joining the Yankee army or be hung for murder, and he had told them to "hang and be d—d," so they put him in the dungeon to give him time to reconsider.

By his side on the edge of the ray of light I thought I saw something move, and I inquired if he was alone. "O, no; you are in select company down here," he replied. "There are two Yankee deserters condemned to be shot and a crazy nigger that stands a good chance of going the same way." He then told me the negro had gone suddenly crazy while on post, and when the relief guard came around had fired into the squad, mortally wounding one of them. He was in the dungeon waiting the decision of a court-martial. We had heard of the incident in prison at the time it occurred, and there are doubtless many old Rock Islanders yet living who will recall it, although we attached no importance to it at the time. But it came back to me then with a shudder of horror, for when a very small child I had been badly frightened by a harmless imbecile, and ever afterwards the only argument my old nurse needed to make me submissive and obedient was to threaten me with "a crazy man." It was a childish fear, but one I've never outgrown, and to-day I am more afraid of a lunatic than anything living. It was but small comfort to me when my friend told me the negro was his "bodyguard," and that he was big enough and strong enough to whip the two deserters with one hand. The last vestige of nerve was oozing out of me in a cold perspiration as I realized the situa-

tion—chained and in a twelve-foot dungeon with a powerful, crazy negro. I dropped my ball, and the rattle of the chain emphasized the horror of my situation. My knees began to shake beneath me, and as soon as I could speak without betraying my fear I told my friend that I would sit down, that I was rather tired from my morning's experience. "Sorry I can't offer you a chair," he replied. "We recline here mostly, and, as they have not sent your bed down, you will have to use one of the Yank's. Nig, get the gentleman a bed." There was a commotion in the darkness, then the light shone on two long, powerful forearms and black hands that were holding toward me a plank, some six feet long and twelve or fourteen inches wide. I could see nothing more, but knew instinctively to whom the arms and hands belonged, and shuddered as I took the board. Placing it directly in front of the stove under the ray of light, I stretched myself out on my back, my ball at my feet, and hands clasped under my head. I have no idea how long I remained in this position, for there is no record of time in a dungeon, day or night is all alike—black, blacker, blackest—but from excitement, fatigue, and fear I must have fallen asleep, for I was aroused to consciousness by something pulling on my chain, pressing the cold iron against my naked ankle, and I opened my eyes. On his knees bending over me, his face directly in the beam of light from the stove, and so close to mine I could feel his breath on my face, with a maniac's gleam in his bulging eyes, was the hideous face of the negro; in the shadowy light I could see my thirty-two pound shot resting in the upturned palm of his right hand near his shoulder while his left grasped the chain lower down which he was pulling to give him more purchase to dash the ball on my head. An electric flash was not quicker than I took in the situation or a clap of thunder louder than my scream of mortal terror. He dropped the ball and, with a maniac's cunning on being discovered, glided like a snake off in the darkness. My comrade was on his feet almost as quick as I, and when I explained that the negro was about to dash my brains out with my ball, he gave him a scientific cursing, and I heard him kicking him vigorously in the dark, at the same time ordering him to "go up in the corner." In a few moments he came back, told me the negro would not again disturb me, and to lie down and finish my nap, which I declined with the truthful assurance that I was not a bit sleepy. The absolute control this Southern boy had over this negro was so incomprehensible to me that many years afterwards I mentioned the fact to my friend, the late Dr. J. H. Callender, for many years Superintendent of the Insane Asylum for Tennessee, and a man of national reputation as an expert on insanity, and he informed me that the case was by no means extraordinary; that the negro was a weak-minded creature to start with, that the violent and sudden change from slavery to a United States soldier, the change of climate, habits, etc., had evidently deranged his feeble mind; that it was a perfect blank as to his surroundings, but when thrown in contact with a Southern man, hearing the Southern dialect, the authoritative tone, and the rough treatment revived in a feeble way his memory of slavery, which made him docile and obedient to the Southerner, for he only remembered himself as a slave.

It seemed as if I had been confined in darkness an eternity when the trapdoor was opened, the ladder lowered, and, instead of calling for one of us to come up and get our bread and canteens of water, which were our only rations, I was ordered to come up. It was a moment or two before my eyes became accustomed to the glare of the light; then I realized from the lantern in the orderly's hand that it was night. The

guard was drawn up in open order at a "shoulder," and the officer of the day standing in the open door. "How is your memory now about your clothes?" he asked, as I halted in front of him. It occurred to me he would believe one story as readily as another, so I concluded to stick to the original text. "Very well," he replied; "if we can't starve it out of you, maybe we can shoot it out. Muster the guard outside, orderly." If I had been at myself, I would have known at once this was all bluff to bully me into a confession, but I was weak, sick, and frazzled out generally; and when I heard the negroes close up and come tramping out behind me, while the officer marched me in front, it made me wish I was safely back in the prison once more. The guard was drawn up outside, and I was left standing some ten or fifteen steps in front of them. The officer again questioned me about the uniform, and I again gave him the same old story. After bullying me for a time, and repeatedly informing me that I was not telling the truth, in a word of three letters, he ordered the sergeant to put me back in prison. I was put in the dungeon Wednesday morning about seven o'clock and was taken out Friday night about twelve.

I wore the ball for nearly two months, when it was ordered off by Capt. Ameron himself. He was officer of the day, and was watching some prisoners clean up the grounds inside the prison. I walked up close to him and dropped my ball to attract his attention. He turned when he heard the chain rattle, looked me over, and asked why I was wearing the ball. I replied because I could not get it off (which was a fib, as I could pick the lock with a small nail and stout cord as fast as it could be locked, and which I did every night after getting into my bunk, but was afraid to go without it in daylight for fear some spy would report me, then it would have been riveted on my leg). "What did they put it on you for?" he inquired. I stated the case, and told him it was a reflection on the standing of his company, that I had simply claimed to be a member of it when they immediately proceeded to iron me. I saw his eyes twinkle a little as he said, "So you are the little rascal who claimed to belong to my company, are you?" I confessed I was. In a few moments he turned to go and ordered me to follow. We had reached the big ditch that was being dug across the prison, when he suddenly stopped, looked me square in the face, and asked if my irons were riveted on. I told him they were not. Without removing his eyes, he asked me if I had been wearing the ball all the time. I assured him I had (with proper allowance for truth under the circumstances). "Now, see here, Johnny, I am going to have that ball taken off, but I have heard that you fellows can pick one of those locks in a flash. Let me see you do it," he said, looking around to see that no one was in hearing distance. After another assurance from him that the ball should come off, I took my little nail and string out of my pocket and in a twinkle had the shackle off. He examined the nail and the string, then told me to do it again, which I did. He only said: "Well, I'll be d—. Fasten it back and come along." Passing out the gate, he called a sergeant and told him to take my irons off and put me back in prison. I thought I detected a sly wink as he nodded his head to me and turned away.

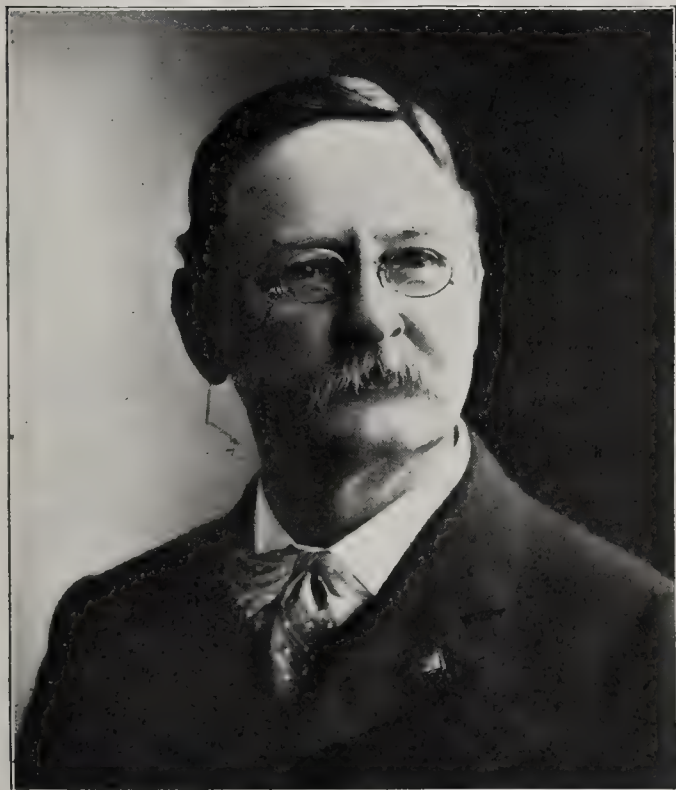
There is but a short span of life left me, but I would give a good slice out of it to know if my comrade in the dungeon is living and to grasp his hand once more, or to meet some of the members of the detail that I marched out that morning with the slop barrels, none of whom I knew; but if any are living and read this article, they will certainly remember the circumstances of my arrest.

Nearly forty years have passed since my dungeon experience, yet at times I can feel the hot breath of that burly negro on my cheek, can see his bulging eyes with a maniac's glare in them close to mine, and in the shadowy darkness see my ball in his uplifted hand ready to fall and crush my head; I scream in mortal terror, and—I feel some one shaking me and a voice sounding far away, saying, "Husband, husband, wake up! You have a nightmare. You *must* quit eating such heavy suppers;" and I wake up to thank God it is only a nightmare this time, and that it was not caused by overfeeding on Dart's dog.

"7 C. K."

There are doubtless yet living many veterans who were prisoners at Rock Island in 1864-65, whose memories will be revived by the above emblematic caption. They will remember that secret oath-bound organization of prisoners formed at the darkest and most trying time of their prison life, a time when the United States government was using every means by starvation and bribery to induce the prisoners to join the United States army, for it was at this time the organization was formed and the members took a solemn oath to stand by each other under all circumstances and to die in prison rather than take the oath of allegiance or join the United States army so long as the Confederate government was in existence.

The "Seven Confederate Knights," as indicated by the "7 C. K.," had their grips, signs, password, and badge. The badge was made of bone or shell, and was a star with seven points. Their motto was: "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*" (It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country).



W. J. BOHON.

There are only seven Latin words in the motto, and in each point of the star was the initial letter of each word; a shield was in the center of the star, on which were the emblematic letters "C." and "K." and the figure "7."

The organization was formed into companies under officers,

and at one time contemplated storming the parapets with stones and sticks, kitchen knives, etc., overpowering the guards, so as to effect an escape; but notwithstanding the great secrecy observed in selecting men to join the organization and the purposes of the organization, the Federals were advised of the contemplated movement, the guards were doubled, and other extra precautions taken.

Comrade W. J. Bohon, from Harrodsburg, Ky., was a prisoner at Rock Island and a member of the "7 C. K." He joined the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry in 1861, first commanded by Gen. Humphrey Marshall and afterwards by Gen. John Morgan. He was exchanged out of Rock Island in March, 1865, reaching Richmond, Va., only thirty days before the surrender of Gen. Lee, but made his way back to his command and surrendered with it at Mt. Sterling, Ky., about May 1, 1865.

MISSOURI BATTERY IN TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.

Sam B. Dunlap writes from South St. Joseph, Mo., May 19, 1904:

"I was a member of the First Missouri Artillery. At Columbia, Tenn., on our march to Nashville, we crossed on a pontoon at Davis's ferry. [It seems that his battery and detachments of infantry and cavalry were the advance.—Ed.] The night was very dark and cloudy, and this circuitous march caused us to traverse some very rough, hilly country, covered with thick timber and rocks. When crossing a huge boulder, one wheel of the gun to which I belonged broke every spoke. The fifth wheel would not fit. The Federal sharpshooters were whistling Minie balls around us. Seeing a dim light through the timber, two men were sent to a farmhouse and took a rear wheel from a wagon, and we proceeded on our slow and perilous march. At Franklin we replaced our broken wheel with one the Federals had left in Franklin, and moved on to within three miles of Nashville. We remained but a short time with the main army, but were again sent with a detachment five thousand strong, under command of Forrest, to attack Murfreesboro, where, after drawing the Federals out of their strong fortifications, we lost the day by not having a sufficient infantry to support the artillery, and our company narrowly escaped capture.

"The weather was very cold for the climate. Rain, snow, and sleet were severe. Many of our men were almost without clothing and shoes. I was one of the 'shoeless Confederates.'

"When our lines were broken at Nashville, we were still near Murfreesboro and cut off from the main pike, which made our route of exit very circuitous. It was also very rough and rocky. We joined the main army near Columbia December 19, 1864.

"Two days previous to our arrival, I was entirely barefooted, and my bleeding, barefoot track could be seen in the snow. By permission, I and a comrade, Taylor, crossed the river on a pontoon in advance of the company. We stopped at an old barn filled with soldiers trying to dry themselves around some smoking fires, where a boy about fifteen years old, in reply to my inquiry about shoes, produced a pair of half-worn cloth shoes and priced them at \$15. I gave him a twenty-dollar bill, and while he was out looking for change I spied a pair of heavy leather shoes that he also had. Taylor wore the cloth shoes, which were entirely too large for me. If that boy soldier is living, I should like to hear from him, or any others who were there.

"Our company surrendered in North Carolina, near High Point, April 26, 1865, under the noble Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, Capt. Harris commanding the battery."

SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON.

BY A. A. STEPHENS, COMPANY K, FIRST MISSISSIPPI INFANTRY.

About the 20th of May, 1863, Port Hudson was besieged by Gen. Banks, of the Federal forces, while Gen. Gardner commanded the Confederate forces. At the beginning the Confederates had about six thousand, rank and file. After the second day's battle the First Mississippi Regiment was divided. Lieut. Col. Hamilton commanded one-half, and supported a battery on the left of the railroad going to Clinton, Miss., while the other half was commanded by Maj. Johnson, supporting Col. Johnson, of the Fifteenth Arkansas, who was holding a very prominent point on the north side of Thompson Creek.

The first attack on the port was made on the north, which was outside of the breastworks, and was begun in the afternoon and lasted until after dark. We lay in line of battle all night, the next day and night, after sunrise of the next day, and before the picket was relieved. We were stormed by the Yanks and driven inside of the breastworks. They made a general charge all around the line, but we, being well fortified, killed a great many. At four o'clock in the afternoon the words "Cease firing" were passed down the line, and the Yanks thought we had surrendered, but they soon learned better.

They had charged our works on the south and east through an open field with double column coming up to the ditches, and what we did not kill we captured. As it was near night, Gen. Banks asked permission to take care of his dead and wounded. This ended the first day of the siege.

The next day they tried us on the left and up the river with their colored troops, some of which were so drunk they could hardly move. They were the first negro troops we had ever met, and I saw more dead "niggers" there than I have ever seen before or since.

After this they settled down to regular siege work, throwing up fortifications until the 8th of June. They made another general charge, but suffered severely for it. At one place, in the outside ditch near the battery that the First Mississippi was supporting, the Yanks were piled upon each other, and for two hundred yards in front the dead and dying were lying thick. After this there was no more charging of breastworks, but constant picket and sharpshooting till the surrender, which occurred on July 8, four days after the fall of Vicksburg.

Our principal supplies were sugar, molasses, and cowpeas, while the meat we had in the latter part of the siege was horse, mule, and rats. We surrendered with 3,000 or 3,500 men. The surrender was conditional—all privates were paroled and officers sent to prison. Our lieutenant colonel, A. L. Hamilton, was a Methodist preacher, a consecrated Christian soldier, and dearly loved by his regiment. After we received our parole and had formed a line to march, he was permitted to tell us good-by. He died in prison.

CONCERNING BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.

BY MAJ. THOMAS J. KEY, OF NASHVILLE.

The April issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN contained an article from Capt. J. H. Bingham as to "How Errors Become Historic Facts."

There are some statements in his article that need correcting. The battle took place (on Missionary Ridge) on November 25, 1863. In naming the batteries engaged Capt. Bingham names "Calvert's Battery," which had been commanded for a year by Capt. T. J. Key, and Semple's Battery, which should have been Capt. Goldthwait's Battery. These

batteries were with Gen. Polk's Brigade, and were stationed almost over the railroad tunnel on the Ridge. There was conflict on Gen. Cleburne's right in the morning, but the Federals immediately fronting the tunnel moved toward the Ridge in force. Several regiments reached the foot of the Ridge, and were protected by houses in the valley. The writer of this article prepared the shell for the purpose of burning the houses, which he did with success, but other Federal regiments came up, and in the evening the double lines of Federals advanced upon Gen. Cleburne's line. The steady fire from the Confederates checked the Federals about a hundred yards before they reached Gen. Cleburne's line.

The Federals appeared to be accumulating a great army under the hill, expecting to charge the Confederates and overpower them. They were so close that the Confederates could throw stones down the mountain that reached them. About this time reinforcements were sent to Gen. Cleburne, and his men remained in the rear, ready to meet the Federal attack. Shells from the Federal artillery were bursting on the Ridge, and I saw one of them explode behind our lines, destroying several men. One soldier's head was blown into a tree, where the hair held it suspended on the limbs. The shelling was done to intimidate our forces, preparatory to charging our lines, but it failed. Gen. Cleburne came along the line and gave orders for us to charge down the mountain side and drive them from their position. In a few moments our men jumped over the rails and rocks that they had piled as a protection and caused the Federals to retreat. There was not more than a regiment, so far as we could see, that came to the support of Gen. Cleburne's command, but they went down the Ridge in the charge, driving the Federals toward the foot of the mountain.

CORRECT DATE OF BATTLE AT JONESBORO.

BY W. S. CHAPMAN, INDIANOLA, MISS.

Comrade Joseph Erwin, of Swett's Battery, is in error as to the date of the battle of Jonesboro. It was fought September 1, 1864, and not August 1, as our comrade has it in the March number of the VETERAN. The battle of August 31 was called the battle of Utoy Creek, and that of the day following the battle of Jonesboro. As proof positive I will publish, in part, a letter written by me to my wife dated September 7, 1864, which is as follows:

"INSTITUTE HOSPITAL, NEAR MACON, GA., Sept. 7, 1864.

"*Dear Wife:* I am wounded severely in the head, but as my skull is not fractured I am all O. K.

"Owing to Gen. Hood's recent order I am unable to get home. Since Gen. Hood took command we have lost 15,000 men, killed, wounded, and missing. I am too lazy to write you a detailed account of the battles at Jonesboro. On the 31st ult. we (Hardee's and Lee's Corps) attacked the enemy at Jonesboro and were repulsed. The enemy were strongly fortified. On the 1st inst., Lee's Corps having been sent back, the enemy attacked Hardee's Corps and many were killed and wounded. At last, however, massing in front of Govan's Arkansas Brigade, who were in single rank, they took the works, capturing two regiments. Vaughn's Brigade (commanded by Col. G. W. Gordon), on the extreme left, marched to the right and charged the enemy out of the works taken from Govan. While in the ditch I was struck and left for the rear."

I desire to disclaim at the writing then and now any claim of superiority over Govan's Brigade. It was my opinion then, and my opinion now: taken singly or as a whole, there was never a better or braver division than Cleburne's in either army during the stormy days between 1861 and 1865.

I have written only to correct a date, and furnished the evidence to support my contention. I have the greatest admiration for the soldiers composing Cleburne's Division. Cheatham and Cleburne most generally fought side by side during the war, and my division always felt safe when Cleburne was in supporting distance. It was the fate of the two to go to death together at Franklin, where Cheatham's Division, under John C. Brown, division commander, lost thirty-seven per cent and Cleburne fifty-two per cent of the killed and wounded comprising the rank and file of the two divisions. From Peachtree Creek on to and through the battles of Nashville the best blood of the army was shed with a prodigality unsparing and unsurpassed in vain endeavors to accomplish the impossible, until there were left only a few at the surrender at High Point, N. C., to commemorate the deeds of daring of those who fell in the flame and forefront of battle.

Comrade S. J. Eales, of Burton, Kans., writing on the same subject, says: "As everything now published in the *VETERAN* is becoming history, and should be as near the truth as the nature of the case will admit, allow me to correct a mistake made by Comrade Erwin in the March number of the *VETERAN* as to the date of the battle of Jonesboro. This battle was fought August 31 instead of the 1st. The Kentucky boys referred to were the glorious old Orphan Brigade, commanded by Brig. Gen. Joseph E. Lewis, Breckinridge at that time being Secretary of War. As I remember it, Govan's Arkansas Brigade was on our left, supporting Swett's Battery. The writer was a member of Company F, Fifth Kentucky Regiment, of the Orphan Brigade, and was so severely wounded in a charge on the enemy's breastworks in that battle as to be disabled for further duty during the remainder of the war; therefore has good cause to remember the date."

TRIBUTES TO NASHVILLE AND THE REUNION.

Col. Bennett H. Young, Major General Kentucky Division, U. C. V., says of the recent Nashville reunion:

"I want to thank you for your many generous and kindly words and acts during my stay in Nashville. Your city covered itself with glory in the hospitable and superb way that it handled the reunion of 1904. Too much praise cannot be accorded your people for the liberal efforts put forth in the care and entertainment of the old veterans. When Nashville does anything she always does it well, but this thing she not only did well but superbly."

Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis writes Chairman of the Committee:

"New York, 123 W. 44th Street, June 22, 1904.

"My Dear Col. Hickman: While your reunion is in session, I want to thank you for the exquisite souvenir, on which is such a fine portrait of our beloved Gen. Gordon. It is a speaking likeness, surrounded by our splendid flags, which represent our hopes, the homes of our countrymen, and valor such as was never excelled in the world.

"Though I answered your invitation sometime ago, I write to send my affectionate remembrance to the veterans, and regret that the limitations of old age keep me from coming personally to see them assembled in the next dearest State to me to my own Mississippi—the State of Tennessee.

"Wishing you each one immunity from every sorrow and success in all things and the happiness which your sacrifices have earned, your countrywoman,

VARINA JEFFERSON DAVIS.

"June 22, 1904."

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT FAIRFAX, VA.

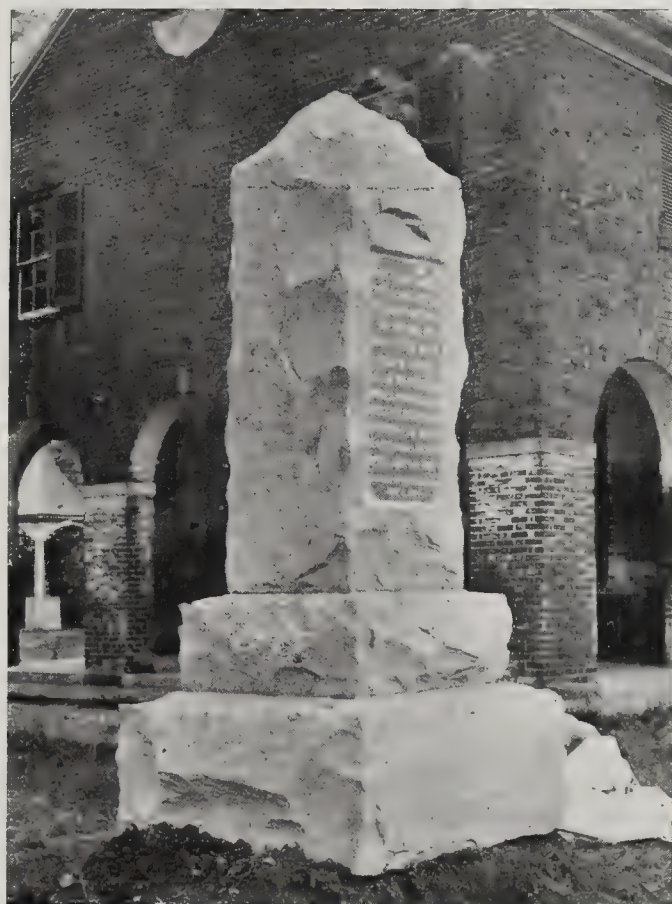
BY SUSAN HUNTER WALKER, VIENNA, VA.

An interesting event occurred at Fairfax Courthouse, Va., on the first day of June in the unveiling of a monument to mark the scene of the opening conflict of the war between the States and to commemorate the death in that conflict of Capt. John Quincy Marr, the first Confederate soldier killed in action.

The memorial is a rough-hewn shaft of Richmond gray granite, on the polished face of which are engraved the following words: "This stone marks the scene of the opening conflict of the war of 1861-65, when John Q. Marr, captain of the Warrenton Rifles, who was the first soldier killed in action, fell 800 ft. s. 46° w. (mag) of this spot, June 1, 1861. Erected by Marr Camp, C. V., June 1, 1904."

The occasion was an important one for Fairfax, the rallying ground for that and all the adjoining counties. The day proved wet and muddy, and distances were long in the case of most of the visitors, but the venerable courthouse was filled to overflowing with the veterans and the numerous visitors the occasion brought forth.

The chief address was delivered by Attorney-General Anderson, of Virginia. He was ably followed by Gov. Montague, and succeeding him came Judge George L. Christian, ex-Senator Eppa Hunton, Judge John Goode, Maj. Robert W.



Hunter, and Judge D. C. Grimsby. Needless to say the lost Confederacy was eloquently memorialized and discussed by such able advocates.

Among the guests of honor were the Misses Marr, sisters of the soldier in whose honor the monument was chiefly erected. The Lieutenant Governor was also present, as was Hon. R. E. Lee, Jr.

A band stationed in the quaint balcony above the court chamber discoursed music between the speeches. The selec-

tions consisted chiefly of Southern airs, which augmented the enthusiasm inspired by the eloquence of the orators. It was a day of awakened memories and reminiscences, with reunions of old friends and comrades who had fought beneath the stars and bars—a day that will long be remembered in the hearts of all who were present.

LIEUT. GEN. ALEX P. STEWART.

At the request of a number of Tennesseans, Col. D. C. Kelley has written the following interesting sketch of Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart, the senior surviving and therefore the senior or ranking officer of the Confederate army:

"Gen. Alex P. Stewart was born October 2, 1821, in Rogersville, Hawkins County, East Tennessee. At an early age his family removed to Winchester, in Franklin County, Middle Tennessee, whence, in the year 1838, he was sent, by appointment of Hon. Hopkins L. Turney, as a cadet to the United States Military Academy at West Point. A class of over one hundred and thirty entered, of whom fifty-six graduated in 1842. Among the members of the class were Gen. Gustavus W. Smith, of the Confederate army, Gen. James Longstreet, of the Confederate army, and others who became prominent during the Confederate war; Gens. John Pope, W. S. Rosécrans, and John Newton, of the Federal army.

"After graduating, in 1842, he was assigned as a second lieutenant to the Third United States Artillery, and served a year with a company of that regiment at Fort Macon, Beaufort, N. C. At the end of the year he was detailed for duty at West Point in the department of mathematics, and served two years in that capacity.

"His health becoming delicate, at the end of two years he resigned from the army, returned to his native climate in Tennessee, and became a member of the faculty of Cumberland University, at Lebanon, Tenn. He served as such, and also at Nashville University, until the outbreak of the Confederate war, when he tendered his services to Gov. Isham G. Harris, who placed him on duty to make contracts for the army which Tennessee was authorized to organize, and in locating camps. He was finally appointed by Governor Harris major of the artillery corps, that constituted a part of the State army. He was sent to Memphis and to Fort Pillow and to Columbus, Ky., and at the latter place, on November 7, 1861, he took part in the battle of Belmont.

"In the meantime, the people of the State of Tennessee had, by a large majority, voted in favor of separating from the United States, and applying for representation in the Government of the Confederate States, and the State army was transferred to the Confederate service. Gen. Stewart was transferred with the same rank, major of artillery. A few days after the battle of Belmont, on the recommendation of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, he was appointed a brigadier general in the army of the Confederate States.

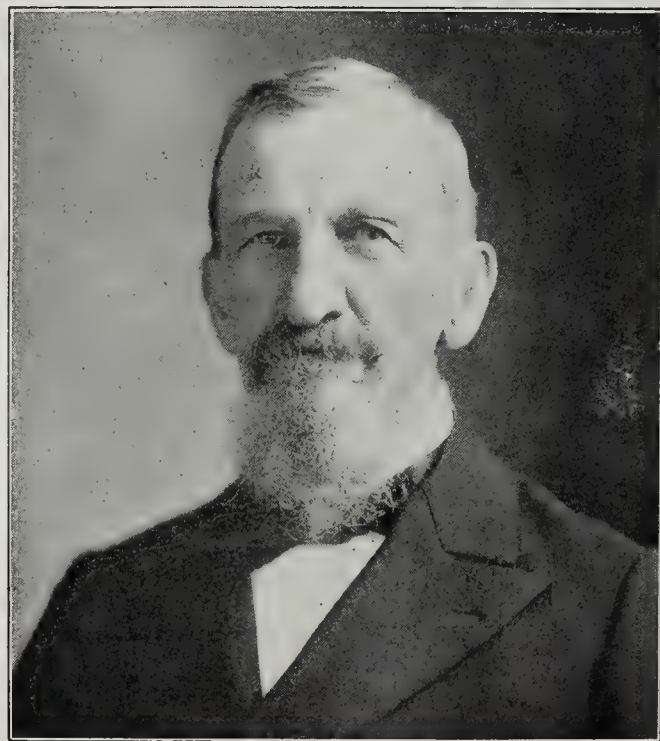
"In the spring of 1862 Gen. Stewart was ordered to Corinth, Miss., and assigned to the command of the brigade in the division of Polk's Corps that had been commanded by Gen. Charles Clark, of Mississippi. He was engaged in the battle of Shiloh, and commanded the division to which he belonged after the wounding of Gen. Clark.

"He remained with the Army of Tennessee and accompanied it in the campaign into Kentucky; was at the battle of Perryville, where he commanded a brigade in Cheatham's division. He continued with the army on its retreat from Kentucky, and again commanded a brigade in Cheatham's division in the battle of Murfreesboro.

"In the summer of 1863 he was promoted to the grade of Major General, and had command of a division in Hardee's Corps during the operations in Middle Tennessee, and the retreat to Chattanooga. In the battle of Chickamauga, in September, 1863, he commanded a division in Hood's Corps, and on Saturday, the first day of the battle, pierced the center of the Federal army. His division occupied the left of the Confederate army on Missionary Ridge, and was weakened by the withdrawal of his heaviest brigade by the corps commander, Gen. John C. Breckinridge, and was left with only about two brigades and a half to occupy the space from Bragg's headquarters to Rossville Gap, nearly three miles. He had been ordered to hold that part of the line, and in order to do so was compelled to string his men out in a mere skirmish line. He was attacked in the rear by the division of Osterhaus, of Hooker's army, and on his left flank by the division of Cruft, and on the front of his left center by the division of Geary, of the same army, and in the center or right front by Johnson's division and Sheridan's of the Army of the Cumberland. Of course in the face of such overwhelming odds it was absolutely necessary for his troops to retire, which they did with comparatively little loss.

"Gen. Stewart was still in command of the division when Gen. Joseph E. Johnston took command of the Army of Tennessee at Dalton, Ga., in December, 1863, and served with it throughout the campaign of Atlanta, in 1864. During this campaign, on the 25th of May, his division, composed of four small brigades, was attacked while in position at New Hope Church, but without any defenses, by the entire army under command of Gen. Joseph E. Hooker. After several hours of the most heroic fighting, Hooker's army was repulsed with heavy loss. The three brigades of Clayton and Baker, of Alabama, and of Stovall, of Georgia, were in line. The smaller brigade of Gibson, of Louisiana, was held in reserve.

"When Gen. Leonidas Polk was killed, on Pine Mountain, Ga., in June, 1864, Gen. Stewart was promoted to the grade of lieutenant general, and took command of the Army of the Mississippi just previous to the crossing of the Chattahoochee River. In the battle of Peachtree Creek, July 20,



GEN. ALEX P. STEWART.

1864, his command occupied the left of the Confederate army along Peachtree Creek. The battle was fought by the commands of Gens. Stewart and Hardee. He did not participate in the battle of Atlanta, July 22, but was engaged with his command in the battle of Mt. Ezra Church, July 28, and was wounded, which necessitated his retiring from the command for a short time. He was with Gen. Hood, who had succeeded Gen. Joseph E. Johnston in command of the army, in his campaign into Tennessee, and participated in the battles of Franklin and Nashville, and later accompanied his command to North Carolina, in the spring of 1865. He took part in the last engagement of that army—the battle of Coe's farm.

"After the surrender he returned to his home, in Lebanon, Tenn., and was for a year or two again a member of the faculty of Cumberland University, when he resigned and went to St. Louis, where for five years he engaged in business pursuits. He was next invited by the Board of Trustees of the University of Mississippi at Oxford to accept the presidency. After once declining, and on the renewal of the proposition, he accepted. He went to Oxford in 1874 and returned in 1886, filling the place for a period of twelve years.

"In 1890, after the passage by Congress of the act establishing the National Military Park on the battlefields around Chattanooga and at Chickamauga, he was appointed a member of the commission that was charged with the execution of the project, and continues in that position to the present time.

"Gen. Stewart, with his lifelong persistency in avoiding notoriety, has kept himself out of sight. The time has come when it is due Tennessee and the men he commanded that he allow those of us who knew him long and well to speak the truth in part at least. He must permit the State to bear the honors he won for her. He must grant the request of his old students and soldiers to crown his closing years with at least a modest statement of the truth evidenced by our best generals that there was no conflict between Christian faith and Confederate service. Of this fact there has been through the years no brighter example than Gen. Alex P. Stewart."

A RELIC OF WAR OR PEACE?

Had it been a sword, saddle, field glass, or other accoutrement of battle which was recently restored through the kindness of Mr. James H. Welcker, of Knoxville, Tenn., to the family of a Confederate general, only such interest would have been awakened as is usually bestowed on relics of war, but in the recovery of Gen. Zollicoffer's trunk and the restoration of this strictly personal belonging of the private gentleman to his youngest daughter there is food for reminiscent thought and stimulus to affectionate memory. In contemplating the scene of pillage in which the trunk was dragged from his forsaken camp on January 20, 1862, when the General lay dead in the hands of the enemy across the river, one recalls that with the passing of that trunk from his residence on High Street, Nashville, a few months previous on its departure with its owner for the seat of war, the door closed forever on a home life that was ideal in its happy harmonies.

That Gen. Zollicoffer was gracious and kind, that his sympathies were ever open to appeals of distress, and his strong arm ready to uplift the weak and helpless was realized even by those who stood most in awe of his grave dignity of manner. But there were few who knew how gentle was the force with which he ruled his home. Filling the place of both parents at once to his six daughters, who had lost their mother when the youngest was still an infant in the arms, he won from them, by his tender nurture, a double share of devotion bordering on

idolatry and a filial obedience that asked no questions. The watchful care with which he guided their lives is instanced in the following extract from one of his letters to the eldest of the six. In it he says: "While I would not have my daughters drive business like men, yet I should be proud to see them tidy, elegant, and intelligent housewives, with such aptitude for the art of domestic economy as to have plenty, but nothing to waste, live elegantly but not prodigally, and know how to do or to have done all those little details of business the having which well done gives comfort to the home and pleasure to the family fireside. I do not want you to make wrinkles in your face by attention to business, but I feel proud that you have so readily and intelligently adapted yourself to the business exigencies I have been compelled to force upon you. You will be none the less rosy for it, but really more cheerful, contented, and happy from consciousness of having done well your duty."

What later befell to break up the happy home is a matter of sorrowful history. In rereading the accounts in Northern papers of those times, which state that after the battle of Fishing Creek, in which Gen. Zollicoffer lost his life, the Federal forces, entering the Confederate intrenchments at Camp Beech Grove, "found the camp surrounded by a breastwork over a mile in circumference, with a deep ditch in front. Within it seemed a city; houses, streets, lanes, stores, stables—everything complete, except the inhabitants. Everything bore the appearance of the proprietors having stepped out for a moment to soon again return. Every tent was left standing as if the master were at home." In picturing to ourselves the rifling by ruthless hands of Gen. Zollicoffer's individual quarters, the heart leaps naturally back toward the domestic peace he had resigned for battle in his country's cause.

Not lightly had his little flock been left to its fate. The cost had been deliberately counted, the chances calmly weighed, before he turned his back on the pleasures and duties of home. But the firesides of his native land being threatened, Felix Zollicoffer could take no other course but to defend them, if need be, with the sacrifice of home, fortune, and life itself. That he was not moved by ambition to enter the Confederate service was evinced in his refusal of a major general's commission from Gov. Harris on the ground that he "could not consent to risk sacrificing the flower of Tennessee's manhood through his inexperience in military affairs." His chances for preferment were even greater had he consented to join with his lifelong Whig associates in declaring for the Union, as he was urged. It was foreign to his stanch nature, however, to do otherwise than spring to the relief of his invaded country. With full knowledge of the consequences, he chose the weaker side in the great conflict, and plainly he instructed his young family as to the gravity of the situation, not concealing from them the calamities that might result from a war between the States. To their childish inquiries, "Will the Yankees ever come to Nashville?" "Will they take our house and sit, as we do now, around the fire in this sitting room?" he would answer, pausing in his anxious pacing of the floor in those crucial days immediately before the State "went out," to reply: "It is not only probable that our enemies may seize our homes and other property, but it is possible that in their revengeful fanaticism they may hang some of us as traitors if they are finally successful."

Facing this thought, yet unreservedly devoting his all to the South, he accepted with modest hesitancy a brigadier's command, and left for the seat of war, commending his young children to the care of Providence and their eldest sister. From Knoxville he wrote back to the latter on September 11, 1861:

"Take care of your younger sisters. They are motherless, and their father is powerless to look after them. My only feeling of gloom is that I have left my children homeless and under circumstances in which I cannot watch over their inexperience. I have a strong faith, though, that there is a just and merciful Omnipotence, and I know you will to the utmost of your ability be as a mother to the younger ones. In this great conflict, which will tax our people to the utmost, I shall endeavor to do my duty. The responsibility upon me is great in having so large a command, now about ten thousand men, but I shall do the best I can to drive back the invaders."

Later, on December 21, he wrote in the same strain, saying: "I am much gratified to hear that the children are all well. They are really as orphans, I being unable to be with them as a father should, but I have a strong trust that Heaven will preserve them and you and yours. Tell ——— and ——— I want to see them and kiss them and have them on my knee very much, and hope to see them sometime this winter."

Within less than a month his lifeless body was on its way to his bereaved family, together with the horse and saddle and side arms he had used in battle. Nothing of his personal effects ever came to them from the ravished camp until after a lapse of forty-two years, when his trunk comes to light, awakening a flood of precious memories in those who knew and loved the man Felix K. Zollicoffer, of whom even his political enemy, Parson Brownlow, wrote: "Now that he is dead and gone, I take occasion to say that I have known him for twenty-five years, and a more noble, high-toned, honorable man was never killed in any battlefield. He was a man who never wronged an individual out of a cent in his life, never told a lie, as brave a man personally as Andrew Jackson ever was."

A RASH DEED AT DEAD ANGLE.

One of Dan McCook's boys writes as follows:

"Col. Dan McCook's Third Brigade, Army of the Cumberland, assaulted the Confederate works of Cheatham's men near Kennesaw Mountain, Ga., called the 'Dead Angle.' In October and December, 1903, inquiry was made in the VETERAN to an incident of how a Union soldier in broad daylight with no weapon save a tin cup and a coffeepot could walk from the Union works to the Confederate works and climb over without getting a scratch, and I take pleasure in relating the facts as seen from Col. Dan McCook's works, reminding my Confederate brothers that at the point this feat was accomplished the lines over which he marched were just eighty-one feet from face to face of the works at the 'Dead Angle.'

"Col. Allen L. Fahnestock, commanding the Eighty-Sixth Illinois of McCook's Brigade, made this entry in his diary that night: 'July 1 (1864), Friday morning, clear and hot, the Eighty-Sixth Regiment relieved the One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Regiment (Illinois Volunteer Infantry) on the first line. The Rebels commenced fighting by throwing stones at us, hurting some men, sometimes sending over a cold corndodger. Our men would say to them, "For God's sake throw rocks, but none of those corndodgers." Our men would throw over a hard-tack and say: "Take that; it's Uncle Sam's bread." They would reply: "Yank, send over some more." There was a soldier with a tin bucket in his right hand stepped over our works and marched across to the Rebels. I ordered our men to shoot him, but before they fired he stepped over their works. I supposed he was a spy, but in a short time they yelled over to know "why we sent that fool over." The man was insane and belonged to Col. John G. Mitchell's Brigade, Second

Division, Fourteenth Army Corps. We are getting our tunnel well under their works. This night the Rebs kept throwing over turpentine balls, keeping up a bright light, thinking we were going to charge them. We intended to mine under their works (at a point about thirty feet north of the angle) and blow them up on the Fourth of July. We had six killed and wounded to-day.'

"The following is taken from the 'History of Col. Dan McCook's Regiment.' 'A well-dressed man in Federal uniform, new and clean, a mess pan in one hand and a small bucket of steaming hot coffee in the other, performed in broad daylight a daring feat. Mounting our works, he marched to the outpost, where three comrades were stationed halfway between our works and the enemy's, and were protected by the double trunk of a large tree, where they watched the movements of the men in the Rebel trenches. When he reached the tree he passed to one side, dropped his pan, and with several bounds disappeared over the enemy's parapet. No one had time to realize that he was a spy, so rapidly did he perform his perilous journey. The *Memphis Appeal*, then published in Atlanta, the next morning published an account of the daring feat. The spy, no doubt, furnished the information that Col. Dan. McCook's Brigade had such close proximity to Cheatham's line that they had already tunneled under his breastworks, and that they had experimented as to the fact reported by laying pebbles and buckshot on a drum in the trench. They noticed the rattle on the drum at every stroke made by the sappers and miners in the tunnel beneath.'

"This man remained a mystery to Dan McCook's Brigade until 1903, when an explanation appeared in the 'History of the Thirty-Fourth Illinois,' on page 134, as follows: 'One of the men of Company I who was scarcely *compos mentis*, as the result of a sunstroke earlier in the campaign, after cooking his meal, with frying pan and coffeepot in hand walked unobserved out between the picket post and stepped down inside the main line of the enemy. They enjoyed the coffee and kept the man, but were courteous enough to immediately report the case to his company. His name was Edward O'Donnell, and he died a prisoner in Andersonville, September 4, 1864.'

GEN. PETTUS AT LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

BY J. M'KEE GOULD, BOLIGEE, ALA.

In the May VETERAN Capt. J. D. Smith, in writing of the "Battle above the Clouds," says: "In the early part of the fight Gen. Walthall sent a lieutenant around the point to see if Pettus or Moore would not come to his assistance. . . . The writer was then sent on the same errand, but the officers in command refused." Capt. Smith is mistaken in his statement, and unintentionally, no doubt, does Gen. Pettus injustice, as the statement implies that he (Pettus) refused to assist when it was in his power to do so. Gen. Pettus was on top of Lookout Mountain when he received an order to re-enforce Gens. Walthall and Moore. He immediately put his brigade, which was already in line, in motion and sent me, his inspector general, to notify Walthall and Moore that he was on his way to support them at the Cravens House. Before I reached this house I met Gen. Walthall, delivered my message, and he (Walthall) sent me back with a message to Pettus to hurry up, which was delivered, and the brigade was moved at a double-quick. In a few moments we came up with the remnants of Walthall's Brigade, and these two brigades held the enemy in check until they were relieved by Holtzclaw's Brigade, about eleven o'clock that night.

While Gen. Pettus needs no defense, I write to testify that he received no "request" to go to Gen. Walthall's assistance at the time referred to, but that he responded promptly to the first summons he received, which was an order to support Walthall and Moore at the Cravens House.

CAUSES OF FAILURE AT SPRING HILL.

Dr. W. J. McMurray, in his history of the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, just published, has much to say of the failure to fight at Spring Hill. To it the VETERAN is indebted.

On November 21, 1864, Gen. Hood began crossing the Tennessee from Tusculum to Florence. On the 29th he crossed Duck River three miles above Columbia with Cheatham's and Stewart's Corps and one division of Lee's Corps, crossing Rutherford Creek some five miles north of Duck River, and marched to Spring Hill. The Federal army in this section was about 23,000 infantry and 5,500 cavalry, total 28,500, under Gen. Schofield (who commanded Sherman's left wing in the Georgia campaign). On that afternoon Hood, after traversing the fields and byroads with his army, took position with his front corps (Cheatham's) within two or three hundred yards east of the Columbia Pike at Spring Hill, twelve miles in the rear of Schofield's position at Columbia. This flank movement of Hood's caused Schofield to retreat in haste back to Spring Hill, and that night on to Franklin.

Cheatham's Corps lay within two hundred yards of this retreating column and heard them passing almost the entire night undisturbed, while the object of the flank movement was to throw the Confederate forces across the pike at Spring Hill and force Schofield to attack or surrender. This failure to attack was most serious.

Gen. Hood, in his report of this affair, made December 11, 1864, states: "Maj. Gen. Cheatham was ordered at once to attack the enemy vigorously and get possession of the pike at Spring Hill, the road to Franklin; and although these orders were frequently and earnestly repeated, he made but a feeble and partial attack, failing to reach the point indicated."

Again, his history of the campaign, "Advance and Retreat," pp. 285, 286, states: "Gen. Stewart was then ordered to proceed to the right of Cheatham and place his corps across the pike north of Spring Hill. By this hour, however, twilight was upon us, when Gen. Cheatham rode up in person. I at once directed Stewart to halt, and, turning to Cheatham, I exclaimed with deep emotion, as I felt the golden opportunity fast slipping from me: 'General, why in the name of God have you not attacked the enemy and taken possession of the pike?'" Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart, referring to this statement in a published letter, says: "No such exclamation by Hood to Cheatham could have been made in my presence."

After that failure of the Confederates (on the night of November 29) to cut off the enemy at Spring Hill, Hood put his army in motion the next morning and arrived in front of Franklin, eleven miles north of Spring Hill, about 2 P.M. Here he found Gen. Schofield with the Fourth and Twenty-Third Army Corps under Gens. Stanley and Cox respectively, numbering 23,734 infantry and artillery and 5,500 cavalry, intrenched behind two lines of earthworks.

Hood, on his arrival in front of the town, formed his three corps thus: Cheatham, who was in command of Hardee's old corps, composed of the divisions of Bate, Brown (Cheatham's old division), and Cleburne, was on the left of Hood's line; Bate, being on the extreme left of the Confederate infantry, moved down by the Carter's Creek Pike and the widow Bostick house. Gen. John C. Brown, who commanded Cheatham's old division, was on Bate's right, with the right of his

division resting on the Columbia Pike. Cleburne was on the right of Brown, with his left on the pike, the pike being the guide between these two gallant divisions. Gen. A. P. Stewart, who had in his corps the divisions of Loring, French, and Walthall, was on the right of Cleburne, and moved to the assault across the open fields that lay between the Columbia and Lewisburg Pikes. The corps of Gen. Stephen D. Lee, composed of the divisions of Gens. Ed Johnson, Clayton, and Stevenson, did not arrive on the field until about 4 P.M., just as Hood was moving to the assault with Cheatham's and Stewart's Corps. Johnson's Division of Lee's Corps was ordered to support Cheatham. They were carried into the battle about dark, and most gloriously and effectively did they do their work. They were mostly from Mississippi and Alabama. The two other divisions of Lee's Corps—viz., Clayton's and Stevenson's—were not engaged.

Maj. Gen. J. D. Cox, of the Federal army, in his history of the Battle of Franklin, said, "Gen. Hood moved his troops to the assault with less men than Schofield had behind his works," which were well-constructed and the position admirably chosen, and were defended by nearly 24,000 veterans, well-drilled and superbly armed, taking one line of works and a portion of the second and lining up in the outer ditch of the second works. They contended with a force one-third larger than their own, across the second works, with bayonets and butts of guns for two long hours—a fight the like of which has never been surpassed on this continent—and finally forced the Federals to retreat from their own trenches, which was as grand a feat as the French performed when they assaulted and captured the Malakhoff in the Crimean War. O, but what a sacrifice!

It was here that the noblest, the bravest, the grandest lot of men, for the number that ever assaulted an enemy, enriched Franklin's fields with the cream of Southern blood.

The three corps of Cheatham, Stewart, and Lee, when they crossed the Tennessee River, had about 26,000 men, and very many of them, not having seen their families for two years, went home. Two divisions of Lee's Corps were not engaged, which reduced these three corps that made the assault at Franklin to 16,000 men.

In this engagement the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment fought in Tyler's Brigade of Bate's Division, commanded by Col. T. B. Smith, which was on the left of the infantry line, and was not as desperately engaged as were the men to our right, although Bate lost out of his three little brigades forty-seven killed and two hundred and thirty-five wounded. Capt. Todd Carter, who was on the staff of Gen. Tom Benton Smith, and who was raised at Franklin and went to the war as a member of Company H, Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, was killed close by the enemy's works, in the locust grove and near his father's house. The right of Bate's Division took the breastworks in their front, and held them until next morning. This was the first engagement during the entire war that the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment was engaged in that they failed to get into the hottest part of the battle.

This little assaulting army of 16,000 men charged across a plain one and a half miles in open view of an army 24,000 strong, magnificently armed and protected by two lines of works. This heroic little band lost one major general killed and one wounded, four brigadier generals killed and five wounded, six colonels killed and fifteen wounded, two lieutenant colonels killed and nine wounded, three majors killed and five wounded. No men were more gallantly led by superior courage and skill than was this assaulting column. At the battle of Waterloo, when the tide of battle had been ebbing.

and flowing for several hours, and Napoleon thought it was time to play his favorite tactics—pierce the enemy's center—he formed the Old Guard in a column, and put at their head the best and bravest marshal of all that fighting machine, Marshal Ney. This column was formed on a little eminence called La Belle Alliance, and swept down across a narrow valley, up the gentle slope of a ridge, against the right center of the allied armies, and here met the two brigades of Maitland and Adams, and were repulsed by an equal number; while at Franklin, the Confederates under Cheatham, Stewart, and Cleburne crossed a plain three times as wide, assaulted the enemy one-third stronger than they, behind two lines of works, and finally compelled him to retreat. The loss of the French at Waterloo was thirty per cent, and the Confederates about the same at Franklin. Gen. Cox, who commanded the Twenty-Third Army Corps of Federals and witnessed the whole affair, said: "When the Confederates had formed and started forward, no more magnificent spectacle was ever witnessed." Hood's report showed that out of 16,000 that he put into the assault, he lost killed, wounded, and captured 4,500, which was a little over thirty per cent, while the divisions of Brown and Cleburne lost forty per cent. Brown's Division, largely Tennesseans, lost almost every field officer.

The gallant George W. Gordon, who commanded one of Brown's Brigades, was wounded on the enemy's works. Color Bearer Drew, of the Twenty-Ninth Tennessee Regiment, of Gordon's Brigade, planted his colors on the enemy's works, and was killed. He fell inside of their works and died on his colors. Gen. Gist, another of Brown's brigade commanders, was killed in advance of his brigade, near the enemy's works.

The gallant O. F. Strahl, born in Ohio, who was one of Brown's most trusted brigadiers, was killed near where the Columbia Pike and the second line of works crossed, and within a few feet of their works. A brother to Dr. McMurray, who was sergeant major of the gallant Twenty-Fourth Tennessee Regiment, was killed by the side of the noble Strahl. Brig. Gen. Carter, who commanded Brown's left brigade, was killed, and Sergt. Brewer was the ranking officer left of the gallant Sixth Tennessee Regiment.

Gen. John Adams, a Tennessean, who commanded a brigade in Loring's Division, was shot near the enemy's works, and his horse leaped on the enemy's works and fell dead. Quarles's Brigade of Tennesseans, of Walthall's Division, suffered severely, as did the divisions of French and Loring. The attack of the Confederates was repeated on some parts of the line until nine o'clock at night, and at twelve o'clock the enemy began to withdraw in the direction of Nashville.

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL LITERARY SOCIETY.

BY MISS CARY DANIEL, COR. SEC., RICHMOND, VA.

The Confederate Memorial Literary Society, through its President, Mrs. Joseph Bryan, appointed in September, 1897, a Memorial Committee for two purposes: First, to carry out an unfulfilled promise to the donors of gifts to the Confederate Bazaar of 1893, in memory of their loved ones, that the society would preserve these names in a lasting memorial, to be placed in the Confederate Museum; and, secondly, to endeavor to collect as many records as possible of our dead and living soldiers, to be enrolled likewise in a series of volumes, known as "The Roll of Honor."

Those names and records sent to the Bazaar are placed conspicuously in Volume I.; the others are arranged, as far as possible, in the order of the organization to which they belonged. It is sought to collect individual records and sketches as well as the bare facts of a roster, thus weaving an invaluable history. This work must of necessity be incomplete, and yet something has been done in the six and a half years since its inception.

In that time circulars and blanks have been sent to one thousand Camps. In addition, 12,195 blanks have been distributed, and 11,254 have been filled out and returned and bound in seventy-five volumes, which are now on the shelves of the museum. There is also in hand material for some half-dozen additional volumes.

Any thoughtful mind must see that the amount of work in the necessary correspondence, the arrangement, classification, and indexing of the records is no light thing. It seems passing strange that our soldiers should not have responded more enthusiastically to this effort to perpetuate their heroic deeds. We feel that all that is necessary is for the work to be known. The blanks are furnished free on application to the Chairman, Mrs. James N. Dunlop, 307 W. Grace Street, Richmond, Va.

The recent report of the Memorial Committee shows how, for many years, the Confederate Memorial Literary Society has been endeavoring to rescue from oblivion, and to perpetuate, the names and records of the Confederate soldiers. The effort has been carried on persistently, in the face of unlooked-for indifference, dilatoriness, and neglect on the part of the Camps, the families, and friends of the soldiers, and the men themselves. It is not only the name and com-



DR. W. J. M'MURRAY.

mand that is desired, but the minutæ and incidents of each soldier's life, which shall furnish reliable and interesting data for the future historian. The true history of the War between the States and the story of the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate States" will have to be written in the future; and in the Confederate Museum, in the capitol of the Confederacy, the painstaking and impartial chronicler will expect to find the material necessary for his work. Where else can it be found, if not in the archives of the Southern Historical Society, supplemented by the valuable collection of data of all kinds in the hands of the Confederate Memorial Literary Society within the walls of the Confederate Museum?

All who have at heart the love of truth as well as the love of the heroes of 1861-65 and the cause for which they struggled, the love of our own beautiful land and the life that was once lived in it, should see to it that each man, woman, and child lays away in this storehouse whatever of material is within his reach. Some bit of knowledge, or experience recorded here, may in that future time serve to make clear or bring to light a point otherwise left in darkness or doubt.

Shall the women of the South, who, for nearly forty years, have with unfaltering devotion guarded the memory of the Confederate soldier, who have lavishly expended time and labor for the preservation of the truth that shall forever establish the hard-won glory of lives so freely given, and shall teach the youth of our land to live worthy of such high endeavor—shall they plead in vain for these records—the facts that can be given by those alone who bore a part in this struggle and saw with their own eyes, those who will be no longer here to tell the tale, and the facts so needed will be buried with them beyond man's ken?

When it is seen how great has already been the labor—the immense correspondence and personal research for the seventy-five volumes on file and others now ready—of this one busy, burdened mother and home maker, the Chairman of this Committee for six years, often weighed down by sickness and sorrow, yet never giving up her work, surely it is asking but little that the many throughout the South should respond to her appeal.

A debt of gratitude rests upon the society and the future generations of the South for the intelligent, faithful zeal shown in this arduous task, so modestly referred to in Mrs. Dunlop's report.

All data in the museum has been placed at the disposal of Maj. R. W. Hunter, who has been so wisely chosen by the Legislature of Virginia to prepare an official report of Virginia troops in the Confederate service. There is, no doubt, much in this building that would have been entirely lost but for the efforts of this society, begun from the inception of the Confederate Museum, when the Confederate Memorial Literary Society was formed in March, 1890.

While all the States have some rosters and individual records in these rolls of honor and in their own rooms, Missouri can claim nearly two-thirds of the whole number received. The U. D. C.'s of that State have sent over seven thousand verified records, mostly of the dead, with absolutely *no expense* to the society. Texas and South Carolina are now taking much interest in this work, and the Chairman feels much encouraged. May we not hope that the other States will be stimulated to a like effort? These records should, however, contain the names of the living as well as of the dead.

The museum is to stand for all time. Here on file will be the record of the men who fought for constitutional rights, handed down the line from our forefathers, and here forever

will be the testimony of the daring, the heroism, and faithfulness of lives which make all lives nobler and better for their having lived. In years to come the story of the South, with its romantic devotion between master and slave, of the fanaticism which strove to drag down its chivalric spirit and noble ideals, of the daring determination and limitless sacrifice, the courage and the beauty of unselfishness of its men and women that sprang to meet the invader, and their almost superhuman strength and endurance, will read like tales of the days of Richard Cœur de Lion.

Who then will not be proud to claim descent from this line of more than kings and conquerors?

ERROR CONCERNING DR. J. C. LEE IN APRIL VETERAN.—Dr. J. M. Kellar wrote from Hot Springs, Ark.: "Believing that it is the duty of all survivors of the Confederate army to correct incorrect history, although in some instances, as in this, it is unpleasant to do so, I beg through the VETERAN to correct an error which occurred on page 186 of your April issue. I quote from the article: 'Dr. John C. Lee was a cousin of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and was surgeon general on the staff of Gen. Thomas C. Hindman, when the latter was in command of the Trans-Mississippi Department of the Confederate army.' The Doctor may have been a cousin of Gen. Robert E. Lee, but he was never on Gen. Hindman's staff in any capacity when he commanded the Trans-Mississippi Department, nor was there any such rank as surgeon general of any department in the Confederate army. I was ordered and went with Gen. Hindman from Corinth as medical director of the Trans-Mississippi Department, and remained as such until Gen. Holmes superseded him in command of the department. Gen. Hindman then became major general commanding the army in the field, and I still remained as his medical director. I have the complete roster of the medical corps west of the Mississippi River from June, 1862, until the surrender of the army. This roster is in the original handwriting of the Secretary of the Board of Examiners, recommended by me, and appointed from Richmond, Va., and Dr. John C. Lee's name does not appear in that roster in any capacity."

GOV. BLANCHARD'S POSITION ON THE NEGRO QUESTION.—In his recent inaugural address, Gov. Blanchard stated:

"The negro is here. He is a man and a citizen. He is useful and valuable in his sphere. Within that sphere he must be guaranteed the equal protection of the law, and his education along proper lines—mainly agricultural and industrial—is at once a duty and a necessity. He must be protected in his right to live peaceably and quietly, in his right to labor and enjoy the fruits of his labor. He must be encouraged to industry and taught habits of thrift.

"No approach toward social equality or social recognition will ever be tolerated in Louisiana. Separate schools, separate churches, separate cars, separate places of entertainment will be enforced. Racial distinction and integrity must be preserved. But there is room enough in this broad Southland, with proper lines of limitation and demarkation, for the two races to live on terms of mutual trust, mutual help, good understanding, and concord. The South asserts its ability to handle and solve the negro question on humanitarian lines—those of justice and right. We brook no interference from without. It is up to the South to so handle and solve it as to furnish no occasion for such interference."



So rapidly are comrades passing away, and so heavy is the demand for space in the "Last Roll" columns, that request is made of all who send such tributes to make the notices as brief as possible and have them written clearly. Ancestry and other data save as Confederate soldiers, if used at all, should be very brief. Clippings are nearly always too long. No charge is made for publishing these tributes except where a picture is used, when two dollars is charged for making the engraving. Every one who has an engraving in the *VETERAN* should pay for it.

(Typewritten lines among the papers of P. D. Cunningham, deceased.)

THE SPIRITS IMMORTAL, NOT FAR AWAY,
TO THE MUSIC OF HOPE SING THIS SWEET-TONED LAY:

"You think of the dead on Christmas eve,
Wherever the dead are sleeping,
And we, from a land where we may not grieve,
Look tenderly down on your weeping.
You think us far; we are very near,
From you and the earth though parted.
We sing to-night to console and cheer
The hearts of the broken-hearted.
The earth watches over the lifeless clay
Of each of its countless sleepers,
And the sleepless spirits that passed away
Watch over all earth's weepers.
We shall meet again in a brighter land
Where farewell is never spoken;
We shall clasp each other hand in hand,
And the clasp shall not be broken;
We shall meet again in a bright, calm clime
Where we'll never know a sadness,
And our lives shall be filled, like a Christmas chime,
With rapture and with gladness.
The snows shall pass from our graves away,
And you from the earth, remember;
And the flowers of a bright, eternal May
Shall follow earth's December.
When you think of us, think not of the tomb
Where you laid us down in sorrow;
But look aloft, and beyond earth's gloom,
And wait for the great to-morrow."

DEAD OF JOE BROWN BIVOUAC.

Jno. A. Crofford, Adjutant, reports that the following worthy and brave comrades of Joe Brown Bivouac, Covington, Tenn., have crossed over the river since its organization, in 1898: Jas. M. Myers, Company B, Seventh Tennessee Cavalry; Jno. W. Martin, Company I, First Confederate Cavalry; W. H. Strange, Company B, Seventh Tennessee Cavalry; Nute McMullens, Company I, Fourth Tennessee Infantry; G. W. Overall, Company B, Seventh Tennessee Cavalry; Joseph Forsyth, Company C, Ninth Tennessee Infantry; J. C. Culbreath, Third Arkansas Cavalry; J. A. Osburn, Twenty-Fifth Virginia Battalion; J. S. Brinkley, Twelfth Tennessee Cavalry;

R. B. Bell, Fourth South Carolina Cavalry; J. D. Wilson, Company B, Seventh Tennessee Cavalry; Jas. A. McFerrin; Jeff Adair, Company A, Second Mississippi; Jas. W. Lennon, Company C, Ninth Tennessee Infantry; H. S. Sigman, Company B, Thirty-Second North Carolina Infantry.

CHAS. W. RIVENBARK.

Among the number of noble spirits who were unselfishly devoted to the cause of the South was the courteous, generous, and brave Chas. W. Rivenbark, who died recently at Charlotte, N. C. He was among the first to respond to the call to battle, volunteering for the period of the war in the Lillington Rifle Guards, afterwards known as Company C, First North Carolina State Troops. Although a private, his perfection in military tactics was such that after being transferred to Doles's Brigade, in 1862, he was detailed to drill the raw Georgia companies. He was promoted to second sergeant, and fought through to Gettysburg, where he was captured and remained a prisoner of war to the close.

GEORGE LAFAYETTE McDONALD.

Geo. L. McDonald, born and reared near Ooltewah, Tenn., son of William McDonald, died of heart disease at his home in Asheville, N. C., on June 3. He enlisted under Capt. Tyner in Company K, First Confederate Regiment, at Chattanooga in August, 1862, and was with the army until the surrender at Greensboro in May, 1865. When returning home through East Tennessee, he and about seventy-five others under Capt. Reagan were arrested at Cleveland, put in the courthouse, and next day taken to Chattanooga, where their horses and arms were taken from them by the Federals.

Any comrades who were with him at that time are requested to communicate with the family at No. 50 Bailey Street, Asheville, N. C.

L. B. PENDLETON.

L. B. Pendleton was born in Spottsylvania County, Va., in 1840; and died in Washington Grove, Md., during December of 1903. He volunteered in the Confederate army early in 1861, joining Company D, Thirtieth Virginia Infantry. He engaged in many battles, the most severe of which was Antietam, where he received three wounds. After his death a bullet was removed from his leg, where it had lain imbedded all these years. When sufficiently recovered from his wounds he rejoined his command, and was in many engagements till 1864, when he was captured and confined at Point Lookout, Md. He was exchanged just before the surrender, but never got back to his command. His brother James, who was captured at the same time, died in prison.

JAMES A. HENDRICKS.

J. A. Hendricks was born in Simpson County, Ky., in 1833, and when thirteen years old his parents moved to Missouri. In the summer of 1861 he enlisted in Company E, Gilroy's Scouts, Shelby's Brigade, Missouri Volunteers. He rose to the rank of first lieutenant and served to the close of the war. He was in Texas at the surrender, and went with his command into Mexico, returning to Missouri in 1866. He went to Montana in 1884 and engaged in mercantile pursuits. He was one of the organizers of N. B. Forrest Camp of Helena, and was an active and devoted member. His death occurred on April 11 after a lingering illness. He leaves a wife, five sons, and three daughters.

JOHN S. ROBERTSON.

John S. Robertson was born in Howard County, Mo., in 1835; and died in Huntsville, that State, on March 8, 1904. He entered the Confederate army in 1861, and served under Price to the close, when he was acting captain of his company, Pindall's Battalion of Sharpshooters, Parson's Brigade. Until ill health caused him to resign, he was Adjutant of the Thomas G. Lowry Camp, at Huntsville. An old friend said of him: "He was the most unselfish of men, never thinking of himself, but always of the welfare and happiness of others." He was never married, and when his health began to fail made his home with his niece, Mrs. Will Rutherford, who cared for him with the love and devotion of a daughter. Comrade Robertson was a Mason of high standing for over thirty years, and the beautiful lessons taught around the "sacred altar" made him a shining light among men.

FREDERICK AUGUST STALL.

F. A. Stall was born in the province of Westphalia, Kingdom of Prussia, Germany. He emigrated to America in 1852 and settled in New Orleans. From there he went to Sparta, La., where he made his home for many years. In 1862 he enlisted in the Confederate army, and, being a shoemaker by trade, he was detailed as shoemaker for Polignac's Brigade, Trans-Mississippi Department, in which capacity he served till the close of the war. He had two brothers in America, Julius and Ben. The former belonged to the Ninth Louisiana Regiment, A. N. V., and was killed at the battle of Chancellorsville.

Comrade Stall went to Wellington, Tex., in 1898, and was a member of Walthall Camp there at his death, which occurred on April 26. Intellectually he was above the average, his mind being well trained and active to the last. For nearly fifty years he was a member of the Methodist Church, and he was a bright Mason, being a life member of his lodge and its worshipful master for a year. He was buried with Masonic honors.

HENRY D. BEALL, OF CO. B, TWELFTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

Bushrod C. Washington, of Charlestown, W. Va., writes of his comrade:

"Among the survivors of the War between the States, who were followers of the standard of the Confederacy, the inexorable reaper has gathered a great harvest of heroic souls, and still gathers. But he has not laid low a truer representative of Southern chivalry than our late comrade, Henry D. Beall, who departed this life at his residence in Baltimore, Md., on November 13, 1902, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

"It is to his integrity as a man, his courage, daring, and sagacity as a soldier and scout, and his sincerity as a friend, that this column is especially dedicated.

"Henry Beall—'Col. Beall' being his familiar honorary title—was born in Jefferson County, Va. (now West Virginia), before that county, as a war measure, was torn from the body of the mother commonwealth. He came of good old English ancestry, his father being Thomas Nicholas Beall and his mother a Miss Wiltshire, of Jefferson County. George Beall, the founder of Georgetown, D. C., was an ancestor, as was also Gen. Ninian Beall, one of the revolutionary leaders. The Wiltshires emigrated from Wiltshire, England, to this country at an early period of its history, and in the great War between the States this family furnished to the Southern cause soldiers of distinguished records as patriots and heroes.

"Born and bred into the political faith of the Old Line Whig party, he was one of that large and conservative body of Vir-

ginians who were not secessionists when the war cloud first lowered, but who wished and hoped for the preservation of the Union. Familiar with the history of the Union and the constitutional limitations of Federal power, he knew there was no authority vested in the general government to coerce a sovereign State. When, therefore, the seventy-five thousand were called out by the Federal Executive to march through Virginia and attack the seceded States, Virginia quickly passed the ordinance of secession, and Henry Beall declared for his State and entered the army of the Southern Confederacy.

"He enlisted as a private in Baylor's Company of Light-Horse Cavalry, which served first under that pink of chivalry, Gen. Turner Ashby, in the famous Valley campaigns of Stonewall Jackson, and later under 'Jeb' Stuart and Wade Hampton as Company B, Twelfth Virginia Cavalry. That company was composed of the flower of Jefferson County youths, among whom as a private served the late Hon. William L. Wilson, member of Congress and Postmaster General, and others who, surviving the war, attained distinction in civil office and private enterprises.

"The soldierly qualities of Henry Beall at once asserted themselves, and commanded both the admiration of his comrades and the confidence of his commanders.

"Always well-mounted, well-armed, and ready for duty, he was up to the front in almost every battle in which his command was engaged.

"There was nothing spectacular in his bearing as a soldier, and he was free from the habit of self-adulation and the narrating of his own exploits, a weakness with some comrades around the camp fire. But he was full of animation and fond of jest and anecdote, and often indulged his irrepressible wit under the most trying and adverse circumstances, and thus, on the dismal march and in the weary encampment, would often rescue a laugh from disheartened comrades from the very jaws of their dependency. He was frequently detached from his command for scout duty, for which his love of adventure, coolness, and good judgment particularly fitted him. His previous training as a newspaper man, in which the acquiring of information is a science, coupled with his remarkable power of memory, gave completeness to his equipment for that kind of service. The information he secured of the numbers, position, and movements of the enemy he made it a rule to obtain, as far as possible, at first-hand. This kept him always in dangerous proximity to the Federals in the rear of their armies and inside their lines. He always wore his uniform and carried arms, which was the distinction between a scout and a spy.

"The following incident, which is well vouched for, will give some insight into the resourcefulness, self-confidence, and audacious courage which rendered the services of Henry Beall so valuable to 'Jeb' Stuart and Gen. R. E. Lee.

"Gen. Lee, desiring to know something of the numbers and movements of Pope's army before making the attack known as the second battle of Manassas, Henry Beall was directed by Gen. Stuart to scout in the rear and on the flank of his antagonist. He went, accompanied by Sergt. James H. Conklyn, of Company B, Twelfth Virginia Cavalry. After numerous adventures within the Federal lines, they arrived after dark at the residence of a gentleman, known to Beall, close by a Federal encampment, part of Pope's army. It was from this family that Beall expected to obtain valuable information. When they got close to the house they heard the music of a violin, and could see through the window that there were Federal soldiers inside dancing a cotillion with the young ladies. Sergt. Conklyn, supposing that the game was up, asked Beall

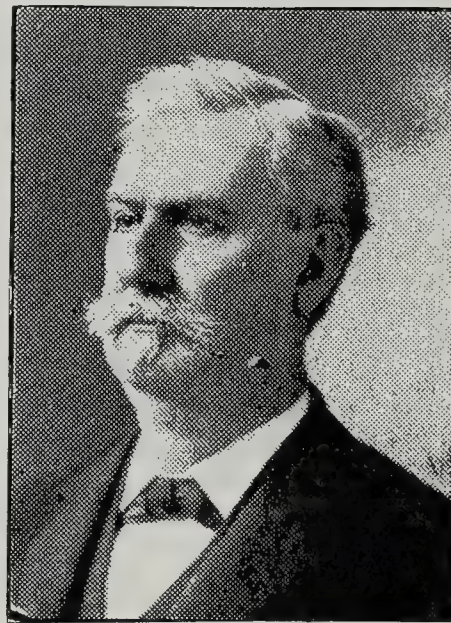
what they should do. 'We shall go inside and dance a set with them,' Beall replied without hesitation; 'and if you don't feel like going, you can stay by our horses until I return.' But Conklyn preferring to stay by his companion, in whose resourcefulness he had implicit confidence, they hitched horses, and together approached the house by the front door, and, without drawing arms, quietly entered the room among the dancers. The surprise of the parties within can better be imagined than described. 'You were having such a good time,' Beall remarked to the Federals, 'that we thought, if there is no objection, we would come in and dance a set with you.' Conklyn says he himself kept a close eye on the Federals' muskets, which were stacked in a corner of the room, while a set was made up, in which Beall danced with one of the ladies of the family whom he knew. It goes without saying that during that set he obtained the information he was seeking. The cool audacity of the adventure had exactly the effect upon the Federals that Beall had counted upon. They, of course, supposed that the house was surrounded by Confederate cavalry and that resistance was useless. 'It was a solemn dance,' says Sergt. Conklyn, 'on the part of the Yankees, who expected to be marched off as prisoners of war.' Beall and Conklyn quietly withdrew from the room and rode off without molestation.

"Few men could have conceived and successfully executed so bold an adventure, especially upon the exigency of the moment.

"It was the qualities here displayed, coupled with his entire trustworthiness, that gained for Henry Beall his reputation as a scout and entitled him to the confidence of his commanders. In the summer of 1864 he had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Federals while scouting close in the rear of the army of Gen. David Hunter, near Lexington, Va. At the time of his capture the writer and Private John Creighton—all being members of the same company—were with him, and barely made their escape. A graphic description of the incident, written by Beall himself, appeared in the *Baltimore Sun* of March 16, 1889. At the request of Gen. John C. Breckinridge, who commanded the Confederate forces in the Valley of Virginia, and who at the time occupied a position at the western base of the Blue Ridge Mountains, near Waynesboro, Henry Beall, with the writer and Private Creighton, had followed close upon Hunter's army for the purpose of ascertaining his numbers and movements. When near Lexington, in sight of the smoke ascending from the Military Institute and Governor's home, which the Federals were burning, we were informed by citizens that another detachment of Confederate cavalry was ahead of us. This surprised us, and at the same time threw us off our guard. There was a spring over the fence close to the road, and Beall had dismounted to get a drink. Creighton and myself were in the saddle, sitting carelessly and off guard. Suddenly there appeared around a turn of the road in front of us, at close pistol range, what appeared to be the detachment of Confederate cavalry we had been informed of—some ten or fifteen of them. They formed across the road and asked what command we belonged to, and to our reply, 'Company B, Twelfth Virginia,' saluted with a volley from their pistols and charged. Beall had started for his horse at first sight of them, but not in time to mount before they fired. He used his pistols, however, with good effect, and Creighton and myself tried to hold them in check while he mounted, but they were too much for us. They turned out to be a squad of 'Jesse Scouts,' from the Fifteenth New York Cavalry, commanded by Capt. Elliott, and the Confederate uniforms they had donned had caused the citizens to take them

for Confederates and enabled them to surprise us. Beall was overpowered and captured, but not until he had exchanged shots with Capt Elliott, in which he shot the Captain in the left leg and wounded his horse, himself receiving a bullet from the Captain through the coat sleeve of his pistol arm. They gave up the chase of Creighton and myself after a half-mile running fight, when the horse of the foremost man fell to one of our bullets.

"Beall, after enduring great hardships as a prisoner on the long march through the mountains of West Virginia, was taken to Camp Chase, where he was incarcerated until the end of the war. After the war he devoted himself to journalism, and was widely known in the South as a writer of fine attainments.



COL. H. D. BEALL.

"At the time of his death he was a valued member of the editorial staff of the *Baltimore Sun*, having been connected with that paper for twenty-eight years.

"He was a member of the James R. Herbert Camp of Confederate Veterans. His remains were interred in the soil of Virginia, at Charlestown, on a commanding knoll facing the Blue Ridge Mountains,

over whose summit the sun in his diurnal circuit casts his first rays upon his grave.

NATHANIEL HOLMES.

On March 20 Nathaniel Holmes died at his home in Selma, Ark. He was born near Horn Lake Depot, Miss., in 1843, and was educated in the academies of his native county, DeSoto. He enlisted in the Confederate army in May, 1861, as a member of Company A, Memphis Light Dragoons, and participated in many battles of the West, including Belmont and Shiloh. He was captured near Vicksburg in 1863, and held a prisoner at Camp Morton for eighteen months, where he underwent the "cold cheer" and all the privations and hardships incident to that prison. The cause of the South, as well as its memories and traditions, were dear to him to the last.

Comrade Holmes was a devoted husband and father, a consistent member of the Church, and zealous in all good works, so that death was met with the calm resignation of a true soldier of the cross.

JAMES A. McALPINE.

J. A. McAlpine was born in Alabama in 1845, enlisted in Company E, Twentieth Alabama Regiment, in 1861, and participated in all the battles in which his regiment took part up to the battle in front of Nashville in December, 1864, where he was captured and taken to Camp Chase and kept till the final surrender.

In the dark days of reconstruction Comrade McAlpine was prominent and efficient; bold, but always conservative. His death occurred May 10, 1904. Three daughters survive him.

ADJT. GEN. S. P. GREENE.

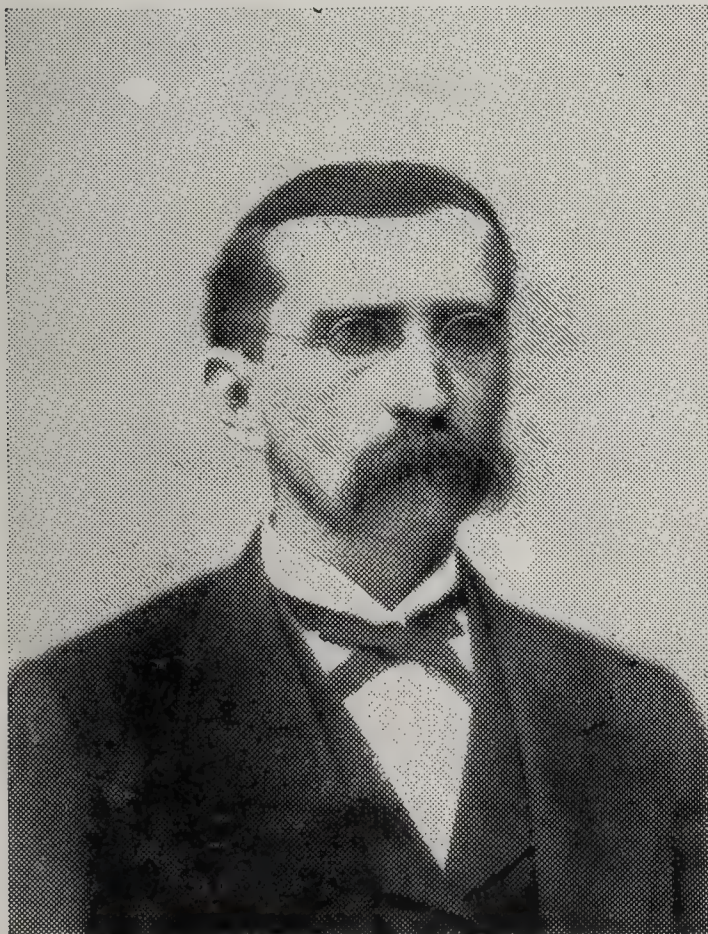
The Texas Division of United Confederate Veterans has sustained a sad and irreparable loss in the death of Comrade S. P. Greene, of Fort Worth. In a memorial address, the following named committeemen, K. M. Van Zandt, R. M. Wynne, B. B. Paddock, R. E. Beckham, and Duke Goodman, say:

"We, your committee appointed to prepare a fitting expression *in memoriam* of our departed comrade, S. P. Greene, ex-Commander of this camp, and Adjutant General upon the staff of Maj. Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, Commander of the Texas Division, U. C. V., report that

"Whereas Comrade S. P. Greene, a distinguished member of this association, died on the 29th day of June, 1904, we, his comrades and members of this association, deem it fit to have spread upon the records of this association, over which he presided with ability and honor, this tribute to his memory.

"Judge Greene joined the army of the Confederate States as a soldier when yet but a boy from the State of Georgia, and by his soldierly conduct and manly deportment won rapid distinction, as evidenced by his frequent promotion.

"As a man, he was gentle, generous, noble, living in strict conformity to the golden rule. As a lawyer, he was a safe, conscientious counselor, faithful to his trusts and vigilant and zealous in the interest of his clients, yet always courteous to his adversaries. As a judge, he was capable, just, and upright.



His integrity was unquestioned. As a citizen, he was loyal to his State and country. As a Christian, he was steadfast in his faith and zealous in his efforts to promote the cause of his Master. As a husband, he was loving and tender. As a brother, he was self-sacrificing, unselfish, and devoted. Viewed as a lawyer, jurist, soldier, citizen, husband, brother, friend, his life was useful, beautiful, and blameless."

In his memorial address, Judge R. E. Beckham, of Fort

Worth, Tex., paid pathetic tribute to his friend of many years. They were fellow Georgia Confederates, fellow-lawyers, and their aspirations and sentiments had been very similar. He said: "I think of him as the youth who in the very beginning of our struggle responded promptly to the call of his State, and, with knapsack and gun, entered the ranks as a private soldier. I think of him in his young manhood as the head of a company of gallant Georgians, having by faithful and efficient service merited promotion. I think of him returning, at the close, to his State and home, desolated by the merciless hordes of Sherman, to engage in peaceful pursuits, but again forced, in defense of home, to resist the infamous methods of reconstruction. I remember him as a young lawyer, having the care of an orphaned family, bravely struggling to establish himself in a new home in Texas. I remember when, after years of varying success, he visited his old home and returned with a fair but fragile companion, to whom his after years were one continuous period of devotion. For more than thirty years he was my friend, and during that time I never heard him utter an expression which might not with propriety have been spoken in the most refined society. In his career as a lawyer he was a safe counselor, a courteous adversary, and an upright judge. He was an exemplary citizen, a devout Christian, a fond husband, a kind neighbor. As a member of our beloved organization he was ever zealous, and in his death our Camp and the Texas Division at large have suffered a great loss. A beautiful life is ended, but its beneficent influence will survive to gladden generations."

LIEUT. COL. E. M. DODSON.

Col. E. M. Dodson was born in Dekalb County, Ga., February 20, 1835; and died April 17, 1904, at his home, in Chattanooga, Tenn., where he had been a prominent lawyer since 1871. Col. Dodson was one of seven brothers, six of whom served in the Confederate army and two had been soldiers in the Mexican war.

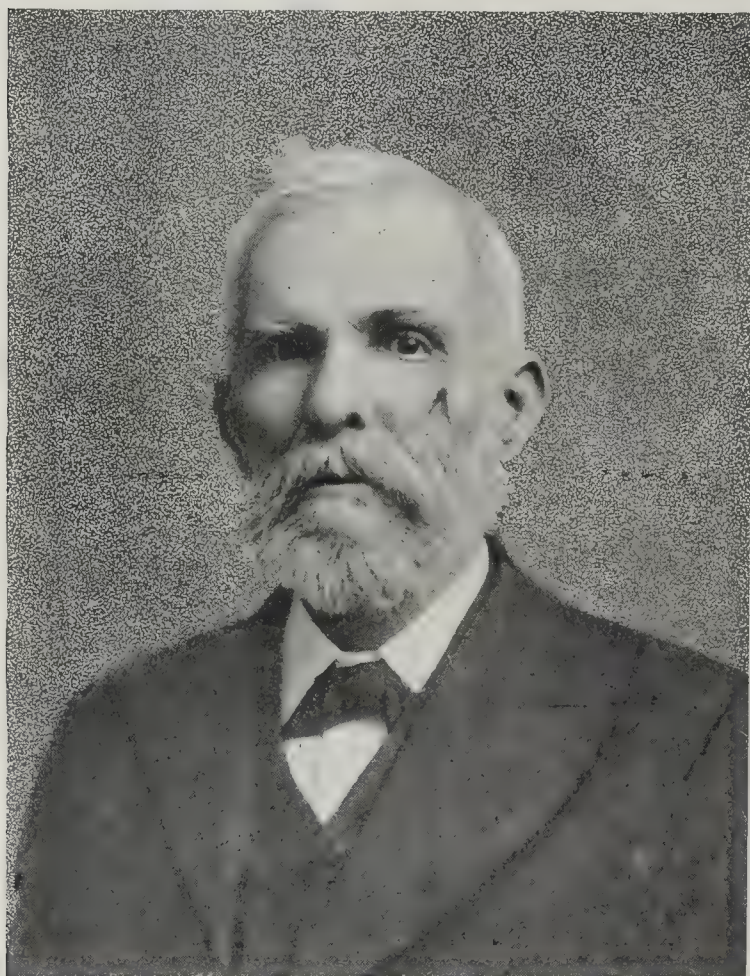
At the first call of his State, in 1861, for twelve months' troops he responded, and, as lieutenant in a company from Catoosa County, was sent to Pensacola, Fla. He soon resigned from this company, joined another as private, was afterwards elected captain, and at the expiration of the twelve months he reënlisted, organized Company D, of the First Georgia Confederate Regiment, was again elected captain, and served with this regiment to the close of the war. In the battle of Missionary Ridge, November 25, 1863, he was shot through the head, the ball passing through just below the brain. He was carried from the field, although his life was despaired of. He finally recovered, and was promoted to major for his gallantry at Missionary Ridge.

On June 19, 1864, when the Federals had broken part of our line at Kennesaw Mountain, Col. Dodson, then in command of his regiment, was ordered to restore it, which he did, leading the charge, but at a fearful cost; a bullet entering his groin became imbedded in his spine, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. The ball could not be extracted, and that was finally the cause of his death. For conspicuous gallantry he was again recommended for promotion, this time to lieutenant colonel; but, having been permanently disabled, he was not commissioned.

At the close of the war Col. Dodson began the practice of law at Ringgold, Ga., and in June, 1866, married Miss Frances, a daughter of Capt. Hamilton Garmany, a pioneer settler of that section and a prominent man. In 1871 he moved to Chattanooga, and became a leader in his profession.

At a meeting of N. B. Forrest Camp, No. 4, U. C. V., Chattanooga, Tenn., held on April 22, 1904, a preamble and resolutions were adopted, as reported by a committee composed of Tomlinson Fort, T. M. McConnell, W. H. Payne, Q. W. Wiltingham, and W. L. Eakin, in which they say:

"He was one of a family of eleven, seven sons and four daughters. Of the seven sons, six were soldiers in the Confederate army and two were soldiers in the Mexican War. One of them was a lieutenant in Capt. Jack Hay's Company of Texas Rangers, and afterwards commanded the Indians of Arizona who enlisted in the Confederate army. Two sisters and two brothers survive him. One of his surviving brothers is Mr. George W. Dodson, of Burnett, Tex., who was a soldier in the cavalry brigade commanded by United States Senator John T. Morgan. The other surviving brother,



LIEUT. COL. E. M. DODSON.

Prof. John L. Dodson, of Oxford, Ala., physically unable to enter the army and the only male member of the family who did not, was in charge of the Oxford College for more than thirty years, and during a greater part of that time one of the Board of Examiners under the public school laws of Alabama.

"While captain of Company D, First Georgia Confederate Regiment, November 25, 1863, in the battle of Missionary Ridge he was wounded, a musket ball passing through his head, just below the brain, leaving a scar for life. He was taken from the field and not captured, but it was months before he could return to duty. He was promoted from captain to major for gallantry in the battle of Missionary Ridge.

"On June 19, 1864, at Kennesaw Mountain, the Federal troops had broken our line, and Col. Dodson, then major of his regiment, was ordered to restore it. He led the charge and re-formed the line, but at an awful cost, being left lying on the field, wounded in the groin, with a bullet imbedded in

his spine, from the effects of which he died yesterday, and we will bury the bullet which had never been removed. He was recommended for promotion from major to lieutenant colonel for gallantry in the charge led by him on Kennesaw Mountain, but was permanently disabled by the wound he received, and never for that reason commissioned.

"No one of those of us who served in the Confederate army suffered more for us, for our cause, to establish and maintain the rights of local self-government for which we fought than he did, yet he was never heard to say aught against those who were in the Federal army. No one was braver or truer to our cause and no one more modest in claiming credit for what he had done and suffered.

"At the close of the Civil War he again began practicing law at Ringgold, Ga., and, being gifted with a lawyer's brain, his success was ever remarkable.

"On June 21, 1866, he married Miss Frances P. Garmany, a daughter of Capt. Hamilton Garmany, a pioneer in the settlement of that section of Georgia who had the reputation of having been wounded more than twenty times in fighting the Indians in wars with the Seminoles in Florida, Creeks in South Georgia, and Cherokees in Alabama. Capt. Garmany represented his county in the Georgia Legislature, was principal keeper of the Georgia penitentiary, and occupied other positions of honor and trust.

"In 1871 Col. Dodson removed to Chattanooga, and there formed a partnership in the practice of law with Chancellor T. M. McConnell and the Hon. John A. Moon, which continued several years until Chancellor McConnell became clerk and master of the chancery court at Chattanooga and Judge Moon became judge of this circuit.

"In 1884 he was a candidate for Congress from this district. Hamilton County had three candidates, and the Hon. John R. Neal, of Rhea, was the nominee. The campaign was so conducted that no ill will grew out of it.

"Comrades, we are about to consign to the grave one who has illustrated 'our God-favored country' in every walk of life, and on his tomb let it be written, 'Here lies the body of a full-grown man measured by any and every standard. We point to his example with pride;' therefore be it

"Resolved: 1. That the sympathies of this Camp are extended to the family, to this community, and to the State at their and our common loss by the death of one who honored us while he lived, and now who, that he is dead, we honor.

"2. That a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions be furnished the family of the deceased, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, the city papers, and that a page of our record be devoted to the memory of the deceased."

The engraving for this sketch was furnished by Col. Tomlinson Fort so spontaneously and generously that a note is made as suggestive to others.

—
WILLIAM AIMISON.

William Aimison was born in France in 1836. His father was a soldier under Napoleon I. He emigrated to this country when the son was quite young and settled in Nashville, Tenn., where Comrade Aimison lived up to the time of his death, in February, 1904. He was educated in the local schools of Nashville. In 1861 he entered the Confederate army as a private in the Forty-Fourth Regiment of Tennessee Infantry. He was later transferred to the Army of Northern Virginia, and was in many of the severest battles fought by that army and in many smaller engagements and skirmishes. He was wounded and captured early in 1864 and remained in prison till

the close of the war, when he returned to Nashville and engaged in the printing business. He was deeply interested in everything pertaining to the Confederate veterans, and was one of the original members of Frank Cheatham Bivouac, an organic member of Company B, U. C. V., and was first lieutenant of the company until poor health compelled him to resign.

Comrade Aimison was a modest, retiring gentleman, kind and courteous to all, but a man of pronounced conviction and decision of character and sterling integrity. At one time he represented Davidson County in the Legislature with perfect satisfaction to his constituency and with benefit to the State and credit to himself.

The foregoing is from a memorial tribute by a committee of his company.

G. M. MARGART.

G. M. Margart was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1848; and entered the Confederate army in August, 1861, in Company B, Twenty-Fourth Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, when he was but one month over thirteen years old. He became attached to the Army of Tennessee, and participated in nearly all the engagements fought by this army. He was twice wounded, and surrendered with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army at Greensboro, N. C., on May 2, 1865. At the time of his death he was a member of Frank Cheatham Bivouac and of Company B, Confederate Veterans, of Nashville. Comrade Margart was a gallant soldier, a good citizen, and true friend. His death occurred on May 17.

The foregoing is from the Memorial Committee's report.

GEN. JOSEPH H. LEWIS.

Doubtless many Kentuckians will not have heard of the death of dear Gen. Lewis until they see this notice. It had been the pride of the members of the Orphan Brigade that their last commander was ever present to preside at their annual reunions. It was so fitting in every way that in future gatherings he will be greatly missed. He was their leader and their counselor. In battle he would command his men to lie low, and yet, apparently forgetful of self, he would dash to the front on his horse, with sword waving overhead. It was this interest in his men and this recklessness of self that created an ardor for Gen. Lewis that will ever remain in the memory of his old soldiers.

His integrity was of that rugged kind that will stand all tests. It will enshrine his rulings as a jurist in the memories of his fellows. There should be a bronze statue of him in his beloved Kentucky to remind the growing generations of a character who honored his State and his beloved Southland.

Gen. Joseph Horace Lewis was born in Barren County, Ky., October 29, 1824; and died at his home, near Duval Station, Ky., July 6, 1904. He was educated in the Kentucky schools, and graduated at Center College in 1843. Adopting law for his profession, he entered the office of Judge C. C. Tompkins, of Glasgow, Ky., and was admitted to the bar in 1843.

His earnestness and brilliant abilities soon drew him into the field of politics, and three successive times he represented the Henry Clay Whigs in the State Legislature; but as the exciting political developments began to draw the lines more sharply between the North and South and war clouds hovered over the land he left the Whig Party, proclaimed himself a State rights Democrat, and in 1860 espoused the cause of his great statesman, Breckinridge. When the result of the election was known Gen. Lewis was one of the first prominent sons of Kentucky to declare that the honor and interest of his

State demanded she should withdraw from the Union; and when Camp Dick Robinson was established, believing that this in itself was a violation of the neutral policy of the State, he at once went to work raising troops for the Confederacy. Consolidating his recruits with those of Col. Cofer, he formed the Sixth Kentucky Infantry, of which he was chosen colonel.



He first led his regiment in battle at Shiloh, and the daring courage of a soldier at once won for him the admiration of his men as his native ability had won the applause of his constituency in the political field. In the two days of that memorable struggle on the banks of the Tennessee Col. Lewis and his Kentuckians were in the thickest of the fight. Two horses were shot under him, but on foot, in the mud and mire with his men, he helped cover Beauregard's sullen army in retreat to Corinth.

Being ill and in the hospital at the time, he missed the Baton Rouge fight, but with this exception he led his men in every battle they were engaged in from Shiloh to Bentonville, N. C. At Stone River he was conspicuous for his courage, and after Chickamauga he was promoted to brigadier general, given command of the famous Orphan Brigade, and was in the severest battles of the war, with which his name and the fame of the Orphan Brigade are inseparably connected.

At the close of the war Gen. Lewis returned to Glasgow, Ky., and resumed the practice of law. In 1870 he was elected to fill out an unexpired term in Congress, and at the close of the term was reelected for another two years. In 1880 he was elected circuit judge, but resigned to become a candidate for

the court of appeals bench. He was elected and twice re-elected, serving continuously until 1899, when he retired to his farm in Scott County, where he resided until his brilliant and eventful life was closed by death. Through his long life his career was one of distinction. As a soldier, statesman, and jurist he will rank as one of the foremost sons of Kentucky in his day. As an officer he never courted favor from those above him, but won his honors fairly in peace and in war on an open field of battle. None will mourn his loss more sincerely than the survivors of the Orphan Brigade, between whom there was that undying attachment of men who have stood together for years, undaunted in the face of death, and who suffered privations such as only a Confederate veteran knows.

Gen. Lewis was twice married: November 29, 1845, to Miss Sarah Rogers, of Glasgow, who died in 1858, leaving two children, John (the beloved "Jack") Lewis and Mrs. S. H. Burnham, of Lincoln, Nebr.; in 1883 to Mrs. Cassandra Johnson, the widow of Mr. Jilson P. Johnson and a daughter of Gen. Thompson B. Flournoy, of Arkansas. These three and several grandchildren survive this noble man.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

At a called meeting of the Joseph H. Lewis Chapter, U. D. C., July 9, at the home of Mrs. E. L. Samuels, Frankfort, Ky., the following resolutions of respect were adopted to the memory of the late Gen. Joseph H. Lewis:

Whereas God, in his infinite love and mercy, has called from our midst our beloved friend, Gen. Joseph H. Lewis (born October 24, 1824; died July 6, 1904), to join the ranks of the vast host of comrades who have tented beyond the river; be it

Resolved: 1. That in the death of our beloved Commander, Gen. Joseph H. Lewis, for whom our Chapter was named, we have lost a true friend, a loyal sympathizer, a faithful citizen-soldier, and a Christian compatriot.

2. That we, as a band of Daughters, render this expression of regard and condolence with grieved hearts, feeling that in the passing of Gen. Joseph H. Lewis this Chapter has suffered the loss of a tried and true friend.

3. That we tender to his bereaved family our assurance of mingled sorrow and respect.

Committee: Mrs. South Trimble, Miss Eliza Overton, Mrs. Nelly Stedman Cox.

E. K. SLOAN.

A comrade writes from Lisbon, Tex.: "Ezekiel K. Sloan was born in Sevier County, Ark., October 22, 1845; and died at his home, in Dallas County, Tex., July 24, 1904. He was a member of Camp Sterling Price, U. C. V. At the age of eighteen years he joined Company I, Nineteenth Texas Cavalry, and served through the war, making a gallant soldier. When the summons came he expressed himself as having no fear of death. His father served under Gen. Sam Houston in the Texas war and in the battle of San Jacinto."

CAPT. ROBERT BEATY MASON.

Capt. R. B. Mason, after a long illness, died suddenly of heart failure at his residence, in Athens, Ala. He had a host of friends, for his warm heart and genial disposition had endeared him to many.

Capt. Mason's progenitors on both sides were of old Virginia families, but were early settlers in Alabama. The large, old-fashioned family residence of the Masons, with its massive columns and avenue of lofty cedars, is a landmark in

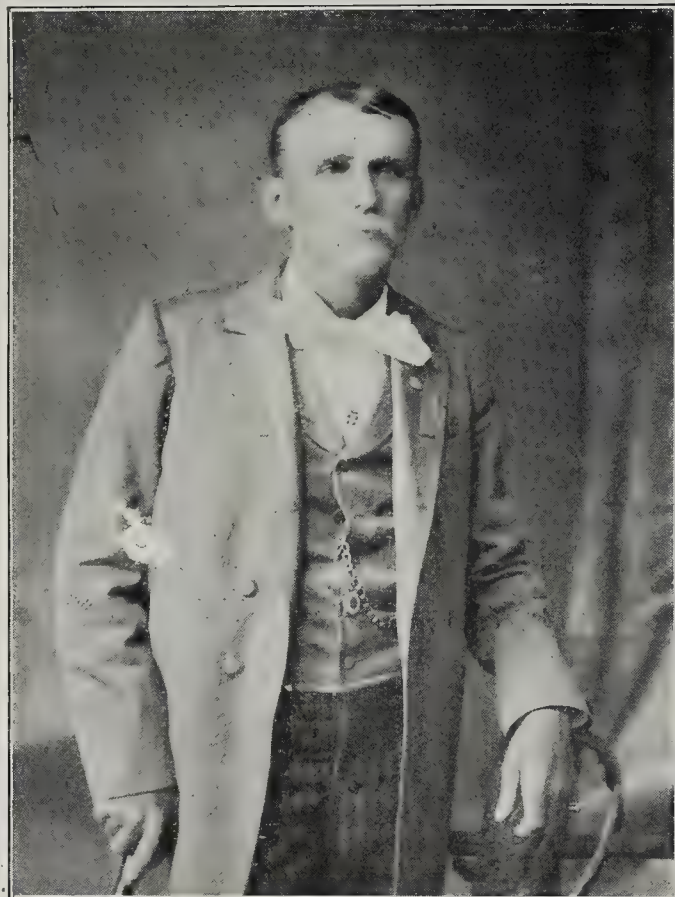
Athens. There Capt. Mason was born June 27, 1846, and there he spent the years of his useful life. He was noted for his devotion as son, husband, father, and neighbor. His wife, who was the beautiful and admired Miss Mollie Garrett, preceded him to the Beulah Land. He was always an entirely manly character, true to principle, true to his friends, and true to any cause he espoused.

Second to his devotion to the memory of his wife, so beautifully tender, was his devotion to the Southern Confederacy, "the storm-cradled nation that fell."

Robert Mason was only sixteen years of age when in 1862 he joined Gen. P. D. Roddy's command, but he served gallantly with other Limestone youths in that body of cavalry.

After the Civil War he ever revered the memory of the Confederacy; he attended every great reunion of the veterans. Six years ago he was appointed a brigadier general on the staff of Gen. J. B. Gordon, Commander of the U. C. V. It was in obedience to his request that he was buried in his suit of Confederate gray. The Daughters of the Confederacy attended his funeral in a body, and placed on his casket a floral of white and red carnations. The veterans assembled in the grounds of the stately ancestral home before the funeral and followed his hearse to the grave. Capt. Mason was also a Knight of Pythias.

The funeral services were held in St. Timothy's Protestant Episcopal Church, the rector, Rev. Horace Weeks Jones, reading the burial service. The outpouring of people, both from town and country, in respect to the memory of the noble dead, was such that the church could not half hold them.



CAPT. MASON.

There was a large attendance of colored people. Capt. Mason was greatly loved and respected by them. Some fifty or seventy-five of these colored people came up from the old plantation at Brown's Ferry to gaze, through their tears, for the last time on the kindly face of their dead friend, and

during the funeral services at the church they occupied space in the vestry rooms on each side of the chancel.

Mrs. R. S. Saunders, of Athens, who wrote a tribute to Comrade Mason, sends this tribute to "Ole Marster:"

"After the burial of Mr. Robert Beaty Mason at Athens on May 20 last a paper, of which the following is an exact copy, was sent in to his children by one of his negro tenants. Hardly legible handwriting, bad spelling, absence of punctuation marks, all attest its genuine originality, but none the less it is an eloquent tribute to Mr. Mason's justice and kindness of heart, and a strong testimonial to the existing relation between the former slaveholding "Ole Marster" and his negro tenant of to-day:

"i am comPell to say that my all and all is gon he has Ben the friend for his negrose now he is gon and we are lost thir is no man like him for his negros and i hope the angels will meet him and i hope that heven will crown him. God save him for he has fought a good fight.

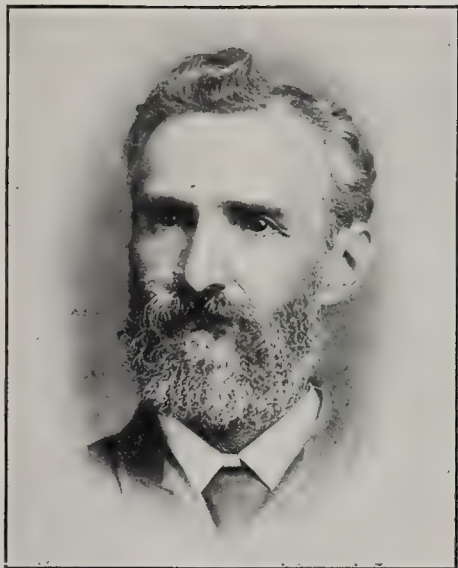
"Save my Marster.

BILLIE YARBROUGH."

LEE W. REYNOLDS.

L. W. Reynolds was born in December, 1836; and died April 17, 1903, at his home, in Pulaski, Tenn. When the South called forth her sons to battle in 1861 he was among the first to buckle on his armor. Enlisting in Company A, Third Tennessee Regiment, as a private, he remained to the end a true and brave soldier.

He participated in many severe engagements, and at the battle of Raymond, Miss., received a wound which caused his death after nearly forty years of pain and suffering, borne patiently and with Christian fortitude. Those who knew him best testify to the manliness of his character as soldier and citizen. His gallantry in the field and his unostentatious demeanor as a private citizen won



LEE W. REYNOLDS.

for him the admiration and respect of his comrades and the general public. When his regiment was captured at Fort Donelson he was at home sick, but he reported to the army at Corinth, Miss., and was in the battle of Shiloh and other memorable engagements until disabled for further service at Raymond. A widow and a large family connection are left with many friends to do honor to his memory.

COL. P. F. DE GOURNAY.

Col. Paul Francis de Gournay, a Frenchman of noble birth and a distinguished Confederate, died in Baltimore, July 26, 1904, after a lingering illness.

Col. De Gournay was the Marquis De Gournay de Marcheville, and was born in Brittany about seventy-eight years ago.

He owned and managed, through resident agents, extensive lands in France, which have been in his family for many years. The best blood of the republic flowed in his veins. He came to this country from Cuba, where he managed his father's estates when a young man. He had fought for the island's cause and rendered distinguished service. Coming to the United States, he located in New Orleans, and lived there for a number of years.

At the beginning of our great war he was the editor of the New Orleans *Picayune*. When the war broke out he equipped at his own expense a company of artillery, of which he was the captain, and was sent to join the army in Virginia. He served gallantly at Yorktown, where he constructed and manned the breastworks in the famous Seven Days' Battle of June, 1862. He had succeeded to the rank of major of artillery in the Army of Northern Virginia about the time Gen. Johnston was wounded, and he was transferred to the Southwest. He was one of the defenders of Port Hudson and went through the four months' terrible siege at that place, being forced to capitulate only when on the verge of starvation. Col. De Gournay was severely wounded at Port Hudson, being struck in the breast by a piece of shell. He was there taken prisoner, and remained a prisoner to the end of the war, being confined part of the time at Port Hudson and part at Johnson's Island. He was made lieutenant colonel, commanding a battalion, just before the fall of Vicksburg, which precipitated the fall of Port Hudson. He was many times commended for bravery, and was one of the most efficient colonels of artillery in the army.

At the close of the war Col. De Gournay went to Baltimore, where he taught French and wrote for various publications. He was a very scholarly man, a gentleman of the old school, with a most exalted notion of personal honor. He returned to France, spending about two years there, when he returned to Baltimore, serving for seven years as Vice Consul for France. He was a member of the Maryland Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States and the Isaac R. Trimble Camp of Confederate Veterans.

The funeral took place from the Immaculate Conception Catholic Church, Rev. Thomas M. O'Donoghue officiating. Capt. James R. Wheeler and the Maryland Line Confederate Veterans had charge of the funeral arrangements.

Col. De Gournay is survived by a widow and one daughter, Miss Blanche de Gournay.

JOHN B. PETERS.

After many weeks of sickness and suffering, John B. Peters died at his home, near Maysville, Ky., April 18. Comrade Peters came of one of the best families of Kentucky. He was born in Woodford County in 1837, the family subsequently moving to Bath County, where he grew to manhood. Intensely Southern in feeling, he enlisted under John H. Morgan in 1862, becoming a member of Company F, of the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry. Under this daring leader he shared the war's hardships and dangers, which were especially severe that winter during the campaign into Kentucky. Although his regiment did not go with Morgan on that raid into Ohio, some of its members had permission to do so, and among them was John Peters. He bore himself gallantly, but was captured with others and confined as a prisoner at Camp Morton, being afterwards transferred to Camp Douglas, where he remained till exchanged about April 1, 1865. He then reported to Gen. Duke, who commanded the remnant of Morgan's Division, and with him surrendered on May 7, 1865.

ALBERT PIKE,

BORN DECEMBER 29, 1809. DIED APRIL 2,
1891.

"The friendships sealed in younger days
Still firm and faithful last,
And newer friendships brighten in
The light of days long past."

The poem that made the name of Albert Pike immortal was changed slightly by him at least once after it was first published, and the verses were rearranged. Frederick Webber, "Secretary General," sends it from Washington, with this note: "Thinking some of his old friends and brethren might like to have it as originally published, I present it to them. The verses which he desired to be considered as the poem after 1872 are printed in italics. I also add one verse which he never did publish, and which, I trust, will enhance its value."

EVERY YEAR.

The Spring has less of brightness,
Every year;
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness,
Every year;
Nor do Summer flowers quicken,
Nor Autumn fruitage thicken,
As they once did, for they sicken,
Every year.

*Life is a count of losses,
Every year;
For the weak are heavier crosses,
Every year;
Lost Springs with sobs replying
Unto weary Autumns' sighing,
While those we love are dying,
Every year.*

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year;
As the heart and soul grow older,
Every year;
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing,
Every year.

*The days have less of gladness,
Every year;
The nights more weight of sadness,
Every year;
Fair Springs no longer charm us,
The winds and weather harm us,
The threats of death alarm us,
Every year.*

*There come new cares and sorrows,
Every year;
Dark days and darker morrows,
Every year;
The ghosts of dead loves haunt us,
The ghosts of changed friends taunt us,
And disappointments daunt us,
Every year.*

Of the loves and sorrows blended,
Every year;
Of the charms of friendship ended,
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me,
Until Time to Death resigns me,
My infirmities remind me,
Every year.

Ah, how sad to look before us,
Every year;
While the cloud grows darker o'er us,
Every year;
When we see the blossoms faded,
That to bloom we might have aided,
And immortal garlands braided,
Every year.

*To the Past go more dead faces,
Every year;
As the Loved leave vacant places,
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.*

*"You are growing old," they tell us,
"Every year;
You are more alone," they tell us,
Every year;*



MISS LEONA TINDALL, FAYETTE, MO.,
Sponsor at Columbus (Mo.) Reunion.

*You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year."*

*Too true!—Life's shores are shifting,
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting,
Every year;
Old places, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year.*

*But the truer life draws nigher,
Every year;
And its Morning Star climbs higher,
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows lighter,
And the heavy burdens lighter,
And the Dawn Immortal brighter,
Every year.*

Our life is less worth living,
Every year;
And briefer our thanksgiving,
Every year;
And Love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful,
Averts its eyes forgetful,
Every year.

"Lorna Carswell, A Story of the South," by Comer L. Peck, is one of the latest and deserves to rank as one of the most faithfully drawn historical romances written on that eventful period of our country from 1855 to 1875. Every feature of the story is drawn from actual life and circumstance at the time, and their truthfulness can be recognized by every one old enough to remember the plantation life before the war, the dark days of the great strife, and the even darker days of "reconstruction."

F. H. Huron, of Danville, Ind., who was color bearer of the Seventieth Indiana Regiment, asks if any of the VETERAN readers know of the family of an officer named Calvin Chitty, who was mortally wounded at Peach Tree Creek, Ga., July 20, 1864, and died that night. Mr. Huron says: "He gave me a message for 'wife and children,' to be sent them when I could, to let them know how he died. He gave me the name of the town where they then were (I think it was in Alabama), but before the war was ended I had forgotten the place, and though I have since made repeated efforts to locate the family, through Southern papers and the War Department at Washington, I have been unable to do so. Calvin Chitty died as brave men die. I should like to learn of his family."



MRS. O. A. CARR,
Founder and Donor of Carr-Burdette College,
Sherman, Tex.

A MUNIFICENT GIFT FROM A SOUTHERN WOMAN.

Carr-Burdette College is ideal and monumental. It was projected, built, equipped, and donated by Mrs. O. A. Carr for the higher education of Southern girls. With its efficient faculty, up-to-date department equipments, elegant home furnishings, and mild, healthful climate, it attracts the best patronage not only from the Southern but from the colder States. The editor has visited Carr-Burdette, and candidly states that one must see it in order to have any adequate idea of the up-to-date character of its college equipments, the comfort and elegance of its college home, and the refinement of all its appointments.

Mrs. Carr offers one free scholarship in piano to a gifted, advanced student and one free scholarship in voice culture to a gifted, advanced student. This is a rare opportunity for two talented girls. Applications for the scholarships should be made *at once*, as, all other

The Experience of Elder Wilson— How He Was Cured of a Bad Cancer of the Nose and Face.

An extract from a letter dated March 17, 1904:
... I sought the advice of the Dr. D. M. Bye Co., applied their treatment as directed, and now, in March, 1904, I am well. I am now within a few years of eighty years of age, and have no interest in making this statement save the well-being of suffering humanity. I cheerfully recommend their treatment to all afflicted.

ELDER W. S. WILSON, Seagoville, Tex.
There is absolutely no need of the knife or burning plaster, no need of pain or disfigurement. The Combination Oil Cure for Cancers is soothing and balmy, safe and sure. Write for free book to the Originator's Office, Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Box 462, Dallas, Tex.

conditions being equal, preference will be given to those who apply first.

See advertisement in this issue of the *VETERAN* and send at once for catalogue.

TO MADAME DE CHARETTE (Née Antoinette Polk).

Beneath the sky
Where you and I
Were born; where beauty grows,
Up from the sod
At touch of God
There sprang a stately rose.

It grew, and men in wonderment
Beheld the beauteous thing—
Alas, for Hope which wooing went,
And Love which sorrowing,
Learns that the flower it loves the best,
The one it guards the tenderest,
The hand of Fate transplants!

Our Southern rose
Now sweetly grows
Among the hills of France.

Go search the gardens of Vendée,
Which poets long have sung;
Go cull the flowers that blush the hills
Of Picardy among.

Land of Romance!
Fair land of France!
With all your glorious flowers,
Lilies of old
And cloth of gold,
We needs must lend you ours!
Right well I guess
For loveliness,

For beauty in repose,
There is no lily in all France
Can match our Southern Rose.

—Dr. John Allan Wyeth, 1882.

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Best way is via Missouri Pacific Ry. through scenic Colorado and Utah, returning via Iron Mountain Route, or vice versa. Cheap round-trip rate from St. Louis to San Francisco or Los Angeles, \$47.50, account Knights Templar Conclave and Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., September next. Liberal stop-overs in scenic Colorado. Tickets on sale August 15 to September 10, limited October 23, 1904. Two fast trains daily; Pullman sleepers, chair cars, and dining cars. Special train personally conducted to San Francisco, Knights Templar Conclave. Stops *en route* to sight-see Colorado, etc. For

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itinerary of trip, descriptive literature, map, folders, etc., consult Ticket Agents, or address R. T. G. Matthews, T. P. A., Room 301 Norton Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

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Does Away with Surgical Opera-
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Disease and Worst Cases of
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Turnock, a noted French-American physician
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these diseases, and is now in sole possession of
certain ingredients which have all along been
needed, and without which cures were impossi-
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statements, as the treatment has been thor-
oughly investigated, besides being tried in hos-
pitals, sanitariums, etc., and has been found to
be all that is claimed for it. It contains nothing
harmful, but, nevertheless, the highest au-
thorities say it will positively cure Bright's
disease, diabetes, dropsy, gravel, weak back,
stone in the bladder, bloated bladder, frequent
desire to urinate, albuminuria, sugar in the
urine, pains in the back, legs, sides, and over the
kidneys, swelling of the feet and ankles, reten-
tion of urine, scalding, getting up nights, pain
in the bladder, wetting the bed, and such rheu-
matic affections as chronic, muscular, or inflam-
matory rheumatism, sciatica, rheumatic neu-
ralgia, lumbago, gout, etc., which are now
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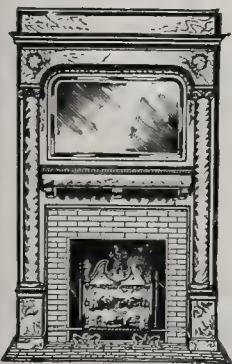
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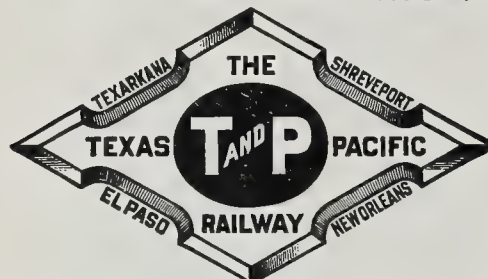
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" WASHINGTON, D. C., So. Ry. 6:52 a.m.
" BALTIMORE, Md., P. R. R. 8:00 a.m.
" PHILADELPHIA, P. R. R. 10:15 a.m.
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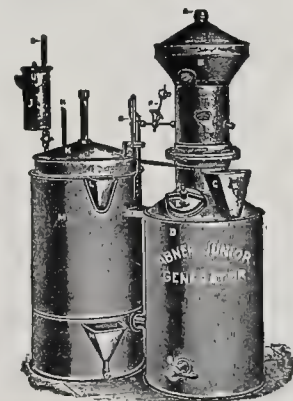
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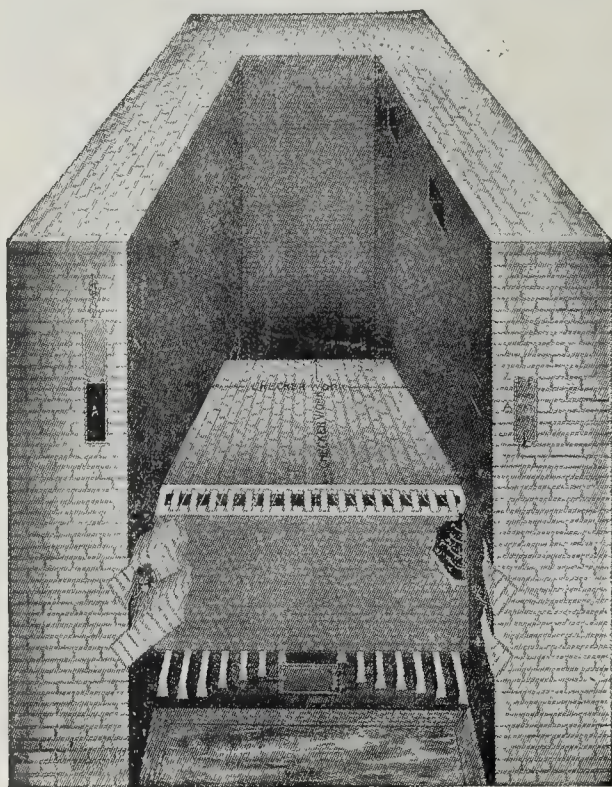
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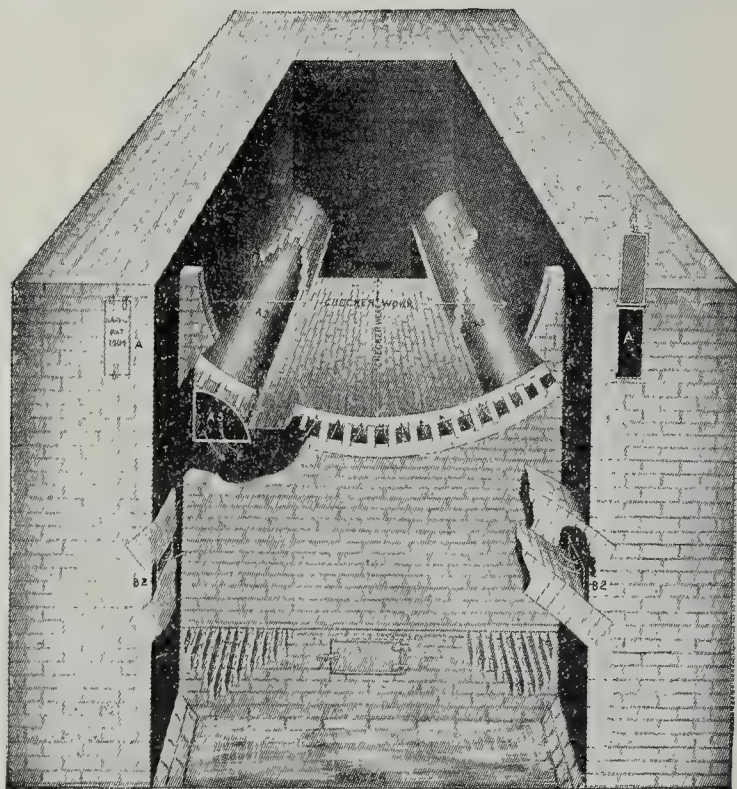
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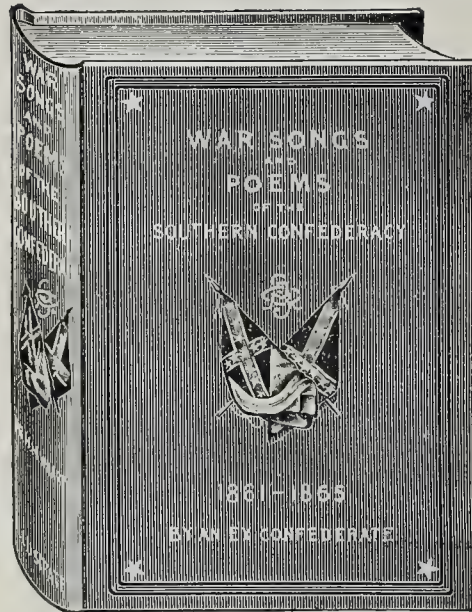


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The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1904.

No. 9. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

ST. LOUIS CONVENTION, U. D. C.

Mrs. Augustine Smythe, President, and Mrs. John P. Hickman, Secretary, have issued a circular to the U. D. C., in which they announce that the next annual convention will meet in St. Louis Tuesday, October 4, 1904, at 10 A.M. Each Chapter is entitled to one vote for every twenty-five members, and one delegate for a fraction not less than seven members. One delegate can cast the entire vote of the Chapter; or, if no delegate attends, Chapters can be represented by proxies. It is very important that each Chapter be represented.

Blank credentials for delegates are sent to be filled out as soon as delegates are elected, one of which is to be forwarded to Mrs. Hickman, Secretary, at Nashville, Tenn., not later than September 25, and the other to Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson, Chairman Credentials Committee, care Mrs. P. G. Robert, No. 3224 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. These credentials should be sent at the earliest possible time. Credentials not received by the Secretary before October 1 will not be recognized in the convention.

The Hamilton Hotel, corner of Hamilton and Maple Avenues, has been selected as headquarters for the convention. It is located on a direct line to the World's Fair, and the Convention Hall is at No. 911 North Vandeventer Avenue. A special rate has been made of \$2 per day per person for rooms—European plan—and \$1 per day for delegates occupying cots. These rates apply also to friends accompanying delegates. Parties wishing rooms should apply to W. F. Williamson, Manager of the Hamilton Hotel, at once. No deposit necessary. At the rate stated specially—\$2—two people will occupy a single room and four people a double room.



The United Daughters of the Confederacy are requested, on arriving in St. Louis, to wear a red and white ribbon, so that the Sons of Veterans may recognize them at the Union Station. It is their purpose to show them every courtesy and attention. A table of Southern literature will be in Convention Hall. Southern authors and writers are requested to

send books, magazines, and other literature to Mrs. Theresa Freeman, 4374 Morgan Street. On arriving at Convention Hall, No. 911 North Vandeventer Avenue, the Daughters can obtain information of the Registrar, Mrs. Robert McCullough, or at the Bureau of Information, Mrs. George H. Hunt.

Mrs. A. W. Rapley (2816 Locust Street), President of the Missouri Division, U. D. C., is doing everything possible for the success of the convention. The different passenger agents for Eastern, Southern, and Southwestern lines will sell tickets to the World's Fair at one rate, plus \$2, for the round trip, good for fifteen days. No further reductions will be made for the convention.

The Missouri Division will hold its annual convention October 10-12, so that State delegates can attend both conventions on the same visit to St. Louis.

NASHVILLE DAUGHTERS AT THE REUNION.

BY MRS. JOHN P. HICKMAN.

To the *Confederate Veteran*: I notice in the June, 1904, number of the VETERAN an article from Mrs. W. J. Behan, President of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, in which she says: "It was a disappointment not to have a memorial association to welcome us." I can't imagine how Mrs. Behan could have wanted a more cordial or hearty welcome than she received in Nashville. The Daughters of the Confederacy secured for her association the elegant basement of the Presbyterian Church, and they extended to her every courtesy. Our reunion committee furnished her four hacks for the parade, which more than seated her delegates. In fact, the delegates filled only three hacks, and one was given back to the committee.

Immediately after the war a memorial association was formed in Nashville, its object being to gather our dead together from the cemeteries and battlefield of Nashville. It bought a beautiful circle in Mount Olivet Cemetery, in which it buried one thousand, four hundred and ninety-two soldiers, at a cost of six thousand, eight hundred dollars. Its object having been accomplished, it ceased to exist. A few years thereafter another memorial association was formed in Nashville. Its object was to build a monument over our dead in the Confederate circle at Mount Olivet. The monument was erected, at a cost of ten thousand and five hundred dollars. There was no qualification for membership in either association, save a contribution, and any one who subscribed as much as five dollars was a member of either association.

All ladies who belonged to the associations who are living and who are *eligible* to membership now belong to the Daughters of the Confederacy. The memorial associations did a grand and noble work in their time, and they will ever be gratefully remembered by the Southern people. The Daughters of the Confederacy are now doing the work that was done by them, and since their organization, in 1894, they have built a large number of monuments and cared for a large number of Confederate soldiers, their widows and children. The memorial associations of Nashville, having accomplished their objects, have gone into innocuous desuetude, and their work has fallen upon worthy shoulders—the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

[In printing Mrs. Behan's letter referred to in the foregoing it was without thought of any spirit of controversy. As President of the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, one branch of which was so strong in other days at Nashville, she evidently meant only to express her regret that there was not an active organization here to greet and co-operate with them. She expressed her gratitude in various letters for courtesies and kindness shown her officially and personally, naming various members of the Daughters of the Confederacy.—Ed.]

FLORIDA DIVISION—ANNUAL CONVENTION.

The annual convention of the Florida Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, was held at Lake City on Wednesday, May 4, Mrs. Roselle Clifton Cooley, President, presiding.

This Division now has twenty-three Chapters and eight hundred members, and is in fine condition. The Division gives annually a handsome gold medal for the best historic essay, the four State schools competing. This year's medal was won by Mr. George Skermer, of the State College, at Tallahassee. The local Chapters at Jacksonville and Gainesville also give gold medals, the contestants being the pupils of the local high schools.

The Florida Chapters place headstones at the graves of all veterans, buy uniforms for the occupants of the Soldiers' Home, observe all Southern holidays and Memorial Day. The historic papers of this Division are also of especial value.

This convention marked the close of the second term of office as President for Mrs. R. C. Cooley, and it was a matter of general regret, as she has never spared herself where duty was concerned. The splendid condition of the Division shows the good judgment and excellent talent of the executive head. Mrs. Cooley has compiled a complete and yet simple parliamentary manual. It is being widely used in the U. D. C. and in clubs.

The following was unanimously passed on her retiring from the presidency:

"FLORIDA DIVISION, UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

"Permit me in behalf of this Division to express our appreciation and recognition of the valuable and loyal services of our gifted and gracious retiring President, Mrs. R. C. Cooley.

"Her administration has been characterized by marked dignity and strict allegiance to the spirit and principles of our organization. In the executive chair she has impressed all and given inspiration as a friend and adviser. She has been ever ready with timely sympathy and wise counsel. The prestige and honor of our organization has been preserved.

"The Division feels the impulse to larger effort on all lines that will preserve and perpetuate forever the great underlying truths upon which we were called into existence.

"We would assure you, Mrs. Cooley, of our sincere sen-

ments of esteem. To your successor we pledge our united loyalty and help.

"Very respectfully submitted. MRS. JOHN M. TAYLOR."

The officers for 1904-05 are: Mrs. H. E. Stockbridge (née Belle Lamar), President; Miss A. C. Caruthers, First Vice President; Mrs. M. C. Drysdale, Second Vice President; Mrs. J. Lee McWray, Third Vice President; Mrs. R. G. Blake, Fourth Vice President; Mrs. S. Boteler Thompson, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. G. W. Lamar, Recording Secretary; Mrs. William H. Dial, Treasurer; Miss Mary Wittick, Registrar; Mrs. Fannie R. Gray, Historian.

The next State convention will be held at Pensacola, opening on the first Wednesday in May, 1905.

WAR TIME EXPERIENCES AT FRANKLIN.

BY MRS. JOHN C. GAUT, NOW OF NASHVILLE.

I had many experiences during the four years of our sad and unfortunate war with the North, for which I gave my time, my means, and was always ready to do for our noble cause, which was so near to my heart. I am writing in my dear old home at Franklin, recalling the memories of the past, and so I am reminded most vividly of that awful and bloody battle on November 30, 1864. We were told that the Yankees would make no stand here, as they feared our army, pressing forward so rapidly, would capture their pay train. The Federals changed their plans and built breastworks.

The fighting commenced about 4 P.M., and not long afterwards a stampede with the advance guard took place, the men and teamsters hurrying toward the river and fortifications. One poor fellow ran by my gate with his arm shot and holding the broken part in his other hand. I hastily cut off a part of a window curtain and called to him to let me help him. He stopped, and I placed his arm in a sling. Another just behind him was wounded also, and was so weak and exhausted that I gave him water and whisky. I did for them what I would have wished their people to do for our boys. It seemed, however, only a few minutes till Gen. Schofield, who was at the fort, rallied the men, and those not wounded returned. That was when we lost so many of our brave officers and men on the breastworks.

The firing became so terrible, the balls falling in every direction, that I took my children and servants into the basement. About ten o'clock the firing ceased to some extent, and I came up, lighted my hall, and looked out on the street. I saw four men at the gate, who asked if they could get something to eat. I asked what regiment they belonged to, not knowing whether they were Confederates or Yankees. They answered that they belonged to the Twenty-Eighth Mississippi. I could not repress the tears of joy to think we



MRS. JOHN C. GAUT.

were once more victorious and had our boys with us. I in-

vited them in and gave them a nice supper. I had been having food prepared all day for soldiers. Soon afterwards my old friend, Gen. B. F. Cheatham, rode up, then dear Gov. Harris and Bishop Quintard. The house was soon filled, and all were fed. Among the number was my cousin, Charley Ewing, who said that I could not feed the army. Among my guests were Maj. Joseph Vaulx, Trim Brown, and Maj. Kelley. I gave my home almost entirely to the army passing back and forth from Nashville until our troops retreated South. I had several wounded, among whom were Capt. Tom Henry, of Clarksville, Capt. J. M. Hickey, now of Washington, who lost a leg and whose wound I dressed for several months, and Capt. Mat Pilcher, who was with me six weeks until he was sent to prison. My house was then taken by the Federals for a hospital, and also for provost marshal headquarters by a German, Capt. Kolum, who fell in love with my daughter, Annie Sims. He was also a great friend of Capt. Pilcher's. I went to Nashville and got clothing for Capt. Pilcher, and Capt. Kolum had his tailor to come to my house and make up his clothes. We converted him to our cause, and he went to New York, gave up his company, and in returning home was shipwrecked on the ocean. We felt very sad over his untimely death.

After the war I was made president of the society for supplying limbs to the maimed by that noble woman, Mrs. Felicia Grundy Porter, who did so much for our soldiers. I gave two entertainments in Franklin, from which I realized eight hundred and fifty dollars net, and have Mrs. Porter's receipts for same. I was also Auxiliary President for the Clarksville Orphan Asylum, which Mrs. Porter organized, and for which I made several hundred dollars and took orphans of our dead soldiers to the home.

Soon after the fall of Sumter my daughters, with other help, made a large Confederate flag. After dark we had some men to hoist the flag on my double-story porch, and all were astonished to see it waving there the next morning. Some thought it very impudent, and among the number my old friend, Judge John Marshall.

My cousin's husband, Col. Acklin, died in Louisiana, leaving a large amount of cotton on the plantation unprotected. She insisted on my going down with her, thinking she could sell the cotton in New Orleans, which would have been impossible, as it was in Confederate lines and being watched. The navy gunboats were on the river near by. I went one hundred and fifty miles eight times, in the Confederate lines, to Jackson and Clinton, La., and finally got permission for her to ship the cotton to Europe. Then we got from Admiral Porter and Capt. Ramsey, of the Choctaw, a permit to take it to New Orleans, and she realized nine hundred and sixty thousand dollars. It was a tremendous undertaking, and I felt very proud that I had been the cause of saving her cotton, which so few had succeeded in doing. She had received orders, with all in the parish, from Gen. Polk to burn the cotton to prevent its being captured by Sherman's men. Through the intercession of Col. Dillon, at that time a member of Gen. Polk's staff, I secured the General's permission for Mrs. Acklin to store her cotton "at some safe place on the river" until it could be exported.

Dr. J. William Jones, Chaplain General U. C. V., writes of Dr. Wharton's "Dixie:" "There has been a very general desire that there should be new words—not new music—to our popular Confederate song. Various changes have been made in the coarse negro dialect of the original, but not one has been generally adopted, so that we have many different versions."

SHINING MARKS IN DEATH.

Two unusually sad deaths to the people of Nashville occurred in the closing days of August. Mr. E. C. Stahlman, Vice President of the Banner Publishing Company and one of the Associated Press Agents for Nashville, a cultured, genial, delightful gentleman, was on the river on a pleasant afternoon with some friends in a naphtha launch. The machinery getting out of order, Mr. Stahlman got in the water to ascertain the trouble, after which, the water being pleasant, he darted off for a swim, being an expert, when he suddenly disappeared and did not rise again. His friends were horrified, and made every effort to reach him, but without success. It is thought that he was taken with cramps. Widespread expressions of sorrow have been received from friends and co-laborers in journalism from all over the country, while at home sympathy for the wife and four children, the father, Maj. E. B. Stahlman, the father-in-law, Maj. James Geddes, and their families is universal.

Mrs. Birdie Brown Burch, daughter of Gen. John C. Brown and wife of Mr. John C. Burch, who bears the full name of his honored father, was at their summer home in Pulaski, when she was taken suddenly and violently ill, and soon her condition was hopeless. She was buried in the family lot at Pulaski, in which there are handsome monuments to her father, Gov. Brown, and her two lovely sisters. Mrs. Burch was President of the Nashville Chapter, U. D. C., a lovely, beautiful woman, who loved everybody and who was universally beloved.

U. D. C. HEADQUARTERS IN ST. LOUIS.

In a "Notice to Delegates and Friends to the St. Louis Convention" Mr. W. F. Hamilton, the President and Manager of the Hamilton Hotel Co., headquarters for the U. D. C., states:

"The management of the Hamilton Hotel desires to inform parties wanting hotel accommodations that the Hamilton is headquarters for the convention; that a special rate has been made of \$1 and \$2 per day per person, European plan, for the delegates and their friends. The \$1 per day rate applies to rooms in our cottages adjoining the hotel, and to some of the large rooms of the hotel where several people will occupy the same room in single beds. The \$2 per day rate is for our best accommodations. In either case two people are to occupy a single room, and three or four people a double room, but there will be no overcrowding.

We have made extensive preparations to entertain this convention, and would suggest that parties desiring to secure accommodations notify us at once, and we will reserve same for them. If you are unable to notify us in advance, come anyway, as we will have ample room for all.

Meals will be served, to those who desire to patronize our café, at low rates.

To reach the Hamilton Hotel from Union Station, take an Eighteenth Street car north and transfer at Washington Avenue to a Page car, which passes the door of the Hamilton.

We are very busy, and suggest that you simply notify us that you are coming, and how many in your party, and we will attend to the rest.

If you come to the Hamilton, you will find all conveniences, and will be where you can meet friends from other places.

The sketch of Gen. John C. Breckinridge promised in this issue is deferred because it was expected from a comrade so capable that no substitute was acceptable.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

SINGULAR CHARACTER OF THE VETERAN.

Readers of the VETERAN, even those who have been familiar with it from the beginning, hardly realize how its characteristics differ from any other periodical that has ever existed. Since civilized man has occupied the American continent, the South has been practically unsuccessful in all attempts at monthly journalism. It would be a sad story to relate the many worthy attempts that have failed.

For many years after the great war, especially through the bitter years of Reconstruction, an attempt at such a periodical as the VETERAN would doubtless have been suppressed. In its own good time, however, its conception occurred to a weak but ardent influence—a man who launched it in the full faith that it had merit and who determined to keep at it as long as he might be sustained. From the beginning an honest motive was understood by veterans of the Union army as well as the Confederate, and for nearly a dozen years the little bark has sailed in clear water. It has not always been through calm sea, for, in the prolonged effort to crush it through a suit for libel, that cost of its treasure several thousand dollars, the years were dark, but its guide never lost faith and courage that in the end it would be victorious. Through all those years it has been maintained by the legitimate patronage that comes only to periodicals with vast resources and large surplus sums to be expended in emergencies. It has all the while, too, been handicapped by the reputed ill fate of Southern periodicals; and also by partisan prejudice of a large class who advertise through Northern magazines. Not only this, but the special patrons—the Confederate soldiers—are all the while dropping out of this life in an accelerated ratio, and their sons are far from espousing their spirit, as are their daughters. In spite of all these conditions, which threaten fatality, the VETERAN has exhibited a steady growth that can hardly be found in all journalistic records. The plan proposed a few years ago to raise a fund to perpetuate it found earnest friends to cooperate, but they were so few that by and by the plan was abandoned and *the money was returned to the subscribers, and those friends were put on a free list for life!*

From a sense of duty these facts are related in the hope of stimulating all friends to an active interest in its behalf. Most of them seem to forget that it is a most exacting enterprise, and that it requires not less than fifty renewals or new subscribers every day to keep even. Many families are so indifferent that, when the head, who had taken and enjoyed the VETERAN for years, is put under the sod, they order it discontinued without even loyalty enough to the memory of the comrade to send a notice of his death, and frequently refuse even to pay any arrears that may be due. Others will let the time run over and decline to pay, complaining that it should not have been continued without orders. Many are the drawbacks from the success that would attend the faithful service rendered by so many thousands of friends.

How to overcome these misfortunes is a matter of concern not only to the management but to every friend who desires to see it sustained and made better and better each year. Some one asked recently if no rich person, who is growing old and is anxious to do the greatest possible good with his

money, had made a contribution to it. There is certainly no other possible way so promising of success in all that ennobles a people as to contribute to the circulation of the VETERAN. With such persons as could and would like to contribute in this way cooperation would be given in any plan proposed. Not only would it be a blessing to thousands who are unable to subscribe, but sample copies might be put into the hands of many who would become liberal patrons in this way.

Another and a most important suggestion—and it is made here as a request—is that, wherever there be a Confederate gathering of men or women, some one should publicly discuss the VETERAN and urge its importance. It would be hard to conceive the good that would result. Eloquent patriots discuss the importance of history and of the importance in maintaining the various organizations created for the very purpose that the VETERAN is published. To large conventions the editor is introduced, and audiences are extremely considerate; but it is impossible for him to attend all of the State conventions, and, if he could, it would be far better for another to present its merits and to appeal for extending its circulation. Who will promise that the cause of the VETERAN shall have attention at the meetings of Camps, Brigades, and Divisions? Comrades, heed this request. There is never a meeting of Confederates that there are not many well-to-do Southerners who don't know anything of the VETERAN and who would be gratified to become subscribers. Its merits—or demerits—should be discussed at every Confederate gathering.

This cooperation, entered into as suggested, would increase the list to double what it is, and the beneficial results could not be estimated. Who of you will write the office, that this matter shall have attention? There will always be copies for gratuitous distribution at any meetings when request is sent and notice of such meetings published in advance.

Friends who are loyal and liberal to the VETERAN often overlook its interests. There are stacks of books, the very best, in the office ready for mailing that are furnished as premiums or at very low prices in connection with the VETERAN, that should be ordered liberally. "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," for instance, in handsomest and most durable binding at half price, \$7 for both volumes, while the publishers' price is twice that. (To this postage or expressage, sixty-five cents, should be added.) Then, "Two Wars," by Gen. S. G. French, one of the most fascinating and accurate histories ever written, at \$2.50 with a year of the VETERAN. "Bright Skies," a book by the eminent H. M. Field, D.D., is furnished with a year of the VETERAN for the price of the book alone, \$1.50.

An erroneous statement has gone the rounds of the press in that Dr. Gerald Bertram Webb, who married Miss Varina Howell Davis Hayes, granddaughter of Jefferson Davis, was related to Gen. U. S. Grant. Mrs. Hayes, the mother, desires this corrected, and would appreciate the statement by papers that printed the error.

Dr. Webb is an Englishman of a fine old family. He is a relative of the Duke of Norfolk through his father, while his mother is of an old, distinguished French family. He is a leading young physician at Colorado Springs; he is magnetic, sympathetic, and skillful as a surgeon and physician.

Mr. John L. Kirby, a notably accurate journalist, notes an error of his on page 441, this issue, in regard to the date of extending the Confederate lines across the Watkins farm in the battle of Nashville. It should be the morning of the *second day*, December 16, and on the *left wing* of the army.

THE ORGANIZATION OF U. C. V.

BY CAPT. LEON JASTREMSKI, BATON ROUGE, LA.

A friend has sent me a clipping from the *Chattanooga News* of June 11, wherein it is stated that my old friend and esteemed comrade, Capt. J. F. Shipp, of Chattanooga, "was the originator of the idea which culminated in the organization of the United Confederate Veterans, and to him is due the credit for this splendid organization."

It is also stated that he advocated the formation of this federation at a banquet of the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, Louisiana Division, at New Orleans on January 19, 1889, at which President Jefferson Davis made a striking address.

Capt. Shipp is doubtless correct to the extent of having advocated this idea at the time, yet the work of originating and forming the organization was done by others. For the entire truth of history all the facts in connection with this splendid organization, which is second only in historic interest to the Confederate army itself, should be carefully gathered and made of record ere it is too late.

In 1888 I had the good fortune of witnessing the reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic at Columbus, Ohio. The spectacle was so inspiring and suggestive that the Confederates should likewise form themselves into a grand federation that, on my return to New Orleans, I conferred with Maj. E. D. Willett, the former gallant major of the First Louisiana Volunteers, A. N. V., on the subject. The result was that we decided to introduce a resolution before the Association of the A. N. V., Louisiana Division, of which he was President, inviting other Louisiana Confederate associations to appoint conference committees to consider the matter and to report back their conclusions. As the records of the associations referred to are in New Orleans, I cannot say exactly when these steps were taken, but I believe that it was before January 19, 1889, as there were unavoidable delays because the associations met monthly and at different times. At all events, I had the honor of writing the resolution which inaugurated the movement. It was presented before the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia by Maj. Willett and seconded by me. The resolution was unanimously adopted, and we were appointed later on the Conference Committee.

In Col. Robert C. Wood's "Confederate Handbook," a most reliable work, page 92, which is before me, I find the following—viz: "In response to a call issued by joint committees representing the Associations of the Army of Northern Virginia, the Army of Tennessee, and the Confederate Veteran Cavalry a convention of delegates from other Confederate associations was held at New Orleans June 10, 1889. . . . The convention met in pursuance of the call, with delegates from ten associations in attendance. With a view of effecting a permanent organization, a committee on organization and resolutions was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws, etc."

I had the honor of serving on this committee and of suggesting the name of "United Confederate Veterans," which was adopted and which has stood despite subsequent efforts to have it changed. In the convention I also had the honor of placing in nomination the name of our glorious and lamented Commander, Gen. John B. Gordon. These are facts on record in the associations and doubtless in the U. C. V. General Headquarters.

How much time was spent in securing the concert of action leading up to these events, I do not recollect. Capt. Shipp was an ardent coöperator, as is shown by the fact that N. B. Forrest Camp, of Chattanooga, is Camp No. 4, U. C. V. In view of this initiative, as above described, the Association of

the Army of Northern Virginia, Louisiana Division, became Camp No. 1 and the Army of Tennessee Camp No. 2, both of New Orleans. Gen. Leroy Stafford Camp, of Shreveport, became No. 3; Jeff. Davis, of Alexandria, No. 6; Ruston, No. 7; Veteran Confederate States Cavalry, of New Orleans, Camp No. 9, etc.

There is glory enough for everybody, organizers as well as those who came in afterwards, to make the organization the superb one it has become, but to accurately establish its history from its inception, it is well that all the facts should be cleared up now.

CHIEF IN COMMAND OF U. S. C. V. MARRIED.

A wedding suitable to report in the *VETERAN* occurred at Fort Worth, Tex., July 23, 1904, in which Miss Virginia Ball, of Fort Worth, Tex., became the wife of N. R. Tisdal, Commander in Chief of the Sons of U. C. V.

Mr. Tisdal, as is well known, has been for several years prominently connected with the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, and at the last convention, in Nashville, was made Commander in Chief of the order. Before that time he was Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department. Miss Ball, who is the daughter of the county treasurer, was Assistant Commander of that Department.

The wedding was arranged along military lines. The bride, groom, and attendants wore the gray uniforms and caps of the Confederacy, with shoulder straps indicative of rank.

Professor Bauer served at the organ, and Miss Nanon Davison arose in the choir gallery and sang "All for You;" then to the strains of Lohengrin's wedding chorus the bridal procession entered. It was comprised of the following: Thomas P. Stone, of Waco, Past Commander in Chief, and



COMMANDER IN CHIEF TISDAL AND WIFE.

Miss Birdye Yeates, Chief Maid of Honor of Texas Division at late reunion; W. P. Lane, Division Commander of Texas, and Miss Frances Yeates, Sponsor for Texas Division; I. J. Stockett, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, and Miss Eva Mae Scott, Assistant Adjutant; Dr. L. A. Suggs and Miss Margaret E. Neal, of Carthage; W. J. Gilvin and Miss Mary Ball; Dr. J. T. Wiggins, of Rusk, and Miss W. V. Keith—all officials in the U. S. C. V. Then came the maid of honor, Miss Nona Leach, recent Sponsor for the Trans-Mississippi Department, with J. M. Ball as best man. Following these came the bride on the groom's arm, and the four passed through the line of attendants and proceeded to the altar, where Dr. Alonzo Monk waited to perform the ceremony.

An informal reception followed in the vestibule of the church,

after which Mr. and Mrs. Tisdal departed for the reunion at Temple, in company with a goodly company of friends. They were the recipients of many handsome and beautiful gifts, while letters and telegrams from various States were received.

*STAFF OFFICERS TO COMMANDER IN CHIEF
GEN. STEPHEN D. LEE.*

Major General William E. Mickle, of New Orleans, La., Adjutant General and Chief of Staff; Brigadier Generals D. R. Gurley, Waco, Tex., H. A. Newman, Huntsville, Mo., George F. Alford, Dallas, Tex., Assistants Adjutant General. J. F. Shipp, Chattanooga, Tenn., Quartermaster General; E. D. Willett, Long Beach, Miss., Assistant Quartermaster General.

William B. Bate, Nashville, Tenn., Judge Advocate General; Cols. B. F. Jonas, New Orleans, La., and E. M. Hudson, New Orleans, Assistants Judge Advocate General.

Thomas G. Jones, Montgomery, Ala., Inspector General.

C. H. Tebault, M.D., New Orleans, La., Surgeon General; Cols. J. B. Cowan, M.D., Tullahoma, Tenn., and C. H. Todd, M.D., Owensboro, Ky., Assistants Surgeon General.

Bennett H. Young, Louisville, Ky., Chief of Ordnance.

John J. Hornor, Helena, Ark., Paymaster General.

E. G. Williams, Waynesville, Mo., W. C. Stubbs, Thomas E. Davis, Page M. Baker, and W. T. Blakemore, New Orleans, La., Charles E. Hooker, Jackson, Miss., Aids-de-Camp.

Rev. J. William Jones, Richmond, Va., Chaplain General.

Aids: Cols. F. P. Fleming, Jacksonville, Fla., W. A. Montgomery, Edwards, Miss., Joseph Hodgson, A. R. Blakely, A. A. Lelong, David Zable, W. G. Coyle, Blayne T. Walshe, J. A. Harral, James Dinkins, Joseph Demoruelle, New Orleans. John W. Morton, S. A. Cunningham, Thomas Claiborne, Nashville, Tenn., John W. Daniel, Richmond, Va., S. H. Buck, New York City, Charles P. Ball, Cartersville, Ga., A. J. West, Atlanta, Ga., Philip H. Fall, Houston, Tex., V. Y. Cook, Newport, Ark., W. J. Woodward, Wilmington, N. C., John B. Pirtle, Biscoe Hindman, W. B. Haldeman, Louisville, Ky., John W. Faxon, Chattanooga, Tenn., C. W. Anderson, Murfreesboro, Tenn., Allen Barksdale, Ruston, La., Timothy E. Cooper, W. J. Crawford, William M. Forrest, Memphis, Tenn., Paul Sanguinetti, Montgomery, Ala., Frank A. Hervey, Sr., Mobile, Ala., Paul A. Fusz, Philipsburg, Mont., Wallace J. Barnard, San Francisco, Cal., J. W. Reed, Chester, S. C., W. D. Pickett, Four Bears, Wyo., H. M. Dillard, Meridian, Tex., T. H. Jones, Atlanta, Ga., Henry Moore, Texarkana, Tex., Henry Moorman, Ætnaville, Ky., N. G. Pearsall, Covington, La., B. B. Paddock, Fort Worth, Tex., R. G. Provine, Coles Creek, Miss., C. C. Slaughter, Dallas, Tex., James E. Wood, Marianna, Ark., W. B. Woody, Rockdale, Tex., W. C. Jones, Greenville, Tex., Maj. George H. Gause, Slidell, La., Cpts. Lamar C. Quintero, New Orleans, La., W. W. Whittington, Jr., Alexandria, La., William E. Mickle, Jr., Mobile, Ala.

As a footnote to this list Gen. Lee states: "The General Commanding is cognizant of the fact that in some instances the rank assigned is not recognized by the Constitution, but the pure and patriotic action of his beloved predecessor and his able and zealous Adjutant General was taken in the best interests of the Federation, and has his most hearty indorsement. The organization has grown to such proportions now that its interests will be best promoted by a strict adherence to all laws, and this course he intends in future to follow. He commends most earnestly the action looking to a closer union of the U. C. V. and U. S. C. V., and in the near future will add to his staff a proper representation from the Sons."

FORREST'S ESCORT.

The following roll of members who surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., May 5, 1865, is furnished by J. N. Taylor, Secretary of Forrest's staff and escort:

Staff: Majs. J. P. Strange and C. W. Anderson; Lieuts. William M. Forrest, Sam Donelson, C. S. Severson, R. M. Mason, and G. V. Rambaut; Cpts. George Dashields, Charles H. Hill, and J. G. Mann; Drs. J. B. Cowan and G. W. Jones.

Officers: J. C. Jackson, captain; Nathan Boone, Math Cortner, and George L. Cowan, lieutenants; M. L. Parks, first sergeant; W. E. Sims, second sergeant; W. A. F. Rutledge, third sergeant; C. C. McLemore, fourth sergeant; W. H. Mathews, first corporal; H. J. Crenshaw, second corporal; W. T. H. Wharton, third corporal; P. C. Richardson, fourth corporal; R. C. Keeble, fifth corporal; W. F. Watson, bugler.

Privates: J. N. Anderson, A. D. Adair, H. L. W. Boone, J. H. Bivins, P. P. Bennett, J. W. Bridges, W. A. Bailey, S. E. Batts, W. F. Buchanan, J. O. Crump, W. C. Cooper, Alex Cortner, Sam Carter, Joe Cunningham, Silas J. Clark, E. C. Clark, Thomas Childs, T. G. Chairs, S. W. Carmack, D. H. Call, C. A. Crenshaw, George R. Dismukes, W. R. Dyer, H. F. Dusenberry, Phil Dodd, L. A. Dwiggin, J. G. Davidson, G. W. Davidson, F. M. Dance, T. J. Eaton, John Eaton, W. D. Elder, S. W. Edens, M. M. Emmons, M. A. L. Enochs, A. Forrest, J. D. Fletcher, George W. Foster, George W. Felps, R. E. B. Floyd, R. C. Garrett, J. S. Garrett, George C. Gillespie, G. W. Hooper, H. A. Holland, D. C. Jackson, John F. Key, A. W. Key, W. S. Livingston, H. D. Lipscomb, C. T. Latimer, E. E. Linch, Thomas C. Little, W. T. McGehee, T. N. McCord, R. F. McKnight, B. F. Martin, J. O. Martin, R. H. Maxwell, O. W. McKissick, A. McEwin, T. H. Moore, J. M. McNabb, J. W. Newsom, F. C. Nolan, J. K. P. Neece, E. P. Oakly, D. C. Padgett, B. A. Pearson, J. B. Pearson, T. R. Priest, W. R. Poplin, D. G. Roland, C. H. Ruffin, R. Felix Renfro, J. K. Reaves, John W. Snell, Joel Reese, W. L. Shofner, J. K. Stephenson, G. W. Stevenson, C. Searback, W. R. Shofner, A. M. Spencer, Noah Scales, H. C. Troxler, J. N. Taylor, W. F. Taylor, L. E. Thompson, W. A. Thompson, J. R. Troop, E. F. Tucker, A. (Sandy) White, T. H. Wood, Mark G. Watson, W. A. Woodard, J. H. Womack, J. H. Word, W. D. Ward, Flinch Woodard, A. A. Pearson.

L. H. Pass and W. H. Moon were both in prison at the time of the surrender, and there were other members of the company who were entitled to be paroled at Gainesville, who were unavoidably absent on detached duty or were sick in hospitals.

A COMRADE'S EXPERIENCE.—M. A. Davis, now of Lawrenceville, Ill., but formerly a member of the Seventh North Carolina Infantry—a battle-scarred veteran—in renewing his subscription, writes: "On the last day of September, 1864, I was shot in my right hand and on the same day struck on the head with a fragment of shell; but I considered myself lucky to get off that cheap, for I was in the fight of New Berne, N. C., Hanover Courthouse, Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill (where my captain and colonel were both killed), Malvern Hill, Frazier's Farm, Ox Hill, Cedar Run, Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Shepherdstown, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Preston Station, Spottsylvania Courthouse, Wilderness, Hanover Junction, Petersburg (June 22, 1864), below Richmond (July 25, 1864, and again August 25, I think it was, 1864), Reams Station, and Petersburg (September 30, 1864), where I was wounded as above mentioned."

REMINISCENCE OF RECONSTRUCTION.

BY CAPT. ROBERT M'CUCCLOCH, ST. LOUIS.

It was never too hot, too cold, too wet, too dry, or any other adverse condition to hinder the assemblage on fifty-two Sundays of the year at "Falling Spring" Church of those who loved to listen to dear Mr. Junkin as, with eloquence and kindly persuasion, he taught the right.

"Falling Spring" was the church founded by the Scotch Presbyterians, who were the pioneers on the Southern border of Rockbridge County, in old Virginia. A large part of Mr. Junkin's flock came from the beautiful valley that skirted the James and North Rivers, hemmed in by splendid mountains on either side. The roads from this valley to the church wound across the mountain, one side being high ground and the other, in many instances, an abrupt precipice. One Sunday in the early summer of 1865, just at the close of the war, the carriage of Dr. Watson, occupied by Mrs. Watson and two of her daughters and driven by a negro boy, was returning homeward from Falling Spring; at a narrow point in the mountain road the carriage of a neighbor, also driven by a negro, was hurried past the Watson carriage in such a manner as to force it to the extreme side of the roadway, greatly endangering the lives of its helpless occupants. Mrs. Watson and her daughters reached home free from physical injury, but their nervous condition made the attempted concealment of the occurrence from the Doctor impossible. Dr. Watson was kind-hearted, generous, greatly beloved by all who knew him, and devoted to his family. His indignation toward the driver of the other carriage was very great, but he was prevented by the importunities of his family from going in search of the miscreant who had imperiled their lives. However, the next day, while traveling in the discharge of his professional duties, he was passing a field in which the negro who had driven the neighbor's carriage was plowing, and, hitching his horse to the fence, he went over to the plowman and reproached him for his reckless driving the previous day. A quarrel ensued, hot words and perhaps blows; the negro ran and the Doctor fired in his direction to stop him, wounding him in the leg. The Doctor took him home, dressed the wound, and, leaving him in the care of Dr. McChesney, went to a magistrate, stated what had occurred, surrendered himself as a prisoner, and was released under bond and abundant security. Having a pistol was no evidence of wrong intentions, as we were then citizens of District No. 1. Gen. Schofield was military governor, and the custom of going armed had not been discontinued. It must also be said to the credit of the negroes that they were well-behaved up to that time, their newly acquired freedom having not changed their respectful manner toward their former owners.

The shooting was unpremeditated, unforeseen, and unfortunate. In spite of skillful treatment, the negro died. Dr. Watson was tried and acquitted. Maj. Carse, who was provost marshal at Lexington, the county seat, took great interest in the trial, and he and the Doctor became friends. When the Doctor was released, he bade Maj. Carse good-by and extended him a cordial invitation to make his house a stopping place should either business or pleasure bring the Major down the beautiful valley on the James.

It was a beautiful September day when a number of us had assembled in the Highbridge churchyard to pay the last sad tribute of love and respect to one of our dead comrades, Harry Arnold. The funeral ceremonies over, we mounted our horses and turned homeward, one and another dropping out of the procession as his home was reached. There were five of us still left, one of whom was Dr. Watson, and we were

nearing the point where he would leave us for his home, when we observed a solitary horseman approaching us. When he came within greeting distance we recognized him as Major Carse, the provost marshal, with headquarters at Lexington. There was a pleasant exchange of courtesies, and the Major reminded Dr. Watson of his previously proffered hospitality, and expressed a desire to enjoy it if the option on its acceptance remained open. The Doctor was very hearty in renewing his offer of a night's shelter, and in a few minutes more a cheery good night rang out as the Doctor and the Major turned away to the north and we continued east.

We separated as each reached his home. Supper was soon over and sound sleep came without wooing. A pebble came against my window, and in an instant I was inquiring of Charles, a faithful old servant who stood just under me, as to what was wrong. He replied: "The Yankees have just gone down the towpath with Dr. Watson. They are taking him to Richmond to hang him." There was just one thought with me, and that was that "we must rescue him." Charles was told to saddle my horse quickly. I dressed in haste, and, directing Charles to go down to Dave Mohler, who lived half a mile away, and tell him to mount his best horse and with his pistols to go to the "Point" and wait for me, I rode hurriedly in the other direction for more help.

A mile up the river and across it were the two Paxton families and the Obenchains, and I knew there was one boy in each household who would go with me on any mission. The boat was on their side. Fortunately I made them hear me, they ferried me over, the story was told them, and we soon recrossed the river. A ride of two miles brought us to the "Point," where Dave Mohler was awaiting us. It was already midnight, and we had no time to hunt for others; so our little band consisted of Joe Paxton, Mac Paxton, Dave Mohler, Frank Obenchain, and myself. We were well-mounted and well-armed.

The party having Dr. Watson prisoner was variously estimated by those who had seen them at from twenty to forty, armed and mounted men, none of whom were in uniform. It was thirty-five miles to Lynchburg, and they had three hours the start of us; but we planned that by hard riding we could overtake them while it was yet dark; and, by the surprise and fierceness of attack, and our thorough knowledge of the country, we could rescue the Doctor and get away into the hills before they realized the smallness of our numbers. They would not venture to follow us where we could so readily lose them. Our good horses bore us swiftly down the towpath, the towering mountains on our left and the roar of the beautiful river as it dashed through the long falls on the right.

Five miles down was the rope ferry, where we must cross the river. Very soon we had covered the distance, and the Ridgeway house at the ferry loomed up before us; but it was lighted, and we saw that there were men apparently on duty. We halted and held a council of war, our surmise being that we had overtaken our party, that, the river being very much swollen, the Ridgeway boys had refused to ferry over so large a party in the darkness of the night, and they were waiting for the morning. It was arranged that I should go down to the house, find Dr. Watson, tell him that I had a rescuing party, and bring him away with me, without a fight if possible; otherwise, a pistol shot was to bring the four boys to my help, and we were to do our best. But we were full of confidence, even with the odds so large against us. The approach to the house was made as quietly as possible, my four companions remaining about two hundred feet away, the darkness concealing them. The house was in full view, and they could

reach it very quickly when necessary. The sound of my horse's feet brought one of the young Ridgeways to the porch. He recognized me and seemed to guess my mission.

"Have you got Dr. Watson here?" I asked.

"Yes, and he has a large escort; they came after nine o'clock. The river is very high, the crossing is dangerous in the dark, and we refused to risk it until morning."

I dismounted and threw my rein over a hook on the porch as he spoke.

"Where are they, and what is their number?" I inquired.

"There are about thirty of them. The Doctor and eight of his escort are in a large room upstairs, and the others out in the hayloft. They are heavily armed and evidently soldiers, though not in uniform."

"Where is their sentinel?" I asked.

"They have no one on guard. We told them that one of us would be up all night."

"Show me the way to the room where the Doctor is," I requested.

He went with me to the foot of the stairway and said: "The door is immediately at the head of this stairway."

I went up hurriedly, turned the bolt, and, pushing open the door, stepped into the room, which was entirely without light, calling to Dr. Watson as I stepped in. There was immediate springing from bed with the clicking of pistols, and the cry: "Who is there?" I closed the door behind me and asked the Doctor if he didn't recognize my voice. His reply was the query: "Is that you, Capt. Bob?" "Yes," I said, "and we have come to take you back home."

During all this the officer in charge had called for a light, which was quickly brought from below by those who were listening eagerly for developments. I allowed the door to open behind me, and the light made me the focus of nine pairs of anxious eyes. Eight of the men were standing in various conditions of dress and undress and each with a pistol in his hand, the Doctor was in a sitting posture on a cot, I with my back to the door, which I had closed, and young Ridgeway holding a lamp which lighted the scene. The situation was dramatic and intense, and was relieved by my saying: "Doctor, we heard of your arrest and have come to your rescue. We are going to take you back home. Come with us; we have no time to lose." The Doctor hesitated, and interest now centered on him, but the pistols all pointed my way. I was well armed, but with nothing in sight. I had the advantage of being the least excited of any one in the room, and felt that I could, if necessary, fire several effectual shots before I could be hurt. However, diplomacy and nerve were the weapons for me to use, and not bullets.

The Doctor broke the silence by saying: "If I go with you, the whole United States army would be sent to rearrest me, and you, my good friends, would be answerable for more than I am held for. I will not go." His answer was a disappointment to me and a relief to all the others in the room. Their pistols were involuntarily lowered and the intense nervous strain yielded in a long, deep breath. Then followed an hour of persuasion and argument. I represented to the Doctor that his trial would be only a farce, ending speedily at the gallows. The officer in charge became much interested, promising his personal efforts as to the Doctor's rights. I told the Doctor that we had an abundant force of his friends in waiting outside, and that, while there would necessarily be some sacrifice of life by reason of the resistance of our rescue, we were going to take him back with us; but persuasion was in vain. Actuated by his concern for his rescuing friends, he positively refused to go with me. I returned to our little band and

sadly we rode homeward, the dawn just revealing the beautiful mountains and river as we said good-by and separated.

The news of the attempted rescue spread over the country from Lexington to Richmond; but the secret of our small number and identity rested entirely with our own party of five, and for a year my identity was the only one discovered to the public.

When Dr. Watson and Maj. Carse left us they proceeded on the road to the Doctor's house, which was half a mile up the mountain gorge from the river, thick woods being on either side of the road. When they were within a few hundred feet of the house the Major suddenly reined up his horse, which seemed to be a signal, as they were immediately surrounded by a body of mounted and armed men coming from the woods. The Major informed the Doctor that he had been directed to arrest him and bring him to Richmond to answer before a military tribunal for the shooting of the negro. They had a horse for the Doctor, who was allowed to pack his saddlebags with a change of clothing, to bid his family a hasty farewell, and then the cavalcade started on its hard night ride of thirty-five miles to Lynchburg.

The Ridgeway boys ferried the party across the river the next morning. They rode in all possible haste to Lynchburg, took the train there, and soon turned their prisoner over to the provost marshal of Richmond.

Friends of Dr. Watson went to Washington and brought back to Richmond a peremptory order from President Andrew Johnson for the release of the Doctor, having convinced the President that the Doctor had been properly acquitted by the civil authorities at Lexington.

The Doctor, being restored to liberty, was concerned for myself. He sought a personal audience with Gen. Schofield, which was promptly accorded him, and he asked the General if I was to be arrested on the charge of interference with soldiers in the performance of duty. He replied: "I respect your young friend for his conduct, and he shall not be arrested while I am in command of District No. 1."

The Doctor lost no time in returning to his home and friends, and the little episode was closed forever.

Robert McCulloch was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington in 1861, and with the corps of cadets was ordered to Richmond in April of that year by Gov. Letcher as a drillmaster. He continued in this performance of duty until July, when the corps of cadets was disbanded by the Governor, and they soon scattered throughout the entire Southern army. McCulloch went from Richmond to Winchester with the Eleventh Georgia, arriving there July 19, as Johnston's army was on the march to Beauregard's help at Manassas. He left the Georgia regiment and fell into the ranks of a Rockbridge company of the Fourth Virginia Infantry, of Jackson's Brigade, and served through the battle of Sunday, July 21, the day that Jackson gained the *sobriquet* of "Stonewall."

In the last hour of the battle fresh troops came on the field, and he fell into the ranks of Company B, Eighteenth Virginia Infantry, continuing the fight with them, and was wounded. He remained with this regiment throughout the war. He served as private, lieutenant, adjutant, and captain of Company B. He was several times wounded: at First Manassas, the Seven Days' Fight around Richmond, Second Manassas, and twice at Gettysburg, when in command of his company, and where each member of the company was struck by a bullet. The Eighteenth Virginia served in Garnett's Brigade, of Pickett's Division, at Gettysburg on July 3.

He was Commander of the Confederate Camp in St. Louis, and, as the Camp met the night of his return, the Commander, Frank Geaunie, resigned in order to put him at once in his old place as Commander. He is a zealous Confederate.

Capt. McCulloch has made good a promise to furnish the *VETERAN* the foregoing story, designated "Reminiscence of Reconstruction."

Capt. McCulloch married Miss Emma Paxton, of Rockbridge, and they moved West soon after the war, landing in St. Louis. After a year he engaged in the street railway business, which he has continued to the present time. He has a son, who is his assistant, and two daughters.

Capt. McCulloch's career in street railway service is so extraordinary that a brief account is here given. Soon after he engaged in it he had charge of a line that ran a dozen cars, while there were almost a score of street railway corporations in St. Louis. Consolidations were inaugurated and he maintained a prominent position, but left St. Louis for a preferable place in street railroad service in Chicago. He went from St. Louis the night he gave up his official relations there, and the next morning went to work in his new field in Chicago. After four years and seven months he was induced to return to St. Louis as the Vice President and General Manager of the St. Louis Transit Company, comprising all the street railway lines in the city except what is known as the Suburban Railway. Capt. McCulloch is an ardent business man. He never lost a day in the change back to St. Louis, as was the case in going.

Capt. McCulloch is a practical street railroad man, having experience in every feature of construction and operation of the St. Louis lines. The magnitude of that business may be the more nearly comprehended when it is known that there are three hundred and forty-five miles of single track, nearly two hundred miles of street occupied, and that one thousand

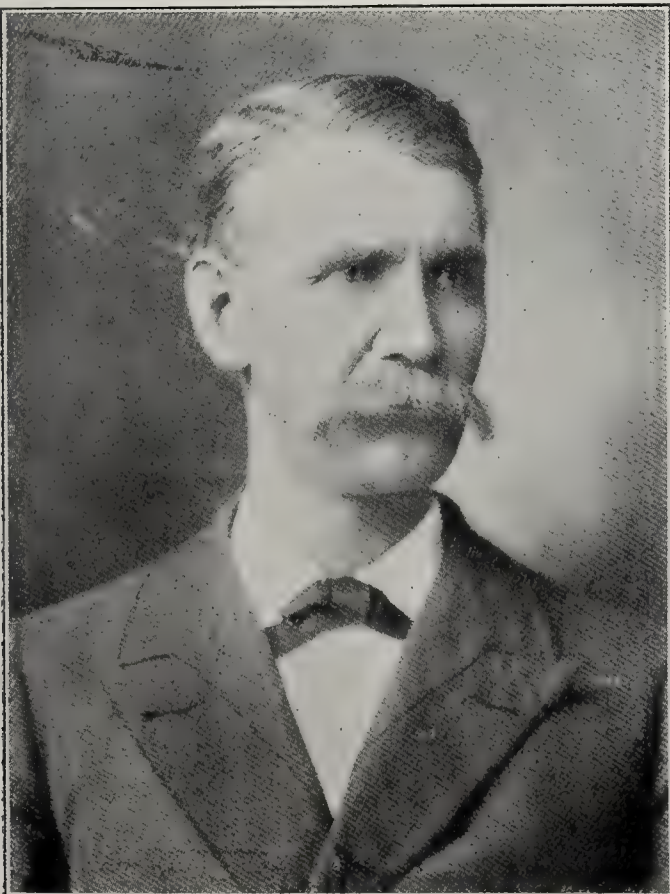
to one thousand, one hundred cars are carrying about a million of persons each day. Of the five thousand employees, about four thousand are conductors and motermen.

This St. Louis Transit Company is capitalized at \$65,000,000—in preferred stock and bonds \$45,000,000, and in common stock \$20,000,000. When the great consolidation was perfected through Brown Brothers, they selected a manager, who failed to succeed, and a second and a third manager were tried before Capt. McCulloch was recalled from Chicago. His return was a notable event and of widespread congratulations in the Fair City. St. Louis was very much concerned about transporting visitors to the Fair, and McCulloch was believed to be capable of achieving the results desired. The great test came on opening day, and the *Mirror*, in a comment, said: ". . . But the signal success of the Fair opening was the service of the Transit Company. Everybody's hat is off to the management. The arrangements were as nearly perfect as human arrangements could be. One certainly never would have thought there were so many street cars in the world as the Transit Company had in service. The cars did not move very fast, but they kept moving all the time. They ran so close together that the people were content to take their time. This was done without depriving any of the lines of the system of good service. There was no crowding anywhere. When the people started from the grounds, the way the cars ate up the crowds at the various termini was almost miraculous to behold. The crowds melted with a rapidity that caused the bitterest critics of the company to retract all their prophecies of disastrous incompetency. Not only were these features of the service remarkable, but there was not a serious accident to the company on any branch of the system during the twenty-hour rush. There were no delays occasioned by cars off the track; the power never gave out for a minute. The crowds returning home in the evening, to all sections of the city, were carried in the quickest possible fashion. There was not a point at which the Transit Company's preparations failed. The Transit Company saved the day. It made the people forget the raggedness of many features of the Fair. It made them forget the bad appearance of the roads near the Fair site. It made everybody feel good over the thought that the visitors to the Fair from abroad wouldn't be handled in cattle car fashion. The Transit Company was supposed to be the weak spot in the situation. It was the strong spot. Its preparedness in every detail helped out all the other transportation systems and made the handling of two hundred thousand to and from one point at one time, and all other passenger service as well, a marvel of smoothness and comfort. This matter of passenger service to the Fair was the one thing that worried the men who have the city's and the Fair's interest most at heart. President Francis wrote Capt. McCulloch hearty congratulations upon the success of the street car service."

JEFFERSON COUNTY (MISS.) CONFEDERATES.

Commander Jno. W. Broughton, of Camp J. J. Whitney, U. C. V., of Fayette, Miss., and E. Conklin, of Omaha, Nebr., have raised two thousand dollars for a Confederate monument at Fayette, Miss., to the memory of Jefferson County (Miss.) Confederate soldiers. The monument will stand twenty feet, two inches high, will be made of Vermont granite and surmounted by a Confederate soldier in Italian marble. The unveiling ceremonies will take place early in November, 1904.

Commander Broughton has also recently been instrumental in organizing a Camp of U. S. C. V. in Fayette, Miss., and these Sons, in recognition of his faithful service in raising funds for the monument, have named their Camp in his honor.



CAPT. ROBERT M'ULLOCH.

A MISSOURIAN'S FEELINGS ON THE SURRENDER.

(Written by Capt. Porter, of Price's Division; tune, "My Maryland." On hearing of the surrender, Capt. Porter hurriedly wrote the following and handed it to one of his men.)

Who can portray the deep disgust
Missourians feel when they are told
To lay their banners in the dust,
Lay down their arms and be paroled?
"Yield to the Yankees?" O, that thought
Thrills madly through my 'wildered brain:
Give up the cause for which we've fought,
And humbly be base slaves again?

(Repeat last strain on these four lines.)

March backward through this land of flowers,
All covered o'er with bloody graves,
Again to seek our Western bowers
And tell our mothers we are slaves.

Thank God, my father does not live
To witness this his son's return;
'Twould cause his proud old heart to ache,
His aged cheek with shame to burn.
He sleeps within his native State,
Where Stonewall Jackson wrote his name,
And Robert Lee succumbed to fate,
But kept his honor and his fame.

My mother's locks with grief are gray,
And mine are, too, with toil and strife;
I go to soothe, as best I may,
Her pathway down the hill of life.
I know she'll soothe me all she can
And tell me that regrets are vain;
But I'll never rest while Dixie's land
Groans 'neath the despot's iron chain.

To-morrow's sun, that lights the world
And gilds old ocean's foamy waves,
Will beam on Yankee flags unfurled
Above surrendered, restless slaves.
Sweet land of sunshine and of flowers,
We yet would die, would die for thee,
If this last bloody act of ours
Could only set thy people free.

BETHEL MONUMENT AT HAMPTON, VA.—An association has been organized for the purpose of erecting a monument at Big Bethel, near Hampton, Va., to commemorate the first regular battle of the War between the States, and to mark the spot where the first Confederate soldier fell in active battle. This matter has been placed in the hands of a committee at Hampton, Va., and confidently appeals to every Confederate organization for contributions to this most worthy and long-neglected object. Mrs. Robert S. Hudgins, Treasurer, Hampton, Va., is authorized to receive contributions. E. A. Semple, R. E. Lee Camp, C. V., is Secretary, and Mrs. Robert S. Hudgins, U. D. C., is the Treasurer of the committee. This report is by Mrs. George W. Nelms, 3210 West Avenue, Newport News, Va.

INQUIRY CONCERNING DAVID M. LYLE.—R. T. Owen, Adjutant of the Camp at Shelbyville, Ky., inquires as to the regiment, etc., to which David M. Lyle belonged. He went from Shelbyville to Texas and enlisted in a regiment from that State. His relatives are anxious to learn of anything connected with his career in the Confederate army.

MEMORIAL DAY IN SHREVEPORT.

Memorial Day—the anniversary of the birthday of Jefferson Davis—was observed in Shreveport, La., with appropriate ceremonies. The banks were closed and the courts held no sessions. Memorial services were held at the First Methodist Church, where the Veterans, Sons, and Daughters gathered together to pay a reverent tribute to the noble dead.

The church was decorated with a profusion of beautiful flowers. The cross and bars hung over the chancel. Smaller flags marked off the seats reserved for the veterans of LeRoy Stafford Camp, United Confederate Veterans.

The ceremonies were begun by the choir singing "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." All of the music was rendered in a manner particularly appropriate.

Hon. A. J. Murff, in an able address, said:

"There is always a halo surrounding a people who fight for their homes and their country, and this halo is intensified when they contend against vast odds. There is an innate sentiment in the human breast that always makes us admire the sublime generosity and patriotism that actuates a man to unhesitatingly fling himself into the scales to redress the uneven balance where his country's fortune hangs. . . . We admire their noble deeds, fellow-citizens, the more because they were our own. Their dangers, toil, and suffering were all for us; and as long as our Southern blood courses, as long as there is a Southern tongue to call the long roll of our bloody battles, as long as there is a Southern daughter to scatter flowers upon the graves of the dead and Southern sons to pay tribute to the Southern cause, just so long shall Southern hearts warm to the memory of those who fought and died for her.

"At Port Republic, when the Federal battery was decimating the Confederate ranks, Stonewall Jackson said to Gen. Taylor in his stern, curt tone: 'General, can you take that battery? It must be taken.' Gen. Taylor turned to his men, his voice ringing out clear and distinct through the battle's roar, and said: 'Louisianians, can you take those guns?' The answer was a Rebel yell, and three hundred and eighty Louisianians rushed to the top of that hill and at the bayonet's point took the battery. The noble Jackson, seeing it, turned to Taylor and said: 'Who could not win with such men as these?'

"Again, in the seven days' fighting around Richmond, in the gloomy shades of the Wilderness, at Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg, Louisianians followed through the fiercest storms of war that ever desolated our country. In Hill's Corner, at Gettysburg, when human effort, human strength, and human courage could do no more, the Louisiana Tigers, Wheeler's Brigade, faltered and fell back for the first and last time. At Mansfield Mouton's Brigade, marching across an open field a half mile long, stormed the Federal battery fortified by intrenchments and masses of infantry. The noble Mouton fell at the head of his army, and the gallant Mercer Canfield, whose only daughter I have the honor to love and cherish, fell with the battle flag in his hand; but the dauntless courage of the Southerners carried the day, and the thirty thousand Federals retreated before the five thousand boys who wore the gray.

"Some of us, myself among the number, missed the glory and peril of that dread struggle. We were born, as it were, out of season, and inherit only the memory of dangers dared and sufferings endured for us. But if we had been of those who bore the heat and burden of the day, who bared their breasts to the most dreadful storms of war that ever desolated our country, we could gladly say, as did Senator Daniels

at New Orleans a few years ago: 'That we stood in the thin gray lines will ever be the proudest memory of our lives!'

"Since we cannot claim that proudest memory, let it be the proudest memory of our lives to love, honor, and cherish the memory of those grand old soldiers who, after four long years' struggle, were not beaten, not conquered, but simply crushed by overwhelming numbers.

"But, fellow-citizens, while we sing praises to the memory of our Confederate soldiers, let us not pass over in silence the noble womanhood of the South. What brush could paint the picture of her martyrdom? What tongue could tell the patient heroism with which that martyrdom was borne? With more than Spartan heroism she sent her loved ones to battle and to death. Mothers parted with sons, wives with husbands, sweetheart with sweetheart, not with sobs and groans of anguish but with brave words and cheering smiles, bidding them go in answer to their country's call.

"And though heart-sickening suspense and haunting fear were her companions by day and by night, and though the tidings from every battlefield brought the sad news that some loved one had fallen, she trod the burning plowshare of her ordeal with unflinching step, offering her loved ones a holocaust to the god of battle. At the loom and spinning wheel, on the battlefield and in the hospital wards, she was ever the same noble character, stripping her storeroom of necessary provisions that her soldiers might not go hungry; stripping her bed of the necessary covering that they might not grow cold; never faltering, never losing hope, even in the darkest hour; never for one moment doubting the supreme justice of her country's cause, and ever willing for the sake of that cause to dare and endure all things. O, noble womanhood of the South, could we build a monument to your memory that would reach to heaven itself, it would be but a poor tribute to your worth! Brick and stone would perish and crumble to the earth, but down in the deep recess of our hearts memory has built a statue to you that shall not perish, but live forever. . . . God bless the old veterans and God bless the noble daughters of the Confederacy—these noble women who are ever standing like guardian angels around the tomb of our departed glory, ever keeping it fresh and green with sweet flowers of love and devotion!"

Then followed the "Bonnie Blue Flag," sung by the choir. The presentation to the veterans of the bronze crosses of honor, given by the Daughters of the Confederacy, was made by Mrs. Montfort S. Jones. She said: "Honor to the living; loving remembrance of the dead. 'Lest we forget'—lest we forget—it is well to hear the glorious story of that past told us once in a while; to think of the years so long ago, of the boy marching away from the sheltering roof of home to the tentless and rainy bivouac, unflinching under the dreadful clouds of war, sacrificing the years of stalwart prime to the stern yet noble voice of duty. The years of strife rolled on, and the blue-eyed boy became the bronzed man—danger's comrade, victory's darling again and again. Our sad-eyed mothers who girded on the swords of their sons and husbands have told the magnificent story—the story of these brave men in the ranks, many of whom were buried in long trenches on the battlefield, many who died on cots marked only by numbers in the hospital, and some who slept where no white stone sentinels their rest; in Virginia, in Ohio, in Mississippi are kinsmen of ours, and we are bound to them by the cords of love and death. We are told that the lapse of silent years softens the realization of the scenes of war, the pathos, the heroism, the fierce joy, the grief of battle. We pay homage to the glorious dead, and we pay honor to the brave com-

rades who are still with us. We and our children and our children's children shall hold them in honor forever. The story will live on. It is embalmed in song, in history; it is cast in bronze, sculptured in marble, enshrined in the hearts of the people of our glorious Southland; it lives in the memory of the world. And we plead that all mothers, all teachers instill into the tender hearts of the young boy and girl a love and reverence for the soldiers of the South—the sacred dead and those who are still with us. We will lovingly place the rosemary of remembrance above the hallowed dust, and the Southern cross of honor, the iron cross, we will give to our veterans as a memorial of their valor and chivalry."

Mr. Chase, on behalf of the Camp, accepted the crosses in a feeling speech, in which he spoke of how much they represented to the veterans.

After the benediction, those present adjourned to the cemetery and decorated the graves.

The foregoing, together with an address by Mrs. M. S. Jones to appear later, came in due season from Mrs. M. G. Swann, of Aldens Bridge, La.

A NEW VERSION OF DIXIE.

BY M. B. WHARTON, D.D.

O! Dixie's land is the land of glory,
The land of cherished song and story;
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
'Tis the land that patriots love to dwell in,
The land our fathers fought and fell in,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

Chorus.

I'm glad I live in Dixie,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
In Dixie's land I take my stand,
To live and die in Dixie,
Away, away, away down South in Dixie,
Away, away, away down South in Dixie!

O! Dixie's land is the land of flowers,
Of sunny skies and shady bowers,
Look away, look away, etc.!
Where the long moss to the oak is clinging
And the mocking bird is nightly singing,
Look away, look away, etc.!

The blue and gray went out to battle,
And loud they made war's thunders rattle,
Look away, look away, etc.!
The fight we lost, but won a glory
Which still will last when time is hoary,
Look away, look away, etc.!

Still Dixie's land is the land of freemen,
Of soldiers brave and gallant seamen,
Look away, look away, etc.!
The land where rules the Anglo-Saxon,
The land of Davis, Lee, and Jackson,
Look away, look away, etc.!

And Dixie's land is the land of cotton,
Whose ancient sway is not forgotten,
Look away, look away, etc.!
From his snow-white throne our king advances
To break the world's commercial lances,
Look away, look away, etc.!

And Dixie's sons will stand together,
In sunshine and in stormy weather,
Look away, look away, etc. !
Though lightnings flash and mountains sever,
Count on the gallant South forever,
Look away, look away, etc. !

WORDS FOR "DIXIE" BY REV. M. B. WHARTON.

The most pleasing new words for "Dixie" so far are those on the preceding page by Rev. M. B. Wharton, D.D. The proposed changes are increasing continually, but so far Veteran organizations turn them down with emphatic majorities. One author commends words written a long time ago and argues that the music being *the same* gives that version special merit. It is ludicrous to admit half robbery, taking the music of "Uncle Dan" and to claim credit by the use of other words. Rev. M. B. Wharton, D.D., of Eufaula, Ala., has written the most popular words so far, and they are to appear with commendations from high sources. No one seeks to change Emmett's music. Dr. Wharton has given this subject much thought, as his version clearly shows.



REV. M. B. WHARTON.

Prof. A. M. Van Hoose, President of Brenan College, Gainesville, Ga., writes the author commending them highly, as "by far the best and most appropriate of any written."

Mrs. Emma Terry Pollard, of Atlanta, Ga., the celebrated soprano, writes: "They are beautiful and valuable, and ought to be universally adopted. I am often asked to sing for U. D. C.'s and at reunions, and will always have them on my programmes."

The author of different words for the unchangeable music of Dixie who can secure their adoption by Confederate organizations may well be proud of a great victory.

DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT.

The term "Uncle Dan" is used in the VETERAN as conveying an affectionate remembrance of the author of the most inspiring air that was ever created. His "walk-around" doggerel never conveyed meaning and sentiment to the writer until its pathetic review after his death. Then it was that the sectionalism of that time in all of its bitterness—less than two years before the armies of the two sections were at deadly war—gave significance to his ardent zeal for the Southland, in which both of his parents were born.

The editor of the VETERAN treasures the memory of a somewhat intimate relation toward the author of "Dixie." A visit to his little cabin home, near Mt. Vernon, Ohio, where he was born, and association with him at various times and places, gave thorough knowledge of his rugged integrity and of his sympathy for all human suffering. The tune of "Dixie" exhibits the qualities of his mind and heart as well as did the words express his fondness for the South. He was resourceful. The minstrel company of which he was a member was in hard lines, and the manager, realizing the emergency, put it upon Daniel Emmett to revive the spirit of their performances, and these conditions gave birth to "Dixie."

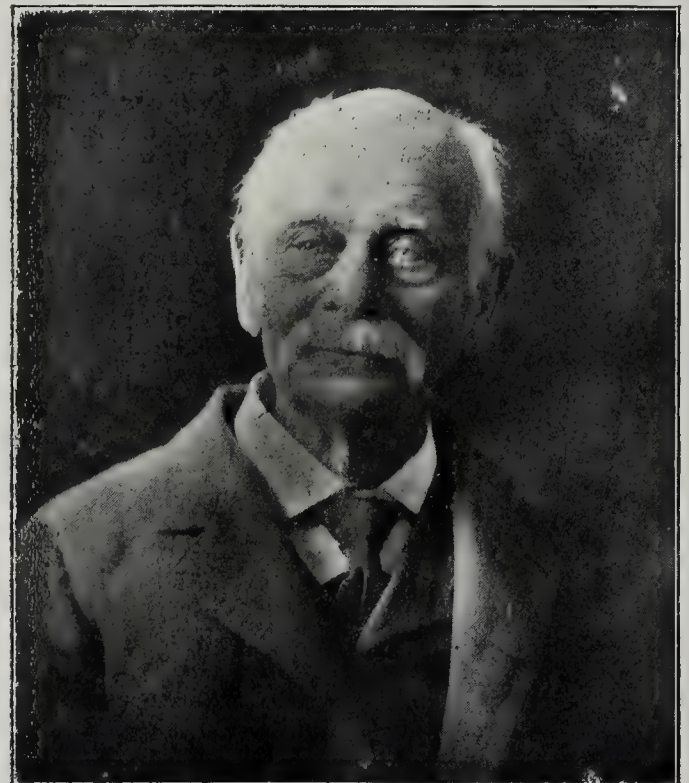
Before the writer of this sketch was born Dan Emmett "organized the first band of Ethiopian minstrels that the world ever knew." With it he not only made great success in this country, but toured England, Ireland, and Scotland. He continued on the stage forty-four years longer, retiring practically in 1888. While ever a diligently sober and economical man, he was so unselfish that in his old age he shared the beneficent actors' fund; but that having been discontinued, through the agency of the writer it was restored to him and various small sums from the South were sent to him.

In 1895 the great-hearted minstrel manager, Al G. Field, brought "Uncle Dan" on his last trip South. At Nashville, on that trip, he sat for a picture, and, under a large, fine photograph, he wrote: "Daniel D. Emmett, Mt. Vernon, Ohio, aged eighty years. Author of 'Dixie's Land.' To my much-esteemed friend, S. A. Cunningham, September 14, 1895."

At the last Al Field was on hand to do the honors, regardless of expense. The photo for below engraving was thoughtfully sent by him, as were various newspaper reports of his career at the time of the death.

At the funeral, in which Rev. W. E. Hull officiated, the songs were: "Lead, Kindly Light," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and, as the casket was being lowered into the grave, the Mt. Vernon Band played "Dixie." Dr. Hull took an active interest in the occasion, and is doing what he can for the widow, who is in need.

The authorship of "Dixie" has been questioned, as have been nearly all successful productions. In this Al Field comes to the front in a defense. He produces an issue of



DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT.

the New York *Herald* and other New York papers of 1859, containing many articles about the tune and song.

"Old Dan Tucker," "Our Cross ober Jordan," and others are without question. A facsimile of a sheet of music, "entered according to act of Congress," shows that it was copyrighted by Frith, Pond & Co., New York, in 1860.

Mt. Vernon, Knox Co. O. July 31st 1895.

J. A. Cunningham, Esqr.
My Southern friend.

I appreciate your coming all the way from Nashville, Tenn. for the sole purpose of seeing me. Your kind assurances of the friendship of the Southern people are very gratifying to me. My parents were Southern born. My father: Abraham Emmett, was a native of Staunton Va. and my mother Sarah Zerick of Fredericktown Md.

In compliment to you and the messages of good will you bring, I hand you to engrave for the Confederate Veterans the original copy of 'Dixie,' made on that rainy Sunday in New York city in 1859.

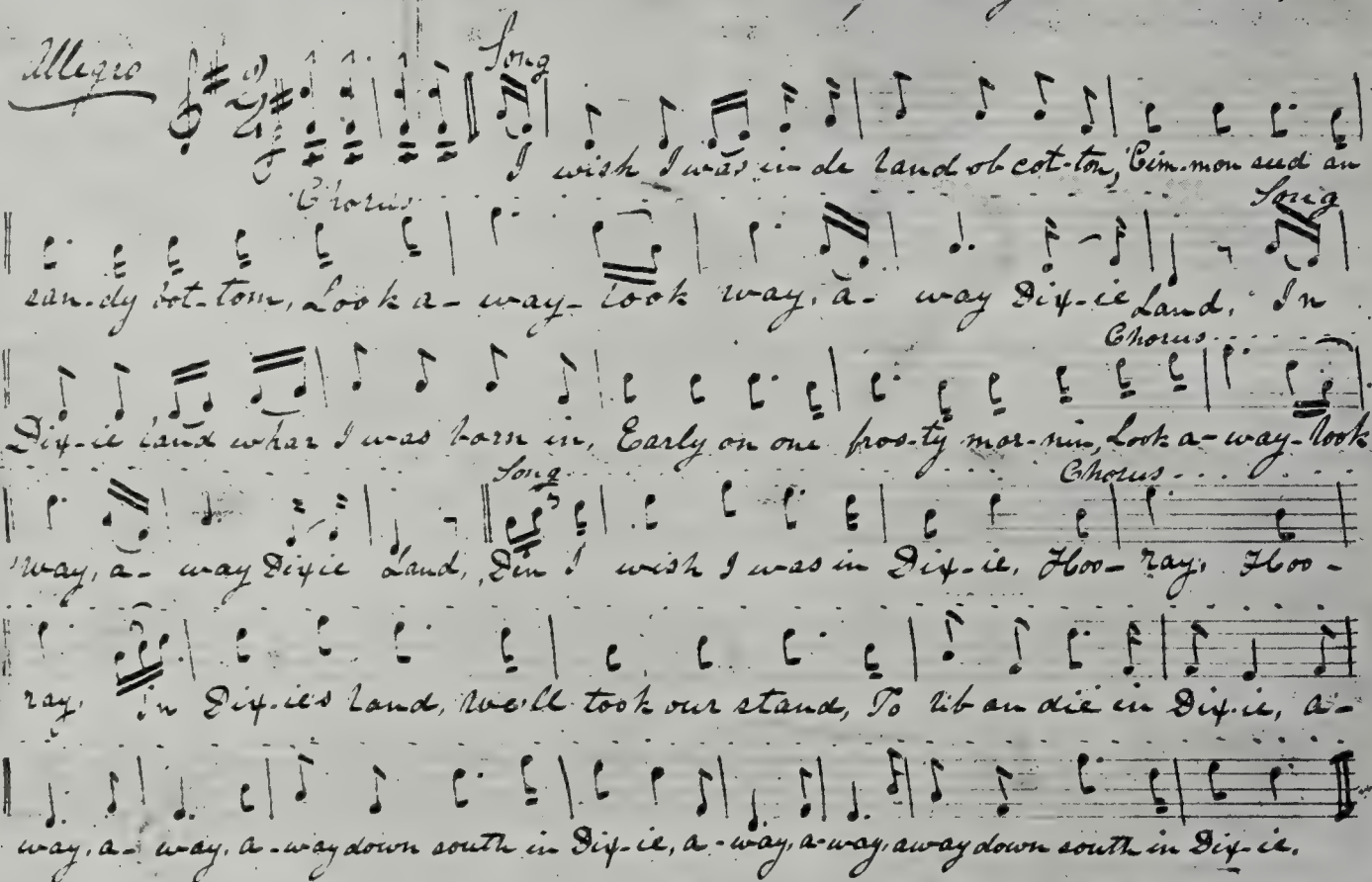
Daniel Decatur Emmett.

Dixie's Land.

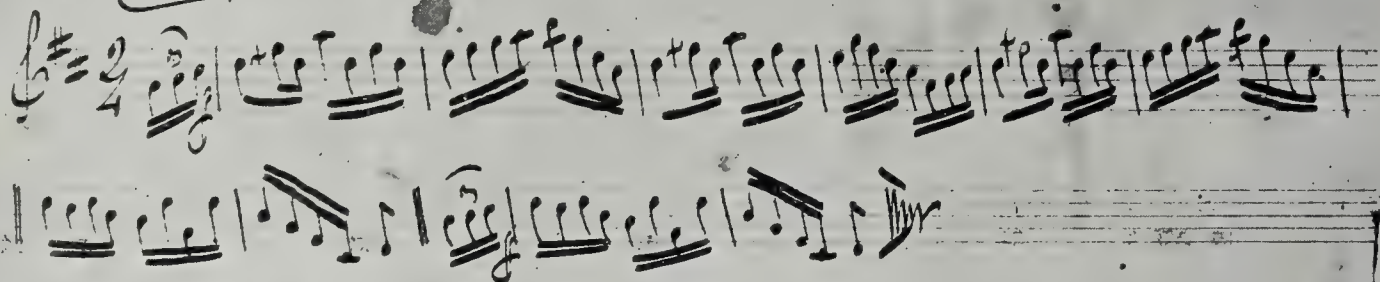
1859

'Walk 'Round,' Composed by Daniel D. Emmett.
for Bryant's Minstrels.

Allegro *Long*



Chorus I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Gim-mon sud an
san-dy bot-ton, Look a-way-look way, a-way Dix-ie Land, In
Chorus Dix-ie land whar I was born in, Early on one frosty mor-nin, Look a-way-look
Long way, a-way Dixie Land, Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray, Hoo-
Chorus ray, In Dix-ies Land, We'll took our stand, To lib an die in Dix-ie, a-
way, a-way, a-way down south in Dix-ie, a-way, a-way, away down south in Dix-ie.

Dance


Ad missus marry will de weaber,
William was a gay deceiver;
When he put his arm around'er,
He look as fierci as a forty pound'er.

Chorus - Hooray! Hooray! &c

His face was sharp like a butchers cleaver,
 But dat did not seem to grieve her;
 Will run away missus took a decline, o'
 Her face was de color ob bacon rhine. o'
Chorus Hooray! hooray! se

While missus libbed she libbed in clover,
 When she died she died all ober;
 How could she act such a foolish part, o'
 An marry a man to break her heart. o'
Chorus. Hooray! hooray! se

Buck-wheat cakes an stony batter,
 Makes you fat or a little fatter;
 Here's a health to de next old missus,
 An all de galls dat wants to kiss us.
Chorus Hooray! hooray! se

Now if you want to drive way sorrow,
 Come an hear dis song to-morrow;
 Den hoe it down an scratch yer grapple,
 To Dixies land I'm bound to trabble
Chorus. Hooray! Looray! se

N. B. The 'Unison Chorus' comes in at the end of every other line, as in the 1st verse.

OUR SECOND CAMPAIGN TO NASHVILLE.

BY G. T. CULLENS, CALEDONIA, AR.

According to plans, I met my old comrade, L. B. Thweatt, of Sulphur Springs, Tex., at Camden, Ark., Sunday, June 12, on our second campaign to Nashville. Nearly forty years ago we were answering to roll call in Company I, Eighteenth Alabama Infantry, on the way with Gen. Hood to Nashville. On entering the outskirts of the city we were fired upon and held at bay by an overwhelming force of the enemy under General Thomas. We showed a bold front for several weeks till the regular battle opened, on December 15. Lee's corps occupied the Franklin Pike and was exposed to a heavy fire of artillery all day. That night the army was withdrawn and posted in a new position to the rear. Our command was behind a stone fence on Overton Hill, still covering the Franklin Pike, and our brigade was ordered to hold this stone fence at all hazards. Gibson's brave Louisiana Brigade was on our left. The first attack was in its front, and we trained our guns on them. This force must have been two or three to our one. Our ranks were already thin from casualties in other battles, so that we were not much stronger than a good skirmish line. Soon after the enemy was drawn back from Gibson's front, our brigade was assaulted by three lines of negroes and a line of white troops in their rear. Then the right wing of Gibson's Brigade turned a cross fire that helped us to cut down the four strong lines that were fighting for the key of Hood's position. They were repulsed; and when the smoke cleared away, a glance to the front showed the bloody field of Overton Hill strewn with dead. We had broken the backbone of the enemy's left wing and held the pike for Lee. It was here my regiment captured a silk flag with this inscription: 'Thirteenth U. S. Colored Infantry. Presented by the Colored Ladies of Murfreesboro.'

Late in the afternoon our lines were broken away to the left. We held our position until the last moment, and were the last to leave the field covering Hood's retreat.

In our Nashville campaign this time we were given a different reception. The doors of the city were opened to us. It is an old saying that the nearest way to a man's heart is through his pocketbook, but the Nashville people convinced me that the nearest way to my heart was down my throat. Thweatt and I were both delegates from our respective Camps to the reunion, and after attending the business meetings we went out to view the old battleground. We failed to locate any particular spot except the memorable stone fence of Overton Hill, where I stood, a sixteen-year-old boy, and fired six guns, while my old comrade fired eight, that the other boys loaded for us. This place looked very natural. We gathered up some relics to carry home, and as we clasped hands across this historic stone fence it brought some pleasant things to mind, together with many sad ones, as the tears on each of our cheeks bore witness, for we are the only two of our company now living, that we know of, that were present at this fight. Our service together made ties between us that will last till the final roll call.

Many thanks to Mrs. John Thompson for courtesies shown me when I visited her residence on the old battleground, seeking information as to positions and locations of the army, and acknowledgment is also made to others I met on the old battle ground for kind and generous treatment. They showed the warmest admiration for the boys that stood behind the Southern guns. I hope the U. C. V. Association will live long enough to be called back to Nashville.

FORREST COVERS HOOD'S RETREAT.

Col. H. A. Tyler, Hickman, Ky.:

"I have just read, in the July number, extracts from a 'paper by Louis F. Garrard, Columbus, Ga.,' concerning 'Gen. S. D. Lee's part in checking the rout' of Hood's army from Nashville. I do not wish to detract in the least any praise due Gen. Lee for services on that occasion, but, in the interest of true history and fair play, I must correct one statement made. He says: 'Gen. Forrest did not rejoin Hood's army until the evening of the 18th of December, near Columbia, about forty miles from Nashville, at which time he reported to Gen. Hood, and was assigned to command the rear guard of the army.'

"On the 16th inst., the day the rout began, Buford's Division of Forrest's Cavalry was encamped around the Brick Church, near the Hermitage. We rode all night and took position just in rear of Hollow Tree Gap just before daybreak (17th). We found Rucker's Brigade of Chalmers's Division of Forrest's Cavalry already in position just up the gap in our front and acting as the rear guard picket. Day had not fully dawned, when the Federals advanced and charged Rucker's Brigade, and wounded and captured that gallant officer and put his brigade to flight. Buford at once ordered his division forward, and met the enemy and drove them back and held the position for some time. Soon after, we fell back and attempted to cross the Harpeth at Franklin. Gen. Buford had crossed with Bell's Brigade. I was at the time his acting inspector general and was at the head of the Kentucky Brigade, conducting it to the ford to cross, when we were charged by the enemy. I at once ordered the brigade to wheel, front into line, and make a countercharge, which was most quickly and gallantly done, and soon we closed in a deadly hand-to-hand conflict. What would have been our fate, God only knows, for they greatly outnumbered us and began closing around our flank, when Morton's guns, that had already crossed the Harpeth, opened up on their flanks, and soon we were able to withdraw under cover of his guns and cross the Harpeth in perfect order. Again, later that evening, a few miles north of Spring Hill, we had been pressed back upon our infantry; a division, Clanton's I understood it was, had been halted and formed across the pike. The Federals charged in overwhelming numbers, and it seemed that the division of infantry was doomed to capture, as they were on the verge of being surrounded from both flanks. At this critical moment, Buford's Division charged on the left, and Chalmers's Division on the right, and drove back each column and thus enabled Clanton to withdraw his division in safety. Soon after this, Gen. Buford and I were together re-forming our lines, when another charge came. The enemy's cavalry swooped down upon us with drawn sabers, cutting and slashing us from right to left. Three soldiers assaulted Gen. Buford at one time. One he shot; another he struck over the head with the butt of his pistol, knocking him from the saddle, but breaking his pistol; and the third he grabbed by the hair and pulled from his saddle and thus escaped. They swarmed around me like a flock of blackbirds. How I got out of it with a whole skin, I do not know. My face was powder-burned and my hair was scorched from a pistol shot thrust in my face at the moment of discharge, and I found myself with two severe bruises on the shoulder from saber strokes. So it is, I have a faint recollection that Forrest's men rendered some little service in covering Hood's retreat before he reached Columbia; and where Forrest's men were engaged the General was sure to be found in the thickest of the fray.

CONFEDERATE REGIMENT A NATIONAL GUARD.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST REGIMENT RESERVES, C. V., N. G.

S. T., MEMPHIS, TENN., MAY 22, 1904.

The First Regiment Reserves, C. V., N. G. S. T., has been organized, the officers commissioned, and the six companies of infantry and one troop of cavalry composing same have been duly mustered into the State's service. The roster of the regiment, now on file in the Adjutant General's office, Nashville, Tenn., shows thirty commissioned officers and three hundred and ninety-two enlisted men (averaging fifty-six enlisted men to each company or troop), aggregating four hundred and twenty-two.

The following is a roster of the commissioned officers of said regiment—namely:

Field: Edward Bourne, Colonel (Memphis); J. H. McDowell, Lieutenant Colonel (Union City); Mark S. Cockrill, Major (Nashville).

Staff: Thomas J. Happel, Major and Surgeon (Trenton); A. L. Elcan, Captain and Assistant Surgeon (Memphis); Robert F. Ward, Captain and Adjutant (Memphis); C. B. Simonton, Captain and Quartermaster (Covington); Milton B. Hurt, Captain and Commissary (Jackson); E. B. McNeil, Captain and Chaplain (Jackson).

COMPANY OFFICERS.

Troop A, Nashville: George F. Hager, Captain; W. T. Hardison, W. G. Bush, and Frank Anderson, Lieutenants.

Company A, Memphis: George B. Malone, Captain; S. A. Munson, J. J. Cox, and I. N. Rainey, Lieutenants.

Company B, Nashville: Spencer Eakin, Captain; I. J. Howlett, T. H. Maney, and P. M. Griffin, Lieutenants.

Company C, Jackson: Lawrence E. Talbot, Captain; Thomas J. Dupree and W. T. Utey, Lieutenants.

Company D, Covington: John A. Crofford, Captain; John J. Stone and James R. Fallem, Lieutenants.

Company E, Union City: I. N. Branham, Captain; J. S. House, J. H. Sandling, and Abe Miller, Lieutenants.

Company G, Trenton: W. O. Gordon, Captain; S. P. Reed, W. W. McCall, and N. B. Johnson, Lieutenants.

CAPTURE OF TWO FEDERAL GENERALS.

In an official letter from Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia, dated February 24, 1865, Gen. R. E. Lee wrote to Hon. John C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War:

"Gen. Early reports that Lieut. McNeil with thirty men on the morning of the 21st inst. entered Cumberland, Md., and captured and brought out Generals Crook and Kelley, the Adjutant General of the Department, two privates, and the Headquarters flag, without firing a gun, though a considerable force was stationed in the vicinity. He said: 'Lieut. McNeil and party deserve much credit for this bold exploit. Their prisoners will reach Staunton to-day.' GEN. LEE."

The above is the only official report ever made of this most daring and successful feat. Several members of the Company were young men who had lived in Cumberland, then a town of some eight thousand inhabitants and at that time surrounded by ten thousand Federals in winter quarters. Gen. Kelley had his headquarters in the Barnum Hotel, and Gen. Crook was sleeping at the Revier House, of which a Mr. Daily was proprietor, and with whose daughter, Miss Mary, Gen. Crook was very much in love (they afterwards married). Miss Daily had a brother in McNeil's Company who assisted in capturing Gen. Crook, and in the rush secured what he thought to be official war papers of the General, but on inves-

tigation next morning, much to his disgust, proved to be only love letters from his sister to Crook.

Snow covered the ground and it was bitter cold on the night that McNeil started on his bold venture, February 21, 1865. Taking the main highway, he started on the most direct route to Cumberland. It was not long before he was challenged by the Federal pickets, and in response to their challenge answered, "Friends from New Creek," where there was a Federal garrison a few miles west of Cumberland. Riding up rapidly from there, he and his party captured the two pickets and at the muzzle of pistols made them give him the countersign, "Bull Run," for the night. There was no trouble in passing the inner guards, and they rode on into the city, representing themselves to be a Company of Ohio Cavalry, singing Yankee songs and bandying jokes with belated Yankee soldiers quite plentiful on the streets, although it lacked but an hour and a half of daybreak. A squad of ten was sent to each hotel; no trouble was experienced in passing the sleepy guard, with the countersign and the "important information for the general." Going direct to the room designated, the generals were aroused, and in response to the urgent knocking they opened the doors to look into the muzzles of a half-dozen pistols and hear the assertion, "General, you are a prisoner; dress quickly and keep quiet if you value your life. Any attempt to give an alarm will compel us to kill you instantly. Keep quiet and go with us, and you will not be harmed." Along with Gen. Kelley, his adjutant general, Capt. Melvin, was also captured. While this was going on at the hotel a squad of men were playing havoc with the telegraph wires and instruments. In the meantime McNeil had required Gens. Kelley and Crook to send an order to the stables for their best horses, as if they wished to make an early visit to their outposts. In less than a half hour the work was completed and McNeil had assembled his men and five prisoners—two generals, one captain, and two privates—to make his way out of the midst of the Federal army. He completely enveloped his prisoners by placing a squad of his men in front and rear and others on each side of them, all with drawn pistols with instructions to shoot if any attempt to give an alarm was made. Skirting the sleepy army, he soon came to the camp guard, and in response to the challenge answered, "Company B, Third Ohio Cavalry, with the countersign, and in a hurry." Instead of calling for the countersign, the officer asked, "What's up?" McNeil replied: "O, old Granny Kelley has had a bad dream that the Rebs are after him and is sending us out in this bitter weather to scout the other side of the river. He's a regular old granny. Don't you wish Grant would relieve him, and put Crook in command?" To this the officer gave a hearty assent without dreaming that "Granny Kelley" was within ten feet of him, listening to the complimentary (?) remarks, and that Crook, who was riding by his side, was nudging him with his knee and only kept from laughing outright by feeling the cold barrel of a pistol against his side. At Moorefield McNeil stopped sufficiently long to feed his men and horses, and then continued his rapid ride to the Virginia line. Great was the consternation in Cumberland next morning when it was discovered that both generals had been spirited away. A hot pursuit was at once ordered, and the pursuers only twenty minutes behind the daring little band when they rode away from Moorefield. But McNeil safely landed his game, having ridden about ninety miles since starting on the expedition in thirty-six hours.

The VETERAN is indebted to Comrade E. S. Cunningham, of Dufton, Ala., for the above interesting account.

FLAG OF THE SOUTHLAND.

BY GEORGE F. ALFORD.

Flag of the Southland, Flag of the free,
Ere thy sons will be slaves they will perish with thee!
Thy new risen stars shall light liberty on,
Till the hosts of the tyrant are scattered and gone!
Whether victory sits on the Southern plume,
Or disaster doth come in some hour of gloom,
Freedom's hosts will still rally where'er thou shalt be,
O, Flag of the Southland, Flag of the free!

Flag of the Southland, thy glory has been
To be baptized in blood 'mid the great battle's din:
From Manassas' red plain o'er the mountain steeps
Thy stars keep their vigil where Washington sleeps,
And the breezes of Vernon have borne on the shout
Of thy triumphant sons as the foe took the rout;
Valor's trio of genius—Hood, Johnston, and Lee—
Guards the Flag of our Southland, the Flag of the free.

On the plains of Missouri thy valorous sons rise
To wrest from the foe what he gained by surprise:
And e'en on the field where his triumph begun,
McCullough for thee a new glory has won;
And the Southern heart and the Southern hand,
From classic Potomac to bold Rio Grande,
Will rush ever to battle when floating they see
The Flag of the Southland, the Flag of the free!

Gen. Alford was a wealthy planter in those days, and the spirit manifest is quite characteristic.

OLD MUSTER ROLLS.

BY GEORGE G. GRATTAN, HARRISONBURG, VA.

Not long since a mechanic, in making some repairs in an old house in Harrisonburg, Va., found some rolls of Confederate companies mustered for pay in the summer of 1861.

These rolls have been given to the custody of Col. D. H. Lee Martz, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Rockingham County, at Harrisonburg, and thinking that they may be of interest to some of the surviving members of the companies, a list is herewith given: Forty-Second Virginia Regiment, Company C, Captain Buford, and Company E, Captain Dyerly; Twenty-First Virginia Regiment, Company A, Captain Moseley, Company E, Captain Leach, and Company I, Captain Mitchell; Sixth North Carolina Regiment, Company E, Captain Kirkey, and Company I, Captain Shipp; Fourteenth Tennessee Regiment, Company A, Captain Harrell, and Company L, Captain Hewett; Lunenburg Cavalry, Captain Hatchett.

Any one desiring further information can communicate with Col. D. H. Lee Martz, who is a gallant Confederate veteran.

INQUIRY ABOUT CAPT. T. H. HOLCOMB.

Mr. Joseph R. Anderson, President of the Virginia Military Institute Alumni Association, and who is engaged in compiling a record of all the old cadets, desires to learn of T. H. Holcomb, and writes as follows: "In 1856 Thomas H. Holcomb, of Mecklenburg County, Va., graduated at the Virginia Military Institute and shortly afterwards moved with his father's family to Georgia. On the evening of the first day's battle at Seven Pines Maj. William D. Shelton, of Virginia (an old V. M. I. comrade of Holcomb's), states that the regiment to which he belonged came over from the south side of the James River and were halted just before going into battle.

While standing, a Georgia regiment passed by, and Thomas H. Holcomb was in command of one of the companies. Shelton instantly recognized him, as did several others of the Virginia regiment who had been his friends and college mates at the V. M. I., and they shook hands with him as he passed with his regiment. Holcomb's regiment went at once into the thickest of the fight, and it was said next morning that Holcomb was killed, though it was never positively proven. It is earnestly desired to set at rest the doubt of Capt. Holcomb's death at Seven Pines. If this should be read by any of his family or any of his old comrades of that Georgia regiment, the number of which has been unfortunately forgotten, they will confer a great favor by communicating with me at Lee, Va. Upward of two hundred of the old V. M. I. cadets gave their lives for the cause they loved so well."

Capt. G. W. Arrington writes from Canadian, Tex., an inquiry concerning Dr. Charles Foreman, of Summit Point, Va., who lived for a while after the war in Atchison County, Mo., and who scouted in the valley during the spring of 1865 with Johnnie Orrick, of Mosby's command.

OLD DOMINION CHAPTER, LYNCHBURG.

At a recent meeting of the Old Dominion Chapter, U. D. C., of Lynchburg, Va., the following officers were elected: Mrs. J. Davis Christian, President; Mrs. J. W. Martin, Mrs. Withers P. Clark, Mrs. Peter J. Otey, Mrs. Rawley W. Martin, Vice Presidents; Miss Hilda Forsberg, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Hubert B. Watts, Treasurer; Mrs. W. M. Strother, Historian; Miss Maria Walker, Register; Miss Elvira A. Jones, of Roanoke, Corresponding Secretary.

Mrs. Christian, the President elected to succeed the late lamented Mrs. C. E. Heald, is a daughter of Maj. Edward S. Hutter, so well known among Virginia veterans. Her mother



MRS. JANE DAVIS CHRISTIAN,
President of the Old Dominion Chapter.

was Miss Nannie Langhorne, a member of the distinguished Virginia family of that name. In grace of manner and charming personality Mrs. Christian has no superiors, and that her record as a wise presiding officer will be noteworthy goes without saying. She has the support of one of Virginia's leading Chapter of Daughters.

MORE OF THE "LADY POLK" EXPLOSION.

Gen. E. W. Rucker, of Birmingham, Ala., complies with our request to give his recollections of the bursting of the gun "Lady Polk."

He does not concur with Col. Pickett in his recollections that the accident occurred on the morning of November 8, 1861, the day after the battle of Belmont. Gen. Rucker recollects that on the 9th he went to Memphis, remaining one day, and returned to Columbus on the 11th, the train arriving there about noon. After eating his dinner, he went up on the hill to where the "Lady Polk" was mounted.

"To be more certain as to this date," Gen. Rucker states, "I wrote to Mr. Hugh Davidson, at Shelbyville, Tenn., and requested him to copy the inscription on Capt. Keiter's monument, and he wrote me the following: 'Capt. W. N. Keiter, C. S. A., a native of Virginia, was killed by the bursting of the "Lady Polk" at Columbus, Ky., November 11, 1861.'"

Gen. Rucker states further in regard to the matter:

"My recollections are that Gen. Polk, Col. Pickett, and myself were standing together on the parapet on the south side of the gun, and in the order stated by Col. Pickett, but that Col. Pickett was directly opposite the trunnions and Gen. Polk and I were to his right toward the breech. I remember that while we were talking Capt. Keiter approached us and inquired of the General if he did not wish to step to the windward and observed the effect of the shot. His answer was: 'Well, well! If it has any range, I will see where the shot falls in the water. Go ahead.'

"Capt. Keiter stepped off the parapet to the rear of the gun and gave the order to fire, and the explosion was the result. In a few moments a large crowd assembled, and Gen. Polk and Col. Pickett were carried away. I was only stunned a little, and required no aid or attention. Gen. Polk was confined to his room for several weeks. Col. Pickett was about the next day, attending to his duties as usual.

"I saw Gen. John P. McCown at Columbus and several times afterwards at Island Number Ten, where he was in command after the evacuation at Columbus, and talked with him about what he thought was the cause of the explosion, and I know that he had no fixed opinion about the matter. On one occasion when I brought to his attention the fact that it was currently believed the gun had been loaded when it was hot on the day of the battle of Belmont, and possibly afterwards there was a contraction which caused the accident, he said: 'I do not know whether that was the cause or not; but it is a good plan when guns of any kind are not in use to keep them empty, and never load them except when you know you are going to use them.'"

J. A. Hughes, Center Point, Ark., writes of it:

"Permit me to contribute to the 'Lady Polk' correspondence in the June and other issues of the VETERAN. I belonged to Company G, Twelfth Arkansas Infantry, E. W. Gantt, Colonel. Our regiment was and had been camped on the last rise south of the gun, some two hundred and fifty yards away, for ten days. I strolled around the gun before the Belmont fight,

and asked one of the guards, an Irishman, where they were from, and was told Nashville, Tenn., and that he had belonged to the United States army.

"I witnessed the battle of Belmont across the river. There were two regiments encamped there in tents. In the afternoon we were lined up and marched out northeast a mile or so to meet a supposed attack by land, but we did not remain long before returning to the fort.

"On the day of the disaster, about four o'clock, I was loitering around this gun, being attracted by the gathering, as I supposed, to drill. I was to the left of the gun and some thirty feet from the earthworks and the same distance from the bluff, which was covered with forest growth. I was watching the muzzle of the gun elevated, and heard Gen. Polk say: 'Take sight at a tall tree up the river.' It was several miles away. To my surprise, the command to fire was given. I instantaneously remembered the counsel of my mother, which was: 'If near a cannon when discharged, squat or bend the legs.' Having done this, when the explosion came my face was south toward camp, and I ran as fast as I could through the smoke. About thirty steps across some corn ridges I noticed some one lying in a furrow, and I did likewise, and I will never lie as low again while I live. A breeze blew away the smoke, and when I looked south it seemed that my whole regiment was coming. I heard a voice ring out: 'Go back! The bombs will explode!' Promptly a guard was formed around the place. I went to our surgeon and got some remedies for my ears, and soon one of my regiment called, with blood oozing from his ears. A large part of the breech end was blown to near where I stood.

"Another gun, smooth-bored, was brought near our quarters to replace the 'Lady Polk.' We left that place later on for New Madrid, where we were bombarded on March 13, 1862. We evacuated, moving down the river to Tiptonville, on the Tennessee side. On March 18 (my twentieth anniversary) three companies of my regiment waded Reelfoot Lake for a mile before day. We returned after night to guard Rucker's Battery. On April 8 we were surrendered by Gen. McCall and Col. E. W. Gantt. The latter took the oath a year or so before the surrender and wrote a Digest of Arkansas Laws under Radical rules.

"We were at Camp Douglas the greater part of our prison life, where many died of scurvy from eating salt meat. We were exchanged at Vicksburg October 23, 1862, and sent from there to Port Hudson, and remained there till surrendered, July 9, 1863. We were then paroled and scattered 'to the four winds.' We returned to service in December, 1863, and were disbanded at Marshall, Tex., in May, 1865, under Kirby Smith."

Considerable space has been given this horrid accident; but it was a momentous event, and illustrates the vivid memories of those who were present after nearly forty-three years.

The wife of Judge W. S. Bearden, of Shelbyville, who was Miss Maggie Whiteside, widely known and greatly admired in the army (for she was in the Southern lines and cheered many soldiers in field and hospital), sends the VETERAN a funeral notice of Capt. Keiter which had been preserved by the family all these years. It is as follows:

FUNERAL INVITATION.—The friends and acquaintances of Capt. Wm. Keiter are requested to attend his funeral from the Presbyterian Church, at 9:30 o'clock. Services by Rev. Mr. Allen, Friday morning, November 15, 1861.

THE MAN IN GRAY.

When fades away the man in gray,
Where shall our glory dwell?
With our cross on his breast, he goes to his rest,
As the years like beads we tell.

May his son in blue prove him as true
As glory's knight in gray!
May his arm be as strong, his endurance as long,
When duty shall call him away!

Will he fight for pay as the man in gray
Fought for defeat and loss?
Will his flag of stars and conquering bars
Be loved like our broken cross?

He is marching away, the man in gray,
But glory keeps step by his side;
When he rests above in the tents of love
May his spirit with us abide!

Amen.

—H. C. R.

Atlanta, Ga. For Decoration Day.

LEE AND JACKSON DAY.

Mrs. Fred A. Olds, President North Carolina Division, U. C. V., wrote from Raleigh on April 15:

"I note in the March *VETERAN* a letter from Judge John N. Lyle, of Waco, Texas, relative to the 19th of January being made 'Lee and Jackson Day.' He rather reflects on the U. D. C. convention at Charleston, in that no action was taken by them. Our presiding officer at that convention needs no defense by me, for her ever-ready willingness to handle any matter brought to her attention is well known of all who have attended the conventions over which she presided. I feel sure such a resolution did not reach her. Not until early in January did the action of the veterans in Staunton, Va., come to my knowledge. Then I did the best I could to reach my Chapters and tell them of this resolution. Quite a number of them complied, and next year I hope that all will do so.

"The North Carolina Memorial Day is May 10, the date commemorative of the death of Stonewall Jackson, but we cannot honor him too much, so it is hoped hereafter that January 19 will, all over the South, and wherever there is a Daughter of the Confederacy, be celebrated as 'Lee and Jackson Day.'"

THE OLD HAYES HOMESTEAD, NASHVILLE.

BY LULA HAYES LAWRENCE, ORLANDO, FLA.

"Rokeby," the old homestead of the Hayes family, is one of the landmarks of Nashville. Huge, massive, palatial, it has stood for nearly a hundred years in all its colonial grandeur.

Oliver Bliss Hayes was one of the pioneers of Nashville, and his personality was stamped upon the growing city, as to-day his name and his children's names are stamped upon the city's streets—Hayes, Addison, Laura, and Adelia Streets all taking their names from the family.

Mr. Hayes owned nearly all of High Street, his stable being on the site of the present stone block erected and donated to the city by Samuel Watkins, at the corner of High and Church Streets. Later he purchased of Col. Childress the vast estate of "Rokeby." Being one of the wealthiest men of his day, Mr. Hayes retired from the profession of law and divided his time between preaching the gospel and beautifying his magnificent home.

"Rokeby" is of splendid architecture, and stands as proudly erect now as when the stone and brick were first wedded by

the mason's trowel. Winter's blasts and summer suns, war and peace, have scarcely made any marks to show their passage. The two hundred and fifty acres of pleasure grounds have dwindled to less than five; the wide flower gardens, once the city's pride, have been cut up into streets, and from its orchards has sprung that miniature city known as Belmont Heights. The "Big Spring" which, under spreading trees and sheltering rocks, was the source of the famous Hayes branch is now walled in and furnishes a water supply to houses built up all around it.

The house alone remains the same; the door through which a carriage and pair could pass still opens into a hallway as large as some modern houses, and the stone lintel, worn with the tread of its many years, tells a mute story to all who care to read. It tells of the great gatherings held here, of the men high in power, of the kings in intellect who were "Rokeby's" guests. It tells of the weddings of the daughters of the house—the beautiful Adelia to the millionaire Isaac Franklin; and of the double marriage of Laura to George W. Shields, and



"ROKEBY" AS IT IS TO-DAY.

Corinne, who was called the most beautiful woman of Tennessee, to W. L. B. Lawrence. It tells us of the birth of grandchildren to keep alive the grand old name; and, alas! it tells, too, of death after death, till slowly the old family has passed away, and Mrs. Lawrence is the only one surviving of all the children who clustered around the doorway where O. B. Hayes sat, a king in his wide holdings.

Two years ago "Rokeby" was sold to Mr. John L. Kirby, the assistant to the Book Editor at the Methodist Publishing House, and by him and his family the beauties of the place are held sacred, and all the traditions of the Hayes family will be preserved for future generations.

[Mr. J. Addison Hayes, of this family, is father of the only grandchildren of Jefferson Davis.—ED. *VETERAN*.]

Thomas P. Cox, of Nashville, Tenn., sends the following note to the *VETERAN*: "When the Yankees arrived in Nashville under Bull Nelson after the fall of Fort Donelson the following ladies were members of the Confederate Nurses' Association: Mrs. Felicia G. Porter, Mrs. John Nichol, Mrs. John Bell, Mrs. Sue Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Jane Cockrell Watkins, Mrs. Addie G. Cox, Mrs. Susan McC. Clark, and Mrs. Alfred Hume. Drs. W. K. Bowling and William Smith were in charge of the hospital, which was located back of the present Terminal Station, near a coal dump. Nicholas, an Irishman, did the nursing at night. He has since died."

ON NASHVILLE BATTLE LINE—WATKINS FARM.

At the time of the battle of Nashville the Samuel Watkins farm, three miles out on the Hillsboro road, was in charge of my stepfather, Edward H. Allen, and his family (my mother and her two very young daughters). Early on the morning of the first day, December 15, the Confederate line of battle on the right wing was extended across this farm west of the turnpike and just south of the dwelling house, which stands on an eminence in the center of the lands. The place thus became for a while the skirmishing ground of the opposing armies. Rifle pits for the Confederate sharpshooters were located not far to the north of the house, and soon there was a lively exchange of shots with the enemy posted along the outer defenses of the city.

While this preliminary "target practice" was going on, Gen. Frank Cheatham and several members of his staff rode up to Mr. Allen's doorway. They were greatly fatigued from the labors and vigils of the previous night in preparing their brave command for the impending conflict. No sooner was their hunger made known than my mother began breakfast for them; and she and the little girls served the General and his officers while they sat upon their horses, saying it would not be prudent for them to dismount at that critical juncture.

One of these sisters (now Mrs. C. C. Bishop, of St. Louis) wrote me recently: "As my mind goes back to that awful period, I can see my mother standing there waiting for Gen. Cheatham to finish a meal she had taken to him, and myself pulling at her dress to make her go into the house, for the bullets were coming thick and fast all around us. Finally the General told us we had better go in, as the soldiers were coming closer and we were in great danger."

Even before this strange *al fresco* repast ended, the nearer Federal batteries hurled their heavy projectiles through the brick walls of the house, and the sharpshooting grew more and more deadly at that point, compelling the inmates to retreat to the cellar. The group of officers in gray were the objects of this hot firing; and while they withdrew unhurt, two or three of the soldiers on duty were killed in the farmyard near by.

Realizing the family's peril, Gen. Cheatham, with his wonted thoughtfulness and sympathy, directed their removal beyond the zone of hostilities. For this purpose ambulance and wagon were sent for the conveyance of Mr. Allen's household and such effects as they desired to carry with them. Calling down blessings on the good General for their deliverance, these innocent victims of the war retired to the peaceful home of kindred in Williamson County.

Soon the battle raged in earnest; and Gen. Cheatham, the dauntless hero of many bloody fields in Mexico and in his beloved Southland, led his eager battalions into the deadliest breach, utterly heedless of his own safety, as in other memorable struggles with the foe—notably at Stone's River, where three of his horses were slain under him and he received painful wounds. Unspeakably sad it was that valor so sublime should prove unavailing. The day was indeed a dark one for the bleeding South when Hood's brave legions had to accept defeat.

Sometime after the battle I visited the farm, to which the involuntary exiles had returned. The rents in the walls of the house, torn by cannon shot on that fateful December morning, had not been repaired; underneath the barn and stables lay a number of unexploded percussion shells; here and there a soldier's grave dotted the hill slopes; the rifle pits were still intact, grim reminders of the fusillade that came upon the devoted place; and all around were the influences of cruel devastation.

But ere long the ruder traces of war disappeared from the whole countryside; and now it verily blossoms like the rose, as if gratefully to keep alive the memory of the noble-souled Cheatham and his men.



WATKINS FARM HOME.

The preservation of this battle-scarred home is safely confided to Mr. Harry Stokes, its present owner and occupant. My friend Dr. W. A. Matthews is cordially thanked for the accompanying view of the house, taken only a few days ago.

JOHN L. KIRBY.

EIGHTY BAREFOOTED CONFEDERATES.—H. McCorkle, who was a lieutenant in the Thirty-Seventh Georgia Infantry, writes from Thomson, Ga.: "In reply to your request for reminiscences of the battles about your beautiful city by the Cumberland, I send you a short sketch. The Thirty-Seventh Georgia Regiment, to which I belonged and with whom I served, was of William B. Bate's (now one of Tennessee's Senators) Division. After the carnage at Franklin, we were ordered to Murfreesboro to look after a corps of the enemy at that place. Our division, in connection with Gen. Forrest, engaged the enemy on the afternoon and night of December 12. They were not dislodged, but were kept inside of their works. The weather then became extremely cold, and our men were poorly clad. What I wish to emphasize is the loyalty and heroism of the Confederate soldier. At sunrise on one of the coldest days I ever experienced, I was detailed from my company to report at division headquarters for special duty. Eighty of us were soon in line in front of Col. Bate's tent. Not a man in that company had shoes on his feet, and many were without a blanket. The General ordered me to take command of those men and march them to a little station up the road, a distance of about six miles, where there was a supply of wood, and to build fires and keep as comfortable as possible until the weather should moderate. I obeyed orders, and, as I marched my command up that frozen pike, I felt that I had as brave a set of men as ever shouldered muskets. Arriving at the destined point, we soon had fires amidst the shouts and huzzas. We spent one day and night there. Early on the morning of the 15th our division began to file by on its way to Nashville. These brave boys, as their commands passed, fell into their places without orders, leaving me without a command. A large per cent of these men were Tennesseans, and many of them fell in battle near the city with their faces to the foe. I should like to hear from any survivors of that invincible eighty."

GENS. ANDERSON AND LYTLE—A REMINISCENCE.

Mrs. Patton Anderson, of Palatka, Fla., wrote the VETERAN: "When the VETERAN came in March of last year asking if any of Patton Anderson's family would give the address of Gen. Lytle's family, that his sword might be returned to them, I did not remember the address. I did not believe the sword referred to was Gen. Lytle's. So many years had elapsed since I had heard my husband speak of it. I wrote his aid, Capt. Wm. M. Davidson, living in Jacksonville, to ascertain if my recollection was correct before writing you. When his reply came I was packed and just starting for the mountains with a very ill daughter. She continued to grow worse until in March of this year she left me to join her idolized father and other loved ones gone before. Of course every moment of my time and every thought was occupied with her.

Last month's VETERAN again alluded to the matter, saying the address had been found and the sword forwarded. For history's sake, if that is what you wish, I will tell you what I know. Gen. Lytle and Gen. Anderson were always warm personal friends. The friendship may have begun at college, or in Mexico. At Charleston, before the war, when the Democratic party was so divided, they believed the country would be divided and there would be war. Both being State rights Democrats, each felt that his first duty would be to his State, and as they bade each other farewell there they promised that nothing should ever interfere with their friendship, and if either should ever be in trouble the other was to assist him in every way practicable.

At Chickamauga, my husband's courier (a boy from Hernando, Miss., but I have forgotten his name) told him that a general officer had been killed. Gen. Anderson rode to the place designated and, much to his grief, found it was Gen. Lytle. He dismounted and took his ring, a lock of his hair, several daguerreotypes from his pockets, his sword, and his pistols. A wounded Federal near by replied to his question about the handsome spurs: "A Rebel took them off and has gone up the lines." Gen. Anderson placed a guard over the body and rode up the lines. Seeing the same courier referred to, he asked him if he had seen any one with the spurs, and he replied: "I took them myself, General, and buckled them on 'old Blucher's' heels." This was Maj. Thompson, of Hernando, Miss. Soon Maj. Thompson was killed and his body stripped of such articles as could be made use of, and the spurs were gone. As soon as was practicable Gen. Anderson went to Gen. Bragg and asked as a personal favor that the body, with the articles he had, be sent through to the family, to which Gen. Bragg agreed. It had just been reported that Gen. Dan Adams was mortally wounded and perhaps they would exchange for him, which they did. Gen. Adams got well and continued to fight to the end. Gen. Lytle's sword, pistols, etc., were given on special occasions and were all very handsome. I think there were some jewels about them. Gen. Anderson knew the history of each. Gen. Anderson and Gen. Walthall both tried to procure the spurs after the war, but never heard of them. Capt. Wm. M. Davidson, Gen. Anderson's aid, was with him that day. He lives now at Jacksonville, Fla."

In concluding her most interesting letter, Mrs. Anderson states: "In about 1867 or 1868, the colonel of the Sixteenth Louisiana Regiment came to Memphis, where we were living, and presented to my husband the flag of that regiment, saying that the men wished him to have it. Gen. Walthall was with us when he brought it home. When unfolded, it brought the tears to their eyes. It is useless to try to tell how he valued it. We had a box made especially for it and kept it upstairs

in a bureau drawer. I thought one day, when I was putting naphtha balls in, that, in case of fire, I might not be able to save it, so brought it down and put it in a bookcase in the sitting room, near where I always sat to sew. In September, 1902, it was stolen from me by a man we were entertaining as a Confederate soldier and a gentleman! My sons heard once of his offering it for sale in Texas. We had never imagined before that who had taken it. Before they could get a message to the place he was gone, but had the flag. We have learned that he is dead and that it was not among his effects at the time. When I had the flag it had on it "16th La. Shiloh." The letters were made of white strips of cotton run on, and one of the figures of the '16' was gone and just the threads were left."

Information in regard to this flag would be greatly appreciated by Mrs. Anderson.

KIRBY SMITH CHAPTER, U. D. C., GAINESVILLE, FLA.

This chapter was organized seven years ago and has a membership of ninety, second to the largest Chapter in Florida. The president, Mrs. H. H. McCreary, is serving her fourth term.

On January 19, 1904, General Lee's birthday, a handsome monument erected to the memory of the Confederate dead of Alachua County, Fla., by this Chapter was unveiled with impressive ceremonies. A cut and description of this beautiful monument will be furnished the VETERAN later. This Chapter



MISS E. MYRTLE FENNELL, FLORIDA.

has bestowed nearly two hundred Crosses of Honor upon members of the Stonewall Camp, U. C. V.

The above picture represents Miss Myrtle Fennell, who was Maid of Honor of the Florida Division at the Reunion of the Confederate Veterans held recently in Nashville. Miss Fennell,

a member of the Kirby Smith Chapter, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Fennell, of Gainesville, Fla., and the granddaughter of Lieutenant John Wesley Price, who served honorably in the Confederate Army.

A MONUMENT TO THE FAITHFUL OLD SLAVES.

As the President of the North Carolina Division, U. D. C., I heartily indorse the following letter from Mrs. Aston, and hope the Daughters will take some decisive action in the October convention looking to the erection of this monument. The letter is addressed "to the Daughters of the Confederacy and all the women of the South." MRS. FRED A. OLDS.

MRS. ASTON'S LETTER.

My Dear Sisters: Will not every one of you raise your voice with mine in making amends for a long-neglected duty in rearing a monument to our faithful old slaves?

Of all people that dwell upon the earth, I think these deserve the grandest monument. Soon all this generation will have passed away. Let us hasten with the work while some of us still survive.

Confederate veterans have for some time been speaking of raising a monument to the Southern women. We appreciate this, and thank them for their remembrance of our self-denials and hardships which tried women's souls; but what else could have been expected of us when our dear ones were at the front? While this was the case we felt we were enduring this for sacred ties of kindred and country. How different with the faithful slaves! They did it for love of masters, mistresses, and their children. How nobly did they perform their tasks! Their devotion to their owners, their faithfulness in performing their labors and caring for us during these terribly disastrous years, and their kindness at the surrender, while we were powerless and helpless, have never been surpassed or equaled.

At the time of the surrender we were entirely defenseless. Our noble, famished, ragged patriots were still away from their homes, and among us was a band of robbers who were bad counselors to our slaves. Their kindness and their devotion to us was the most beautiful this earth has ever witnessed.

From the Mason and Dixon line to the Gulf and from the Atlantic to the Gulf there was not a massacre, house-burning, or one of those unmentionable crimes which are now so common in the whole country. Think of this; 'tis wonderful. Our gratitude to God and love for the old-time servants should be boundless.

Who will say they do not deserve the greatest monument that has ever been erected? This acknowledgment from us to them of our appreciation of kindness and devotion shown by them to their former owners would be in their last days a beautiful thought. To those of their race of the present generation it would verify the character of the Southern people, their former owners, and also show the true relation that existed between master and servant.

Would it not be an act of justice for the women of the South to ask our noble men if we may not be permitted to turn this monument over to those who, if not more deserving, are equally so with our Southern sisters? I would suggest that when it is erected a tablet might be inserted bearing this inscription: "Given by the Confederate Veterans as a memorial to the women of the South, and given by them in memory of the faithfulness of our former servants."

MRS. C. GILLILAND ASTON,
49 Church Street, Asheville, N. C.

THAT PERILOUS RIDE AT CHICKASAW BAYOU.

H. H. Hockersmith writes from Springfield, Tenn.:

"*Editor Veteran:* Quite awhile ago I made inquiry in the *VETERAN* as to whether there was any old comrade living who could give the name of the man who "rode into the very jaws of death" at the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, Miss., fought in 1863. Some two or three have already claimed this honor, or rather their friends claim it for them, the last one being that of Gen. Stephen D. Lee, whose article appeared in the *VETERAN* giving the credit to a soldier by name of Champion.

"Now I have no reasons to doubt but what Comrade Champion did make a daring ride; and if he did, all praise should be accorded him. Yet I have two *positive reasons* to know that Champion was not the man who made the ride in question. Gen. Lee stated that Champion was carrying a dispatch to Gen. Pemberton at Vicksburg, whereas, as has already been stated, the hero upon this occasion was bearing a dispatch from our right to left, and delivered it, as I afterwards learned, to Gen. Withers in plain view of the writer and scores of others. And this is the first positive reason. I received a letter from Comrade Martin, of Vicksburg, Miss., which so thoroughly and completely described the incident as to 'dovetail' in so nicely as to what I saw as to not leave a shadow of doubt upon my mind as to the real hero, whom he stated was none other than 'Dick' (Richard) Wildy, of the Forty-Sixth Mississippi Regiment, and, as a matter of justice and history, I cheerfully back his statement. Comrade Martin also gave me a short sketch of the life of this gallant soldier prior to, during, and after the war, which was grand almost beyond conception, stating that Wildy became a successful lawyer and moved to California, where he died some twenty-eight or twenty-nine years ago.

"Most assuredly no one would pluck the laurel from the wreath of glory from Comrade Champion or any other hero, but history must not accord to him the ride made by another on this occasion. As has already been said, many daring feats were accomplished during the war, but none more so than this; and were it possible to erect a monument to the clouds, it would not be too high to commemorate and perpetuate the name of Richard Wildy, of the Forty-Sixth Mississippi Regiment, in his daring and hair-lifting 'ride into the very jaws of death' at Chickasaw Bayou in 1863. Peace to his ashes and rest to his soul."

LIEUT. C. A. HUNT, OF LEXINGTON, N. C.—In a letter from Comrade T. B. Beall, of Salisbury, N. C., he states: "In the July *VETERAN* I see mention of Lieut. C. A. Hunt, of Lexington, N. C., in connection with a golden cross presented to a kind lady of Winchester, Va., for her ministrations to him when wounded at that place. He was a friend and comrade of mine, and the A. N. V. had no better or braver soldier. In the battle of Spottsylvania C. H., the enemy broke Lee's line to our right, and our division was ordered to charge over our breastworks and take them in the flank and rear. The undertaking being so hazardous, the whole line hesitated; but Lieut. Hunt sprang upon the top of the works, raised his sword above his head, and ordered the line forward. His brave example so animated the command that the men moved at once and passed over the works without hesitation, and by this fearless move helped to save the army from a great disaster. I don't believe in waiting till a man is dead before telling of his good deeds and brave acts. If more of it was done, we should be a happier people and great justice be done our fellow-man."

WHAT "MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA" MEANS.

BY MILFORD OVERLEY, OF FLEMINGSBURG, KY.

Since little Miss Laura Galt refused to sing "Marching through Georgia," as required by her teacher, the question has frequently been asked by those not familiar with the history of the War between the States what "Marching through Georgia" means, that any one should object to singing it or hearing it sung. For the enlightenment of such, as well as to give some details of that march that have never been published, I desire to answer the question.

But first, the name, the title is not what it should be. Let us give credit to whom credit is due, and call it "Sherman Marching through Georgia and the Carolinas," for it was he who conducted the march, and he extended it on through the Carolinas. It means murder, robbery, arson, and nearly all the other crimes enumerated in the black calendar, the details of which would shame vandalism itself.

William Tecumseh Sherman was considered one of the ablest generals in the Federal army, but he was a cruel one, waging war with little less barbarity than did the savage chief whose name he bore. His celebrated march through Georgia put a stain upon his name that will cling to it as long as it is found upon the pages of history—a march the most infamous in many of its details that was ever made by civilized soldiers in a Christian land.

His was a fine army, composed chiefly of brave, hardy Western men; but many of them, like their leader, had little regard for the rules of civilized warfare, and some were there for no other purpose than to rob and plunder. There were honest, patriotic officers and men in that army who conducted themselves as true soldiers, and who were in no wise responsible for the outrages perpetrated by the bad men among them.

About the first week in May, 1864, Gen. Sherman, with about one hundred thousand men and two hundred and fifty-four pieces of artillery, started on his march through Georgia—his "On to Atlanta," which was then his objective point. He was opposed by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, with an army of forty-five thousand Confederates. This included Gen. Joe Wheeler's cavalry corps, in which was a little brigade of Kentuckians, that followed and fought the Federal army from Chattanooga, Tenn., to Greensboro, N. C. The writer of this was a member of that brigade, and he was on duty with it during the entire campaign, much of the time in command of a company of as brave, active, loyal Confederates as ever wore the gray, and few had better opportunities than he of knowing what "Marching through Georgia" means.

The Confederate army lay at Dalton, near the Tennessee line, about one hundred miles from Atlanta. Here Sherman confronted Johnston with vastly superior numbers, and at the same time, by a flank movement, sent an army to cut his line of communication (the Western and Atlantic Railroad) at Resaca, eighteen miles in the rear. This compelled Johnston to fall back to Resaca, where a bloody battle was fought, but our men held the road. By this flanking process, repeated every time Johnston offered him battle, the Federal commander at length reached the Chattahoochee River, eight miles from Atlanta. He was two months on the way, averaging less than two miles a day, and it cost him about one-fourth of his army to get there. Johnston resisted his advance with all the means at his command, fighting him daily at some point along the line, and defeating him in several hard-fought engagements. From the beginning of the campaign to the fall of Atlanta was about one hundred days, and so incessant was the fighting during the entire time that some historians call it "The One Hundred Days' Battle."

The territory over which the armies marched and fought was, before the war, one of the most beautiful and productive in the South. It was the great wheat-growing district, the storehouse of Georgia, and now the broad fields of grain were almost ready for the harvest. Plains and valleys were dotted all over with cities and towns, whose wide, clean streets, bordered with evergreen shade trees, their handsome and commodious churches and public buildings, their elegant residences, surrounded by spacious grounds, ornamented with rare shrubs and flowers, and with a songster in every bush—all these combined to make them exceedingly attractive. There were many very beautiful country homes and some stately mansions, where were all the comforts that wealth could give. It was a lovely land, and its people were prosperous and happy till the war came and with it the ruthless invaders of their homes.

The Federal army moved on parallel roads, its flanking columns and its cavalry extending far out on the right and on the left covering many miles of territory. Not less than twenty thousand camp fires were kindled every night, out buildings, shade trees, and fences furnishing most of the fuel. More than ten thousand horses were fed daily, many of them upon the ripening wheat, much more of which was trampled down and destroyed than was consumed. Some, in lieu of stables, were fed in yards and gardens, among flowers and fruit and ornamental trees. Public buildings were destroyed, and private residences burned on the most trifling pretexts. To have been the headquarters of a Confederate general was sufficient cause for the destruction of any building, either public or private. Soldiers, unbidden, entered dwellings and, with dirty feet, tramped over finest of carpets, through halls, sitting room, and parlor, and finally to the dining room, their objective point, where cakes, pies, and silverware were supposed to be kept. Pork and poultry were in great demand, and there was scarcely a hog or a chicken left anywhere along Sherman's line of march from Chattanooga to Atlanta; indeed there was little of anything left, save naked lands, desecrated homes, and destitute women and children. This is what "Marching through Georgia" means.

The Federal army crossed the Chattahoochee River about the middle of July, and soon the Gate City was besieged. Gen. John B. Hood had succeeded to the command of the Confederate army, and several unsuccessful assaults were made on Sherman's fortified lines. At length that general, by resorting to his favorite tactics, flanked Hood out of Atlanta, the Confederates retiring to Jonesboro, twenty miles distant. On the 2d day of September Sherman took possession of the city, and very soon after issued an order for its depopulation, claiming that it was to be held as a military post. Mayor Calhoun and the City Council respectfully petitioned him to reconsider his cruel order and permit the people, nearly all of whom were women and children and aged men, to remain in their homes, recounting the hardships, privations, and suffering that the enforcement of this order would inflict upon them. But the Federal commander was inexorable; he would not yield to the plea for mercy; his order must be obeyed. Gen. Hood, writing to him upon the same subject, concludes his letter as follows: "And now, sir, permit me to say that the unprecedented measure you propose transcends, in studied and ingenious cruelty, all acts ever before brought to my attention in the dark history of war. In the name of God and humanity I protest, believing that you will find that you are expelling from their homes and firesides the wives and children of a brave people."

The aged and infirm, the cripple upon his crutches, the mother with her young babe in her arms, little children carrying bundles, the rich and the poor—all were driven from their homes to find shelter and food they knew not where. But they went with the one consoling thought that sometime they would be permitted to return; and so they were, for in less than three weeks Sherman withdrew all of his troops from Atlanta and started on his famous "march to the sea." Then the exiles returned, but it was to find only heaps of ashes and blackened walls where once had been their happy homes. The heartless wretch had burned the city. And this is what "Marching through Georgia" means.

In the meantime Gen. Hood and his army had faced about and made a bold dash for Tennessee. Sherman followed as far as Gaylesville, Ala. Then, dividing his army, he sent part to Nashville to aid Gen. Thomas in defending that city against Hood, and with the remainder he returned to Atlanta, destroying the railroad belonging to the State from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and taking with him the soldiers that had been left to guard it.

On November 15, after burning Atlanta, Sherman began "Marching through Georgia," as pictured in Yankee histories and as sung by Northern schoolmarms, his objective point being Savannah, near the Atlantic Coast. With his sixty-five thousand veterans and a small army of negroes and "bummers," the latter being white men who followed the army to steal, rob, and plunder, he cut a great, black swath of desolation and ruin, more than fifty miles in width and three hundred in length, through one of the finest sections of the South—through the very heart of Georgia—with only Wheeler's cavalry to oppose him. Moving his columns on several parallel roads, many miles apart, his scouts, foragers, and bummers swept over the intervening territory and far out on the flanks, gathering supplies for men and horses, paying for nothing, but destroying much that could not be carried away. Families were robbed of their meat, flour, meal, potatoes, canned fruit, sugar, and preserves to feed the army of invaders, the negroes and the bummers. Horses, mules, and wagons were taken to form a supply train for these negroes and bummers. Cattle and hogs that were suitable for food were butchered and eaten; others were killed and left lying where they fell. I saw a poor woman's only cow, that had furnished the chief subsistence for the family, lying dying at the door of her humble cottage, with a Federal bayonet through her body.

Mills, factories, cotton, cotton gins, barns, granaries, bridges, workshops, public buildings, and many country dwellings were burned. Railroads, engines, cars, and telegraphs were destroyed. Private homes were entered and ransacked from cellar to garret, and every article of value that was wanted and could be carried away was taken, including fine quilts, blankets, clothing, musical instruments, etc. Old men, with guns presented at their breasts, were forced to give up their money and tell where their silverware was concealed. Ladies, to save their homes from the torch and themselves from abuse, gave up their watches, their finger rings, and other articles of jewelry to the vandals and villains who demanded them. These human vultures, these fiends incarnate, ate their stolen provisions and sweetmeats with silver knives, forks, and spoons; and at night, in their dirty camps, slept under finest of blankets and quilts. This robbery and desecration of homes, this wanton destruction of property, this cruel warring upon helpless women and children by destroying their homes and their means of subsistence, is what "Marching through Georgia" means.

On December 21 the Federal army took possession of the city of Savannah, Gen. Hardee, with the Confederate garrison, retiring to Charleston. Sherman did not burn the city, but kindly presented it to President Lincoln as a Christmas gift. Reporting to the Secretary of War, Sherman says: "The army is in splendid order and equal to anything. We have not lost a wagon on the trip, but have gathered in a large supply of negroes, mules, horses, etc., and our teams are in far better condition than when we started. We have utterly destroyed over two hundred miles of rails, and consumed stores and provisions that were essential to Lee's and Hood's armies."

Having sufficiently rested and recuperated his troops, about the middle of January Gen. Sherman began his march through the Carolinas. His army, like a huge, hungry bird of prey, with wings extended wide, swept northward toward the already doomed capital of the hated Palmetto State, reaching it on the morning of February 17. The Confederate commander, realizing his inability to successfully defend the city, and not wishing to give Sherman the slightest pretext for destroying it, quietly withdrew his troops and Mayor Goodwyn, with a flag of truce, met the advancing enemy and formally surrendered it, asking for and receiving a promise of protection for its people and their property. But that promise was made to be broken; and proud, beautiful Columbia was destined to share the cruel fate of her sister Atlanta. Her public buildings, her elegant homes, her stately mansions, the palatial residence of Gen. Wade Hampton, of Lee's army, one of the most beautiful and costly homes in the Confederacy—all were doomed to destruction. Gen. Hampton had come down from Richmond to aid in the defense of his capital and his home; but when Gen. Beauregard, the officer in command, decided to make no defense, it was Hampton who gave the order to see that no cotton was fired for fear of burning the city. He entertained a hope that the enemy would spare it; but it proved to be a vain, delusive hope, for in a few hours after Sherman entered it his soldiers and bummers were pillaging and burning it.

The following extracts from private letters, afterwards published, written by two ladies who lived along Sherman's line of march in South Carolina, will convey to the reader a fair idea of the pillaging done in that State: "Sherman has gone, and terrible has been the storm that has swept over us with his coming and going. They deliberately shot two of our citizens—murdered them in cold blood. They hung up three others and one lady, merely letting them down in time to save life, in order to make them tell where their valuables were concealed. Their rude hands spared nothing but our lives. Squad after squad unceasingly came and went and tramped through the halls and rooms of our house day and night, during the entire stay of the army. At our house they killed every chicken, goose, turkey, cow, calf, and even our pet dog. They carried off our wagons, carriages, and horses, and broke up our buggy, wheelbarrow, and garden implements. Our smokehouse and pantry, that a few days ago were well stored with bacon, lard, flour, dried fruit, pickles, etc., now contain nothing whatever, except a few pounds of meal and flour and five pounds of bacon. They took every garment of wearing apparel save what we had on."

"At first I very politely unlocked several trunks, assuring them (the soldiers) that they contained only ladies' apparel. We remained in the sitting room from twelve o'clock to six, while this band of one hundred and fifty men ransacked every nook and corner, breaking open trunks and boxes, singing, whistling, and swearing. At last one young villain came in,

fastened the door, demanded our watches, and, using the most profane language and terrible threats, ordered us to confess where our gold and silver were buried, laying his hands on Pauline's shoulder and mine while we obediently emptied our pockets. They marched Dr. — into the entry, stripped the poor old gentleman to the waist, robbing him of the one thousand dollars he had succeeded in bringing from his own house, which had meanwhile been laid in ashes."

The last act of barbarism I saw Sherman's soldiers commit was near Bentonville, N. C., on the morning of the last great battle for Southern independence. On the preceding night Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who was commanding the Confederate forces, quietly moved his army from Smithfield and threw it directly across Sherman's path at Bentonville. Gen. George G. Dibrell's cavalry division, composed of his own brigade of Tennesseans and Col. Breckinridge's Kentuckians, was falling back in front of one of the advancing Federal columns, the writer of this commanding the rear guard, closely followed by the enemy's advance. We had just crossed a narrow swamp, when I was ordered to face about and hold the enemy in check while the division formed in battle line in front of Johnston's infantry, which was not far away. Of course the check was a brief one, and on retiring we passed by a neat, comfortable-looking farmhouse, occupied by women and children. Halting some distance beyond and looking back, we saw Federal soldiers enter the house. Presently women were heard screaming, in a few minutes the building was in flames, and another family was homeless. Soon the fight was on, and round the smoking, smoldering ruins of that North Carolina home was fought the last great battle for Southern independence, and the world knows the result.

Sherman's raid was ended, and he was a great hero. With his grand army of veterans, almost unopposed, he had overrun and desolated the fairest sections of the South, burning cities, towns, and country dwellings; had wantonly destroyed many millions of dollars' worth of property, both public and private; had made homeless and destitute thousands of women

and children and aged men by burning their houses and destroying their means of subsistence. And it was to glorify him for these deeds of barbarism that "Marching through Georgia" was written, and it is for this that it is sung.

"HISTORY OF THE DOLES-COOK BRIGADE."

Col. Joseph T. Derry, of Atlanta, Ga., writes that one of the best contributions to the story of the War between the States that he has ever seen is the "History of the Doles-Cook Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia," by Mr. Henry W. Thomas, who was a member of Company G (Putnam Light Infantry), Twelfth Georgia Regiment. Mr. Thomas has carefully compiled the record of this famous command.

Every son or daughter of any officer or soldier who served in this brigade should have a copy of this book.

Colonel Derry, in his enthusiasm for the work, states: "In every family in this State which cherishes with pride the record made by the gallant sons of Georgia in the tremendous conflict that shook this continent and filled the world with wonder, the graphic description of marches and battles herein contained will be read with pleasure and profit."

There is a sketch of each regiment composing the brigade, prepared by a member of such regiment, and a complete roster of the officers and privates of each company, with a record of the services of each. Nor did the author forget the faithful slaves, who followed their masters to the war and were true to the last.

This is strictly a Georgia book; for the author is a Georgian, it is published in Georgia by the Franklin Publishing Company, of Atlanta, and concerns Georgia soldiers. The author and the publishers deserve liberal patronage.

Although a Georgia book, it is a condensed history of the campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia, in all of which the Doles-Cook Brigade participated, and hence will interest greatly any Southerner.

This work contains over seven hundred pages, including illustrations. The price is \$3 a copy. Apply to the author, or to the Franklin Publishing Company, of Atlanta, Ga.

ARKANSAS SHARPSHOOTERS AT VICKSBURG.

Capt. John S. Bell, of Pine Bluff, Ark., who commanded Company A, of the Twelfth Battalion of Arkansas Sharpshooters, sends an interesting history of this command of Gen. "Missouri" Green's Brigade, who were almost constantly on the fighting lines from the 23d of April, '63, to the surrender of Vicksburg, on the 4th of July. The following are extracts from this account:

"I frequently went into the city to look after my wounded in the hospitals, generally after dark, as there was less danger of being 'picked off' by a Yankee sharpshooter. In passing along, I often heard music, and, on stopping to investigate, would find it came from under a hill or bluff. The citizens had dug 'bombproof' rooms under such places, and were living in them as best they could. But the ladies did not occupy these rooms all the time, for I never failed to find on reaching the hospital old and young ladies ministering to the wants of our sick and wounded, notwithstanding the Yankees seemed to take special delight in shooting at our hospital flags . . . We were getting short of gun caps when one night some daring fellow would drift down the river through the Yankee fleet, between two logs covered with brush, and bring us quantities of percussion caps 'done up' in oilcloth to prevent them from getting damp. . . . On the night of June 5, I was ordered to take charge of the Crescent Fort, where I remained to the



LAURA GALT, KENTUCKY,
Who would not sing "Marching through Georgia."

end of the siege. The enemy had approached by parallel ditches to within forty feet of this fort, and were excavating to get beneath our fort to blow it up. In fact, they were so close we could throw a six-pound shell over into their works, and they would retaliate by throwing hand grenades at us. These were about the size of a goose egg, with a cap on one end and a feather on the other. The Major, who had been in command of the fort and whom I had relieved, informed me of the situation and incidentally remarked that he was glad enough to get out, as he had been expecting to be blown up every day. After showing me around and giving me information and precaution, he carried me to the right side of the fort and, pointing to a solitary pine tree on a knoll probably five hundred yards away and with some forty feet to the first limb, informed me that every morning a Yankee sharpshooter would climb up in the forks of the tree, that he had killed one of his men and wounded several in the fort, that he had tried to dislodge him, but had not. Wishing me a pleasant (?) time, he marched his men out, and I took command. Next morning our adjutant, John Dupuy, and I were making an inspection of the fort, when our friend in the tree promptly gave us to understand he was ready for business by sending several bullets near our heads. I called several of my best shots over and had them try their hands on him, but all failed to hit him; he made it dangerous for a man to cross the fort for several days. Finally a little fellow named White came up and proposed to go out at night, crawl close up to the tree before day, hide under the tree-tops that had been felled to impede the Yankees in charging, and, as soon as it was light enough to shoot, pick off the Yankee in the tree. I told him that it was a desperate risk, as he would be several hundred yards inside the Yankee lines; but he only laughed and said he was a desperate man. I consented, and he left the fort about 3 A.M. At daylight, with a number of our men, I was watching the tree and had about concluded White had failed, when I saw a puff of smoke rise from the brush about fifty yards from the tree. The report of the rifle had not reached me when I saw the body of a man tumble like a squirrel out of the fork some fifty feet from the ground. All was quiet for some ten minutes, when we saw a squad of Yankees move toward the tree. They found their man dead all right, but seemed to be puzzled as to who killed him. We opened fire on them and they picked him up and left. When White returned to the fort that night, he reported that the man had climbed the tree before daylight, but it was too dark for him to see the sights on his gun, so he had to wait. After shooting he ran some distance and hid in a ravine, where he remained concealed in the brush all day. He saw the Yankees looking for him, and several times they were close to his hiding place. . . . A few days after this, the Jackson Road Fort, a half mile to our right, was blown up. Great chunks of earth, mixed with men, were hurled thirty or forty feet into the air. This of course made us nervous, for we knew they were tunneling under us.

"One morning Gen. Green, with two of his staff, came into our fort to inspect the position of the enemy in our front. I warned him not to look through the portholes until we fired a few shots to keep the Yankees down. He failed to heed the warning, and at the second porthole through which he looked was shot and instantly killed. He was a gallant soldier and a gentleman. About this time our rations began to grow alarmingly short. On the 25th of June they consisted of ground peas made into bread and a half pound of mule meat; and on the 2d of July we waited in vain for even that scant supply. I sent to inquire what caused the delay, and my messenger on re-

turn said there was nothing more to issue. That night a twenty-five-pound keg of powder was placed in the mine we had dug under the Yankee mine and the fuse laid in the fort. At daylight it was touched off, demolishing one of the enemy's trenches and killing all who were in it.

"On the afternoon of July 3, about four o'clock, an orderly handed me a paper containing the information that Vicksburg would be surrendered the next morning, July 4, at ten o'clock. I gave Dupuy the order to read to the men, and I watched the effect. Some seemed pleased, some shed tears, and others swore. After the order was read, young White, who had shot the Yankee out of the tree, came to me and said: "Well, Captain, the time has come when I must tell you who I am." He then informed me that he had first enlisted in Gen. Grant's regiment in Missouri, but afterwards concluded that he was on the wrong side; he had deserted and joined our battalion. Grant's old regiment happened at that time to be in front of us, and if he surrendered death would be certain. He had heard of the man who had brought us the gun caps, and he proposed, if I would give him a paper showing that he had not deserted from us, to leave the city the same way. I gave him the paper, and that night some of the boys helped him build his raft and set him adrift. I never expected to see him again, for the river was filled below with Yankee boats of every description, but one of the first men to report at parole camp in Hempstead County, Ark., was little Tom White. We surrendered next day and were kindly treated by the Yankees.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S "LITTLE SORREL."

DR. M. S. BROWNE, WINCHESTER, KY.

I read with much interest in the *VETERAN* the criticism of H. T. Owen, of Richmond, Va., on the accuracy of H. T. Boyd's statement concerning the appearance of Gen. Garnett when he made the immortal charge at Gettysburg, and who concluded his criticism of such inaccuracies by saying: "I heard a gentleman of high character a short time since describing the appearance of Stonewall Jackson on the battlefield of Bull Run, mounted on Little Sorrel, when it is a well-known fact that Gen. Jackson did not own this horse until after this battle was fought."

The critic is sometimes open to criticism himself, and, as Comrade Owen says we should get the truth of such things for the sake of history, therefore I am sure he will take no offense when I correct him as to the time Gen. Jackson owned Little Sorrel.

On May 9, 1861, when Col. (afterwards Stonewall) Jackson was in command at Harper's Ferry, and before traffic, except contraband of war, was stopped over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, our forces captured a train of freight cars—four loaded with beeves and one with horses—consigned to the U. S. A. at Washington, D. C., all of which were turned over to the Confederate quartermaster. Col. Jackson saw and fancied one of these horses, bought him from the quartermaster, and took him for his own use. And that United States government horse purchased from the quartermaster that day is the same "Little Sorrel" that became so famous as Stonewall Jackson's war horse, and which, after passing through the taxidermist's hands, may yet be seen in the museum of the Soldiers' Home in Richmond.

Comrades at Richmond and in Ray County, Mo., are diligent in building up Confederate organizations in that section. A local paper prints a list of thirty-five Confederate veterans in the county.

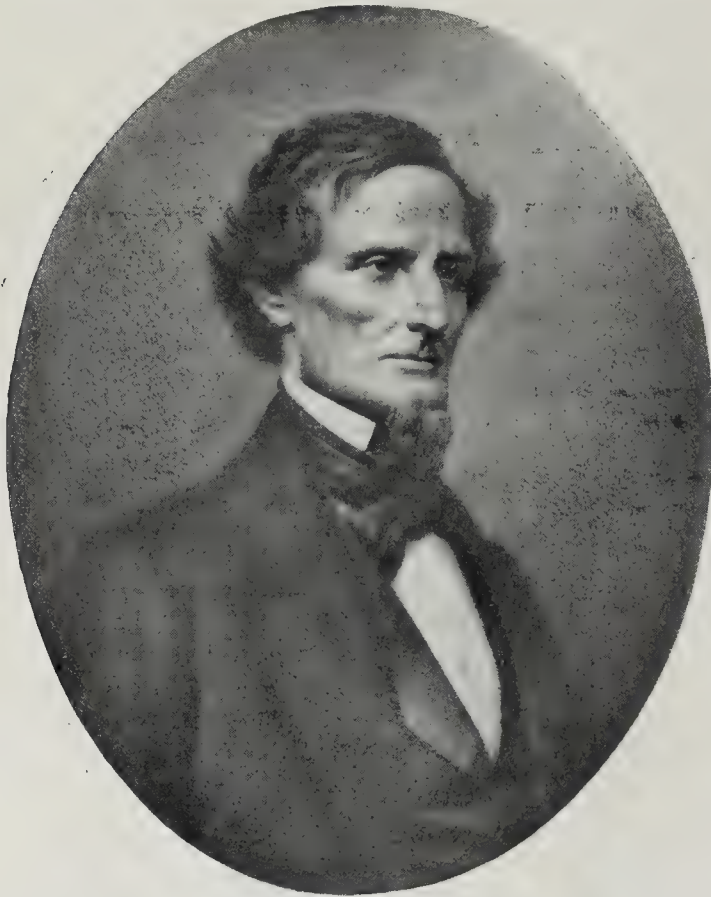
JEFFERSON DAVIS TO BE HONORED BY TEXAS.

"Jefferson Davis, the uncrowned king, enthroned in the hearts of his people."—Henry W. Grady.

In December, 1903, the Daughters of the Confederacy in Houston, Tex., resolved upon having the birthday of ex-President Davis made a legal holiday in Texas. Miss Katie Daffan, President U. D. C., Texas Division, appointed a committee to present this subject to the next Legislature, and to use our best efforts to secure this result. We cheerfully accepted the position. The committee is as follows: Mesdames D. A. Nunn, Chairman, Crockett; John H. Reagan, Palestine; Luella Styles Vincent, Stephenville; Rollin W. Rodgers, Texarkana; P. E. Douthit, Angleton; J. E. Armstrong, Center; John Reagan, Elkhart.

The appeal is beautiful. In substance it states:

"In the whirl of busy life, amidst a generation that has



JEFFERSON DAVIS.

come upon the stage since the memorable struggle of 1861-65, it is appropriate that this great State should pause at least once a year and take note of the heroic deeds of that great struggle—a struggle by the South for liberty and self-government. . . .

"We might give a list of the generals of the Southern armies, and truthfully assert that their deeds have never been surpassed; so of our Southern boys and men, who filled the ranks and obeyed their commanders. But we had only one President, one commander in chief of that great struggle, and that was Jefferson Davis.

"Mr. Davis did not make the war nor was the secession movement of his choosing nor in the manner he advised. He commended that the Southern States take counsel together and act in unison. His selection as President of the Confederacy was not of his seeking, for he preferred to enter the field as a soldier and command an army. But by the unanimous choice of the Southern people he was selected

as the one best qualified and fitted for the most trying and responsible position of President and commander in chief. He did not falter, nor did he hesitate, but, as at the battle of Buena Vista, he decided quickly.

"He was consecrated to his work, and to the last his every thought and effort were devoted to the cause of his people; and when from sheer exhaustion our armies had melted away and surrender came, and he made a prisoner in chains, he resisted the indignity with all the power his God had given him, and afterwards, though demanding his constitutional right of speedy public trial, was, after long imprisonment, released without trial, not from consideration of mercy but because his vindication would surely follow; and thereafter he was persecuted by his enemies until his death. Thus he became a martyr to our cause and for our people.

"From early manhood, as a soldier on the battlefield in the Mexican war of 1845, afterwards in the halls of Congress, as Secretary of War in 1852-56, subsequently as President of the Confederate States, thereafter as prisoner in a United States bastille, and finally in his retirement at his private home at Beauvoir, he displayed traits of character and qualities of mind and heart that marked him as one of the greatest men this world ever produced. His character deserves to be studied and emulated. It is a duty we owe ourselves and our posterity to honor this great man, this noble patriot, by setting apart one day in each year as a legal holiday, when the truth of history may be called to the attention of succeeding generations.

"We appeal to all who share with us these sentiments to actively engage and coöperate with us in this work, to the end that the 3d day of June of each year shall be made a legal holiday."

Hon. John H. Reagan, a close personal friend of ex-President Davis, and only survivor of the Confederate cabinet, says: "If any man ever earned from his people a perpetual memorial testifying their gratitude for services rendered, for almost or quite unexampled patriotism and devotion to the services of his people, it was Jefferson Davis. And I shall be glad if his birthday can be made a legal holiday for Texas. And if the Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederate Veterans, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans will ask this of the Legislature, I doubt not they will provide for it."

The veterans of Texas, in convention at Temple, July 21, 1904, adopted resolutions of hearty commendation in the appeal that the birthday of ex-President Jefferson Davis be made a legal holiday.

RECORDS OF WALTHALL'S BRIGADE.

Rev. E. A. Smith, of Brewton, Ala., formerly sergeant of Company A, Twenty-Ninth Mississippi Infantry, Walthall's Brigade, has just issued from the press a pamphlet of some ninety pages that will be of unusual interest to all who served in this distinguished command during the great war.

The pamphlet contains a list of all the general officers and staff, all field and regimental officers, and the names of all the living survivors of the brigade, as far as known, with their post office address; and, in addition to this, the original names of the companies and their total enrollment. This work is suggestive to other veterans, as it will be of much value to the future historian. Comrade Smith says in his introduction: "It is to be regretted that this work was not done thirty years ago, and even now every brigade that was in the Confederate army is missing a golden opportunity in not doing similar service."

WHAT OUR SOUTHERN MOTHERS ARE DOING.

"HISTORY OF THE CONFEDERATED MEMORIAL ASSOCIATIONS OF THE SOUTH."

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association has published a record of its work that should be in every Southern home.

The book contains three hundred and eighteen pages and is beautifully illustrated, having about eighty half-tone cuts; and we are selling it at the low price of one dollar and twenty-five cents delivered. A copy was submitted to the Historical Committee, at Nashville, and received a strong and unanimous recommendation. Gen. Clement A. Evans, Chairman of that Committee, sends an extract: "The Committee departs from its own rules in order to make a special recommendation of the 'History of the Confederated Memorial Associations of the South.' This beautiful book was prepared and published by the ladies of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and tells the story with handsome illustrations of 'that superb, noble race of Southern women' who suffered with us in the epoch of war, and were the first to overflow the graves of our dead with beautiful flowers and to build monuments to their memory."

Further notice will be given this splendid work. In the meanwhile the VETERAN volunteers reference to Mrs. W. J. Behan, at White Castle, La., who, in her zeal to circulate this information, will attend to having orders filled at once.

MR. CARTER'S PAROLE, SECOND TENNESSEE CAVALRY.—S. A. Pepper, Esq., of Memphis, left at the VETERAN office during the reunion an old pocketbook containing a parole given at Charlotte, N. C., May 3, 1865, of — Carter, private, of Second Tennessee Cavalry, Capt. N. C. Crawford, Company I. It was found in the Pullman car "Avalon," 10-4-03.

THAT LIGHTNING BUG FIGHT.—W. L. Blair, of Company I, First Tennessee Infantry, in writing of the fight at "Dead Angle," on Kennesaw Mountain, mentions the incident of the lightning bug fight, so well remembered by many of Joe Johnston's army, and says it was Canty's Brigade of Alabama troops that did the shooting at the bugs, and that his brigade joked them wonderfully about it. A Tennessean would call to another in the hearing of Canty's men: "Say, Gen. Cheatham is going to Atlanta to-day." His comrade would ask, "What for?" and the first would shout back, "To get blacking to put on the tails of the lightning bugs to keep Canty's men from wasting their ammunition."

But it was not long before Canty's men came back at us strong. The Yankees had made a lodgment close up to our lines. Everything was hanging on a hair trigger; a man on either side dare not show an inch of his hat above the breastworks. It was night, everything perfectly quiet along the entire line, when we were startled by hearing a Yankee just in front of us shout: "Forward, double-quick, charge." We thought they were on us, and without waiting for orders poured a volley out in the darkness. The report of our arms was the only sound, and after that died away everything was again quiet. The Yankees, knowing our expectancy, had, out of a pure spirit of devilment, shouted the order, and, anticipating the result, were well under cover when we fired. But this quieted the joke on Canty, for when we attempted to guy them they would say Gen. Cheatham had gone to Atlanta to buy candles for his babies who were afraid to stay in the dark.

A paragraph on page 354 of the July VETERAN referred to Comrade J. L. Payne, of the Thirteenth Mississippi Regiment, when it should have been the Fourteenth. Comrade Payne wonders yet why the Confederates did not cut off the Federal retreat at Spring Hill on the night before the battle of Franklin. The July VETERAN has more of explanation on that subject than has appeared in any periodical, and yet it doesn't explain further than is done in the statement of Maj. Mason (page 343), that he was given an order to Gen. Cheatham by Gen. Hood which he failed to deliver. The Federal strength was evidently greater at Nashville than we imagined, so we could not have taken it, even with Schofield cut off at Spring Hill.

FROM RED RIVER TO BLACK RIVER.

BY T. H. RATTAN, FORT WORTH, TEX.

I know now I ought to have joined the Confederate army sooner, but I had just married me a wife and bought fourteen yoke of oxen, so could not tear myself away until April, 1861

(some went in later than this). I joined Company A, Burnett's Battalion, Maxey's Brigade, and we cut our milk teeth as soldiers on Red River, dividing the time evenly between drilling and eating pies. We went from there to Port Hudson, and immediately our wisdom teeth began to swell the gums, so by the time Farragut's fleet steamed up we had a full set, and by the time he



T. H. RATTAN.

passed our batteries they were full grown. I know this to be a fact, because the cannonading was so terrific and shells came so thick and fast that my teeth were set on edge, but some of the boys were affected differently—their hair stood on end.

From Port Hudson we were hurried to Jackson, Miss., to reinforce Gen. Joe Johnston. If there was anything needed to make us full-grown soldiers, old Joe put on the finishing touches. It was "hot times" in or out of "the old town," night or day; the fighting was hot, the weather was hot, and the water, what there was of it, was hot. We lost many gallant soldiers in that campaign along Black River.

The Yankees, let me tell you, had some wonderfully good sharpshooters with them at that time. They would get in the top of high trees and pick our fellows off. I saw one of our boys fire seven shots at one of their sharpshooters before he succeeded in tumbling him out. Adj. Doolan, Capt. Wirt Smith, and others I cannot now recall, were killed. We were retreating across the Big Black on the night of July 5 when news reached us that Vicksburg had surrendered. We fought for seven days around Jackson, but retreated across Pearl River, burning the bridge behind us. Shortly after, I got a transfer to the Thirty-Second Cavalry, west of the river, and saw some service on the seaboard of Texas. In the spring of 1865 we went up to Mansfield, where we met Gen. Banks, and we soon had a foot race or horse race down to Alexandria, with Banks and his men in the lead. It was not long after this when I was given an unlimited leave of absence in the shape of a parole, of which I took advantage to hunt up my wife and oxen. I found my wife, but the oxen were gone.



So rapidly are comrades passing away, and so heavy is the demand for space in the "Last Roll" columns, that request is made of all who send such tributes to make the notices as brief as possible and have them written clearly. Ancestry and other data save as Confederate soldiers, if used at all, should be very brief. Clippings are nearly always too long. No charge is made for publishing these tributes except where a picture is used, when two dollars is charged for making the engraving. Every engraving in the VETERAN should be paid for.

"There is no death; the stars go down
Only to rise on some fairer shore;
And, added to the luster of heaven's bright crown,
Shine on for evermore."

"There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled hour.
Though Grief abide an evening guest,
Joy surely comes at earliest hour,
For God will mark each sorrowing day,
And number every falling tear;
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here."

"He is not dead, but has simply passed
Beyond the mists which blind us here,
Into that serener, sublimer sphere,
Where winding sheets are never woven,
And funeral knells are never rung;
Blessed land beyond the skies,
To reach it we must die."

ANDREW J. McLENDON.

With the death of A. J. McLendon Memphis lost a prominent and valued citizen, whose public service, personal integrity, and honesty of purpose had won for him the esteem and friendship of old and young. Two years ago he slipped and broke his hip, from which he never recovered. Other troubles came upon him, culminating in his death.

Sheriff McLendon was born in Pontotoc, Miss., in 1844. At an early age the support of the family devolved upon him, and its duties were faithfully performed. He volunteered for the Confederacy in 1861 as a private in Company C, Baskerville's Battalion of Mississippi Cavalry, which was afterwards recruited to a regiment and known as the Eighth Confederate in Wheeler's old brigade. His services came to an honorable end at the battle of Perryville, where he was badly wounded. His leg was amputated, and, when able to be moved, he was taken to Camp Chase and held till the exchange in June, 1863. After the war he attended school at Covington, Tenn., and engaged in business there. He was in Memphis in 1866, and began his political career as bookkeeper in the city offices. He was elected sheriff of Shelby County in 1888, and served three terms. In 1894 he was elected county trustee,

holding for two years. He again went into private business, retiring about a year ago on account of ill health.

He was an honorary member of Company A, Confederate Veterans, and his last request was that he be buried in his uniform of gray. He was a member of Elks Lodge, and also of the Knights of Pythias. His wife, who was Miss Sallie M. Hawthorne, survives him.

CAPT. JOHN L. ELKINS.

John L. Elkins was born in Bedford County, Tenn., in 1842, enlisted in Company E, Twenty-Third Regiment, Tennessee Infantry, in 1861, and was elected second lieutenant in July, 1862. He was promoted to captain early in 1863, and commanded his company till the consolidation of the Seventeenth and Twenty-Third Regiments in October of that year. Being the junior captain in the Twenty-Third Regiment, he was placed as a supernumerary and assigned to command Gen. Buckner's Division, Provost Guards. In August, 1864, he was assigned by the Conscrip Bureau to



CAPT. ELKINS.

duty in Alabama. He was paroled at Centerville, Ala., on May 14, 1865.

Capt. Elkins was in many important battles of the West—Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Knoxville, and Drewry's Bluff. He was a soldier in all that the word implies, steadfastly at his post and ready for duty. He never ordered a man to go where he would not have willingly gone himself. He was married in 1867 and moved to western Kentucky, where he lived until his death, February 16, 1904, near Folsomdale. A wife, son, daughter, and a host of friends survive him.

REV. J. J. HARRIS.

Rev. J. J. Harris was born in Hall County, Ga., in 1827. At the early age of seven years he was converted and joined the Methodist Church, and in 1856 was licensed to preach. In September of 1861 he was commissioned as chaplain of the Twenty-Sixth Tennessee Regiment, was captured at Fort Donelson, and experienced the horrors of prison life at Camp Douglas for sixteen months, during which time he very nearly died more than once. His physician told him that he was going to die and asked for any message he wished delivered to his wife. Comrade Harris looked him straight in the face and said: "Doctor, I am going to live to take the message to her." He served as chaplain till the close of the war, then joined the North Carolina Conference, and was transferred to the Northwest Texas Conference in 1883, where his work continued till 1899, when he was superannuated. His death occurred in December, 1903, and he was laid to rest at Meridian, Tex. A beautiful monument was placed at his grave.

His daughter, Miss Mattie F. Harris, writes from Iredell, Tex., that they would be glad to hear from any survivors of his regiment.

GEORGE E. RODGERS.

With deep sorrow Marquette Camp, of Moberly, Mo., announced the death of George E. Rodgers at his home, in Randolph County, Mo., last March. He was a member of Com-

pany C, Eleventh Tennessee Infantry, Rains's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, Stewart's Corps. Comrade Rodgers lived the life of a Christian.

E. M. BEE.

Another gallant old comrade and true friend has crossed over the river. Mr. Bee died at his home, in Brookhaven, Miss., on July 25, 1904, at the age of seventy-four years. He was a native of Georgia, and was a member of the Washington Artillery, serving with it in Virginia. No Confederate soldier could ask for a better epitaph or one more expressive of hard but glorious service than to have inscribed on the stone that covers his dust: "A member of the Washington Artillery. With the Army of Northern Virginia from 1861-65." Neither can a man have a better tribute paid to his worth as a citizen than to have it said that for forty-seven years out of a lifetime of seventy-four he had been employed in an important office of trust by the same corporation, and resigned only on account of poor health and age.

Comrade Bee is entitled to the epitaph and the tribute. He was a gallant soldier, a respected and beloved citizen, and a Christian gentleman. It was his stalwart arm that carried aloft the flag of the Washington Artillery. He died surrounded by wife, children, and grandchildren. He leaves a widow and eight children, all grown, fourteen grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. His sons and daughters are: Barnard Bee, of Osyka, Miss.; Mrs. W. H. Hartwell, of New Orleans; Mesdames W. W. Henderson and L. H. Baggett, Miss Emma Bee, and Messrs. Eugene, William, and Robert Bee, of Brookhaven.

CAPT. HUGH FIELDS.

One of the best-known citizens of Western Kentucky was lost to the State in the death of Capt. Hugh Fields at his home in Livermore. He was born in New Orleans in 1847 and reared in Virginia, but had spent the past thirty years in Kentucky.

Capt. Fields was one of the best types of genuine Southern manhood, his ancestors being in the best sense aristocrats of Alabama. He served four years in the Confederacy, and from second sergeant rose to the captaincy of Company A, Fifteenth Alabama Regiment. He is said to have participated in thirty battles, and was wounded three times.

By his gallantry and devotion he won the esteem of the best soldiers in that famous old regiment, which was actively engaged in nearly fifty battles. After the war he was successful in business, and was universally admired for his brilliancy and the courteous treatment of all with whom he came in contact.

Capt. Fields was a member of Rice E. Graves Camp of Owensboro, which sent representatives to his funeral. His wife and two daughters survive him.



CAPT. HUGH FIELDS.

W. E. WHITESIDES.

Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, of Bajrd, Tex., lost a member in the death of W. E. Whitesides, who died at his home, near Putnam, on April 22. He entered the Confederate service in 1861 as a member of Company B, Twenty-Eighth North Carolina Volunteers, serving in the Virginia army under Jackson till his fall, at Chancellorsville, and then under A. P. Hill. He was a brave soldier and much liked by his comrades for his bright and cheerful ways in camp.

W. F. KING.

W. F. King died at his home, near Mt. Vernon, Tex., on January 29. He was a member of Benjamin McCulloch Camp. He was born in 1833 in Hall County, Ga., went to Alabama in 1858, thence to Texas in 1865, after having served as a Confederate soldier in Capt. Nicholson's Company of the Forty-Fourth Alabama Infantry. He was also a zealous and conscientious soldier of the cross, and in his death the community lost one of its best members.

LIEUT. J. C. DODDS.

On December 6, 1903, James C. Dodds, member of Ike Stone Camp, of Henderson, Tenn., died suddenly of apoplexy. His funeral was conducted according to the rites of his camp.

Comrade Dodds was a gallant soldier of the Confederate army, having served as second lieutenant of Company D, Twenty-First Tennessee Cavalry, and to his daring leadership much of the efficiency of his company was due. He was severely wounded in the shoulder at the battle of Price's X Roads, from which he suffered during the remainder of his life.

More than twenty years ago this comrade originated the idea and arranged for the reunion of Confederate veterans in Henderson County, which was held near Middle Fork in August, 1883. Since then thousands of people have assembled annually at that place with the veterans of the county.

BENJAMIN F. CAMP.

Benj. F. Camp was born in Jefferson County, Ky., in 1837; and was among the first to volunteer for service in the Confederate army at the outbreak of the Civil War, enlisting in the First Kentucky Infantry, under Col. Ben Hardin Helm. His regiment became a part of the famous Orphan Brigade, and he fought throughout the great struggle, distinguishing himself on several occasions. When the war was over, he returned to Louisville and studied law. He formed a partnership with Alfred Pope, which continued until Judge Pope was elected judge of the chancery division. He was several times elected a member of the Louisville School Board, and in 1875 was elected president of that body. He was later chosen a member of the Kentucky Legislature, serving three terms. He was a member of the George B. Eastin Camp, U. C. V., and the pallbearers were taken from among his old army comrades.

COL. JOHN TAYLOR WOOD.

A history of the eventful life of this remarkable man, who died in July at Halifax, Nova Scotia, is as a thrilling page of fiction. A graduate of the United States Naval Academy, a nephew of the President of the Confederacy, a veteran of two wars; a graduate and instructor of the United States Naval Academy, an officer in the United States navy, a com-

mander in the Confederate States navy, a colonel in the Confederate States army, and a member of the staff of President Davis—all gave scope for developing in the highest degree his ability as a soldier, as well as the finesse of a statesman.

Col. John Taylor Wood was born in 1830 at Fort Snelling, in the Northwestern Territory, now a part of the State of Minnesota. He was a son of Gen. Robert C. Wood and his wife, Anna Taylor Wood, who was a daughter of Gen. Zachary Taylor, President of the United States. (President Davis's first wife was also one of Gen. Taylor's daughters.)

Young Wood entered the United States naval service in 1847. At that early day midshipmen received much of their training at sea. Wood was placed on the Old Line of battleship, Ohio, a vessel of seventy-four guns, then on duty in the Pacific. He took part in the fight with Mexico; and in 1853, after having finished his preparation at sea, he came back to Annapolis to prepare himself for graduation by study and instruction ashore. In the class of that year he stood number two, which gave him the rank of passed midshipman in the United States navy. Wood was then assigned to the frigate Cumberland, which he was to help make famous in later years by serving on the boat that destroyed her. At the time of his joining her she was in the Mediterranean squadron. Promoted to lieutenant in 1855, he was sent to the Naval Academy to act as instructor in gunnery and ordnance, and had under him as one of the undergraduate midshipmen a boy from Vermont named Dewey. This young pupil rose to be the hero of the Federal service and the admiral of the navy.

Lieut. Wood was on the Naval Academy staff when the storm broke. He tried to resign in order to join the Confederacy, but his resignation was refused. He persisted, and was dismissed. When he reached the South he received a commission as lieutenant in the Confederate States navy. To this was added a commission as colonel in the Confederate army, which he was to use afterwards in a novel way.

Seven years after having begun his work as an officer in the United States navy on the Cumberland, he was an officer on the ironclad Merrimac, Confederate States navy, when that famous warship sent the Cumberland to the bottom. He was still on the ironclad when her rival, the "cheese box," appeared in Hampton Roads and began the battle that was to change the construction of the navies of the world. From her he went to the Richmond, remaining until the middle of 1863, when he took up duties as aid to the President, which he continued for one year. He commanded the Tallahassee from then to the end of the war.

In the meantime he had some exciting experiences and saw much active service. He had been made a commander in September, 1863. For "gallant and meritorious conduct" in boarding and capturing with an expedition under his command the United States gunboats Satellite and Reliance he was advanced again. The Confederate Congress passed a joint resolution thanking Wood and the men under him for their daring and brilliantly executed plans. In the resolution were included the capture of the transports Elmore in the Potomac, the Alleghany, the transports Golden Rod, Coquette, and Two Brothers in the Chesapeake, and the gunboat Underwriter in the Neuse River. He made prisoners of the crews of all of these vessels. He became noted for the agility with which he moved from one stream or bay to another miles away. He would carry his boats, his boarding parties, across the land on cars to spring upon a steamer vessel in some unexpected place. He was here, there, and everywhere, being absolutely amphibious. For his resorting to the shore to get

to another place when he heard of a possible prize there, he was dubbed "The Horse Marine."

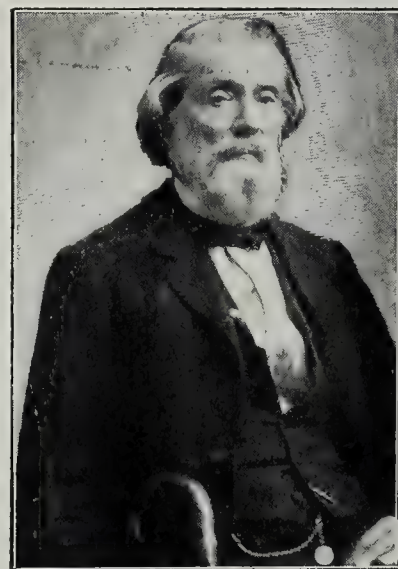
As an officer, Wood was known as a very strict disciplinarian, even when he was a young lieutenant acting as an instructor at the Naval Academy. But his strictness was the strength of a real leader and not the mere exercise of power of a man whom accident has given authority. He was also a conscientious, pious man. He never went into battle that he did not first hold prayers with all of those in his command, just as did "Stonewall" Jackson.

His popularity was such with the enlisted men of the service that when he gave an order twenty men would be on the jump to execute the command, although one man could have done it. He was captured with Mr. Davis at the close of the war, but made his escape. With Breckinridge, he crossed from Florida to Cuba in an open boat, and in 1865 went to Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he continued to live up to the time of his death, engaged in shipping and marine insurance. He was also for many years Secretary and Treasurer of the Halifax Pilot Commission. In all the varied and changeable circumstances of his life Col. Wood showed a capacity and determination, mixed with personal integrity and purity of motive, that gained for him the sincere attachment of his friends and the respect, if not admiration, of his enemies.

Col. Wood was married in Annapolis, Md., to Miss Lola Machubin, daughter of George Machubin, for twenty-five years treasurer of Maryland. Of this union have been born five sons and four daughters.

CAPT. G. B. MILLER.

G. B. Miller was born in Benton County, Tenn., about 1827. When young he engaged with his father in the dry goods business at Yorkville, where the family had removed, but afterwards settled in Dyersburg. When the Southland called for volunteers in her defense he at once offered his services, and in November, 1861, made up a company, of which he was elected captain, with H. T. Hanks first lieutenant. This was Company E, of the Forty-Seventh Tennessee Regiment. In the battle of Shiloh Capt. Miller was so badly wounded that his career as a soldier was cut short, and for the rest of his life he was a sufferer from that wound. He was a consistent Christian and a Mason of high degree.



CAPT. G. B. MILLER.

He died on May 4, 1903, and was buried with Masonic honors. He was twice married, and left a wife and five children.

CAPT. W. G. WELCH.

Capt. Wm. Gatewood Welch, a distinguished jurist and Confederate veteran, died at Stanford, Ky., May 3, aged sixty-five years. He was captain of Company A, Third Kentucky Cavalry, Gause's Regiment, Morgan's Command, and made an honorable record throughout his service.

REV. E. B. McNEIL.

H. C. Irby writes from Jackson, Tenn., this tribute:

"Another brave, noble, useful soldier has answered the last roll call. Comrade McNeil was born in Franklin County, Tenn., August 13, 1837; and died August 2, 1904, in Jackson, Tenn. He was educated for the ministry at Union University (Tennessee), from which institution he was graduated in May, 1861, and immediately joined the First Mississippi Infantry Regiment, and with that and the Forty-First he served to the close of the war, at which time he returned to Pontotoc County, Miss., and resumed the active work of the gospel ministry with great success. In December, 1881, he moved to Jackson, Tenn., and served the First Baptist Church as pastor for a time and, until declining health, he served Churches in Madison and adjoining counties. In his ministry he was very successful, being fluent, wise, and conservative. He was a charter member of John Ingram Bivouac, and served it for five years as president in the most successful way. He was a trustee of the Tennessee Soldiers' Home, a member of the Board of Pensions, an active member of the Board of Trustees of the Southwestern Baptist University, chaplain by appointment of Gov. Frazier of the First Tennessee Regiment of Veterans, and was an active Mason. In all these relations he was a great success, never faltering in any duty. He left a noble Christian wife, who helped him in all his labors. He left six sons, all pure and clean, following in the footsteps of a godly father. He will be greatly missed in all the walks of noble manhood. John Ingram Bivouac mourns him as one of its most useful and influential members."

CAPT. FRANK BENNETT.

Capt. Frank Bennett died at his home, in Wadesboro, N. C., July 20, 1904, aged sixty-five. In 1861 he joined the Ellis Rifles, which were a part of the Twenty-Third North Carolina. He was elected captain of his company in 1862, and served gallantly through the war. He was severely wounded on skirmish line the day before the battle of Seven Pines. After recovering he returned to his company, and in the last days of the war lost an arm.

He was elected Commandant of Anson Camp No. 846, U. C. V., in 1898, and was continued in this office by successive elections until his death. He married Miss Elizabeth Curry, of Georgia, in 1876, who, with a son and daughter, survives him.

CAPT. GEORGE W. McDONALD.

E. Porter Bell, of Florence, Tenn., writes of him:

"Capt. George W. McDonald was born January 12, 1834; and answered the last roll call May 13, 1904. He entered as a private in Company K, Seventeenth Tennessee Regiment, and for heroism displayed he rose to the rank of captain. He was captured in the battle of Chickamauga, and was confined in prison until the end of the war.

"When the struggle ended he came to Rutherford County, Tenn., and married Miss Isabella Ward, of Smyrna, who, with five children, survives him.

"Having been a good soldier, he made a good citizen, helping to build up the waste places of his much-loved Southland. He was a faithful husband, a kind and affectionate father, a good neighbor, and made himself useful to both Church and State. He died as he had lived, a Christian gentleman, and his death has left a void, both in the Church in which he had been an honored deacon for a number of years and in the community in which he lived."

A FAITHFUL NEGRO—"UNCLE CLAIBORNE."

Hon. J. M. Dickinson, Chief Counsel for the Illinois Central Railroad, writes to the Nashville *American* from Chicago, Ill.:

"Rapidly the old slaves and the old slave owners are passing away. In a few years not one will be left. The bonds of affection and duty between very many of them were strong. This has been a conservative influence in the South, and has undoubtedly often prevented the relations between the races from becoming acute. The future must take account of the elimination of this wholesome factor. Not only as an office of love, but to help to impress upon the minds and hearts of the younger generation the lesson taught us by those, white and black, who, amid all of the racial turmoil of the years subsequent to the Civil War, lived together in unbroken peace and friendliness, discharging mutual offices of duty and affection even unto the grave, I write to commemorate the character of Claiborne Hines, a full-blooded negro, who at the age of seventy-nine, at Travelers' Rest, in Davidson County, Tenn., the historic home of the Overtons, which had been his home uninterruptedly for forty years, passed away amid the honor and affection of all who knew him.

"He was 'Uncle Claiborne' to every one but Col. John Overton, who was the only person, white or black, that called him Claiborne. If truth, honesty, faithfulness in the discharge of every duty, large and small, and undeviating daily practice of the faith of a simple Christian make a soul white, then never did there appear at the bar of final judgment a whiter soul than that which went up from that pure-minded negro. Col. and Mrs. Overton trusted all of his words and acts with implicit confidence. I have often heard both of them say that they never knew him to say or do anything but what was right. This is the concurrent testimony given by Miss Mary Maxwell, a sister of Mrs. Overton, and all who knew him. There was a strong bond of affection between Uncle Claiborne and that family down to the third generation, and nothing ever occurred to weaken it.

"As long as Col. and Mrs. Overton lived he never went to bed without, of his own accord, tapping at their window and saying, 'Marse John' or 'Miss Harriet'—as the case might be—'do you want anything?' The answer was almost invariably, 'No, thank you, Claiborne,' or 'Uncle Claiborne,' and then the mutual 'Good night,' but his practice never varied, for he felt in his loyal heart that he must have his dismissal.

"After Col. Overton died and Mrs. Overton sickened and it was determined that she should go on that trip to Florida whence she never returned alive, Uncle Claiborne went to her door and, brushing the tears from his eyes, entreated her not to go, saying: 'Stay with us, Miss Harriet. We will take care of you and help b'ar you up.' A thousand instances could be recalled of his constant and loving care. No wonder that they all loved him. No wonder that Mr. Overton's son, who succeeded to the home place, felt it a privilege to support him in his old age, a privilege for which there would have been rivalry from other members of the family but for the fact that he preferred to pass his last days at his old home; and no wonder the family felt that it was right that his funeral should take place in the old mansion, from which had been borne his old master and mistress, who loved him and whom he loved so tenderly.

"There may be some who will have no sympathy with this tribute but they will not be found among those who cherish the traditions of the South."

A TALENTED ARTIST—MISS BELLE KINNEY.

Miss Belle Kinney, a young sculptor of Nashville, Tenn., is a recognized genius in sculpture. Miss Kinney is of a long line of talented ancestry, two of whom achieved distinction in the American Revolution. Josiah Lawrence, of



Norfolk, Va., who was one of the first scientists and teachers in Tennessee, was her great-grandfather. In this branch of the family there have been several artists of distinction. Her people were among the early settlers of Nashville, possessing means and culture, but their fortunes were those of the South. Her father, the late Capt. Daniel C. Kinney, was in the Confederate service on the Mississippi River until the transports were captured and taken to Memphis.

The South, with its history, valor, and romance, is to Miss Kinney a dearly loved land of enchantment, wherein her art seeks its ideals. She has already received the commission to make a monument of James Robertson. In her studio are two models of Confederate soldiers. She is engaged upon a model of Sam Davis for competition before the committee. During the reunion Miss Kinney's studio was visited by numbers of veterans, who left her a valuable fund of humor and stories.

THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.—In sending his subscription to the *VETERAN*, Comrade J. L. Boswell, of Plain View, Tex., writes: "Permit me to correct two little errors in the July *VETERAN* that occur in reference to the battle of Franklin. It is stated that when we came in sight of Franklin and began forming our line of battle 'Gen. Loring, of Cleburne's Division, made a speech to his men.' This is a mistake. Loring commanded a division in Stewart's Corps. Gen. Lowery, a Baptist preacher with whom I was personally acquainted before the war, commanded a brigade in Cleburne's Division. Doubtless the printers made the mistake of setting up Loring for Lowery. The paragraph that speaks of Comrade Payne, of the Thirteenth Mississippi, and the last com-

mand of Gen. John Adams is also a mistake. The Thirteenth Mississippi was in Virginia and the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Mississippi belonged to Gen. Adams's Brigade. As to the last command issued by Gen. Adams I can only say this, that Maj. Garrett, who was commanding the Twenty-Third Mississippi, also of Gen. Adams's Brigade, had halted his men at a rock fence about two hundred yards from the enemy's works. There were two osage orange hedges in front of us through which Gen. Adams could not ride, making it necessary for him to ride around the ends. He passed directly in front of us for this purpose, and as he did so called out the order, 'Move forward, Maj. Garrett,' and it was not more than three minutes after this that he was shot. I take it that this command was given after the general command to his brigade of 'Forward! guide right! march,' as heard by Comrade Payne when the entire command was ordered forward."

"DAD AND SMOKER."

BY BEATRICE CUNNINGHAM.

Miss Beatrice Cunningham, of Cadiz, Ky., Vice President of the Alex Poston Chapter, U. D. C., of Trigg County, and who was sponsor for that and adjoining counties at the reunion in Louisville and again at Memphis, has recently published a book which will doubtless prove of much interest in her State. She has taken a period in the history of Kentucky full of romantic possibilities, a time when one Tate, who was State



Treasurer of Kentucky, absconded with \$300,000 of State funds, and the chief interest of the story is drawn about this man who fell so far.

Miss Cunningham controls the sale of the book, the price of which is \$1.

WILLIAM A. ROBY, HAMBURG, ARK.

William A. Roby is a native of Noxubee County, Miss., and served as a private in Company A, Muldrow's Regiment of Mississippi Cavalry, Ferguson's Brigade, Jackson's Division, Army of Tennessee. The command was surrendered at Brown's Ferry, on the Ocmulgee River, May 9, 1865. In 1901 he commanded Jas. Norris Camp, No. 1309, in 1903 was Inspector General on Gen. Jordan's staff, Second Brigade, Arkansas Division, U. C. V., and in November of 1903 was elected to his present position.

Comrade Roby is of a list of zealous Confederates in Arkansas who served in subordinate capacities during the war, who afterwards forged to the front in business life, and when these organizations were formed—for the highest purposes known to Christian patriots—they rallied and with unstinted purses contributed to the honor of their State and the Southland in demonstrating their devotion to the principles for which they suffered and imperiled their lives as long as their leaders maintained hope of final victory.



"C 7 K."

BY W. J. BOHON, DANVILLE, KY.

There are a few inaccuracies in the article on "The Seven Confederate Knights" in the August number of the VETERAN which I would like corrected. The figure 7 should have been between the letters C and K: thus, "C 7 K."

The idea of storming the parapets at Rock Island prison and overpowering the guards did not originate in the order of "The Seven Confederate Knights," but occurred before the order was organized. The betrayal of that contemplated movement and the building of the "Calfpen" (into which so many of the hungry boys went) were the cause of the forming of the order. It was planned in order to see who was loyal, even unto death, for there were many who grew desperate by reason of their long confinement, the cold which was intense during the winter, and hunger produced by short rations, and yielded to temptation to get out of the prison, even at the sacrifice of honor.

The order was formed into "Divisions." I was a member of the First Division formed, and elected commander of either the Second or Third Division. There were but a limited num-

ber who united with the order. I have not met more than half a dozen of them since the war.

The Fourth Kentucky Cavalry, to which I belonged, was commanded by Col. Henry L. Giltner, and was a part of Gen. Humphrey Marshall's command. After Gen. Marshall was elected to the Confederate Congress, and Gen. John H. Morgan escaped from prison, the regiment was transferred to Gen. John H. Morgan's command, and was with him on his last raid into Kentucky, in June, 1864. My old home was Harrodsburg, Ky., but for nearly thirty years my home has been, and now is, Danville, Ky., where I shall be glad to have any of my quondam fellow-prisoners or "Knights" address me.

"TO GIT THAR FUSTEST WITH THE MOSTEST."—Samuel Emerson's reference to a remark imputed to Gen. N. B. Forrest in an article in *Munsey's Magazine* on "Japan's Naval Heroes" goes so far beyond consistency that to cultured people it is ridiculous, but others will accept it as literal truth. A worthy criticism concludes as follows: "The sacred memory of Gen. Forrest is beloved in every home in the Southland, his military career is the pride of the nation, and foreign military authorities have been unstinted in their praise of his genius as the world's greatest cavalry leader. Mr. Emerson shows not only a surprising lack of knowledge of a historic character but also of the Southern people. 'To git thar fustest with the mostest' is certainly not a Southern idiom, neither could it be found among the extreme provincial classes. The magazine mentioned is criticised for permitting such a gross error to appear."

MASTER JAMES KEATING BANNERMAN.

In the contest inaugurated by the Curtis Publishing Company, of Philadelphia, in the latter part of 1903, Master Bannerman was one of the twelve whose pictures were selected as of the most beautiful children in America. The prize offered was a bust portrait in oil, painted by Walter Russell, of New York, who is conceded to be the finest painter of children in the country. Mr. Russell made a trip to the home of each child to make the portrait from life, traveling thousands of miles from one end of the country to the other, and for his work and expenses he received \$20,000. This handsome lad is a son of James Bannerman, of St. Louis, one of the Brigade Commanders of the Missouri Division, U. C. V.



Photo from which selection was made.



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Down where the monument rises fair
In the soft Virginia air,
Among a hundred comrades' names;
Their country's heritage—and fame's.

Jim of Biloxi—nothing more;

Naught of his name or far

Save that down where the river ran
And the regiment struggled man to man,
A humble son of the fighting South
Gave his life at the musket's mouth.

Perchance where the Sunflower River
flows

Through gardens of jessamine and rose,
Or where the Gulf Stream washes far
Its tides of blue to the morning star,
Some one still waits by the shoreward
foam

For Jim of Biloxi to come home.

Name and life and cause—all lost—

Last and least of the mightiest host

That ever wrote in the blood of men

A dream that shall never be dreamed
again,

Gone like the strain that the bugles
blew—

Jim of Biloxi, we drink to you.

—James Lindsay Gordon.

J. B. Minor, of New York City, makes vigorous protest against delay in erecting the Jefferson Davis Monument, and thinks it should be completed so as to be dedicated by May, 1905. He says: "My old corps commander, Gen. Longstreet, and also Gen. Gordon, have just gone, and I was hopeful that Gen. Gordon, at least, might have been in command at the time. Don't let us all die before its completion, for I think that every old soldier would make a special effort to be in Richmond then. There are very many of us who cannot be at all the reunions, but this occasion would call for a special effort from those who can travel at all."

ARMIES OF NORTH AND SOUTH.

Mr. Cassenove G. Lee, of Washington, a recognized authority on Civil War statistics, prepared for the Baltimore *Sun* a table showing the enormous numerical superiority of the Northern army over that of the South during the Civil War. Mr. Lee's figures show that the total enlistments in the Northern army were 2,778,304, as against 600,000 in the Confederate army. The foreigners and negroes in the Northern army aggregated 680,917, or 80,917 more than the total strength of the Confederate army. There were 316,424 men of Southern birth in the Northern army. Mr. Lee's figures are as follows:

NORTHERN ARMY.

Whites from the North.....	2,272,333
Whites from the South.....	316,424
Negroes	186,017
Indians	3,530

Total.....	2,778,304
Southern army.....	600,000

North's numerical superiority..2,178,304

In the Northern army were:

Germans	176,800
Irish	144,200
British Americans.....	53,500
English	45,500
Other nationalities.....	74,900
Negroes	186,017

Total.....	680,917
Total of Southern soldiers..	600,000

Southern men in Northern army	316,424
Foreigners	494,900
Negroes	186,017
Total.....	997,341

ARMIES AT THE WAR'S END.

Aggregate Federal army May 1, 1865	1,000,516
Aggregate Confederate army May 1, 1865.....	133,433

NUMBER IN BATTLE.

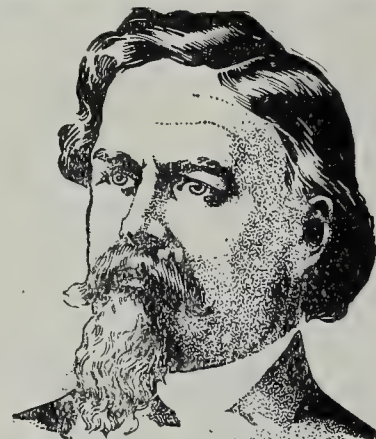
	Confederates.	Federals.
Seven days' fight....	80,835	115,249
Antietam	35,255	87,164
Chancellorsville	57,212	131,661
Fredericksburg	78,110	110,000
Gettysburg	62,000	95,000
Chickamauga	44,000	95,000
Wilderness	63,987	141,160
Federal prisoners in Confederate prisons.....		270,000
Confederate prisoners in Federal prisons.....		220,000
Confederates died in Federal prisons		26,436
Federals died in Confederate prisons		22,570

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these diseases, and is now in sole possession of certain ingredients which have all along been needed, and without which cures were impossible. The doctor seems justified in his strong statements, as the treatment has been thoroughly investigated, besides being tried in hospitals, sanitariums, etc., and has been found to be all that is claimed for it. It contains nothing harmful, but, nevertheless, the highest authorities say it will positively cure Bright's disease, diabetes, dropsy, gravel, weak back, stone in the bladder, bloated bladder, frequent desire to urinate, albuminuria, sugar in the urine, pains in the back, legs, sides, and over the kidneys, swelling of the feet and ankles, retention of urine, scalding, getting up nights, pain in the bladder, wetting the bed, and such rheumatic affections as chronic, muscular, or inflammatory rheumatism, sciatica, rheumatic neuralgia, lumbago, gout, etc., which are now known to be due entirely to uric acid poison in the kidneys—in short, every form of kidney, bladder, or urinary trouble in man, woman, or child.

That the ingredients will do all this is the opinion of such authorities as Dr. Wilks, of Guy's Hospital, London, the editors of the United States Dispensatory and the American Pharmacopoeia, both official works, Dr. H. C. Wood, member of the National Academy of Science, and a long list of others who speak of it in the highest terms. But all this and more is explained in a 64-page illustrated book which sets forth the doctor's original views and goes deeply into the subject of kidney, bladder, and rheumatic diseases. He wants you to have this book as well as a trial treatment of his discovery, and you can get them entirely free, without stamps or money, by addressing the Turnock Medical Co., 2098 Bush Temple, Chicago, Ill., and as thousands have already been cured, there is every reason to believe it will cure you if only you will be thoughtful enough to send for the free trial and book. Write the first spare moment you have, and you will soon be cured.

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Capt. S. A. Pepper, of Memphis, Tenn., 303 Main Street, has in his possession a worn and torn Confederate parole, issued to — McClister, at Charlotte, N. C., May 3, 1865, and signed by Capt. N. C. Langford, of Company I, Second Regiment, Tennessee Cavalry. The parole was found sometime since by the porter on the Pullman car Avalon, and was turned over to Capt. Pepper. The name McClister does not appear distinct, and the initials are entirely missing. The owner can secure this by addressing Capt. Pepper.

This is to request all members of Capt. B. T. Shockley's Independent Escort Company of Alabama Volunteers who have not already communicated with me to do so at once. I ask this in order that I may place every living member of this company in touch with each other. Address

MORGAN S. GILMER,
Assessor's office, Montgomery, Ala.

S. R. Strain, of No. 488 Ninth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., would like to know if Benjamin F. Walker, of the Fifteenth Arkansas Cavalry, is still living. He thinks he is first lieutenant.

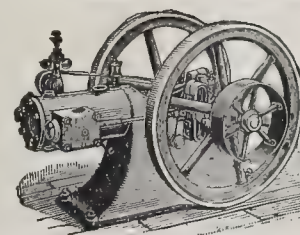
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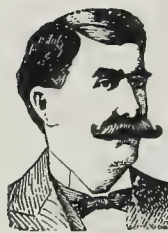
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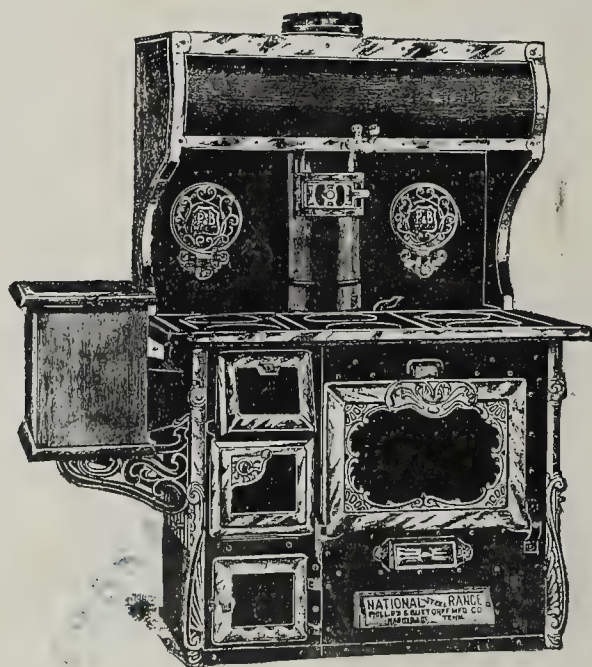
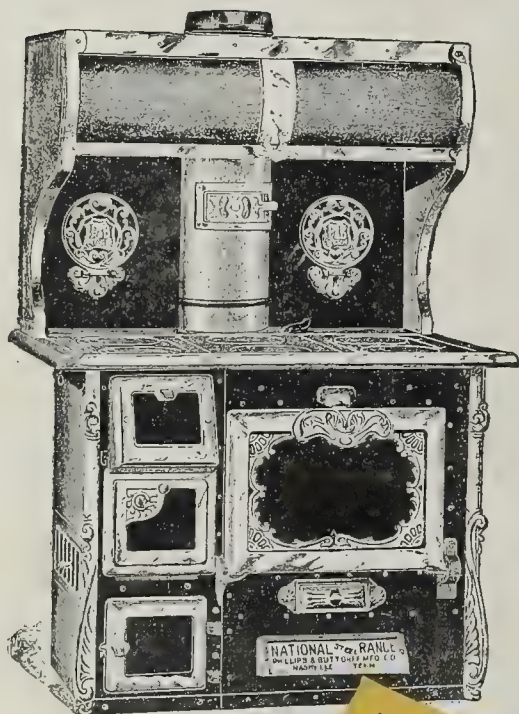
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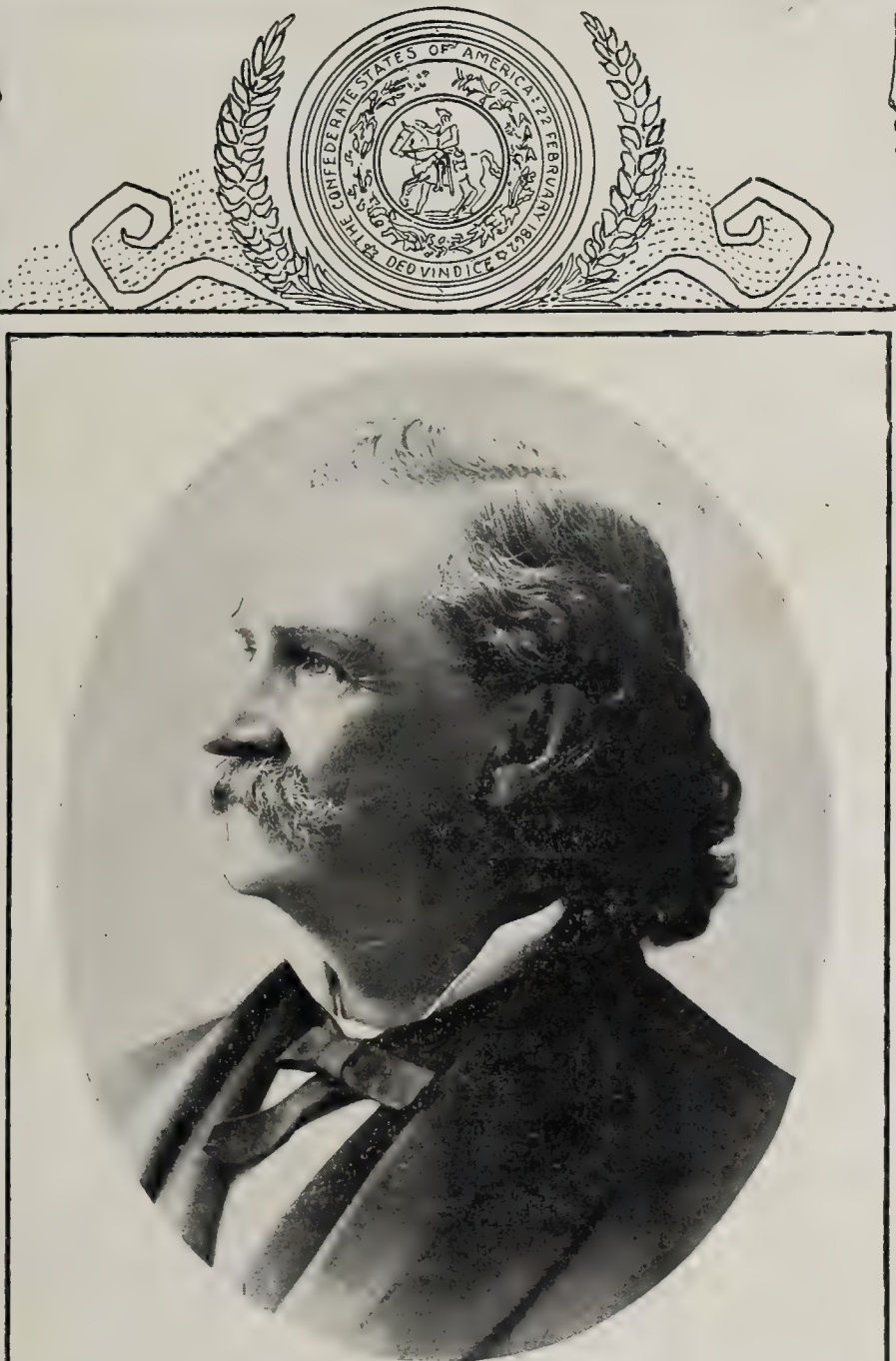
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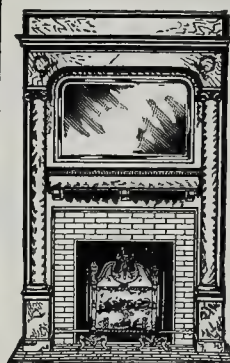
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Hon. Francis P. Fleming, ex-Governor of Florida, writes the author as follows:

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., Sept. 16, 1903.

COMER L. PEEK, ESQ., Starke, Fla.

DEAR SIR: I have read "Lorna Carswell" with much interest and pleasure. You have been very happy in presenting a true picture of the home life of the Southern planter and his family, and the relations and conditions of master and slave as they existed at the South, which have been so much misrepresented and misunderstood by people of the non-slaveholding section. The political history and conditions which preceded and led to the secession of the States are admirably presented and woven into the story.

The war period, depicting as it does the enthusiasm and unanimity of the spirit of the South, the hopes, disappointments, and suffering of her people, as well as the pictures of reconstruction times, in many respects worse than war, are true to history.

I congratulate you upon contributing to literature a valuable historical novel, which should accomplish much toward correcting errors which have distorted the judgment of many as to conditions which existed and the motives of the Southern people.

Very truly yours, FRANCIS P. FLEMING.

"Lorna Carswell" is a splendid life picture of Southern life before and during the Civil War. To read it is like turning back the years as leaves of a book and revealing to us the home life of the true and noble Southern families. One of the strongest features of the book is its truthful rendering of the causes which drove the South to secede from the Union. The pictures of the old-time faithful darkies are drawn true to life. The story is a charming one well told. The book deserves a place in every household as a truthful offset to the many false teachings of the histories which have been written of late years. We feel proud of Colonel Peek as one of our home authors.—Lake Butler Star.

Among the new novels of the day Comer L. Peek's "Lorna Carswell" is of special interest to Southern people in general, and Floridians in particular. He has succeeded in making a notable contribution to the literature of the epoch covered.—Florida Times-Union.

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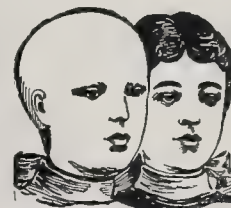
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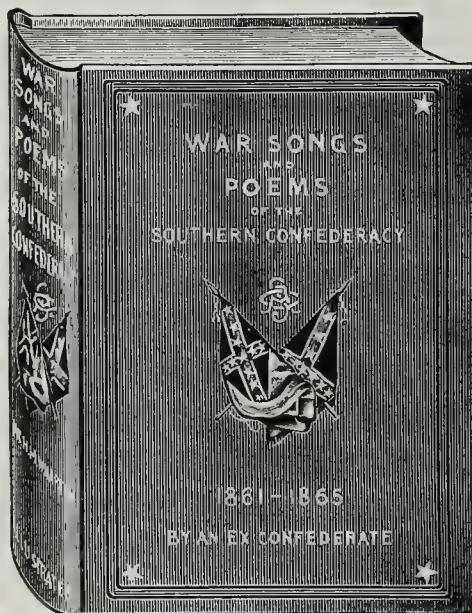
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Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

Entered at the post office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Contributors are requested to use only one side of the paper, and to abbreviate as much as practicable. These suggestions are important. Where clippings are sent copy should be kept, as the VETERAN cannot undertake to return them. Advertising rates furnished on application. The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN is ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted. The terms "new South" and "lost Cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1904.

No. 10. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

THE SOUTHERN WOMAN'S MEMORIAL.

BY B. M. HORD, NASHVILLE, TENN.

It is gratifying to every true Confederate soldier that a monument or memorial of some kind is to be erected to the patriotic and noble women of the South, who, from 1861 to 1865, by their devotion, heroic suffering, and sublime faith, did more to sustain the courage of her soldiers and the cause for which they fought than the best-equipped of our armies.

This loving tribute to her memory should have been paid long since—yea, before the first stone was laid for a monument to our dead comrades. But, ever forgetful of self and loyal even unto death, the smoke of battle had scarcely faded from our stricken Southland when she began, with the same old heroic devotion, to gather the bones of her beloved dead, on grounds hallowed by her tears, that she might scatter flowers over their graves and build monuments to their memory.

Building this memorial to the women of the South will be a work of love and reverence to the old veteran, his sons, and daughters; and for this reason, if no other, this work should be conducted in such a way as to leave no room for dissension.

It occurs to me that before any subscriptions to this fund are called for it would be proper for the Memorial Committee to procure a suitable design of the monument or memorial, or whatever they propose to build, get estimates of the cost, and submit suggestions as to the location. All of these matters should come properly before the veterans at their reunion. The Memorial Committee could not, therefore, better employ their time between now and the next meeting of the Veterans than to this end. When these matters are decided, there would be some definite end to work to, and the money necessary to carry out the purposes could be speedily raised. Our unfortunate experience with the "Battle Abbey" fund should teach us a lesson as to the dangers of discord that might arise from gathering a large sum of money without first definitely deciding how, where, and when it shall be expended.

Let us know exactly what this money is to be expended for, how much, and where, and then—call for subscriptions.

The above communication is most timely, and its suggestions should be heeded. The editor of the VETERAN recalls in this connection the spirited expression of Mrs. V. Jefferson Davis when he called upon her to give the pleasing notice that the Southern people intended to erect a monument to her husband. She said, her eyes sparkling as if her soul were stirred for all eternity: "*I hope it will be something of constantly recurring benefit to mankind.*"

Mrs. Davis voiced in that the sentiment of Southern womanhood. They have never encouraged the monument movement except upon such plan. Suppose we had a million dollars, what would we do with it? A structure of granite and bronze might be very handsome, but there would be no end to contention as to location. Why not create a fund in each State to be used for educational and historic purposes? A bronze figure might be agreed upon and duplicated for each Southern State and territory and memorial buildings be erected in each to be managed by the Daughters of the Confederacy and Memorial Associations. Such building might be in proportion as the ability of its people to erect, and the statue be provided for each by the general fund.

The VETERAN is, with all others of the South, in favor of such tribute, but it emphasizes the imperative need of definite plans before satisfactory contributions will ever be made.

Gen. C. I. Walker and the Sons of Veterans are working in the best of faith, and when they see these hindrances removed their purposes will be speedily accomplished.

CONFEDERATE DEAD AT LITTLE ROCK.—Recently, while grading a street in Little Rock, Ark., the workmen uncovered a number of graves, which proved to be those of Confederate soldiers who died in April, 1863, in a temporary hospital which was located in that vicinity. Just under the surface a number of headstones were plowed up. Seventeen in all were found. It is said that there are fifty Confederates buried in this burying ground. Boys and others have carried the stones away until but six remain. The inscriptions found are as follows: M. V. Henley, sergeant Company B, Missouri Volunteers; died April 29, 1863. T. Barnett, Company B, Missouri Volunteers; died April 1, 1863. John Hamilton, Company F, Missouri Volunteers; died April 20, 1863. T. Barnett, Caldwell's Regiment, Company B, Missouri Volunteers; died April 1, 1863. G. P. Ashworth, Caldwell's Regiment, Company K; died April 14, 1863. J. T. G. Snuffer, Caldwell's Regiment; died April 22, 1863. J. B. Gregory, Steen's Regiment, Missouri Volunteers; born June 1, 1835; died April 12, 1863. The matter was brought to the attention of the members of Omer R. Weaver Camp, U. C. V., and they at once took steps to have the bones reinterred in the Confederate cemetery.

The date for the annual reunion of the Kentucky Division has not yet been set, as it is desired to dedicate the new building at the time, and that is not yet completed.

GENERAL JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.

BY COL. J. STODDARD JOHNSTON, LOUISVILLE, KY.

John Cabell Breckinridge was born in Lexington, Ky., January 16, 1821. His father, Joseph Cabell Breckinridge, who, at twenty-nine, had been twice Speaker of the Kentucky House of Representatives, and was Secretary of State three years before his death, at thirty-five, was the son of John Breckinridge, who, dying at the age of forty-five, had also been twice Speaker, United States Senator, and Attorney-General in the Cabinet of Mr. Jefferson. His mother was the daughter of Rev. Samuel Stanhope Smith, President of Princeton College, and through her mother, the wife of Rev. John Witherspoon, President of the same institution and signer of the Declaration of Independence, was a direct descendant from John Knox, the Scotch reformer. After graduating at Center College, Danville, Ky., in 1839, Gen. Breckinridge studied law, and for a time practiced his profession in Burlington, Iowa, but returned to Lexington and soon attained a high position at the bar. In 1847 he became major of the Third Kentucky Volunteers, and served in Mexico until the close of the war. In 1849 he was elected to the Legislature as a Democrat, and rose rapidly into prominence. In 1851 he was elected to Congress from the Ashland district, which had long been a Whig stronghold, and was re-elected in 1853 by an increased majority. At the expiration of his second term he declined a renomination to devote himself to the law, having also declined the mission to Spain. In 1856, without having been an aspirant for the place, he was elected Vice President on the ticket with James Buchanan, being of an age barely eligible, and before the expiration of his term was elected United States Senator, being also in 1860 the candidate of the Southern wing of the Democratic party for President, an accumulation of honors without a parallel. At the close of his service as Vice President he took his seat in the body over which he had presided with such conceded ability, but in a few months his civil career was cut short by the Civil War.

In the fall of 1861, when Kentucky was invaded by the Federal army, in violation of her neutrality, by which it was hoped to arrest the war and lead to the restoration of peace, he went South and, resigning his seat as Senator in a letter addressed to the people of Kentucky, was appointed brigadier general, and assigned by Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston to the command of a brigade at Bowling Green, Ky. At the battle of Shiloh he was placed in command of the reserve corps; but at his own request, on the first day, participated in the thickest of the fight. In the critical charge, in which the commander in chief lost his life, Breckinridge was present, animating by his example his untried troops. When the army fell back to Corinth he commanded the rear guard, and successfully covered its retreat, a similar duty being assigned him when that place was evacuated. For his gallantry he was promoted to a major generalship, and was assigned with his division to the defense of Vicksburg, under Gen. Van Dorn, his command comprising three-fourths of the troops who, in July, 1862, resisted the memorable bombardment by the Federal fleet. He again distinguished himself in his attack on Baton Rouge, August 8, which failed of success only from the inability of the Confederate gunboat Arkansas to coöperate in the attack.

Being assigned to the defense of Port Hudson, he was unable to accompany Gen. Bragg in his expedition to Kentucky, as that officer desired, but later started from Knoxville with an improvised division to join him. Before reaching Cumberland Gap he was apprised of his (Gen. Bragg's) retreat

from the State and ordered to Murfreesboro, as the advance guard of the army, to resist Gen. Rosecrans, then concentrating his forces at Nashville. In November the army of Gen. Bragg joined him, and he remained there until the retreat after the battles of Murfreesboro, again distinguishing himself in action and bearing the brunt of the second battle on January 2, 1863, in which his division suffered heavy losses. After wintering near Tullahoma, in May he was sent to the army of Gen. J. E. Johnston, in Mississippi, and participated in the fruitless campaign which ended in Grant's capture of Vicksburg. In September he rejoined Bragg, and commanded a corps in the battle of Chickamauga with renewed distinction in his attack upon the intrenched position of Gen. Thomas. He also participated in the battle of Missionary Ridge, November 25, 1862. In January following, while in winter quarters at Dalton, Ga., he was assigned by President Davis to the command of the Department of Southwestern Virginia, a difficult field, in which a number of his predecessors had found discomfiture, but from which he emerged with enhanced distinction. When Gen. Grant, in May, 1864, crossed the Rappahannock in his aggressive campaign against Gen. Lee, Gen. Breckinridge was ordered to Staunton, Va., to resist the advance of Gen. Sigel against that place, and by a rapid march through the mountains met that officer at New Market on May 15 and defeated him with a greatly inferior force in a brilliant engagement, compelling his retirement to the Potomac. He then, under orders from Gen. Lee, rapidly transferred his command to Hanover Junction in time to protect the bridges across the North and South Anna Rivers from Sheridan's raid, and on May 22 was joined there by Gen. Lee, who fell back to that position after the battle of Spotsylvania C. H.

In the battle of Second Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, Gen. Breckinridge held the right of the line, which successfully resisted the assault of Hancock's Corps, resulting in the defeat of Gen. Grant and compelling him to relinquish his campaign against Richmond on the north side of the Potomac and his retirement to the south bank of that river. In a few days Gen. Breckinridge was sent by Gen. Lee, with his command, to the Shenandoah Valley to resist the advance of Gen. Hunter; but, not arriving in time, repaired to the defense of Lynchburg, threatened by that officer. Early's Corps arriving there soon after, Gen. Early assumed command, and Hunter was compelled to retreat, closely followed, to Salem, whence he escaped through the mountains to the Ohio through the Kanawha Valley. Early then turned northward, accompanied by Breckinridge, whose command was increased to a corps by the addition of Gordon's Division, and participated in the campaign into Maryland. On July 9 he commanded in person in the battle of Monocacy, when Gen. Lew Wallace's command was defeated and fell back toward Baltimore, Early pressing on toward Washington, in sight of which he arrived two days later before the fortifications at Silver Springs, the residence of F. P. Blair, Sr. The arrival at Washington of Franklin's Corps, hastily detached from Gen. Grant's army, rendered an attack inexpedient, and Gen. Early, having succeeded in his object to divert troops from the Potomac, returned to the Shenandoah Valley. Gen. Breckinridge, in the subsequent campaign, participated in a number of battles, chief of which were the second battle of Kernstown, July 26, where the Federals were again driven across the Potomac, and the battle of Winchester, September 19, after which Gen. Early retired across the Shenandoah at Fisher's Hill.

A few days later Gen. Breckinridge was ordered to return to his department on account of a threatened invasion by Gen.

Burbridge from Kentucky, who was defeated at Saltville and the department relieved of danger. In February, 1865, he was appointed Secretary of War, and was in the discharge of his duties there when Richmond was evacuated, April 3, 1865. He retired with President Davis to North Carolina after the surrender at Appomattox and participated in the conference between Gens. Johnston and Sherman, resulting in what was known as the Sherman-Johnston Treaty. The assassination of President Lincoln led to its rejection at Washington, and on April 25 Gen. Johnston capitulated to Gen. Sherman. Gen. Breckinridge, more fortunate than his chief in the retreat which followed, made his way to the Florida Coast and thence in an open boat to Cuba, from whence he went to England, where he was cordially received. He subsequently went to Canada, remaining there a year or two; but, not being embraced in the amnesty, he returned to England, and during his residence in Europe made a tour of the Holy Land. Finally, in the spring of 1869, there being no inhibition, he returned to Kentucky, and remained there in the quiet pursuit of his profession until his death, in Lexington, May 17, 1875, among a people who idolized him living and still cherish his memory with devotion. In 1883 the Legislature, in pursuance of a bill introduced by Capt. T. J. Bush, an ex-Federal officer, erected a handsome monument to him in Lexington, surmounted by a life-sized statue in bronze.

In early life Gen. Breckinridge was united in marriage with Miss Mary C. Burch, of Scott County, Ky., who shared his trials during the greater part of the war and in his exile, and with four children survives him. The latter are: Maj. J. Cabell Breckinridge, of Arkansas, who served on his father's staff; Hon. Clifton R. Breckinridge, ex-member of Congress from Arkansas and ex-Minister to Russia, who also served in the war; Mrs. J. Andrew Steele, of Kentucky; and Mrs. Anson Maltby, of New York.

NOVEL WAY TO RAISE MONUMENT FUNDS.

The Confederate Monument Committee, of Chester, S. C., has adopted a novel way to raise money for a Confederate monument there. The committee was appointed by the Walker-Gaston Camp to assist Chester Chapter Daughters in raising funds for the erection of a monument in the city of Chester for Confederate soldiers and noble women, both living and dead. I. W. Reed, Commander of the U. C. V. Camp at Chester, is chairman of the committee. A circular appeal is issued to let future generations see the push, the thrift, the get-up-and-get spirit which Chester is manifesting in the year 1904. A graduated price list is given. All Churches—name of denomination, officials, and numerical strength—will be inserted without charge; also newspapers of county, with any item of historic interest, and public libraries, name, location, etc.

Pay will be required as follows: County officials, name of each office, with any important data, \$10; city of Chester officials, and anything worthy to be preserved, \$10; machine or woodshop officers, history, etc., \$2.50; railroad depots, each office, naming all employees in each, \$1.50; each secret order, name of officers, and strength of order, under seal if preferred, \$2.50; papers outside of county—weekly, 50 cents, semiweekly, 75 cents, daily, \$2; magazines, periodicals, each, \$2; each hotel, name of proprietor and employees, \$2; drug stores, \$1; boarding houses, names of proprietors, and employees, \$1; boarding houses, 50 cents; business club or lodge, officers and number of members or any item of interest, \$2.50. Various other terms are scheduled.

GEORGIA CAMPAIGN—JONESBORO, UTOY CREEK.

Fayette Hewitt, Frankfort, Ky., Adj. Gen. Orphan Brigade:

"On page three hundred and ninety of the *VETERAN* for August there is an article upon the 'Correct Date of the Battle at Jonesboro.' In this the battle of Utoy Creek is mentioned as having occurred on August 31. That is incorrect. Utoy Creek was fought by the Orphan Brigade on August 6 at a point on the Sandtown road, on the west side of Atlanta, about six or seven miles from the fortification. Jonesboro is twenty-one miles south of Atlanta, and the battle there was brought about by Gen. Sherman's flanking movement, by which our position at Atlanta was lost. The battle at Jonesboro was fought on August 31 and September 1.

"The Orphan Brigade, with other troops, was ordered down to Jonesboro, as they had been on a former occasion, to meet what was regarded as a sort of raid by the enemy, but we found there a very large portion of Gen. Sherman's army. We made an attack on August 31, which was repulsed with considerable loss to us. With a little change of position a line was assumed by the Confederates, which was charged the next day by a heavy force of the enemy, and our line was broken by a defective angle in it, giving the enemy an opportunity to come up close to our line before they were exposed to fire. It was broken in front of Vaughn's Brigade, and the capture of Atlanta followed."

AN ACTIVE WORKING CHAPTER AT BARDSTOWN, KY.—

The Crepps Wickliffe Chapter, U. D. C., was organized at

Bardstown, Ky., in 1898 by Mrs. Henrietta Morgan Duke, and is fifth, numerically, of the forty-four Chapters in the Kentucky Division. Its membership comprises some of the most prominent women in the town and county. Its President is Mrs. Edmonia Roberts, widow of the late Charles Roberts, of Oxford, Miss., who faithfully served the Confederacy during the four years' war between the States.

This is a working as well as a growing Chapter. One of their recent undertakings was preparing material and weaving a rag carpet, which is now on exhibition and for sale at the St. Louis Fair. Its



MRS. EDMONIA ROBERTS.

members take an active interest in all Confederate matters, and the zeal of its President is ever first for the maintenance of organizations whose purpose is to honor the people of the South in their patriotic undertakings.

ABOUT MORGAN'S OHIO RAID.

In a personal gossip letter, written from his home at Covington, Ky., Theo F. Allen, who fought for the Union and was then wicked enough to kidnap a Southern girl, states that there are quite a number of former members of Gen. John Morgan's Confederate Cavalry who read his contribution to the February number of the *VETERAN*, describing the Morgan raid through Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio. The raid was one of the most picturesque and interesting events of the war, and, without doubt, was witnessed by the greatest number of people who ever saw a military operation in this country or elsewhere, as not less than half a million people must have seen the movement in progress.

He writes: "I was asked by Mr. Helm, President of the First National Bank, to step into his private office. He closed the door and said: 'I have read your contribution in relation to the Morgan raid in the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* with the greatest interest, and consider it one of the fairest descriptions of this picturesque event that I have ever seen.'" Mr. Helm was a soldier in Duke's Second Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's Division, and was on this raid.

Mr. Allen writes further: "Slapping me heartily on the back, Mr. Helm said, 'You fellows were pretty hot after us up near Pomeroy, Ohio, where my horse was wounded,' and he stated that the Federal forces were so close to him there as to see the color of his hair, and one of them called out, 'Halt, you red-headed son of a sawbuck!' Mr. Helm was red-headed, but his hair is pretty well whitened now.

"I have been invited to deliver an address before the Grand Army Post here, describing the interesting events of the Morgan raid.

"The corresponding secretary of the Daughters of the Confederacy at Franklin, Tenn., has kindly sent me a couple of bullets which she dug up out of her garden last spring when she was setting out her flowers. These she sends me as mementos of the desperate battle of Franklin, in which I was a factor, and in further consideration of my ten-dollar contribution to the fund they are raising for the erection of a monument on the Franklin battlefield."

CONFEDERATE CANNON AT GAINESVILLE, ALA.

Mrs. D. H. Williams writes that the Ladies' Memorial Association of Gainesville, Ala., has succeeded in having removed to their Confederate Cemetery, after many unsuccessful attempts, an old siege gun left there by Gen. Forrest when he surrendered that place, May, 1865. "It was quite an undertaking, as it lay near the river, partly buried in the sand, for so many years. This was the only relic of our great 'war for the Constitution' that we could boast of, and now that we have accomplished the difficult work we feel that our cemetery, where lie buried one hundred and ninety-two brave heroes, is complete with its modest shaft of white marble; and when our old soldiers have answered their last call something will remain to remind our younger generations of the brave deeds of their fathers, those who fought for what they *knew* was right."

In regard to the old gun's having been left by Gen. Forrest, Charles Bean wrote from Brownwood, Tex.: "I was under Gen. Bedford Forrest and surrendered to Gen. Canby at Gainesville, Ala. The old cannon was left by Gen. Forrest."

SWIFT RETRIBUTION FOR HOUSE-BURNING.

BY W. W. PATTESON, MANTEO, VA.

The vandalism and ruthless destruction of property in the Valley of Virginia by the Federal army was greater perhaps than in any other section of the South. There were, no doubt, many individual incidents that occurred on Sherman's infamous march to the sea that equaled in barbarous cruelty those in Virginia, but certainly none that surpassed them.

On the 20th of August, '64, a part of the Fifth Michigan Cavalry were sent to burn a number of handsome private dwellings in Clark County. It seemed to be providential that on that same day Companies C, D, and E (Forty-Third Battalion of Mosby's Command), under Capt. William H. Chapman (afterwards lieutenant colonel), were marching from Fauquier County over to the west side of the Blue Ridge. As soon as we reached the top of the ridge, we saw the smoke of the burning buildings, and at once took in the situation. We quickened our pace, crossed the Shenandoah at Castleman's Ferry, and went in a gallop in the direction of the fires. We first came to the McCormack property, the fine dwelling now a mass of smoldering ruins. Hurrying on, we soon came in sight of Col. Morgan's residence, and near by the Souer homestead, both burning. The latter had been fired early in the morning as the Yankees were passing, but had been put out by Mrs. Shephard and her little children. Returning, the Yankees again fired it, and when we came up Mrs. Shephard and her little ones were clustered in one corner of the yard, watching the flames consume their house. Orders had been passed back from our officer in front to "wipe them from the face of the earth, neither asking nor giving quarter," and the sight of this helpless woman with her little children surrounded by a set of howling, plundering thieves served to emphasize the order, and we went at them with a yell. It was a sharp, quick, and clean little fight; no prisoners. The Yankees were handicapped with all kinds of plunder. They had pillaged all the houses of every movable article before burning them, but would not allow the owners to remove anything, not even clothing, except such as they had on. In going back over the ground to a place where I had persuaded one of the thieves with a shot through the head to stop early in the chase in order to get his horse and pistols, I found him lying with a lot of papers scattered around that fell from his pockets as he tumbled off of his horse. I got nearly a handful of jewelry of all kinds, tied on to his saddle, which I secured with his horse, also two rolls of goods, including lace curtains, ladies' wearing apparel, blankets, sheets, etc., and two bottles of wine. Our command recrossed the Shenandoah in the evening with quite a number of captured horses. In looking over the dead man's papers that night, I found one evidently from his best girl, asking him to send her some of the things captured (?) from the houses of the Rebels. This was but a sample of the many letters found on the bodies of the house burners that day by members of our command, and this was the kind of warfare waged by Sheridan and Hunter in the fair Valley of Virginia.

ENTERED REGULAR SERVICE AT UNDER FIFTEEN YEARS.—W. D. Peak, of Oliver Springs, Tenn., was born December 22, 1846, and volunteered in the Confederate service in August, 1861, as a member of Company A, Twenty-Sixth Tennessee Regiment. If there were any younger soldiers in the army as early as the time of his enlistment, Comrade Peak would like very much to hear from them. Give name, date of birth, and date of enlistment.

GEN. E. C. WALTHALL.

Rev. E. A. Smith, who served in the Twenty-Ninth Mississippi Regiment, has just published "Records of Walthall's Brigade of Mississippians" in an elegantly printed pamphlet of ninety pages. It does not purport to be a history of the brigade. This fact is mentioned to avoid confusion with the history in preparation by Col. E. T. Sykes, who was assistant adjutant general on Walthall's staff. The preface to this publication was written by Hon. Charles B. Howry, now Associate Justice in the United States Court of Claims at Washington, who was a comrade and messmate of the author. Mr. Howry, in this preface, states:

"Walthall was the Prince Rupert of the Army of Tennessee. He was alert and careful, aggressive and cautious, firm and sagacious, wise and just. Obedient to authority himself, he demanded implicit acquiescence in his own orders. Left to himself, he asked no advice and took none. A rigid disciplinarian and intolerant of any deficiencies of conduct, he was beloved by his men. Though he fought them with dash and spirit, it was always with care and skill. His men gave to him their confidence from start to finish, accepted his orders, and fought without reproach or the slightest question of the danger incurred. As a brigade and division commander he proved to be one of the most efficient officers of either army.

... No labor was too great in the discharge of his duty which he did not undertake. He was alive to everything. His efficiency and skillful management attracted so much attention that he was seriously considered at one time for the supreme command. As a type of volunteer general, he was one of the best the war produced.

"Sensitive to a fault and imperious to a degree, he brooked but little opposition and no familiarity. With all the jealousy which one of his proud nature had for the things which were his due, he was never arrogant or petty. Looking back to his career as a soldier, I should say his greatest defect was his extreme modesty. He did not trust himself quite enough for exigencies. He never evaded anything nor retreated whenever he thought he could fight; but, in the desire to avoid the sacrifice of life without results, he sometimes balanced the chances a little too long for complete success.

"The dead commander has gone to his final account. His comrades believed he was great, and they knew he was fearless and true. To them he was the knightliest figure of the war, and they feel that his place in the pantheon of fame is secure."

Comrade Smith supplements Mr. Howry's sketch:

"He was a young lawyer in Coffeeville, Miss., when the war broke out, in 1861. He was rising rapidly in the practice of his profession, and, had he not laid aside his pen for the sword, would much sooner have reached the eminent distinction to which he afterwards attained. But he was a 'natural born soldier,' and entered that splendid regiment, the Fifteenth Mississippi, first with the rank of lieutenant, whence he rose to that of captain, then to that of lieutenant colonel. He so distinguished himself in the battle of Fishing Creek that soon afterwards he received a commission from the War Department to organize a regiment. He resigned from the Fifteenth, hurried home, and soon organized the Twenty-Ninth. In the latter part of 1862 he was made brigadier general, and on June 10, 1864, received his commission as major general, to which he was urgently and repeatedly recommended to the War Department by both Gens. Polk and Johnston. This position he held till the close of the war.

"Gen. Walthall was a man of courtly bearing, polished in his manners, and had a magnetism about him that drew

every one to him with an irresistible power. This latter quality was eminently conspicuous in the hour of danger. Whenever he waved his sword, galloped to the front, and called on his men to charge they caught the inspiration of his sublime fearlessness, and with the wild Rebel yell followed him into the very jaws of death. He once said, almost with tears in his eye, that he never knew his troops to face to the rear until he gave the command.

"Chief Justice Lamar said of him: 'Of all the great men Mississippi has produced, Gen. Walthall stands out in boldest relief, in moral purity, strength of mind, heroism of soul, and commanding influence among men.'

"Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, said of him: 'If I were to select the man of all others with whom I have served in the Senate, who seemed to me to be the most perfect example of the quality and character of the American Senator, I think it would be Edward C. Walthall, of Mississippi.'

"He died in the city of Washington, April 21, 1898, and his remains were sent to Holly Springs for interment. His noble, gifted wife (née Miss Mary L. Jones), whom the whole brigade tenderly loved, and of whom they were always proud, followed him on December 10 of the same year.

"The funeral train brought, besides the family, the Congressional delegation of eight Senators, six Congressmen, several judges, and a host of others honored in Mississippi and in the nation. Another train brought three hundred and fifty citizens of Yalobusha County. A vast procession (6,000 in number) followed the hearse. Among them were many of his old brigade, who, with solemn countenances, followed their beloved commander.

"The services were held in Christ Episcopal Church, Holly Springs, and conducted in his own impressive style by Bishop Thompson. He said: 'The great white light that beats upon the throne and blackens every blot had found not one blot upon Gen. Walthall's character. He was open, manly, frank, absolutely sincere, and was ever beyond the reach of fear or flattery.'"

COURTESY CHARACTERISTIC OF THE LEES.—L. C. McAllister, of Nashville, Tenn., writes: "Many stories have been told which tend to show how courteous Gen. Robert E. Lee was to his men. The following illustrates that Gen. Stephen D. Lee possessed like characteristics: Just prior to the fall of Vicksburg I was ordered to take command of the dismounted men of Ferguson's Cavalry Brigade and report to Gen. Stephen D. Lee at Jackson, Miss. When I did so, I was greatly surprised at his courteous treatment. A few days after my arrival in Jackson I met a lieutenant of our brigade, who asked me to help him in his duty. I told him I had no objection, but Gen. Lee had ordered me to remain where I was until Gen. Ferguson came in, when I was to report to him. The lieutenant then requested that I go with him to Gen. Lee's headquarters. He explained that his men were overworked guarding the prisoners of our brigade; that he had only ten men to guard about eighty prisoners, and that I had some seventy men of the same brigade (formerly of his Okolona Provost Guard) not engaged. When the lieutenant had finished his story, Stephen D. Lee, Major General Commanding the Department, turned to me and very courteously asked: 'Sergeant, would it be agreeable to you to report to the lieutenant?' I was not even a sergeant."

Comrade McAllister was a corporal in Company E, Fifty-Sixth Alabama Cavalry, Ferguson's Brigade, and now resides in Nashville.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

The VETERAN regrets failure to secure the picture of Mrs. L. McC. (A. T.) Smythe, President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, for this number. Her modesty prevented response to the first request, and when appeal was made for consistency with her predecessors she was at her summer home, inaccessible to an artist. In a note at end of letter expressing regret in not complying, she says: "Put some more pretty sponsor, and nobody will miss me."

GEORGIANS TAKE ACTION FOR THE VETERAN.

In responding to the editorial in the VETERAN for September, the Georgia Division acted promptly and exactly in the spirit designated. See page 424.

At the conclusion of the reading of the resolutions by the Special Committee on Resolutions, of which Dr. W. B. Burroughs, of Brunswick (Ga.) Camp, was Chairman, he announced that Capt. Park had a special resolution which he desired to offer, but it had not been submitted to the committee, upon which the General Commanding recognized Capt. Park, of R. A. Smith Camp No. 484, Atlanta, who said:

"Mr. Commander and Confederate Comrades, I beg to submit the following brief but deserved resolution, which I am quite sure will meet with a cordial response and approval at your hands:

"Resolved by the Georgia Division, U. C. V., in session at Rome, Ga., September 15, 1904, That we most highly commend our official organ, published in Nashville, Tenn., by our comrade, S. A. Cunningham, called the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. We earnestly desire this splendid magazine to be taken by every Confederate soldier and son of a Confederate soldier. It is fully worthy of the high esteem in which it is held as the exponent of the Confederate principles and facts. We urge every Camp Commander to appoint some comrade who will bring the VETERAN to the attention of Confederates and Sons of Confederates of all Camps and at reunions of all brigades, regiments, and companies. R. E. Park, H. L. Middlebrooks, M. J. Cofer, Committee."

The acceptance of the resolution was so manifest that when a motion to adopt it was being offered, Captain Park, the State Treasurer of Georgia, one of the State's first citizens and an ardent Confederate, interrupted the proceedings by saying:

"Allow me to say a few words before you submit to a vote what I have just read. It is proper for me to speak of Mr. S. A. Cunningham, the faithful and accomplished editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, who, I am glad to announce, is present in the convention. I have not mentioned this matter to him, and it will come as great a surprise to him as to any one in this assembly.

"A dozen years ago Mr. Cunningham determined to publish a magazine devoted to Confederate history, and he soon launched the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, at Nashville, Tenn. This with him has been a labor of love, but amidst many difficulties he has achieved the richest and most deserved success. No man within the sound of my voice, and no one, I might say, in the Confederate States, has done more to

perpetuate the heroic actions and glorious memories of the Confederate dead and of Confederate survivors than S. A. Cunningham. No more gentle, generous, courteous, and courtly gentleman, no more devoted and unselfish Confederate than this modest citizen and friend of our lost Confederacy can be found, and I certainly trust that you will adopt this resolution of confidence and approval by a unanimous and rising vote. It will be a tribute worthily bestowed and richly deserved.

"Every Confederate Veteran, every son of a Veteran, and every Daughter of the Confederacy should encourage our gallant friend by becoming a subscriber to his excellent historical magazine, and I hope that you will cordially carry out the purpose of this resolution upon your return to your respective homes.

"When you have taken this vote of approbation and indorsement, I will take great pleasure in introducing Mr. Cunningham to this splendid audience."

The resolution by Capt. Park having been adopted unanimously and enthusiastically, Mr. Cunningham was called to the stand. Instead of discussing the VETERAN, however, he said that he would leave that subject to others; but he would submit his report upon the erection of a memorial to the beloved Charles H. Smith ("Bill Arp"), a movement he inaugurated without the knowledge of the family, and asked if the Georgia veterans approved it. When their approval was cordially expressed, he showed that Georgia, outside of Cartersville, had given but six dollars to the fund, and of that five dollars was from Capt. Park, of Atlanta, for himself, wife, and daughter, and one dollar from T. S. Jones, of Macon. He stated that there were fifteen subscriptions from Tennessee, thirteen each from Texas and Kentucky, twelve each from Louisiana and Alabama, eleven from Arkansas, ten from Florida, seven from Missouri, three each from Mississippi and North and South Carolina, two from Virginia, and one each from West Virginia and New Mexico. This list is to be published in full before the year is out. Won't you honor your name by sending one dollar?

Responding to Mr. Cunningham and Capt. Park, Gen. P. A. S. McGlashen, Major General Commanding the Georgia Division, said: "Comrades, the action of Mr. Cunningham needs no indorsement at our hands. No man in the entire South has done more to familiarize the veterans and reading public with the deeds, heroism, and soldierly qualities of the soldiers of the South. His magazine is a grand vindication of the South and its motives, a perfect mine of information for the historians of the future, and should be in the hands of every veteran and lover of the late Confederacy."

"Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, said previously: "I am glad indeed that Capt. Park has spoken so warmly and justly about our visiting comrade. It is one good soldier giving well-deserved praise to another. I will say that our cause had no braver soldier in battle than Cunningham and no more earnest and valuable exponent and defender in peace. The flag of the VETERAN, which he has edited and published so many years, has been flying at the front to represent the whole truth and worth and sacredness of our Confederate history. We are indebted to the persistence and the fidelity of its editor, the soldier who is our welcomed guest, for the great good it has done. It has not made him rich, and never will; but it has done better by giving the riches of truth to others, the riches of his comrades' esteem, and the personal satisfaction that his life has been well spent and all spent for one great and sacred purpose."

GENERAL OFFICIAL STAFF U. S. C. V.

N. R. Tisdal, Commander in Chief, sends out from general headquarters of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans General Orders No. 2, in which he announces his official staff.

Inspector General: Geo. R. Wyman, Louisville, Ky.

Commissary General: A. Villert, St. Francisville, La.

Judge Advocate General: B. H. Kirk, St. Louis, Mo.

Surgeon General: Dr. R. G. Thurmond, Jr., Tuscumbia, Ala.

Chaplain General: Rev. P. G. Sears, Meridian, Miss.

Assistants Adjutant General: S. Y. T. Knox, Pine Bluff, Ark.; C. S. Welsch, Fort Worth, Tex.; J. M. Ball, Houston, Tex.; R. Lee Zell, Birmingham, Ala.; H. L. DuVal, Charlotte, N. C.; W. W. Old, Norfolk, Va.; W. R. Kivett, Boise, Idaho.

Assistants Inspector General: J. A. Cummins, Bowie, Tex.; L. M. DeSaussure, Memphis, Tenn.; E. Brown Thomas, Richmond, Va.; T. Sydney Frazer, Union Springs, Ala.

Assistants Quartermaster General: Chas. T. Edwards, Stoney Point, Va.; R. T. Simpson, Jr., Florence, Ala.; W. V. Keith, Fort Worth, Tex.

Assistants Commissary General: J. F. Easley, Ardmore, Ind. T.; John M. Adams, Fort Worth, Texas; Chas. P. MacGill, Pulaski, Va.; Col. Ed. G. Caldwell, Jacksonville, Ala.

Assistants Judge Advocate General: C. A. Wright, Brady, Tex.; Blackburn Smith, Berryville, Va.; J. H. Crossland, Montgomery, Ala.; Geo. N. Denton, West, Tex.

Assistants Surgeon General: Dr. Frank H. Hancock, Norfolk, Va.; Dr. J. T. Wiggins, Rusk, Tex.; Dr. Robert J. Hargrove, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Assistants Chaplain General: Rev. Dr. T. P. Epes, Notoway, Va.; Rev. O. J. Goodman, Stockton, Ala.; Rev. J. M. Gross, Durant, Ind. T.

Your Commander desires to see a greater activity among the Sons during the entire year. Anything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Let every one take an interest in the great work before us and strive to carry out the purposes of the organization.

RENEWING SUBSCRIPTIONS.—Statements were sent to many in arrears with their subscription in July. Answers have usually been kind. Many have not yet answered, but it is sincerely hoped that they will do so soon. Here is an interesting reply: "I am ashamed of the fact that I let my subscription get in arrears. You are doing a grand work, and ought to be sustained by all old Confederate soldiers who are able to do so. It is true I have carried a heavy burden since the war, for I have reared and educated seven daughters and two boys by my own exertions, and in addition worked ten years after the war to pay old debts, owing five dollars where I had one, but I succeeded at last in paying them and accumulating something for old age. My wife, who died four years ago, commenced taking the *VETERAN*, and I have kept it up in her name, and expect to take it as long as I live. I contributed five dollars in cash toward feeding old Confederates at the reunion at Nashville, and I have seen it stated that the money was not all used. I want mine, if any, turned over to the *VETERAN*."

In sending his renewal, Prof. J. H. Brunner writes from Sweetwater, Tenn.: "One cannot be a reader of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* without feeling strengthened in his love of country and his race. There is no better race or country than

ours. Two men stand out conspicuous as elevators of Southern sentiment; they are R. E. Lee and John B. Gordon. These names the people will cherish the more as the years go by."

THE BETHEL MONUMENT.—At a celebration held last June at Big Bethel, Va., by the Confederate organizations of Elizabeth City, York, and Warwick Counties, and the city of Newport News, to commemorate the battle of Big Bethel, which took place June 10, 1861, which was the first actual engagement of the war between the States, and where fell the first Confederate killed in battle, Chas. E. Wyatt, of North Carolina, the Bethel Monument Association was formed. The object of the Association is to erect a suitable monument on that battlefield in memory of these facts. Various committees from the organizations of Veterans, Daughters, and Sons were appointed for the purpose of raising funds, selecting designs, etc., for the monument, and it was also determined to address a circular letter to all Confederate organizations in the South, inviting them to contribute to the fund.

All contributions should be sent to Mrs. R. S. Hudgins, Treasurer, Hampton, Va. It is the desire of the committee to have the monument ready to unveil at the next annual reunion, June 10, 1905, the forty-fourth anniversary of the battle.

COLOR BEARER AND GUARD AT PERRYVILLE, KY.

In the battle of Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862, W. H. White was color bearer, and John McConnell, J. C. Biles, H. L. Moffitt, and Jasper Roberts were color guards of the



J. C. BILES, W. H. WHITE, JOHN M'CONNELL, H. L. MOFFITT.

Sixteenth Tennessee Regiment, all of whom were wounded, Mr. Roberts mortally.

On May 19, 1904, at the unveiling of the monument, the above group picture was taken. This was the first time these comrades had been together since they were at Perryville.

MONUMENT AT GREENSBORO, ALA.

The good Southern women of Greensboro, Ala., are happy in having completed and dedicated their Confederate monument. The ceremonial part was attended, May 12, at the conclusion of the State Convention United Daughters of the Confederacy in that patriotic town. After the invocation by Rev. Dr. S. M. Hosmer, Hon. E. W. DeGraffenreid, the master of ceremonies, introduced the speakers, giving the order of the programme, etc. A male quartet sang "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."

During the singing of "Bonnie Blue Flag," by Mrs. Thomas E. Knight, a tableau was formed, with Miss Mary Thomas Pickens representing the "South," and young ladies representing each of the States of the Confederacy grouped in the form of a Southern cross. The States were represented by Misses Sadie, Julia, and Kathrine Randolph, Maria Locke, Annie and Amy Seay, Kathleen Waller, Nettie Redus, Mary Campbell Jones, Annie Lawson, Rosalie Tutwiler, Carrie Williams, of Greensboro, and Miss Margaret Johnson, of Selma.

Hon. Thomas E. Knight, in behalf of Mrs. Mary G. Pickens, Chairman of the Monument Committee, then read its report,

which was addressed to "Madam President of the Alabama Division of the U. D. C., Ladies of the Memorial Association, Daughters of the Confederacy, and Veterans:"

"We as a committee appointed several years ago by the President of the Memorial Association, Mrs. J. D. Webb, President also of the U. D. C., now report.

"The work assigned this committee was to raise the money and

have the monument erected, in loving memory of our Confederate soldiers, which for many years has been their earnest desire. With \$125.45 to begin with in money, and all the necessary energy and determination to get up the balance, no work was considered too hard for our Confederate soldiers; and by the generous contribution of our men and women and help of the 'Daughters,' and all we have asked, with few exceptions, we have the pride and pleasure of seeing our efforts crowned with success in the unveiling of this monument. We sadly regret the absence of our beloved President, Mrs. James M. Hobson, who has passed over to her reward. She loved this work, and looked forward to being with us to-day. Her gentle spirit and influence is with us, and will ever be with us.

"This monument has been paid for in full to Messrs. Elledge & Norman, of Columbus, Ga., whom we most heartily recommend to any one wishing such work done. We now commend it to the loving care of the Memorial Association, Daughters of the Confederacy, and to the Veterans. It is placed on a spot given for that purpose by the Hale County Commissioners, and we give it into the sacred care and protection of our mayor and town authorities and our community. We sincerely thank all who have helped us.

"Respectfully, Mrs. R. J. Nelson, Miss Martha Young, Miss Mary E. Avery, Mrs. J. C. Pierce, Mrs. Mary G. Pickens."



MRS. MARY G. PICKENS.



MRS. SARAH PEARSON HOBSON.



DEDICATION OF CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT GREENSBORO, ALA.

Then "Dixie" was beautifully sung by Miss Mary Thomas Pickens, with the chorus of the thirteen young ladies representing the States of the Confederacy, and the scene of these fair daughters of the South sounding the words of that grand hymn was indeed a beautiful and touching one.

Hon. W. E. W. Yerby, in behalf of the mayor, made a speech, accepting the trust imposed on the city by the ladies of the Memorial Association. A beautiful address was delivered by Mrs. F. S. Woods, the President of the Alabama Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. A song, "Cover Them Over with Beautiful Flowers," was then sung by a quartet composed of Mrs. T. E. Knight, Miss Emma Latimer, Messrs. Richardson and Ward.

Ex-Gov. W. C. Oates's address was one to be long remembered. Abounding in beautiful flights of eloquence, he paid his tribute to the gallantry and heroism of his comrades, the wearers of the gray. The benediction was then pronounced by Rev. R. H. Cobbs, D.D., the pastor of St. Paul's Church, and "taps" was sounded by Bugler Williams.

Then the entire audience adjourned to the front of the courthouse, where stood the monument to be unveiled. Little Miss Rebecca Erwin Jones unveiled the beautiful marble figure of a Confederate soldier standing at parade rest. The monument is a magnificent piece of sculpture and stands clear to the height of thirty feet. It is immediately in front of the courthouse and shows to good advantage to all passers. The names of about five hundred old Confederate soldiers are engraved on the base and sides of the monument. Much praise is given to Mrs. Mary Pickens, the Chairman of the Monument Committee, together with her associates, for their faithful and untiring labors.

It was a pathetically sad fact that Mrs. Hobson did not live to participate in the dedication. She was the President of the Ladies' Memorial Association for several years and an active worker in the Daughters of the Confederacy, whose concentrated efforts brought about this successful achievement. Mrs. Hobson was Sarah Pearson, daughter of Judge Richmond Pearson, for many years Chief Justice of North Carolina, the wife of Judge J. M. Hobson, and the devoted mother of Richmond Pearson Hobson, whose name will be a record of honor while there is a history of the Spanish-American war.

MR. DAVIS'S BIRTHDAY A LEGAL HOLIDAY.

A number of Camps of Confederate veterans in Texas will probably petition the next Legislature to make President Davis's birthday a legal holiday in that State. At a recent meeting at Waco Comrade J. D. Shaw, editor of the *Search Light*, at Waco, spoke as follows on a resolution introduced for this purpose:

"I cannot permit that resolution to be voted on without an expression of my gratitude at having lived to see such a movement advocated in our State. For many years after the war the name of Jefferson Davis was seldom mentioned in public, even in the South. When we first began to hold memorial exercises and meet in Confederate reunions the custom of speakers was to mention Lee, Jackson, Johnston, and other of our military leaders. Whether from fear of Northern criticism or in deference to Northern prejudice, I cannot say; but, seemingly from one or the other, there was a disposition to overlook Mr. Davis. When, several years ago, I commenced to speak for the Confederates I adopted the rule of placing our heroic President above all of our representative men, and I rejoice to see that rule adopted now by nearly all our speakers.

"Gen. Lee and our other military leaders in that mighty con-

flict deserve all the praise they have ever received at our hands; but of all the great men we had, no one so grandly represents the high social character of Southern people and so completely typifies in his own personality the statesmanship, patriotism, and devotion to principle, characteristic of the South, as does Jefferson Davis, who was not only the incarnation of Southern character and civilization, but became also at the close of the war our vicarious substitute as a sufferer at the hands of our enemies, thereby illustrating, in chains even, the heroic fortitude characteristic of Southern manhood. I trust the movement to make his birthday a legal holiday will succeed not only in Texas but in all the Southern States."

MRS. MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

Mary Ashley Townsend (née Van Voorhis; pen name, "Xariffa"), born in 1836 at Lyons, Wayne County, N. Y., was descended from the Van Wickles, of New Jersey, and the Van Voorhis, of Dutchess County, N. Y. In the fifties she married Mr. Gideon Townsend, of Fishkill, N. Y., and in the sixties



MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

they removed to New Orleans, which city became their future home. Three daughters were born of this marriage: Cora A., Adele C., and Daisy B. Townsend. The two last named are living. The genius and scholarly attainments of Mrs. Townsend won for her highest rank among Southern writers, which she maintained until the time of her death, June 7, 1901.

From the date of her residence in New Orleans, Mrs. Townsend was closely connected with the literary life, ventures, and interests of that city. To every notable occasion in its history she contributed the nobility and grace of her thoughts. She was officially appointed poet of the New Orleans Exposition of 1884, and was chosen to write the poem for the opening of its Woman's Department. In compliance with official requests, Mrs. Townsend wrote the poems on the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of Tulane University, the opening of Howard Memorial Library, the Convention of the Press Association, the first Confederate reunion of 1892, the meeting of the Southern Educational Association, of the unveiling of the Albert Sidney Johnston monument, of the Stonewall Jackson statue, and of the Confederate Cavalry reunion. She also wrote the ode to the Confederate dead buried in Greenwood Cemetery; the inspiring lines "At Winchester," read July 4, 1896, at the unveiling of the monument to Louisiana's soldier-heroes; "The Merrimac," read before the Franklin Buchanan Camp in Norfolk; and was selected by the New Orleans Chapter, U. D. C., to write the poem on the celebration of the birthday of Robert E. Lee. Her last poem, "A Georgia Volunteer," is too well known to readers and lovers of the best poetry to be more than referred to here. That most exalting of love poems, "Creed," which won for Mrs. Townsend instant fame, crossed the Atlantic and has been translated into several languages, as have other of her poems.

Mrs. Townsend was a prolific, though careful, writer. Her works include a novel, "The Brother Clerks" (New York,

1859), "Xariffa's Poems" (Philadelphia, 1870), "Down the Bayou, and Other Poems" (Philadelphia, 1881), which have passed through several editions, the last being a revised one by the author. Her latest volume, one of sonnets, entitled "Distaff and Spindle" (Philadelphia, 1895), in exquisite tenderness, description, nobility of thought, and beauty of language, proves her to be the equal, if not the superior, of Mrs. Browning in the masterly handling of this form of verse.

Besides her poetic writings, Mrs. Townsend wrote enough of essays, short stories, correspondence of general interest, and a work of travel to make, of each, a volume. A new book of her unpublished poems is now in course of preparation by her daughter, Adele Townsend Stanton.

American literature must grant a lasting place of honor to Mary Ashley Townsend, for whom this claim is best recognized in the imperishable beauty, form, and quality of her poetry.

The VETERAN is especially interested in this tribute, its editor having had the pleasure of a cordial friendship with the family and preserved well-written letters from the mother of the gifted author after she was ninety years of age, and a friendship with Capt. W. R. Lyman, a brother, who was prominent in New Orleans and is now a bank president of Ruston, La.

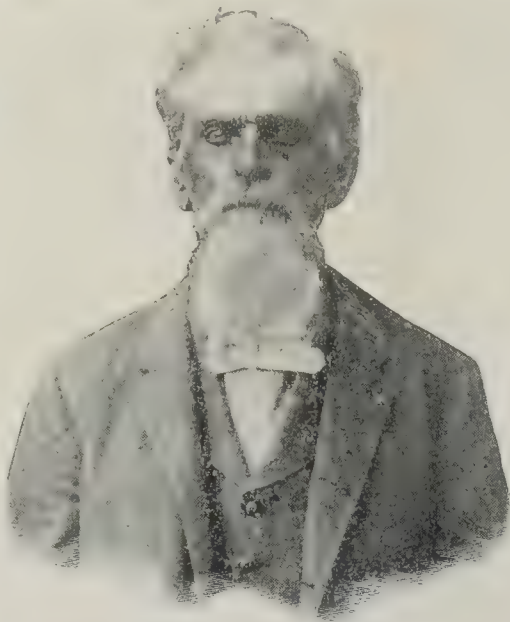
A remarkable coincidence in this family is that, of three daughters of the venerable Mrs. Lyman, two reared two daughters each, and their younger daughters married the sons of the two Secretaries of War. The one living in New Orleans married a son of Edwin M. Stanton, and the other, living in New York, married a son of James A. Seddon, Confederate Secretary of War.

THE TEXAN WHO HELD GEN. R. E. LEE'S HORSE.

Leonard Grace Gee, of Velasco, Tex., sent the following to Judge John N. Henderson, of Bryan, Tex.:

"Dear Sir: The following I distinctly recollect of having transpired just previous to the battle of the Wilderness:

"On May 6, 1864, Gen. R. E. Lee ordered Hood's Brigade to come to the front. When we arrived there, Gen. Lee was on the ground. On meeting us he asked Gen. John Gregg, who commanded Hood's Texas Brigade, what troops we were. Gen. Gregg replied: 'Hood's Texas Brigade.' Gen. Lee said: 'I sent for them to go and drive out those people, as they would lie on their arms and shoot at us all day.' Then Gen. Gregg said to his brigade: 'Gen. Lee wants us to go and drive those people out. Remember, Hood's Brigade, that Gen. Lee's eyes are on you and his heart is with you. Forward! Guide center! March!' The brigade responded instantly.



L. G. GEE, VELASCO, TEX.

"Gen. Lee did not address the soldiers, but addressed himself to Gen. John Gregg. As soon as the latter gave his order 'Forward!' Gen. Lee, with hat in hand, said, 'I know you will go,' and made the attempt to go also, when I caught his bridle rein and turned his horse back and said to him that we



MISS EULA GEE, DALLAS, TEX.,

Daughter of Comrade L. G. Gee and Sponsor for Camp 592, U. C. V., Velasco.

would go and for him to go back. About that time Capt. Kerr and others came up on horseback and also told Gen. Lee that he must go back. After I turned the horse of Gen. Lee by the bridle I went forward with the brigade into the battle, and was shot, from which wound I still suffer.

"In the year of 1866, at Independence, Tex., I sat for Maj. McArtle to paint my picture while holding the bridle and turning Gen. Lee's horse at the battle of the Wilderness in Virginia, and he sent it to Austin. While it was in the capitol building, to be bought for the State of Texas, the capitol building was burned and the picture with it. I believe Maj. McArtle, who knows the facts, is still alive."

Formal affidavit was made to the foregoing.

SOME WHO DISCONTINUE THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS.—At the end of a year a man in Louisiana writes: "I did not want it only for one year, as I would not pay for it and I will not pay for it." Another, a comrade, writes from Texas: "Circumstances have been against me for two or three years, and I must ask you to discontinue. I send you the names of some comrades who are not taking the VETERAN. . . . Hoping the VETERAN may outlive the editor," etc. Another Texan writes: "I am getting old and blind and am not able to pay for it." A letter from California, inclosing three dollars, states: "I have enjoyed it very much, but, being very busy, don't have time to read much, so please discontinue when time is out." A Georgia letter states: "You are right in presuming that I am a friend to the VETERAN, and it is with regret that I must give it up; but I am unable to take it longer."

ANNUAL REUNION VIRGINIA GRAND CAMP.

The Seventeenth Annual Reunion of the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans of Virginia was held at Lynchburg September 15 and 16. This is said to have been the largest, most successful, and most enjoyable meeting ever held by the veterans in the Old Dominion. Aside from the three or four thousand old soldiers present, there were some eight or ten thousand visitors, making one of the largest gatherings ever assembled in Lynchburg. There were between twelve and fifteen hundred veterans in the parade.

The most interesting feature of the proceedings was the report of Senator John W. Daniel, Chairman of the Historical Committee. He touched upon a theme in which all Confederate soldiers and their sons and daughters are vitally interested when he said: "The Fifty-Seventh Congress provided by law for the full publication of all the muster rolls of all the armies of the United States and the Confederate States alike. So colossal a task has never before been undertaken by a great nation. It deeply concerns us. Having lost our own records, it is only through this agency that we can ever hope to see saved from oblivion the names and numbers of the valiant host we sent forth to battle. No State is so much in need of its self-help as Virginia now. The rolls in possession of the United States are incomplete. The War Department, through the Secretary of War and through the keeper of records, who is not officially known as the 'Military Secretary,' and has the rank of a major general in the army, has called upon us to assist in supplying these deficiencies. In short, the United States provides the means and offers to defend and print our Confederate history, and calls upon us to defend ourselves by helping it to do it. We should spring to our feet to do it with a right royal Rebel yell, and should not let the yell be for ourselves alone; we should put an upper story on it and add three times three and a tiger for Uncle Sam in his present amiable mood toward his old-time so-called 'Rebel' friends."

After Senator Daniel's report Grand Commander George L. Christian introduced Gen. C. I. Walker, of South Carolina, who spoke earnestly and eloquently in behalf of the movement to speedily erect a monument to the women of the Confederacy. He explained how this work had been shifted from the shoulders of the old Veterans of those of the young and stalwart Sons, and, while urging them to push the work forward, at the same time expressed his confidence in their patriotism, ability, and willingness to give as good account of themselves in this work as their fathers, mothers, and sisters had done in their work from 1861 to 1865. "Never let it be forgotten that the South could not have been what it is to-day and what it will be but for the daring, endurance, and suffering of your fathers, and more especially the heroic devotion and sublime faith of your mothers."

A meeting of the Sons was held at the same time as that of the Grand Camp of Veterans, and the election of officers for the ensuing year resulted: E. Lee Trinkle, of Wytheville, Division Commander; A. H. Jennings, of Lynchburg, Commander of the First Brigade; and Edwin H. Courtney, of Richmond, Commander of the Second Brigade. A grand reunion ball was given by the Garland-Rodes Camp of Sons to the sponsors, maids of honor, visiting Sons, and Grand Camp officers.

Two of the most interesting figures in the parade were the distinguished United States Senator John W. Daniel, marching along, assisted by his crutch, in the ranks of the old soldiers, and little Ruth Vest, the charming little ten-year-old daughter of Col. Vest, of Brookneal, who, dressed in a suit

of Confederate gray, marched the entire distance covered by the old soldiers. The same spirit animated the Senator and the child.

"Lord God of hosts, not yet, not yet
Do we forget, do we forget!"

Hon. N. C. Hanson, Jr., welcomed the veterans to Lynchburg and Gen. Thomas T. Munford extended greeting in behalf of Garland-Rodes Camp. The response was by Col. William H. Stewart, of Portsmouth, in such an address as could be made by but few men.

COL. STEWART'S RESPONSE TO THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Gen. Munford: I am commissioned by the Grand Camp to return thanks for the hearty welcome—the love offering of Garland-Rodes Camp.

Love is the tenderest word in the English language. Love is the strongest thing on earth, the highest thing in heaven. It is the power of all that is good; it is the glory of all that is beautiful. Infinite love is the crown of Almighty Power. You have greeted us with hearts overflowing with love, giving us the greatest thing on earth or in heaven. You speak it not only in sweet language, but publish it in the decorations of your hills, your temples, and your homes; declare it in festivities fit for the pure in heart. Such a soul-stirring welcome makes our hearts leap with joy and our feet tread your avenues as sacred ground.

Friends of Lynchburg, God bless you for this royal reception; God give us abundant gratitude to appreciate it. The splendid purple of imperial power could not elevate our pride to such a high degree as this recognition. Here is no glitter of national eclat, no boasting of overpowering success, no exultation over conquered provinces; but the halo of pure goodness from that spiritual power which is balm for the wounded and life for the dead.

Your ladies bear flags with memories—flowers with perfumes to testify to your goodness and to touch our souls with tenderest praise that strikes deepest into our hearts and binds our affections with chains stronger than iron or steel.

TRIBUTE TO SOUTHERN WOMEN.

Our Southern ladies—how strong in tenderness! how powerful in goodness! how sweet in voice! how perfect in pleasantness! how wonderful is the weight of their helpfulness to men!

For eleven years the men of Jamestown struggled, once deserted, often heartbroken to go, ever failed to establish the first permanent English settlement in America until the widow and the maidens came to cheer their hearts and uphold their arms in the battles of the wilderness. Afterwards there was nevermore a thought of desertion, and the hopes of a free land embraced in the arms of the two greatest oceans of the world never waned until puritanical fanaticism chafed the spirit of cavalier into the combat between the sections of our American union.

When the fight was on and the legions of the South met the world in arms our ladies fed hungry soldiers, nursed the sick, wiped away the flowing blood of the wounded, rejoiced with us in our victories, sympathized with us in our defeats, prayed with the dying, and, when the surrender came, their unconquerable spirit braved the storm until life came back to murdered States. Our Southern women do not need the magic name of Robert E. Lee nor of Stonewall Jackson, the fame of Albert Sidney Johnston nor of Jefferson Davis, to make their deeds of love and self-sacrifice shine before the world—a leaderless army without uniform or rank—but with all the graces of temperance, goodness, virtue, courage, charity,

faith, and hope shone through the clouds of Appomattox as a rainbow in its splendid colors of promise.

The new flowers which have sprung through the bloody ashes of war to give indestructible States in an indestructible Union have been trained and cultivated by the peerless nerve of Southern women rather than the industrious behavior of the surrendered Confederate men. Their beautiful virtues and graces have gilded our glorious memories through every generation with unfading splendor. They are amongst the women of the world as the roses are amongst the flowers of our Southern homes. The comeliest and the strongest monument in the land must be dedicated to the Confederate women of 1861-65, that the mothers and daughters of that war may live forever in the memories of men.

ONE OF GEORGIA'S YOUNGEST SOLDIERS.

MATTHEW J. M'DONALD.

Matthew J. McDonald, nicknamed in his regiment "Mollie," enlisted in the summer of 1863 in Company I, First Georgia Cavalry, at the age of fourteen years. He served continuously with this regiment until January, 1865, when he was captured at Robertsville, S. C., and was kept a prisoner at Fort Delaware until about June, 1865. He went to Houston, Tex., in 1866, where he died of yellow fever October 1, 1867. The accompanying picture was taken in Texas a short



MATTHEW J. M'DONALD.

while before he died, at the age of eighteen years. While in Texas he was in the drug business, and gave his life during the fearful epidemic of 1867 to the care of the sick. His life there during the epidemic was like his war record, full of brave deeds and self-sacrifice. "Mollie" McDonald, of the First Georgia Cavalry, was a loving, daring cavalier. His surviving brothers are Mark and Luke McDonald, of Rome, Ga., and John McDonald, of Aberdeen, Miss.

ANOTHER YOUTH WHO WORE THE GRAY.—Dr. M. W.



Jewett, Commander of the Ivanhoe Camp, U. C. V., No. 1507, of Ivanhoe, Va., has a fine record as one of the youngest Confederate soldiers regularly enlisted. He entered the service of the Confederacy when he was thirteen years old, enlisting as a private in the Fifty-Ninth Virginia Infantry, and served at Charleston, S. C., in Florida, and

finally at Petersburg, Va. In addition to being Commander of his Camp, he is assistant surgeon on the staff of Gen. James Macgill, Commanding the Second Brigade of the Virginia Division, U. C. V.



THE YOUNGEST ON RECORD.—Comrade G. K. Crump, of Tunica, Miss., writes: "I have seen several claims made as to the youngest Confederate veteran, but I met recently one who, at time of enlistment and amount of actual service rendered, surpasses any record I have yet seen. George S. Lamkin was born at Winona, Miss., November 3, 1850. He joined Stanford's Mississippi Battery, at Grenada, Miss., on August 2, 1861, and at Shiloh, before he was twelve years old, was badly wounded. At Chickamauga he was wounded twice, once quite seriously. Mr. Lamkin was very tall for his age when he entered the service, and is now a man six feet and four inches tall. He lives at 880 Adams Street, Memphis, Tenn. Mr. Lamkin is of a retiring disposition, and was averse to my mentioning this matter, but I think it should be known as a matter of history."

REUNION RATES TO JACKSON, TENN.

Joseph Richardson, Chairman Southeastern Passenger Association, announces excursion rates to Jackson, Tenn., and return on the Frisco System, Illinois Central, Louisville and Nashville, Mobile and Ohio, Nashville and Chattanooga, Southern, and Tennessee Central Railroads. From all points in State of Tennessee, one cent per mile, plus arbitraries, plus twenty-five cents *per capita* for the round trip (minimum rate fifty cents). The twenty-five cents in the rate to be retained by the selling lines.

Tickets are restricted to continuous passage in each direction and will be sold October 11 and 12, with final limit October 14, 1904.

The following rates embraced in this tariff are: From Bristol, \$10.60; Chattanooga, \$5.75; Columbia, \$4.25; Cumberland Gap, \$9.25; Grand Junction, \$1.20; Harriman Junction, \$7.35; Humboldt, 60 cents; Jellico, \$9.20; Knoxville, \$7.95; Martin, \$1.35; McKenzie, \$1.10; Memphis, \$1.95; Milan, 70 cents; Nashville, \$3.30; Paris, \$1.45; Rives, \$1.40; Somerville, \$1.10; Union City, \$1.50.

CONFEDERATE FAMILIES TO BE UNITED.—The engagement and approaching marriage of Gen. James Macgill, of Pulaski, Va., and Miss Lucy Lee Hill, daughter of the famed Confederate chieftain, Lieut. Gen. A. P. Hill, is announced. Miss Hill was born in Richmond during the War between the States, but for a number of years has been living in Chicago, where she has been identified with a leading magazine. She is a lady of rare literary attainments and is widely known in social circles throughout the country. She is a favorite among the old veterans, aside from her own charming personality, on account of the glorious record of her famous father. Gen. Macgill is a prominent planter in Pulaski County, and lives the life of a country gentleman, residing in a palatial home.

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The report of the Executive Committee of the Confederate Memorial Association to the Board of Trustees of the Confederate Memorial Association, made at the Nashville reunion, contains the following:

"We secured the amendments to our charter, which were submitted to a meeting of the Board held in the city of Washington February 19, 1904, and as amended it was unanimously adopted. We have done everything in our power to get a trial of the suit against our Association, brought in New York City by the former Secretary and Superintendent (J. C. Underwood), through his assignee, John W. Shaughnessy, but up to this time we have not succeeded, owing to the very crowded condition of the docket of the United States Court in Brooklyn, in which the suit was brought and is pending. The chairman and other members of our committee have made several trips to New York to try to push this matter to successful conclusion. We have been exceedingly anxious to fix the date for laying the corner stone of our 'Battle Abbey,' and to push the building to completion, but have felt we ought to wait on the \$40,000 balance of the Rouss donation, which is hung up by the injunction gotten out by Underwood. Our Treasurer now has in his hands \$105,871.32 in the Virginia Trust Company, and the note of the city of Richmond for \$50,000, which can be at once converted into cash. The Secretary and Superintendent has reliable subscriptions for \$10,000, which can be collected on call, and other subscriptions on which he hopes to realize. So that as soon as we can get the \$40,000 balance from the Rouss estate, which counsel are confident we will do whenever they can get a trial of the Underwood suit, we will have in hand over the \$200,000 necessary to push the great enterprise to a happy conclusion. . . . We again very earnestly urge our friends everywhere to make contributions, large or small, to this great enterprise, which should command the practical sympathy of all true Confederates, and of all who wish to see the Confederate cause, and its adherents, vindicated at the bar of history. By order of the Executive Committee.

"ROBT. WHITE, *Chairman.*"

The Secretary and Superintendent, Dr. J. Wm. Jones, has been doing a great deal of "educational work" during the year—sending out thousands of circulars and personal letters, lecturing and speaking in important centers—and though he has been enabled to turn into the treasury only \$1,442.41 in cash, he has secured a number of reliable subscriptions, and many promises of future help upon which he confidently expects to realize.

It has been a specially unfavorable year for the collection of funds for our object, because there have been so many other similar objects, general and local, which have been pushed for contributions.

The Davis monument fund, now happily nearly complete; the monument to J. E. B. Stuart, the Forrest monument, the monument to Wade Hampton, the Beauvoir Soldiers' Home, the Kentucky and the Missouri Soldiers' Homes, the Stonewall Jackson Memorial Hospital, the Home for Needy Confederate Women, the monument to our late beloved Commander, General John B. Gordon, and many other local monuments—all most worthy objects—have appealed so strongly to our people that it has been hard to get a hearing for this enterprise.

We ought by all means to add largely to the fund we have

secured for the following reasons: We have, by the terms of the gift of Comrade Rouss, to set aside \$100,000 as a permanent endowment, the annuity on which will maintain and perpetuate our great memorial after we have passed away. We will need funds to establish a complete library of American history, and to collect pamphlets, manuscripts, etc., by which we can give all inquirers the truth concerning our glorious history. We shall need funds for the portrait gallery and "Hall of Fame," in which shall be gathered the portraits and statues of our leaders, of the heroes of the rank and file, and of noble women who did so much to help on our great struggle for constitutional freedom.

We earnestly appeal for help in one of the following ways: Cannot our friends in the several States raise, by private subscription or State appropriation, the funds with which to place a statue of their own selection in our "Hall of Fame?"

The statues of the patriot heroes of 1861-65 may be denied places in the "Hall of Fame" in Washington; but we can put them in our "Battle Abbey," in the old capital of the Southern Confederacy.

Let Camps of Veterans and Sons, Chapters of the Daughters, and Memorial Associations make us donations; let individuals make contributions, large or small, as they may be able. Send the names and addresses of parties able, and probably willing, to help to the Secretary. Arrange for the Secretary to deliver lectures for the benefit of this fund, dividing proceeds with some local object when desired. We cordially congratulate our friends generally that we are at last within reach of the beautiful Memorial which was founded by our lamented comrade, Charles B. Rouss, and we confidently appeal to them to help us make it worthy of our Confederate Cause, our leaders, our self-sacrificing private soldiers, our devoted women, and our Confederate people generally.

We have erected monuments to individuals, and to classes of our heroes; let us make this a monument to them all, as well as a great library and depository, from whence the future historian may draw material with which to tell the true story of our great struggle for constitutional freedom.

All checks should be made payable to the order of George L. Christian, Treasurer C. M. A., and sent to J. Wm. Jones, Secretary and Superintendent, Richmond, Va.

It is proper to add that every dollar now contributed to this fund goes into the treasury without the deduction of a cent for salaries, commissions, or expenses of any kind whatever, these being met out of the interest on our invested funds.

With thanks for the kind consideration so generally shown your Board in the past, we go forth to the future with hope and confidence.

By order of the Board. CLEMENT A. EVANS, *President.*

TO UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Mrs. O. A. Carr, President of the Carr-Burdette College, Sherman, Tex., Chairman Programme Committee, writes:

"Mrs. J. C. Lea, of Dallas, Tex., the 'Ranch Queen of Texas,' assisted by prominent ladies of the great Lone Star State, will entertain the Daughters of the Confederacy at the World's Fair, St. Louis, in the Texas Building, October 7, 1904, from 3 to 5 P.M.

"The United Daughters of the Confederacy are cordially invited to be present at the reception given in their honor. It will be characteristically and ideally Southern."

PARTICULARS OF GEN. JOHN ADAMS'S DEATH.

BY CAPT. THOMAS GIBSON, NASHVILLE.

In your issues of July and August mention is made of the death of Gen. John Adams in a way that, to the casual reader or one not familiar with the facts, is calculated to rob that gallant soldier of a part of the glory he won on the bloody field of Franklin at the cost of his life. Both the notices I refer to are taken from the last book (he wrote two) of Maj. Gen. J. D. Cox, U. S. A., on the battle of Franklin. It says: "In one of the lulls between these attacks, when the smoke was so thick one could see only a very little way in front, the officers of my line discovered a mounted officer in front forming for another attack. Shots were fired, and horse and rider fell. The horse struggled to his feet, dashed for the breastworks, leaped upon them, and fell dead astride of them. The wounded officer was Gen. John Adams. He was brought in, and soon died."

The inference is that Gen. Adams was killed some distance out in front, and that his wounded horse struggled to his feet, dashed for the breastworks, and fell dead across them. Any one writing history should be careful to gather facts. Now, the true and correct statement of Gen. Adams's death is embodied in Gen. Cox's report, made directly after the battle and published in Volume XLV., Part I., page 352, "Official Records War of the Rebellion," in which he says: "On reaching the orange hedge in front of Stiles's left, they first endeavored to force their way through it. The tough and thorny shrub foiled them, and they attempted to file around the hedge by flank and under a terribly withering fire from Stiles's and Casement's Brigades and the batteries on the flank. In front of Stiles's right and Casement's left, the obstructions being fewer, the enemy advanced rapidly and in fine order up to the breastworks and made desperate efforts to carry them. Their officers showed the most heroic example and self-sacrifice, riding up to our lines in advance of their men, cheering them on. One general officer (Adams) was shot down upon the parapet itself, his horse falling dead across the breastworks," etc.

In his first book on the battle of Franklin, written a few years after the war, in mentioning the incident, Gen. Cox is evidently guided by his official report, for he says: "Against Casement's line, Walthall's and Loring's Divisions made the assault. . . . Gen. John Adams led his brigade, riding straight at the ditch, leaping it and mounting the parapet, where his horse was killed astride of it."

Gen. Casement, U. S. A., above mentioned, wrote to Mrs. Gen. Adams in 1891, saying: "It was my fortune to stand in our line within a foot of where Gen. Adams succeeded in getting his horse's forelegs over our line, and the poor beast died there. . . . There was not a man in my command who witnessed this gallant ride that did not express his admiration of the rider and wish that he might have lived to wear the honors he so gallantly won."

Col. Edwin A. Baker, U. S. A., of Gen. Casement's Brigade, and who received and cared for Gen. Adams on the field, wrote to Mrs. Adams in 1891, and in speaking of the incident of Gen. Adams's death said: "By this time they were within a few paces and received a terrific volley from our guns. They fell by thousands, and their decimated ranks fell back only to re-form and come back again. I doubt if in the history of the world a single instance of such desperate and undaunted valor can be produced. In one of these charges, more desperate than any that followed, Gen. Adams rode up to our works and, cheering his men, made an attempt to leap

his horse over them. The horse fell dead on top of the works, and the General, pierced with bullets, was caught under him. As soon as the charge was repulsed our men *sprang* upon the works and lifted the horse, while others dragged the General from under him. He was perfectly conscious, realized his condition, and asked for water. One of the men gave him his canteen and another brought some cotton from an old gin-house near by and made him a pillow. The General gallantly thanked the men for their attention and, in answer to our expressions of sorrow for his sad condition, said quietly, 'It is the fate of a soldier to die for his country,' and expired."

Thus it is shown from Maj. Gen. Cox's official report, from his first book (written when the circumstances were fresh in his mind), from the testimony of Gen. Casement (whose forces opposed Gen. Adams), from Col. Baker, U. S. A. (who cared for the dying hero), all of whom witnessed the incident, that Gen. Adams and his horse were both killed on top of the enemy's breastworks and that Gen. Adams did not "fall" out in front, not even "a very little way," as intimated in the extracts taken from Gen. Cox's last book, written thirty years after the occurrence.

There is only one way I can account for Gen. Cox's statement that "horse and rider fell" when his men fired. Old



GEN. JOHN ADAMS.

Charley, Gen. Adams's war horse, had that peculiar habit, noticed in a number of prominent officers' horses during the war, of sometimes squatting close to the ground when under fire. I was adjutant general on Gen. Adams's staff, and have seen the horse do this many times. It might have been that Gen. Cox's informant saw him do it as Gen. Adams was aligning his men for the last desperate charge that old Charley and his heroic rider were ever to lead, and assumed that both horse and rider had fallen.

In a very interesting letter of historical value, written by Col. W. D. Gale, A.A.G., in Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart's staff, dated January 14, 1865, to Mrs. Gale (see *VETERAN* for January, 1894), he states: "I rode over the field early in the day before the details which I ordered had begun to bury the dead. It was awful! The ditch at the enemy's line, on the right and left of the pike, was literally filled with dead bodies lying across each other in all unseemly deformity of violent death. Gen. Adams rode his horse upon the breast-works, and both horse and rider fell there." Note that Gen. Adams belonged to Gen. Stewart's Corps, hence the value of Col. Gale's testimony fresh from the battlefield.

CRUSHING M'COOK'S CORPS AT CHICKAMAUGA.

Col. Smith D. Atkins, Commander of the Ninety-Second Illinois Regiment of Mounted Infantry, and who made a desperate but ineffectual attempt to check our troops as they poured through the gap made the first day in the Federal lines by the giving way of King's Brigade, gives an interesting account of how we crushed McCook's Corps, of Gen. Thomas's army. Quoting from the history of the Ninety-Second Illinois, he says (after being repulsed in their effort to check our line): "The regiment sought the left flank of the enemy that had repulsed it, passed around it, and found Wilder's (Federal) Brigade in the rear, where they formed and remained in line of battle all night, while the rest of the brigade was drawn back and formed on the right of McCook's Corps. Shortly after sunrise the next morning a heavy column of Rebel troops was observed passing around the left flank of the Ninety-Second, making no noise, unaccompanied by any mounted officer, and frequently halting as their light skirmish line in front would halt. Information was at once sent to McCook advising him of this movement, but he irritably denied the truthfulness of the information. Little by little, and as silent as darkness, the gray-coated columns crept steadily around toward McCook's left. Lieut. Col. Sheets, of the Ninety-Second, was himself sent to inform McCook of the threatening danger, and was most discourteously received by McCook. So the Ninety-Second could only stand and await developments. They could have made no impression by charging on that dense mass (we understood it was Longstreet's Corps), and they could not have done so without positive disobedience of orders in leaving the position assigned them. Hours passed, and then, with a yell and irresistible force, that quiet, heavy column of Rebels sprang upon McCook's left, and in less than ten minutes it was irretrievably lost; and in a short time that amazed general, who had been twice warned of his danger, looked on helplessly and saw his corps broken into fragments and floating off from the battlefield in detachments and squads like flecks of foam on a stream. The Ninety-Second fell back and joined Wilder's Brigade, that was on the right of McCook's Corps. Wilder could see from the hills that McCook had occupied the heavy columns of the Rebels, and conceived the bold idea of charging through them, taking them in flank, and joining Gen. Thomas on the left. He had five regiments and a splendid battery, and, excepting three or four of his companies, all of his men were armed with Spencer repeating rifles. His idea was to form two regiments in the front line of battle with opening in center for his battery, with a regiment on each flank in column, and with the Ninety-Second in line of battle in rear of the battery. Wilder was just the man to conceive and lead such a desperate charge. The Ninety-Second was just moving into the position assigned it in the charging column when Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, rode up to Wilder, ordered him not

to make the attempt, and to withdraw his command to Chattanooga. Wilder gathered up the artillery McCook's command had abandoned, about a hundred ambulances of his wounded soldiers, and sullenly retreated, followed by Forrest's Cavalry, going into bivouac after dark about five miles south of Chattanooga in the shadows of Lookout Mountain."

WALTHALL'S BRIGADE AT CHICKAMAUGA.

BY CAPT. J. D. SMITH, HOUSTON, MISS.

About the 12th of September Walthall's Brigade, consisting of the Twenty-Fourth, Twenty-Seventh, Twenty-Ninth, Thirtieth, and Thirty-Fourth Mississippi Regiments, moved to Lafayette, Ga., where we remained one day. On the 14th Hill's Division, to which we were attached for the purpose, made an effort to capture a large force of the enemy who had incautiously exposed themselves. They, however, were apprised of our movement, and by a rapid movement escaped.

Late in the evening of the 17th we made an attempt to capture Alexander's bridge, which spanned Chickamauga Creek. It was defended on the north side of the creek by Wilder's Brigade, concealed in one of the most impenetrable thickets I ever saw, while we were in open ground. The planks of the bridge had been removed, and, it being impossible to cross, we moved down the creek a short distance, and about sundown waded the stream, the enemy in the meantime having retreated. We moved forward something over a mile and bivouacked for the night.

The next morning (the 18th) at daylight we were formed in line of battle, awaiting orders to bring on the attack. Our position was on the extreme right of our line, our right flank being protected by Forrest's Cavalry. About sunrise Hood's Division, of Longstreet's Corps, passed our line, moving to the left wing of the army.

We were soon ordered forward to engage the enemy, who gave us a very galling fire of musketry and artillery. We returned their fire, raised the Confederate yell, charged, and drove them from their position. Ector's and Liddell's Brigades, successively, had already made an effort to dislodge them, but had failed. Gen. Walthall then went to Gen. Polk and asked him to let him charge them with his brigade, and, after some hesitancy, he consented. Walthall assembled his regimental commanders and told them to withhold their fire until they reached the works, saying that the other two brigades had lost their advantage by stopping to fight. He ordered us to go at a double-quick to a slight depression of ground between the enemies' line and ours, and there drop down and rest until he gave orders to charge. At his command we were to rise and rush, without firing, with all speed to the works. The scheme worked like a charm, and the enemy were swept away by the rapid onslaught. We captured a whole park of artillery, consisting of seventeen splendid cannon, although it was supported by Gen. Baird's Brigade of United States Regulars. Another authority states that it was Van Cleave's Division. This was a grand charge, and it made Walthall a major general, but it cost us the lives of many of our bravest men.

About sundown Cleburne's Division, which had been in reserve, came to our relief, and in another grand charge they drove the enemy still farther to the rear. The writer was senior captain of the Twenty-Fourth Mississippi, and entered the battle acting as major, but before the fight was over the other field officers were wounded, and he had command of the regiment.

On the next day (Sunday) it was nearly ten o'clock before

a gun was fired, although it was understood that the battle was to begin at daylight. Breckinridge brought on the attack, and, being hard pressed, our brigade was hurried to his support. We soon checked the enemy's advance, and finally drove him rapidly to the rear.

Late in the evening Granger's Division of fresh troops (Federal) made a gallant charge upon our line which we succeeded in checking, though their cannonading was very severe. We were now far to the front, when all at once we noticed that some sort of a stampede had struck the Federals, and they were making a wild, uncontrollable rush for Chattanooga. As our brigade was somewhat along their route, they plunged right through our line in their wild race for safety. Horsemen, footmen, wagons, caissons, cannon—all rushed by us, over and about us, and we were powerless to check their thoroughly terrified men.

This occurred about nightfall. Next morning Gen. Walthall ordered me to take my regiment and go to the front and "hunt for Yankees." I deployed skirmishers, and after advancing about a mile I came across an immense hospital belonging to the Fourteenth Army Corps. I informed the surgeon in charge that he was within our lines and asked him where was his army. He replied: "In Chattanooga."

Thus in brief I have given the part that Walthall's Brigade played in the great and bloody battle of Chickamauga.

LUMSDEN'S BATTERY AT BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.

BY JAMES R. MAXWELL, TUSCALOOSA, ALA.

Capt. Charles L. Lumsden was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, and at the outbreak of the war was military instructor of the corps of cadets at the University of Alabama. Under authority of the Confederate War Department he organized a battery of light artillery, all the officers and men volunteering from Tuscaloosa County, Ala., and served throughout the war. But it is only of the part this battery played at the battle of Nashville that I write; and be it understood that the writer was only a sergeant who, during most of the fight, was handling the trail of the fourth gun of the battery, aiming it at the enemy, while the cannoners were doing their part loading and firing.

Gen. Hood's line extended from about the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad on the right to a little beyond the Hillsboro Pike on the left, about three and a half miles from Nashville. From the left of Hood's line to the Cumberland River, below Nashville, there were several miles of farming country crossed by the Harding and Charlotte Pikes, which were picketed by Gen. Chalmers's Cavalry, of about one thousand men, and Ector's Skeleton Brigade, seven or eight hundred strong. Gen. Hood had ordered five redoubts to be built to protect his left; three of them at the end just in rear of his intrenched line and the other two about a mile in rear of his extreme left, the troops occupying these latter two being ordered to "hold them at all hazards." These two redoubts were numbered four and five.

About December 9 Lumsden's Battery was ordered to occupy Redoubt No. 4. The battery consisted of four twelve-pound smoothbore Napoleon guns that at six or eight hundred yards could be used with fair accuracy. Arriving at our position, we found that a slight trench, indicating the position of the guns and with a shallow ditch on either side for the infantry that were to support us, was all the fortifications that had been made. The weather was extremely cold from the 9th to the 14th: snow, sleet, and ice, with the ground frozen every morning. With a few old picks, shovels, and axes we succeeded in getting up breastworks in our immediate

front, perhaps some seven feet high, with embrasures for the guns. All the horses, except one or two for courier work, were sent to the rear in charge of Lieut. Caldwell and the drivers, and we were then "ready for action."

There were present for duty Capt. Lumsden, Lieuts. E. H. Hargrove and A. C. Hargrove, Orderly Sergeant Mack Shivers, Sergeants James Jones, John Little, James Cardwell, and J. R. Maxwell in charge of the first, second, third, and fourth pieces, respectively, with a complement of one gunner and nine cannoners to each piece, making a total of forty-eight men, rank and file. One hundred infantry, under Capt. John A. Foster, of the Twenty-Ninth Alabama, was our support, and were in the ditches on each side of the battery. These ditches were about two feet deep.

The sleet and snow had melted by the morning of the 15th and a heavy fog concealed everything. Scattering shots and an occasional wounded man coming from the front told us that the enemy was on the move around Hood's left flank. Gen. Thomas, in command of the Federal army, moved out from his right with the Fifth Division of his Cavalry Corps, Gen. Hatch commanding, with two brigades of four regiments each, supported by Knipe's Division of Cavalry in reserve, while A. J. Smith's Corps was the right wing of his infantry.

Gen. Chalmers's one thousand Confederate cavalry was first struck on Richland Creek by Hatch, who had dismounted six of his eight regiments, and driven back rapidly. Smith's Infantry Corps, pivoting opposite Hood's left, made a left wheel with a thick cloud of skirmishers in front, driving back Ector's Skeleton Brigade, which had been extended until they were nothing more than a thin skirmish line. It was about 11 A.M. when Ector's men passed us in retreat, going on both sides of our battery, leaving the bushy hollow in our front and to our right front full of Federal sharpshooters. Capt. Lumsden called to the officer to rally his men and help us hold our position, stating that we were ordered to hold it at all hazards. "It can't be done, sir; there is a whole army in your front," was the reply, and away they went. About this time our



MISS PATTIE RIGGINS, LAKELAND, FLA., .
Maid of Honor to Miss Gracy, Sponsor for Florida.

part of the game opened. Three eight-gun batteries took position on a ridge about six hundred yards from us and opened fire on our battery. "Cannoneers, to your posts! Load shell six hundred yards! Battery, ready! Fire!" were Capt. Lumsden's orders, and at it we went with four smoothbore guns behind the slight breastworks mentioned against twenty-four rifled pieces.

Corporal Ed King, of my gun, soon got the range, but was wounded by a splinter, and I was ordered to "take the trail." This suited me, for I had been gunner during the whole year's work, from Dalton to Atlanta, and was glad to get back in my old place again. The dirt, chunks, and stones were knocked in showers about us by the twenty-four guns of the enemy. For two hours we kept up the fight with that Yankee battery. Twice Capt. Lumsden had sent word back to Gen. Stewart telling him the situation: that a charge would sweep us off at any moment. The only reply was, "Hold them back as long as you can." It was about one o'clock when suddenly, and square off to our left about five hundred yards, another Federal four-gun battery opened on us, completely enfilading our position. My gun, being our left piece, was ordered to open on it, and the next gun to me was withdrawn sufficiently from the embrasure to give it range across the rear of my piece, and with solid shot we began to pound them. It was not long before we drove them off and again turned our attention to those in front. In whirling my gun back I broke off the rear pointing ring on the trail, but quickly looping it with a trace I soon had her "barking" again through the embrasure.

Just then Private Horton, No. 3 of my gun, went down, with a shot in his groin; he was carried to the rear, and that night we buried the poor fellow near the Franklin Pike. Helm Rosser, a lad of seventeen, the youngest of three brothers that belonged to the battery, had his head shot off by a shell, scattering his brains in the face of Capt. Lumsden. Shortly after this the captain shouted: "Look out, men! give them canister!" They had, unobserved, worked around our left under the hill and were making a rush on us. One more discharge through the embrasure and one to my left were all I had time for before they were on us. I ran to my right, and as I did so the piece next to me was whirled to the left and pointed toward the Yankees, swarming a few feet away from my gun. "Look out, Jim," shouted the gunner, and I fell directly under the muzzle, the discharge passing over me. The gun was loaded again with a double charge of canister, and Capt. Lumsden ordered, "Fire!" but the primer would not work, and, as the Yankees were almost in arm's reach of us, the captain told us to look out for ourselves. One of the men had another charge of canister in his hand when this order was given, and he threw it into the muzzle of the gun as he turned to run. I learned afterwards that when the Yankees turned it on us it exploded. I had gone about fifty yards down the hill on the jump when I ran over an Enfield rifle that was cocked, the glitter of the cap catching my eye. I snatched it up, turned, and fired at a fellow standing on one of our guns whirling his cap over his head, but did not tarry to see what damage I did. Obliquing to my left, I soon struck the pike and caught up with our infantry, forming behind a stone wall. One of them called to me as I came up: "Say, partner, it was pretty hot over on that hill, wasn't it? You fellows certainly held them back longer than we expected."

After resting awhile, I went to a red brick house, where I found Capt. Lumsden reporting to Gen. Stewart and complaining about being sacrificed. I heard Gen. Stewart say: "Look at the situation, captain; you can see it could not have been helped, but you and your men did all that men could

do." That night I was pouring water from a canteen for Capt. Lumsden to bathe his face and hands. I noticed that he would pick something from his beard, and I asked what it was. "That is poor Rosser's brains, Maxwell," he replied. I learned afterwards that six of our infantry support were killed by one shell, and that an infantry lieutenant and two of his men were killed while helping to handle the first section. They had been forced to seek protection in our works, as their trench became untenable during the terrific artillery duel and there was nothing they could see to shoot at. But when twelve regiments of Yankee infantry and four regiments of their dismounted cavalry armed with Spencer rifles charged that little squad there was nothing they could do but fire and run, as they couldn't fly. Vision of a Yankee prison added speed to my heels, and nothing but a Yankee bullet could have caught me as I went down the hill.

The force lined up in our front about 11 A.M. consisted of about fourteen thousand, according to Federal official reports. It was McArthur's Division, of A. J. Smith's Corps, composed of Cogswell's eight-gun battery, Second Iowa eight-gun battery, and Second Missouri eighteen three-inch rifle guns. The two latter report to have fired one thousand rounds each, and it is presumed Cogswell did the same. Supporting these guns were two lines of battle, twenty paces apart, made up of twelve regiments of infantry. In addition to these, about 1 P.M. Hatch came up with his two brigades of dismounted cavalry and a four-gun battery—amounting in all to 12,457 men and 732 officers, infantry, artillery, and cavalry that were stopped for three hours by Lumsden's little four-gun battery manned by forty-eight officers and men, for our supports could do nothing to assist us. The truth is, that if the Yankee skirmishers had followed up Ector's skirmishers, who passed us about 11 A.M., we would have been forced to surrender at once and almost without firing a shot. As it was, they spent three hours on us and over three thousand shells, to say nothing of the damage we did them.

VIRGINIA MONUMENTS AND CEMETERIES.

The Committee on Monuments and Cemeteries appointed by the Virginia Division, U. D. C., is diligent in its important work. A circular letter to all Chapters of the Virginia Division United Daughters of the Confederacy, Memorial Associations, and Confederate organizations states: "It is the work of the committee to prepare a complete report of all Confederate monuments and cemeteries in the State of Virginia. In compiling this report we ask the assistance of all Virginia Chapters, U. D. C., Memorial Associations, and Confederate organizations. Kindly correspond with Mrs. A. C. Wyckoff, Chairman, Laurel, Md., representing the Seventeenth Virginia Regiment, giving full report of all Confederate memorial work in your immediate vicinity. Of monuments give location, exact date of erection, unveiling, approximate cost, etc. Photographs of monuments are especially desired. Of cemeteries give location, number of soldiers buried, graves cared for, etc. We will gratefully receive any information of intrinsic value and historical interest. Daughters of the Confederacy, it is our privilege, our sacred duty, to place on record the Confederate memorial work in Virginia.

MRS. A. CORNELIUS WYCKOFF, *Chairman,*
Seventeenth Virginia Regiment Chapter.

The members of the committee other than Mrs. Wyckoff are: Mrs. Bennett T. Gordon, John S. Mosby Chapter; Miss Lucy Neville Gold, Stonewall Chapter; Mrs. James Williams, Shenandoah Chapter; Mrs. Margaret L. Preston, Smythe

County Chapter. This committee seeks volunteers for information, especially in the counties of Stafford, King George, Westmoreland, Northumberland, Lancaster, Middlesex, Northampton, Accomac, King and Queen.

LIEUT. GEN. W. J. HARDEE.

BY EX-GOV. JAS. D. PORTER, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Under the title of "Echoes from the Reunion," in the July VETERAN, my old friend and comrade, Col. W. D. Pickett, of the State of Wyoming, himself one of the strongest and most distinguished soldiers in the Army of Tennessee, correctly writes that "Southern public opinion" has never accorded the recognition of the achievements of Lieut. Gen. Hardee, as they so preëminently deserve. It cannot be explained, unless it grows out of the fact that inferior soldiers now living are so persistent and industrious in keeping themselves in the public eye that many of the real heroes of the war are forgotten.

Animated by the suggestion of Col. Pickett's paper herein mentioned, I have written the following brief tribute to one of our foremost soldiers:

William J. Hardee, native of Georgia, educated at West Point Military Academy, resigned from the army of the United States in 1861, was at once commissioned a brigadier general in the Confederate army, was on duty in Arkansas until the autumn of that year, when, with the troops under his

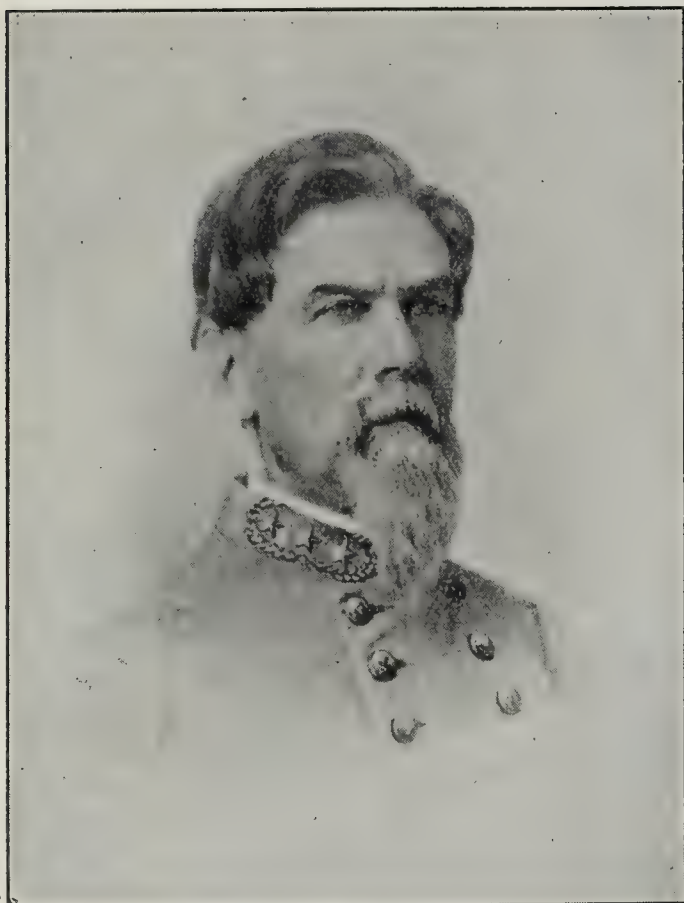
accomplished soldier in the Army of Tennessee. He knew the science of war in its every detail. He was familiar with the duties of the general staff, and made it a constant study and the subject of the most watchful care.

His opportunities had been great. He was for several years commandant of cadets at the Military Academy; he was the author of the standard work on military tactics, and was a great authority on that subject. He attended the Cavalry School of Saumur, in France; he served in Florida and on the plains; he was with Taylor at Monterey, with Scott from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, and was always commended for gallantry and skill. At Bowling Green he was the right arm of Albert Sidney Johnston, as he was subsequently of Joseph E. Johnston. He led the advance to Shiloh Church and brought on the battle, and conducted his part of it with consummate skill and won promotion.

Gen. Bragg was equally distinguished at Shiloh. Next to Sidney Johnston he was the favorite of Jefferson Davis over all Confederate soldiers; but Hardee was the better soldier. Bragg delivered battle with judgment and skill, but a slight reverse caused him to lose his head. A reverse to Hardee was an inspiration to renewed and greater action, and in an effort to restore a broken line or to recover lost ground his resources were without limit. From Shiloh to Bentonville no field was lost through fault of his. One of these days, when the VETERAN has a surplus of space and I have more leisure, I will recount to its readers the story of his campaigns. But I will correct one misapprehension prevailing in the minds of our comrades. It is believed by many of them that the command of the army was offered to Hardee when Johnston was relieved. The contrary is true. When Hood was appointed to it, Hardee complained at its injustice, and was relieved from the command of his corps at his own request. Mr. Davis replied to him, by way of excuse: "When Bragg was relieved at Dalton, you asked for the assignment of Joe Johnston to the command of the army, when you were already in command as next in rank to Bragg." Hardee answered: "Yes, but the officers and men, without exception, desired that Johnston should command them, and I would not permit my own ambition to come between them and their wishes." The Army of Tennessee had long been dissatisfied with Gen. Bragg, and Gen. Hardee believed that it was wise to put an acceptable man at the head of it. As a lieutenant general he belongs to the same class with Stonewall Jackson, and yet at the late Confederate reunion no public mention was made of his name.

Nashville, Tenn., August 29, 1904.

A CHIVALROUS ACT OF A FEDERAL OFFICER.—At the battle of Missionary Ridge W. H. Surles, an officer in the Second Ohio Infantry, captured Lieut. A. M. Wing, of the Thirty-Second Alabama Infantry, and took possession of his sword. Mr. Surles has long desired to return this sword, but could not locate the original owner until recently, when, through the untiring efforts of Mr. Archie Searight, a member of the Sons of Veterans, G. A. R., Lieut. Wing was located and the sword returned. Lieut. Wing lives at Jackson, Ala., and is a member of Camp Calhoun, U. C. V. His name is embossed on the blade, and when it was returned his Camp passed the following resolution, a copy of which was sent to Officer Surles: "We hereby tender to Officer W. H. Surles our appreciation of the spirit that moved him to perform this generous act; that it indicates that spirit of reconciliation and soldierly gallantry which are greatly commended and reciprocated. We wish and pray for him a long, happy, and useful life."



LIEUT. GEN. W. J. HARDEE.

command, he joined Gen. A. S. Johnston at Bowling Green, Ky., and was thereafter identified with the Army of Tennessee until after the battle of Jonesboro, Ga., in 1864.

Gen. Hardee was promoted to major general, and was made lieutenant general for conspicuous conduct at Shiloh.

In the judgment of the writer, Gen. Hardee was the most

GEN. GEORGE H. THOMAS.

BY MISS KATE MASON ROWLAND, RICHMOND.

There is an article in the June VETERAN, headed "Regard of Gen. George H. Thomas for the South," by Maj. A. W. Wills, a Union officer. To a Confederate, and a Virginian, it sounds like irony to speak of a Northern invader's "regard" for the South; for a Northern general Maj. George H. Thomas became in 1861, though he had been a Virginian. The writer of these reminiscences says: "Gen. Lee thought his first allegiance was to his native State; while Gen. Thomas thought differently, believed he owed his allegiance first to his country (?), and remained loyal to the Union. The following letter of Gen. Thomas shows conclusively that he thought his allegiance was to his native State, which was of course his "country;" and that it would be dishonorable to remain in the service of the United States; that to be loyal to the "Union" of the Northern States when Virginia was in a "Union" of Southern States, and to draw his sword against her and his home and kindred would be an act alike "repulsive to honor and humanity."

I give you a copy of Gen. Thomas's letter—the original is on file in the archives of the Virginia State Library—that your readers may see how Gen. Thomas stood on this question:

"NEW YORK HOTEL, March 12, 1861.

"His Excellency, Gov. John Letcher, Richmond, Va.

"Dear Sir: I received yesterday a letter from Maj. Gilham, of the Virginia Military Institute, dated the —th inst., in reference to the position of Chief of Ordnance of the State, in which he informs me that you had requested him to 'ask me if I would resign from the service, and if so, whether that post would be acceptable to me.' As he requested me to make my reply to you direct, I have the honor to state, after expressing my most sincere thanks for your kind offer, that *it is not my wish to leave the service of the United States as long as it is honorable for me to remain in it; and, therefore, as long as my native State, Virginia, remains in the Union, it is my purpose to remain in the army unless required to perform duties alike repulsive to honor and humanity.*

"I am, sir, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"GEORGE H. THOMAS.

"Major U. S. Army."

What was it that caused Maj. Thomas to change his views so quickly as to what was so "repulsive to honor and humanity?"

The other letter is dated August 5, 1904, and was addressed to Rev. E. H. Byrns:

"My Dear Sir and Brother: I have your recent letter, and, to be frank with you, I will tell you that, whether you intended it or not, you have placed me in a false light before my own federation of U. C. V., and the entire country, with reference to my position and attitude toward the preliminary meeting of the Blue and Gray at St. Louis, looking to the reunion of the two great organizations of the G. A. R. and U. C. V. in Washington next year. I reminded you that you have written me so many letters, all of which I have in my possession, and I say that there is not a line in these letters which authorizes you to commit me by resolution, as you did in the St. Louis meeting, as absolutely favoring the great reunion of the Blue and Gray in Washington. I call your attention to the last paragraph of my letter of January 21, 1904, in which, after giving my views, I distinctly say: 'I therefore beg to be excused from the public expression of

opinion in this matter, at least until your work and plan have been fully developed.' I call your attention also to another one of your own letters, in which you say: 'It is settled that the Blue and the Gray are to have an informal meeting at St. Louis, July 15, 1904, whether you [I] patronize it or not.' I call your attention also to your letter late to me, in which you say: 'I am in correspondence with Gen. Black; both you and he are asked to appoint five men each.' Gen. Black wrote a good letter for the Veterans—that is, one that pleased them, and which he gave permission to be read. Your views touching a social gathering of the Veterans were mentioned; nothing, however, was read or said of any special message from you to the St. Louis meeting. I took the liberty, after Gen. Black's letter was read, to state that, in all my correspondence with you, you were fully as much in sympathy with all social gatherings of the Blue and Gray as was Gen. Black, and I also read a short letter where you had once spoken kindly of the soldiers of both sides, *but your name was not used in any way as a promoter of the St. Louis meeting.*

"Now, my brother, you have taken my always conservative letters and remarks, and made them appear as you did in those resolutions as representing me 'in full accord with the objects of this meeting'—viz., the St. Louis meeting. And in doing this you have put me in a false attitude not only before my own federation, but before the whole country. Gen. Black and myself occupy two very responsible positions, and politicians are constantly trying to influence sectional feeling, and taking advantage of any misstep that may be made by the Union and Confederate organizations. There are many conditions surrounding our positions, and it behooves us to go slowly, and not make any mistake. You have no doubt noticed that in New Orleans, Louisville, and other places a race issue looms up even among the Union Veterans, and in any steps that the Grand Army of the Republic and the United Confederate Veterans may take with reference to any reunion, they must be safely guarded. Theoretically, if we could have the reunion you propose, it would be a grand affair, but I have always felt that practically it would bring out issues which would be unpleasant and do great harm. As a minister of the gospel, you do not come in contact with these abnormal conditions as those of us who have had to meet them."

A HOME FOR NEEDY CONFEDERATE WOMEN.

On July 1, at Richmond, Va., the Home for Needy Confederate Women was dedicated. This is the first "Home" of this kind that has yet been opened, although a similar movement has been started in Texas. This matter should have the attention of the Veterans, their sons, and daughters, in every State in the South, for, as Gen. Lee says in a general order approving the action at Richmond, "It is a just and tardy tribute to the greatest body of human beings the world has ever known, the women of the Confederacy." No one questions the necessity of caring for our old and needy veterans that they may pass their remaining days in comfort and free from want. Equally great, if not greater, is the necessity of caring for the old wives and mothers, who in giving their husbands and sons to the Confederacy gave their all, and even after these were lost continued with tireless energy, unwavering faith, and sublime courage to help the cause for which their loved ones died. Such women or their daughters should never be allowed to suffer in a country as prosperous as ours.

LEE AND LONGSTREET AT GETTYSBURG.

Maj. J. Coleman Alderson writes from Charleston, W. Va.:

"Editor Veteran: I was first lieutenant commanding Company A, Thirty-Sixth Battalion of Virginia Cavalry, Jenkins's Brigade, which led the advance of Lee's army into Pennsylvania. Immediately after reaching Carlisle, June 28, Gen. Jenkins sent me with orders from Gen. Lee to Gen. Early, who was marching on York, Pa. I selected only five trusted men from my company to accompany me. The whole country was arming and in terrible excitement. We reached Early's headquarters, a few miles south of York, about twelve o'clock that night. After delivering Gen. Lee's orders, abbreviated notes of which I carefully made and which I have to-day, I returned and learned that my command had moved on to Harrisburg. Gen. Ewell assigned me temporarily to Gen. Rodes's staff.

"About ten o'clock on the morning of July 1 I rode up to the top of Oak Hill, some distance north of Pennsylvania College, and saw that it commanded the whole Federal army. I immediately reported this fact to Gen. Rodes in the presence of Gen. Ewell, and he ordered Col. Carter to occupy that commanding position with his entire battalion as quick as possible. The batteries came up on a dead run just in time to save Heth's Division, which had been driven back across Willoughby's Run by the Second United States Army Corps, Gen. Reynolds commanding. Reynolds soon fell mortally wounded, where his magnificent statue now stands.

"About 4:30 o'clock that afternoon I was sent to Gen. Lee with some information. I found him standing alone on an eminence in an open field, some distance to the right of Heth's Division, with the bridle rein of Traveler thrown over his right arm and looking anxiously through his field glasses at either Gen. Gordon's or Rodes's command retiring from Cemetery Ridge. While I remained standing within a few feet of him I heard the clatter of horses' feet. I turned and saw Gen. Longstreet galloping up, with his long black beard floating over his shoulders and an orderly following a few paces in his rear. He dismounted, stepped to the front of Lee, and gave him the regular military salute. Lee responded and instantly said: 'General Longstreet, where is your command?' Both faced about, and Longstreet, pointing, said: 'General, there comes the head of my column where you see that dust rising.' It was three or four miles in our rear. Gen. Lee replied quickly with flushed cheek: 'I am sorry, sir, you were not up sooner, as I had ordered you.' Longstreet replied: 'I hope, General, I am not too late.' Lee said: 'If you had come up sooner, as I expected you, I intended to send you in the rear of those hills, and we would have captured *those people* [he always called the Yankees "people"] this evening, but you are too late, sir; I hope they will be there in the morning.' Longstreet insisted two or three times that he could have at least two of his brigades up in time to go in the rear of the enemy, or 'those hills,' but Lee repeated again: 'You are too late, sir, to go on this evening.' It was then about 5 P.M. Lee ordered him to bring his command up on his right and let it get something to eat and a good night's rest and, pointing to what afterwards proved to be Little Round Top, said, 'I want you, sir, to occupy that point at daylight in the morning,' evidently not knowing its name at that time; but he well knew that it commanded the whole ridge, Cemetery Ridge, three or four miles around to Culp's Hill. Longstreet then mounted his horse and started back to his command; but, when he had ridden about fifty paces, he wheeled and came back, saluted Gen. Lee without dismounting, and asked: 'Where is Gen. Stuart?' Lee replied earnestly, with uplifted hands: 'I have

not heard one word from Stuart since we crossed the Potomac River. I have lost my eyes and ears' (meaning his cavalry). I have given you almost verbatim every word which passed between Lee and Longstreet on this occasion. They are indelibly engraved on my mind, and I remember them as distinctly as if they had been spoken yesterday.

"It is a well-established fact that Longstreet never attempted to occupy Little Round Top till four o'clock on the afternoon of July 2, when the enemy had taken possession of it only a few minutes previously. Gen. Pendleton, Gen. Lee's chief of artillery, in a public lecture, years after Lee's death, announced that 'Lee had ordered Longstreet to attack at dawn on the second day of Gettysburg, July 2, and that such attack would have been successful,' etc. On the night of June 30 Longstreet had camped with his corps at Chambersburg, only twenty-five miles away. He could easily have reached Gettysburg by two or three o'clock on the afternoon of the 1st.

"On page 160 in Gordon's book he says in a footnote: '(1) Gen. Lee distinctly ordered Longstreet to attack early the morning of the second day; . . . that Longstreet delayed the attack until four o'clock in the afternoon, and thus lost his opportunity of occupying Little Round Top, the key to the position, which he might have done in the morning without *firing a shot or losing a man.* (2) That Gen. Lee ordered Longstreet to attack on the morning of the 3d at daybreak, and that he did not attack until two or three o'clock in the afternoon, the artillery opening at one o'clock. (3) That Gen. Lee, according to the testimony of each one of his staff officers who were present when the order was given, ordered Longstreet to make the attack on the last day with three divisions of his corps and two divisions of A. P. Hill's corps, and that instead of doing so he sent fourteen thousand men to assail Gen. Meade's army in his strong position and heavily intrenched. (4) That the great mistake of the halt on the first day would have been repaired on the second, and even on the third day, if Lee's orders had been vigorously executed, and that Gen. Lee died believing (the testimony on this point is overwhelming) that he lost Gettysburg at last by Longstreet's disobedience of orders.'

"Longstreet, not Meade, defeated Lee at Gettysburg. Gen. Grant, in his 'Memoirs,' admits that if Meade had lost his army there it was doubtful whether the United States government could have recruited another."



MISS IRENE P. BOTT, MONTICELLO,
Sponsor for Florida Division, Nashville Reunion.

THE CRUISE OF THE SHENANDOAH.

At a meeting of the survivors of the Confederate navy, during the recent reunion in Nashville, a most interesting paper prepared by Capt. W. C. Whittle, of the C. S. navy, was read by Mr. Dabney M. Scales, who also served on the same vessel as lieutenant with Capt. Whittle. The object of the paper was to pay tribute to the courage and many manly virtues of the late John Thompson Mason, of Baltimore, who was passed midshipman on the Shenandoah, under Captain Whittle.

John Thompson Mason was a son of Maj. Isaac S. Rowland, a volunteer officer in the Mexican War, and Cathrine Armstead Mason, of Loudoun County, Va. He was born in 1844. His father died when he was only five years old, and his maternal grandfather, John Thompson Mason, of Virginia, having no son of his own and wishing to perpetuate the distinguished name of Mason, requested that this child should take the name, which was done by act of court. Young Thompson's friends secured for him an appointment to the United States Naval Academy, but the war came up before he entered, and he joined the Seventeenth Virginia Regiment. Shortly after the battle of Manassas he was appointed midshipman in the Confederate Navy and sent to the naval school ship Patrick Henry. He served at Drury Bluff, and was then sent abroad for service on one of the Confederate cruisers running the blockade at Charleston, S. C. Young Mason went to Abbeville, a quiet town in France, where he applied himself assiduously to the study of

his profession and in gaining a thorough knowledge of the French language, succeeding admirably in both.

About this time Capt. W. C. Whittle, a son of Commodore Whittle and nephew of Bishop Whittle, of Virginia, met Mason, who had passed his examination and secured his appointment as "passed midshipman." In October, 1864, he was assigned to a cruiser, gotten out from England for the Confederate Navy, and with Commander Waddell and other officers of the prospective cruiser, except Lieut. Whittle, sailed from Liverpool on the consort steamer Laurel to meet their ship elsewhere. Capt. Whittle writes:

"I was assigned to the ship as her first lieutenant and executive officer, and sailed from London on board of her under her merchant name, Sea King. The two vessels, by preconcertion, met at the Madeira Islands and, leaving there in company, sailed to Desertas Island, where the Sea King was christened and commissioned the Confederate States Cruiser Shenandoah, and the guns, ammunition, and equipment were transferred from the consort Laurel to the cruiser Shenandoah, which promptly started on her memorable cruise. Her officers were Lieut. Commander James I. Waddell, of North Carolina; W. C. Whittle, of Virginia, First Lieutenant and Executive Officer; Lieuts. John Grimbail, of South Carolina, S. S. Lee, Jr., Virginia; F. L. Chew, Missouri; Dabney M. Scales, Mississippi; Sailing Master Irvine S. Bullock, of Georgia; Passed Midshipman Orris A. Brown, Virginia; and John T. Mason, Virginia. Surgeon C. E. Lining, South Carolina; Assistant Surgeon F. J. McNulty, District of Columbia; Paymaster W. B. Smith, Louisiana; Chief Engineer M. O'Brien Law, Louisiana; Assistant Engineer Codd, Maryland; Hutchinson, Scotland; MacGreffery, Ireland; Master Mates John Minor, Virginia, Cotton, Maryland, Hunt, Virginia; Boatswain Harwood, England; Gunner Guy, England; Carpenter O'Shea, Ireland; Sailmaker Allcott, England.

Under these officers and subordinates this gallant ship made one of the most wonderful cruises on record. She was a merchant ship which had not about her construction a single equipment as a vessel of war. Her equipment—such as guns, ammunition, breechings, carriages, etc.—were all in boxes on her decks, and these gallant officers and a few volunteer seamen from her crew and that of her consort were to transform and equip her on the high seas, and in all kinds of weather. None but the experienced can appreciate what a Herculean task that was. But it was enthusiastically undertaken and accomplished, and none were more conspicuous and untiring in his efforts to bring order out of chaos than young Mason.

Our gallant little ship spread her broad canvas wings and sailed around the world, using her auxiliary steam power only in calm belts or in chase. We went around Cape of Good Hope, thence through the Indian Ocean to Melbourne, Australia, thence through the islands of Polynesia, passing the Caroline, Gilbert, and other groups, on northward through Kurile Islands into the Okhotsk Sea, until stopped by the ice. We came out of the Okhotsk and went up the coast of Kamchatka into Bering Sea, and through Bering Strait into the Arctic Ocean, until the ice again prevented us from going farther, so we turned, passed again through the Aleutian Islands, into the Pacific Ocean. By this time we had absolutely destroyed or broken up the Federal whaling fleets.

While sweeping down the Pacific coast, looking for more prey, we chased and overhauled a vessel flying the British



MISS PAULINE SULLIVAN, OCALA,
Maid of Honor for Florida Division, Nashville Reunion.

flag. On boarding her we found it was the British bark Barracoula, bound from San Francisco to Liverpool. This was August 2, 1865. From her captain we learned the war had been over since the previous April. The effect of this crushing intelligence on us can better be imagined than described. We found that much of our work of destruction to the whaling fleet of the United States had been done after the war closed, unwittingly of course, for from the nature of their work the whalers had been away from communication almost as long as we had, and were equally as ignorant of results. We promptly declared our mission of war over, disarmed our vessel, and shaped our course for England with well-nigh broken hearts. We journeyed around Cape Horn, and on November 6, 1865, arrived at Liverpool and surrendered to the British government through their guard ship Donegal by hauling down the last Confederate flag that ever floated in defiance to the United States, after having circumnavigated the globe, cruised in every ocean except the Antarctic, and made more captures than any other Confederate cruiser except the famous Alabama.

After a full investigation of our conduct by the law officers of the crown, it was decided that we had done nothing against the rules of war or the laws of nations or to justify us in being held as prisoners, so we were unconditionally released by the nation to which we had surrendered. But the authorities of the United States considered us pirates and in their heated hatred at that time would have treated us as such if we had fallen into their hands, so we had to find homes elsewhere than in our native land. Four of us (S. S. Lee, Orris A. Brown, John T. Mason, and myself) selected the Argentine Republic, in South America, and sometime in December, '65, sailed from Liverpool in a steamer for Buenos Ayres, via Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, and Montevideo. After prospecting awhile, we went to Rosario, on Rio Parana, and near there bought a small place and began farming.

As the animosity of the Federal government began to soften toward us, Brown and Mason returned home, Lee and myself coming sometime later.

On returning home Mason took a law course at the University of Virginia, graduated, and was brilliantly successful at his profession. He settled in Baltimore, and married Miss Helen Jackson, of New York, a daughter of the late Lieut. Alonzo C. Jackson, of the U. S. navy. His wife, two sons, and two daughters survive him."

THE EMPTY SADDLE.

BY MAIE WILLIAMS SPERRY.

(A riderless horse, bearing a saddle decorated with flowers, was a feature of the parade at the Nashville reunion, June, 1904, and a pathetic reminder of that gallant soldier and hero, Sam Davis.)

A strange new stillness fell amid the whirl

Of that vast throng; there legions stood,
While angels stooped and dipped their spotless wings
In crimson dye of our dead hero's blood.

Historic hills rose high and full of song;

The morning flung her blandest, sweetest smile,
Like petals from a wild rose freshly blown,
To aureole his memory the while.

List to the measured tread, the muffled drum—

Was it but fancy born of 'wondering day,
Or presence of a spirit that might speak,
There marching on in uniform of gray?

A comrade led his flower-laden steed,

Saddle entwined with roses white and red,
Which seem and are a language of his life,
And silent tribute to his spirit fled.

Confused like hues of sunset were the wreaths;

The white and blue, commingled with the red,
Gleamed in the sunlight, striving thus to still
Our hearts bowed down 'neath blue so lightly spread.

Unconsciously the awed and mighty sea

Looked up to God, as Southland's plaintive air
From velvet flute note fell in harmony
That reached the sky to burn on record there.

The thoughtful boy, just blossoming to youth,

With cheeks as red as rain-washed roses are,
Asked meaning of the crape, the dangling bloom—
"Speak low: Sam Davis' soul has crossed the bar."

Strange fancies teemed that youth could not divine,

But vaguely guessed what deep hurts you and I
Held fettered in our patriotic breasts,
Grasping alone the shadows passing by.

The steed passed on, beyond all questioning—

As weight of some unalterable truth,
A pathos fell, too deep for mortal speech
Or understanding of our following youth.

All gathering years shall call Sam Davis forth,

In glory he shall rise and live away;
The turf is soft and green, with deeds like stars
O'erspread, to mark where one more martyr lay.

What nameless knowledge broke through to his heart,

When he with quiet rapture firmly stood,
And faced the enemy, calm and unmoved,
And sacrificed his last brave drop of blood!

God's purpose in his soul well shaped the act,

The lofty hope, blent in a crystal life,
Held boyhood's grace and manhood's strength divine,
Beyond the cruel touch of human strife.

It mattered not if in this flame of life

Not e'en a single mote or moth was caught.
He did not care for earth's dissolving fame;
'Twas justice that his soul of honor sought.

Ah, joy! that martyred soul is now at rest;

He struggled long enough all things to leaven,
And death has done all it can ever do—
It took his life to send it straight to heaven!

Let winging whispers stir the silent air,

Bid presence of his spirit burst the sod,
And bloom in blessed stars as lily white
As sinless angels looking through from God.

COMPANY H, SECOND ALABAMA CAVALRY.—Comrade E. H. Robinson sends a roster of his company (H, Second Alabama Cavalry), showing ninety-one privates and thirteen commissioned and noncommissioned officers. Col. R. G. Earle commanded the regiment, with John P. West as lieutenant colonel and John W. Carpenter major. F. E. Richardson was captain of Company H, with John Marshall, E. K. Robbins, and W. L. Mimms lieutenants. The company was made up of young men from Monroe and Conecuh Counties, Ala. Comrade Robinson says, in sending the roster: "I cannot give a correct list of killed and wounded or those dying of wounds and sickness, as I lost a leg and left after Resaca."

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT NEOSHO, MO.

During the War between the States, and beginning at the time the Missouri Legislature was in session at Neosho, one hundred and thirty-five Confederate soldiers were buried in Neosho Cemetery. Some had been killed in battle; others died of sickness. They were unknown, with no friendly hands to care for their graves for years. Finally a few sympathetic hearts were moved in their behalf, and by subscription this shaft and figure of granite were erected to their memory, with appropriate ceremonies. The address of the occasion was by Hon. N. E. Benton, Congressman for the Fifteenth Missouri District, following a masterly account of the causes leading to the war in Missouri



by Judge Valliant, of St. Louis. Misses Carl Fleming and Mary Lewis pulled the cords that brought to view the beautiful monument, which was hailed by shouts of the multitude assembled, amid the music of the band and firing of guns. Dr. P. C. Yates gave a history of the work in erecting this monument. It is the pride of that community.

BETHEL MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

At a celebration held June 10, 1904, at Big Bethel, York County, Va., by the Confederate organizations of Elizabeth City, York, and Warwick Counties, and the city of Newport News, Va., to commemorate the battle of Big Bethel, which took place June 10, 1861, and which was the first actual engagement of the Civil War and where fell the first Confederate killed in battle, Charles E. Wyatt, of North Carolina, the Bethel Monument Association was formed. Its purpose is to erect a suitable monument on that battlefield.

At a subsequent meeting of the Bethel Monument Association, a central committee composed of representatives of the Confederate organizations—Veterans, Daughters, and Sons—was formed for the purpose of raising funds, selecting a design, etc., for the erection of an appropriate monument.

The committee reports that it is already meeting with the most gratifying encouragement and success.

All contributions should be sent promptly to Mrs. R. S. Hudgins, Treasurer, Hampton, Va. It is desired to have this monument unveiled on June 10, 1905.

Mrs. R. S. Hudgins is chairman and E. A. Semple is secretary of the committee.

A HISTORY OF HENRY COUNTY (TENN.) COMMAND.—Lieut. Edwin H. Reynolds, of Company K, Fifth Tennessee Infantry, organized in Henry County, Tenn., has

just published a history of all the commands that entered the Confederate States army from that county.

The book, of 300 pages, printed in clear type, on excellent paper, and neatly bound in cloth, contains the names of 2,500 soldiers, with a short military record of nearly all of them, and is embellished with thirty half-tone portraits.

It is the only book in which can be found so complete a record of the gallant and heroic soldiery of Henry County, the "Volunteer County" of the "Volunteer State." Only a limited number is published, and those who order early will be sure to secure a copy.

On receipt of the price, \$2, the book will be sent by mail postpaid, or by express or freight prepaid. All orders should be addressed to E. H. Reynolds, 101 E. Seventh Street, Jacksonville, Fla.

WELL-DESERVED TRIBUTE TO A COMRADE.

Comrade W. F. McClanahan, of Sabine Pass, Tex., writes: "I have intended for some time to send you an account of Col. W. P. Lane's charge with the First Battalion of the Third Texas Cavalry at Oak Hill, Mo., but ill health has prevented. I joined the Third Texas at Dallas, in June, 1861, and was color sergeant of the regiment, carrying the flag in the charge referred to above. When we reorganized at Corinth, after the battle of Shiloh, I joined the Tenth Texas Cavalry, Ector's Brigade, French's Division, and served with it to the close of the war. When the U. D. C. were giving crosses of honor to us old fellows, I wrote to my captain to send me a certificate of my service, and received the following:

"FORT WORTH, TEX., Sept. 26, 1892.

"To Whom It May Concern: W. F. McClanahan was in Company F, Tenth Regiment of Texas Cavalry, Ector's Brigade. It served mostly in the Army of Tennessee, was in the battles of Richmond, Ky., Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and numerous other places. No soldier was more faithful, more courageous, more self-denying, more devoted to duty in line, on picket, in camp, or wherever duty called than Bill McClanahan. He was a good musician, but left the band of his own volition to take a rifle in the ranks, where he sought danger and seemed to find pleasure in exposure. I thought his disregard of danger bordered on recklessness.

A. J. BOORY,

Captain Company F, Tenth Texas Cavalry."

While I asked only for a certificate of service, it was gratifying to know that my captain held such high opinion of my services as a soldier. I am old, worn-out, enfeebled, and waiting for the bugle note of the final assembly, but I think this certificate is the richest inheritance I can leave my grandchildren.

HARRISONBURG MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.—An old and honored Ladies' Memorial Association is that of Harrisonburg, Va. The ladies of Rockingham County met in the courthouse in Harrisonburg on June 19, 1868, and organized the "Ladies' Memorial Association of Rockingham County," the object of which was to care for the graves of the Confederate soldiers buried in that county. Mrs. Juliet Strange was unanimously chosen President, and filled the position admirably until her death. This association is still in existence, and as evidence of its work a handsome granite shaft commemorates the heroic deeds of the Confederate dead who lie beneath its shadow. The association observes the 6th of June as their decoration day.

BAINBRIDGE CHAPTER, U. D. C.

Some representative ladies of Bainbridge, Ga., met at the home of Mrs. Jno. E. Donaldson on the 19th of March and organized a chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy, and by unanimous vote it was given the name of that fair little city. A good membership was enrolled and the following officers elected:

Honorary Officers: President, Mrs. Charles Geddes Campbell; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Geo. D. Griffin, Mrs. W. M. Legg, Mrs. A. H. Russell.

Acting Officers: President, Mrs. Jno. E. Donaldson; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Charles H. Caldwell, Mrs. Jno. M. Brown, Miss Frances B. Jackson; Recording Secretary, Mrs. B. M. Nussbaum; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. E. J. Perry; Treasurer, Mrs. A. S. Townsend; Registrars, Mrs. R. A. McTyre, Miss Varina Russell; Historian, Miss Annie Campbell.

The special objects of this Chapter will be to mark the unknown graves of the brave soldiers of the South; to erect a monument to the memory of their Decatur soldiers; and to gather a true history of their noble deeds, that the coming generations may know that for which their fathers fought and died.

Memorial Day was fittingly observed by this Chapter, with an address by Hon. James M. Griggs, of Dawson, Ga.

The "Mrs. Stonewall Jackson Chapter," U. D. C., of Purcell, Ind. T., was chartered January, 1902, with thirty members. Since its organization response has been made to every appeal for memorial and other charitable work, and there is now a fund of \$130 on hand toward erecting a fountain in that town in memory of the Confederate dead.

This is one of the youngest Chapters in the division, but its work so far proves it to be composed of the same great women who upheld the cause of the Confederacy and by their zeal doubled the strength of her soldiery.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S DEATH.

Capt. Murray F. Taylor, of A. P. Hill's Staff, San Simeon, Cal., writes:

"In a back number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is a statement by Capt. W. F. Randolph concerning the death of Stonewall Jackson, in which he says that Col. A. S. Pendleton, Adjutant General of Jackson's Corps, as soon as he heard that General Jackson was wounded ordered him (Randolph) to go for Gen. Stuart.

"After Gen. Jackson was wounded, Gen. Hill succeeded him in command, and was the only one with authority to turn over this command to Gen. Stuart. When Gen. Hill himself was wounded, he sent for Gen. Stuart by Capt. R. H. T. Adams. Capt. Randolph may have been sent by Col. Pendleton, but Capt. Adams was sent by Gen. Hill, and Gen. Stuart came upon Gen. Hill's summons. I make this statement not wishing that a soldier who, after bearing so conspicuous a part in every battle participated in by the Army of Northern Virginia in the four years gave his life for the Confederate cause, as did Gen. Hill, should be ignored in describing this battle, as has been done by Capt. Randolph and some others, all of whom probably did so unintentionally, not knowing the facts as I know them. I was on the staff of Maj. Gen. A. P. Hill, and was in a position to be familiar with what occurred before and during the battle.

"When Gen. Hooker crossed the Rappahannock at the United States ford with 'the finest army on the planet'

and Gen. Lee was informed of the fact, he began his march to strike the enemy and not to retreat toward Richmond, as Hooker supposed he would do. In marching to Chancellorsville, some distance above Salem Church, which is about three miles from Fredericksburg on the Chancellorsville road, we found Hooker's advance, and after pressing them they fell back toward Chancellorsville.

"When arriving in the neighborhood of Chancellorsville, Gen. Hill, who was in advance with his division, threw forward Gen. Archer with his brigade to feel the enemy and find out if it were practicable to attack from the Fredericksburg direction, from which our army had advanced. I accompanied Gen. Archer to report the result to Gen. Hill. Upon advancing sufficiently Gen. Archer decided that an advance was not practicable, and so I reported to Gen. Hill.

"On my return, Gens. Lee, Jackson, and A. P. Hill were together, and a few moments after making my report from Gen. Archer, Gen. Hill called me to the place where the three men were in consultation. Gen. Lee had spread out before him a map of the country. Gen. Hill asked me if I was familiar with the roads through the section between the old Catherine furnace and the Orange C. H. road, between Chancellorsville and Orange C. H., indicating the desired route by pointing to the map held by Gen. Lee. Gens. Lee and Hill knew that my home was on the Rappahannock, between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. I replied to Gen. Hill that I had not hunted in this country since I left home for school several years before, but that there had always been numberless roads through the woods, used by wood choppers, of which I had only a general knowledge. He then asked if I knew any one who could be absolutely relied upon who could be secured as a guide. I replied that a famous hunter, Jack Haydon, lived near the river, and I knew was in our lines, as when examining the country on the right that day I saw him. A messenger was sent with orders not to return without him. Jack Haydon, fearing the Yankees might move in on his home, had gone into the bushes near his home to spend the night.

Soon after passing the furnace Jack Haydon reported to Gen. Jackson and directed him to the Orange C. H. road. When Gen. Jackson reached the desired point he dismissed Haydon, as he had no further use for him, being in the rear of Hooker's "Grandest Army on the Planet." As Jack Haydon was about to return he rode up to Gen. Jackson and stated that he desired him to do him a favor. The General was curt in saying "What is it, sir?" Jack replied: "Take care of yourself." Many times afterwards, before I came to California to live, Jack Haydon and I laughed at his request, and often he used to say, "O, if he had done so!" When visiting my home in 1891, Jack and I referred to this incident.

It is not necessary for me here to refer to anything but the formation of Gen. Jackson's Corps in preparing for the attack on Hooker's flank. Brigadier General Rodes's Division, formerly D. H. Hill's, was formed in front. Brigadier General Colston, who that day was in command of Trimble's Division, formed the second line, and Gen. A. P. Hill, with his division, formed the third line. When the attack began and Gen. Hill found that his division could not keep up its formation at the rapid pace Gen. Rodes was driving the Yankees, he moved his division by the flank back into the Chancellorsville road, and the head of the first brigade was kept nearly even with the line of Gen. Rodes's

Division. Often our division had to double-quick down the open road to keep pace with Rodes.

When it was evident to Gen. Hill that it was necessary for Rodes to re-form his line of battle, he proposed that he himself relieve him, stating that his division had marched in column while Rodes's must necessarily need re-forming, coming, as they had done, at such rapid speed through the woods. Rodes thanked him, and as brigade after brigade came up they were filed to right or left.

While this was going on, Gen. Jackson rode up accompanied by Capt. Boswell and one or two couriers. Gen. Jackson asked Gen. Hill how long before he would be ready to advance. Gen. Hill answered, "In a few moments," as soon as he could finish relieving Gen. Rodes. He then asked Gen. Hill: "Do you know the road from Chancellorsville to the United States ford?" Gen. Hill replied: "I have not traveled over it for many years." Gen. Jackson turned to Capt. Boswell and said: "Capt. Boswell, report to Gen. Hill. Gen. Hill, when you reach Chancellorsville, allow nothing to stop you; press on to the United States ford." He then rode out in front of us, it seemed as if waiting for us to advance. Gen. Hill sat on his horse in the road and nearly on a line with Lane's men. His staff and escort were in front of the lines which had just relieved Gen. Rodes, when some one cried out, "Yankee Cavalry!" At once the Eighteenth North Carolina Regiment of Lane's Brigade, mistaking us for Yankees, opened fire.

The eleven of our staff, including Capt. Boswell, who were in front of this regiment and within a few feet of it, together with their horses, were either killed or wounded, except Capt. Watkins Leigh and myself. Capt. Leigh at that time was the officer in command of the rear guard of Gen. Hill's Division, but was doing staff duty.

Gen. Hill, being on the line with this regiment, escaped the bullets, but Gen. Jackson, being in front, was in the line of fire. My horse fell on me, and I could not move. I heard Gen. Hill's voice as he called to know if any of his staff were alive; when I spoke he sprang from his horse and was assisting me when a courier came up and told him that Gen. Jackson was wounded. Gen. Jackson was at this time about fifty yards from the front of our line, where the courier found us. Gen. Hill then said to me: "Help yourself; I must go to Gen. Jackson; don't tell the troops." A soldier soon helped me from under my horse.

My uncle, Capt. Forbes, of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, was among the mortally wounded.

Capt. Forbes's horse was killed, and he was shot through the body. I secured a litter and had him taken to Melzi Chancellor's house, about two miles from the Chancellorsville house. On the way I met Lieut. Smith, of Gen. Jackson's staff, whom I informed that Gen. Jackson was wounded. This was the first intimation of the fact that he had received.

Returning to the front, I met Gen. Hill, riding with his foot out of the stirrup, with that superb artillery officer, Maj. Wm. Pegram, leading his horse and walking by his side.

With great anxiety I spoke to Gen. Hill, supposing he was wounded and not knowing how seriously. Gen. Hill told me that after leaving me and assisting Gen. Jackson he had been shot in the calf of the leg, that the wound was serious enough to incapacitate him for continuing in command, and that as there was no major general to succeed him he had sent Capt. R. H. T. Adams, his chief signal officer, for Gen.

Stuart. He then said: "I sent Capt. Wilburn, Gen. Jackson's signal officer, who arrived after I reached Gen. Jackson, to inform Gen. Lee that Gen. Jackson was wounded; you must go now and tell him of my misfortune and that I have sent for Gen. Stuart to take command here." He then seemed to realize that I had lost my horse, and, turning to Maj. Pegram, ordered him to supply me with the best horse in his battalion; which Maj. Pegram did, and I finally reached the place where Gen. Lee was resting and reported my instructions to Col. Walter H. Taylor, who was standing near a small camp fire. Gen. Lee had retired to rest, but he said that Gen. Lee must know that Gen. Hill had been wounded and Gen. Stuart sent for.

I was very much exhausted, as I had had no rest for forty-eight hours, and lay down, awaiting Col. Taylor's return. I must have dozed, for suddenly I became conscious of Gen. Lee's presence. Upon attempting to rise he told me not to do so until he had finished his instructions, but to rest as long as I could. He then stated that he deplored the wounding of Gen. Jackson and of Gen. Hill, and that he entirely approved of Gen. Stuart's being sent for to take command. "Tell Gen. Stuart," said he, "that I cannot express my sorrow at the wounding of Gens. Jackson and Hill, but that it is a satisfaction to know that the mantle of these soldiers has fallen on one so worthy. Tell Gen. Stuart at dawn of day to attack and allow nothing to stop his advance; that when he can drive the enemy back sufficiently for me to unite with his right we will try to drive them into the river."

I noticed he held in his hand a small parcel, and as he finished his instructions he said with a smile upon his face: "My friends here think I am always hungry and have wrapped this up for me to eat in the morning; now I know that, besides being very tired, you have had nothing to eat; take this and eat it as you ride. Remember the importance of your reaching Gen. Stuart in time."

I declined his breakfast, saying I had been eating Yankee rations the whole night. I was almost ready to faint from hunger, but I would have as soon taken the food from the Church altar as to take his breakfast, for I felt there would be nothing more to eat for him until after we had cooked Joe Hooker's goose.

As I walked to my horse, Maj. Tom Ballard, of Richmond, who was in charge of one of the reserve wagon trains and who was standing near the camp fire with Col. Taylor when I rode up, followed me, and as I was in the act of mounting, said, "Taylor, I heard you tell Marse Robert that he, and he knew you were lying; but if you had taken his breakfast, noncombatant as I am, I'd have challenged you. Take this;" and he handed me a canteen of brandy. I have taken in my life all kinds of drinks, but I have no recollection of any as good as that which I drank that night from Maj. Ballard's canteen. He then gave me a handful of sandwiches, and I started on my return.

I reached Gen. Stuart as he was mounting his horse, and delivered to him Gen. Lee's instructions.

Sometime after coming to California it occurred to me that a statement from Capt. Adams as to Gen. Jackson's being wounded and Gen. Hill's sending for Gen. Stuart might establish beyond a doubt how it occurred, as I had heard several people speak to the effect that Gen. Jackson had placed Stuart in command; so I wrote for a statement, feeling assured that it would confirm what I know to be the case.

I have Capt. Adams's letter, in which he states that just

before the fatal volley was fired Gen. Hill sent him with some message to Lane; that as he passed the line of Lane's troops he saw the men raise their guns and fire; that a few steps behind the line he found Gen. Lane and told him his men had fired in the direction of Gens. Jackson and Hill, and that Lane was greatly concerned; that as soon as the firing ceased he rode down the road to where he knew Gen. Jackson had been the moment before; that, going toward him, he overtook Lieut. Morrison, of Gen. Jackson's staff, and about the time they met a Yankee officer stepped into the road, whom they made prisoner, Captain Adams taking his sword and canteen; proceeding a short distance farther, they saw Gen. Jackson supported by Hill, who was bandaging his wound, with only a courier beside him; Gen. Jackson seemed about to faint, when Adams gave him whisky out of the captured canteen; soon Capt. Wilburn came up and was sent by Gen. Hill to inform Gen. Lee; that after Jackson was sent to the rear Gen. Hill was wounded and asked Adams to go for Stuart, as he was incapacitated for command by his wound; Capt. Adams found Gen. Stuart and delivered the message.

These facts are from his letter written to me in California many years ago.

Gen. Hill has often stated to me that when he reached Gen. Jackson only one or two couriers were with him, his staff being absent on other duties.

Among those wounded on our staff were Col. Wm. H. Palmer, the adjutant general of our division, now president of the City Bank of Richmond. His horse was killed and his shoulder broken. Maj. Conway R. Howard, Gen. Hill's chief engineer, had his horse wounded and it ran with him into the Yankee line, only stopping when he reached Gen. Hooker's headquarters, near the Chancellorsville house, to whom he surrendered. His ride is probably the most remarkable on record, and for several days after the battle we searched for him in the wilderness woods. As his horse bore him down the plank road at Gilpin speed he was the target for every Yankee within range, but escaped with only his bridle rein cut in two and his stirrup leather severed.

The mistake of the North Carolinians was one of those unfortunate ones from which no troops are exempt, mistaking friend for foe; a Virginia brigade did the same thing in the same wilderness, and only a few miles distant, the following year, when they killed Gen. Jenkins and wounded Gen. Longstreet, which mistake resulted in saving Gen. Grant's army from destruction, as the fatal mistake of the North Carolinians saved Hooker and his army that night at Chancellorsville.

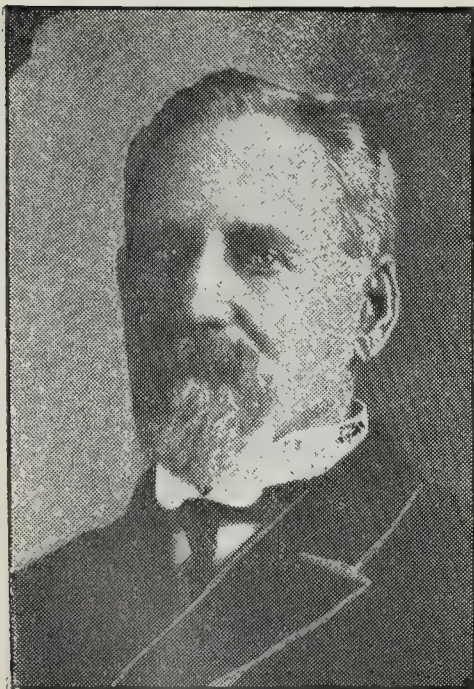
A later letter from Col. Taylor concerning it states:

"You ask if Capt. Boswell was with Gen. Hill or with Gen. Jackson. Gen. Jackson ordered Capt. Boswell to report to Gen. Hill, which he did as he (Gen. Jackson) rode to the front, accompanied by only two or three couriers. Capt. Boswell fell within a few feet of me, and I saw his body on the field before I removed my uncle, Capt. Forbes, who was wounded by the same fatal volley.

"The afternoon of the fight at Chancellorsville, I rode back to the rear, where Gen. Hill was resting in his ambulance, suffering from his wound of the night before. I accompanied him on horseback, he in his ambulance, down the plank road toward the Chancellorsville house. When we reached the spot where his staff had been fired into the night before, the horses that had been killed were lying close together, and as we stopped to examine the ground, we recognized the different horses belonging to our staff and escort. Proceeding about seventy-five or a hundred yards farther, Gen. Hill stopped his ambulance and pointed out to me the place where he had found Gen. Jackson after he was wounded.

"If Capt. Randolph was with Gen. Jackson when he was wounded, he could not have been with Capt. Boswell, who was shot down with others of Gen. Hill's staff."

ALABAMA STATE REUNION.—The VETERAN acknowledges the receipt of an invitation through Comrade A. C. Oxford, adjutant general and chief of staff to Maj. Gen. Harrison, to attend the U. C. V. State reunion for Alabama, to be held in Mobile, November 16 and 17.



SKETCHES OR INFORMATION WANTED IN REGARD TO THE ABOVE.

PERILS OF RECRUITING IN ARKANSAS.

In a sketch of the services of Capt. Pleasant Buchanan in the Confederate war, J. Mont. Wilson, of Springfield, Mo., gives the following:

"Pleasant H. Buchanan was professor of mathematics in Cane Hill College, Washington County, Ark., when the Confederate war began. When the first call for troops by the State was made a company of the college boys and the surrounding country was at once organized, and Pleasant Buchanan was elected captain, the president of the college serving in the company as a private. It was made one of the companies of Col. Gratiot's Third Regiment of Arkansas State Troops. This regiment took a very active part in the battle of Oak Hills, or Wilson Creek, fought on August 10, 1861. Gen. Lyon, the Federal commander, was killed in their front. After the State troops were disbanded, Capt. Buchanan immediately raised another company about September, 1861, and it became Company H, of the Fifteenth Arkansas Infantry. They went into winter quarters at Blake & Black's Mills, near Cross Hollows, Benton County, Ark., with the Third Louisiana and McNair's Regiment from South Arkansas.

"When Gen. Price retreated from Springfield, Mo., before Gens. Curtis and Sigel, his regiment, the Fifteenth Arkansas, was the first to reënforce Gen. Price at Elkhorn Tavern. The battle of Elkhorn, or Pea Ridge, was fought a week or two later, early in March, 1862.

Gen. Price fell back to Boston Mountain, where Gen. Ben McCulloch united his forces with him. They advanced north and gave battle to Gens. Curtis and Sigel on Pea Ridge, in Benton County. During the fight of the second day Capt. Buchanan, his first lieutenant, Patent Inks, and some of his men penetrated the Federal lines and were captured. They were sent to prison on Johnson's Island. His regiment was transferred with Price's army to Corinth, Miss. After the siege of Corinth, when Gen. Bragg took command of the army, at Tupelo, Miss., he reorganized it and compelled the different regiments to fill all the vacancies of company commissioned officers. When Capt. Buchanan and Lieut. Inks were exchanged in the summer they found themselves without a command.

"They made their way to Northwest Arkansas and attached themselves to Gen. T. C. Hindman's army. Capt. Buchanan fought as a private in Capt. Earl's (Cane Hill) Company, of the Thirty-Fourth Arkansas Infantry, at Prairie Grove. He was slightly wounded in the side, the ball passing through his canteen before it struck him. This was in December, 1862. Gen. Hindman's army fell back to Little Rock, and spent the balance of the winter there. In the spring Capt. Buchanan received a commission from the War Department to raise a cavalry company of Partisan Rangers. He went to Northwest Arkansas about May, I think, and in sixty days had organized about fifty men. He attached his men with Capt. Buck Brown, of Benton County, with the aim of raising a battalion. He began active operations at once against the Federal forces operating from South Missouri and Fort Gibson and numerous scouting and foraging parties through Northern Arkansas, alone or with Capt. Brown or any other Confederate troops, as the occasion required. The company was constantly on the move that summer, and engaged in many fights and skirmishes. On one occasion part of each of Buchanan's and Brown's companies caught a Federal scout going from Springfield, Mo., to Fort Gibson, Ind. T., killing and wounding a few and capturing the captain of the scout and twenty-two of his men. At another time they charged a Federal scout occupying Fayetteville, losing one man, but

drove them out of town, capturing the commanding officer and some three or four men. In the fall Col. Brooks's Cavalry Brigade made a raid through Northern Arkansas and Southern Missouri. Capts. Brown and Buchanan joined forces with him and did most of the scouting and picketing for his command. This command started to Cassville, Mo., to capture some Federal supplies. On the way they heard of a large force of Federals, with infantry, artillery, and cavalry, camped just below the Missouri line, guarding a supply train. Col. Brooks's plan was to attack about daylight, so he sent Lieut. Inks with a squad from each of Capts. Buchanan's and Brown's companies as an advance guard, with instructions to attack vigorously and he would support him at once. We did so, capturing their pickets and fighting their infantry and artillery for an hour. It got so hot that we had to send to Col. Brooks for the support he had promised, and found his command in line behind a fence a mile in our rear. In answer, he sent Capt. Buchanan and his company as infantry to drive them back. He moved quickly, deployed in line of battle, and drove them back into their camp or the field surrounding it. We quietly drew off, and that ended the fight.

"We moved over on War Eagle and King's River, in Madison and Carroll Counties, and came in contact with the Federal Gen. McNeil, who had followed Gen. Joe Shelby out of Missouri on one of his raids up near Springfield. We fought his command for two days continuously. Capts. Buchanan and Brown were in the rear guard nearly all the time. The next day Col. Brooks decided to go South for the winter. A part of these two companies were scattered through the country scouting, and did not know of this move till after Col. Brooks's command was south of the Arkansas River.

"Capt. Buchanan intended to complete the organization of his company by electing the other officers the first time we were in camp long enough. When we went into camp in Southern Arkansas we found, with the squads left in Northern Arkansas and some others dropping out on a nine days' and nights' march (as we stopped only long enough for our horses to feed and rest), that he was short of the number required to make a full company and elect a full quota of officers.

"The squads and scouts left in Northwest Arkansas not coming South, as expected, Gen. W. L. Cabell, commanding the division, detailed Capt. Buchanan to take eleven picked men and horses from these two companies and go to Northern Arkansas and bring out these men. His instructions were to avoid all towns, Federal posts, or large bodies of Federals, gather up all the squads or individuals, not to do anything to alarm the Federal posts in the country, and avoid any engagement till across the Arkansas River. This was a very hazardous undertaking, as the Arkansas River was fordable at this season of the year at only a few places, and every dugout, canoe, or boat of any kind had been burned by the Federals, except at large towns, where guards were constantly watching the river. There was a chain of posts on the north side of the river, from Little Rock to Van Buren, and one on the south side from Little Rock, by Arkadelphia, Caddo Gap, and Waldron, to Fort Smith. Every mill and village in Northwest Arkansas had a post, and scouts passing daily. The worst feature was the leaves off the trees and no forage at all in the country, and no meat or bread for the women and children.

"It took a level-headed, cool man, and plenty of nerve back of it, to accomplish this, and that was the very reason Gen. Cabell selected Capt. Buchanan for the important undertaking. We had no trouble till we came near Waldron, forty miles south of the Arkansas River, with a post of one thousand men,

and scouts constantly passing between Caddo Gap and Fort Smith. We made a circuit around the town and ran into some outposts that fired on us, but hit no one. We finally struck the Fort Smith road west of Waldron. This all had to be done after night. We aimed to travel till after midnight, and then turn north to the river and cross the first place we could do so without being discovered. We had been riding quietly on this road only two or three hours, when we came on to a Federal scout in a house near the road. They hustled around lively with their guns, and we expected to have hot work in a few seconds; but Capt. Buchanan rode straight up to the house and inquired if it was the military road to Fort Smith, and by his coolness made them believe we were a Federal scout going to Fort Smith. He rode quietly back to us and moved down the road in an ordinary walk till we were out of sight and hearing, when we rode rapidly toward Fort Smith for an hour. An hour or two before daylight we turned off the road and traveled due north by the north star for the river. We reached it, I think, the next night just before daylight. Traveling all that night by the north star, we struck the river nearly opposite the mouth of Big Mulberry. We hid our horses in a deep slough that made into the river, fed and rested them, while some of us slept and others reconnoitered the river for a crossing.

"We decided to try it on a bar just above the mouth of Big Mulberry. Just as the sun went down we rode into the river, and made it without getting into swimming water; thence four miles north to the road from Ozark to Van Buren, through underbrush, brambles, brier thickets, and a very dark night. It did not take long to tear down the telegraph wire and drag it out in the woods in sections. We then took all the roads leading in the direction of Cane Hill, traveling hard to cross the Fayetteville and Van Buren road before daylight, so we could get to Boston Mountain and rest during the day and reach Cane Hill the next night.

"My, how it did rain that day! The drops looked as large as twenty-five-cent pieces. We crossed over the mountain and reached Fola Grays, the first house we dared to approach after crossing the river. We learned that Maj. Wright was in command of a post at Cane Hill, composed of Federal 'Pisi Indians' and negroes. We circled round this place, and all separated, going two and two together to their respective homes, and then began at once to get word to all the scattering men and squads in Benton, Washington, and Madison Counties to be ready to start South on a certain date, our rendezvous to be the Twin Mountains, in Benton County, near the Osage fork of the Illinois River. I went with Capt. Buchanan to his home. His brothers, William and James, were at home on sick leave. They wanted to go South with us, but had no horses, and there were none to be bought in the country, the Federals having taken all.

"We had learned that Maj. Wright's headquarters were at Mr. James Hagood's, and that his horses and some of the other officers' horses were kept in stables about one hundred feet from this house, with a guard near by. The captain decided that we could go down there the night before we started, get their horses, and mount his brothers. So we four went and let the fence down around the lot, but ran onto a guard in the lot; then we had to get away quietly. My sister was at White McClellan's, only a quarter of a mile away, so I went by to tell her good-by, and the captain went with me, as Charlie McClellan was going with us. While there Miss Emma Hagood and Amanda Hinds told me that they had tied Maj. Wright's horse to the fence just in the rear of the dwelling, where we could get it. I asked the captain if he would

allow me to go and get it. So I did, and we all four returned to his mother's and left before daylight, moving out in the barren timber toward Rhea's Mill, and stopped to feed our horses before starting for the Twin Mountains.

"William Rhinehart and Guy Blake, two of the escort, had joined us, and in thirty minutes more we would have been on our way and they would not have been able to come up with us. Our horses all had their bridles off. The captain was lying down on some leaves with a paper over his face. William Buchanan had procured a plug of a horse and James had gotten a mule.

"When I first saw the Federals they were about one hundred yards away, deployed in line. I called to the boys, and each one sprang to his horse. As we did this they began firing and charged us. My horse and the captain's mare stood with their heads near together. As I sprang into my saddle and wheeled my horse, the captain was standing in his stirrup, with his right leg nearly in the saddle. Rhinehart and I ran together, and we had gone about one hundred yards when the captain's mare dashed by us. I was satisfied then that he was shot. Will and Jim Buchanan were shot before mounting. They ran at Jim to shoot him while he was trying to bridle his mule, and he fought one of them with his bridle for fifty yards before he could shoot him.

"I have heard that I was censured as being the cause of their death by taking that horse. It is possible we could have gotten away without their making such an effort to find us, if I had not taken the horse. It was the suggestion of the captain that we get the officers' horses to mount his brothers, William and Jim Buchanan, and we were only prevented by the guard. I did not offer to go for the major's horse till the captain cheerfully gave his consent. I also heard at that time that the negroes had reported to the Federals that we were there and put them on our trail. Maj. Wright's orders to the troop of Federals sent after us were to take no prisoners, as I have learned since.

"I was in Capt. Buchanan's classes in college, was in his infantry company till captured, again was one of the first to join this cavalry company, was in his mess from that day till he was killed, and I never saw a more perfect Christian gentleman. With my intimate and varied association with him I never heard him utter a word that could not have been spoken in the presence of a lady. He was as brave as the bravest, very cool, and never got rattled in a fight. He was a model officer and soldier, and was respected by all of his men. I never saw but one soldier refuse to do anything he told him. In his cool, quiet way he convinced that fellow that he had better do it, and do it quick. He was so modest and unassuming; it was only those who were intimate with him that knew his real worth and merit."

The brutality of the Federals after these men were killed is beyond precedent. In a letter from Mrs. — to Comrade Wilson, author of the foregoing, she states:

"In regard to the death of the Buchanan brothers I will tell you what I remember of the circumstances. It is painful to me, even at this day, to recall that scene. Mrs. Buchanan requested some of us to go and care for the bodies and keep the hogs from getting to them. Mrs. —, of Little Rock, and I volunteered to go for her sake. We had gone about halfway to our old home place—about a mile—when we heard the scouts coming in with the bodies, and we waited for them to come up. The bodies were stripped of all clothing save the under-garments. We asked the captain to take them down to their mother. He would not consent, but said he wanted us to go down with them to Boonsboro.

We got into the ambulance with the dead boys lying in the back part, so powder-burned and blood-stained that we could not recognize them. They drove at full speed all the way, yelling and shouting: 'Hurrah for Capt. Buchanan!'

"After arriving at Boonsboro — and I went to a residence until they had washed the faces of the dead boys, then we recognized each one. They were shot in the face and head, but no other violence that I remember, except that Capt. Buchanan was stabbed in the side three or four times. The Federals then took them back up home to their mother. Two of the old citizens went with us in a separate hack.

"They were dressed in their graduating suits, which Mrs. Braden got from their hiding places in the attic. As far as I know, everything was conducted in order at the burial. I did not go. . . . Never can I forget that moonlight ride with those dear boys thrown in like butchered swine, and the yells of those negroes and Indians!"

The other lady who accompanied them on that sad mission recalls the awful event, and writes of it minutely, even quoting the words of participants. She mentions, for instance, that while an Indian, Redbird, was looking at Jimmie he said: "Thaf was one brave man. I hate to kill him; but I have to, as he kill me."

CONFUSING GENS. LORING AND LOWRY AT FRANKLIN.—Comrade J. L. Boswell, of Plainview, Tex., corrects an error in the *VETERAN* in regard to Gen. Loring in the battle of Franklin, saying he did not make a speech to his men as reported; that he commanded a division in Stewart's Corps. "Gen. Lowry, a Baptist preacher with whom I was acquainted before the war, commanded a brigade in Cleburne's Division, and it must have been he that made the speech referred to." The editor of the *VETERAN* has sought for years in vain to know who it was that Gen. Hood approached just after examining the enemy's lines from Winstead Hill, and, riding back, approached an officer also on horse, and said: "General, we will make the fight." The two clasped hands.

SERVICE OF DR. J. C. LEE FOR CONFEDERATES.

In the *VETERAN* for August appeared an extract from a communication of Dr. J. M. Kellar in reference to the rank and position of Dr. J. C. Lee in the Confederate service. On investigation the *VETERAN* ascertains from Mrs. J. C. Lee that there was an error in the statement made on the subject in the April *VETERAN*. Dr. Lee was not the surgeon general on Gen. Hindman's staff, as stated, when he was in command of the Trans-Mississippi Department.

The following is an extract from a letter received from a gentleman who is a warm friend of Mrs. Lee's: "Dr. J. C. Lee was a close personal friend of Gen. Hindman while he commanded in Arkansas, and when the General was ordered to San Antonio in November, 1864, he sent for Dr. Lee, who was his family physician until July 1, 1865. Their intimate friendship continued after the General went to Mexico, and ceased only with his death, at Helena, Ark., after returning to this country. Dr. Lee never held any official position in the Confederate army, on account of physical disabilities. Being a man of wealth, it was his pride and pleasure to contribute in every possible way to the Confederate cause as an original secessionist. The services of Dr. Lee to the Confederacy were of inestimable value, and the memory of them will always be treasured in the hearts of hundreds of Southern people who were the recipients of his kindly attention and medical skill. He was a tireless worker, often going day and night in

the practice of his profession, and supplying the families and soldiers not only with medicine but food as well. When the first troops went to Louisville, Ark., he turned his own home into a private hospital, and took care of many of Col. W. B. Ochiltree's soldiers and others of Gen. Randall Gibson's Brigade."

He continued the practice of medicine upon a petition of the people of his county, who considered his services invaluable as a physician to the soldiers and their wives and children. In November, 1863, the medicines gave out, and Dr. Lee took a trip to Mobile, Ala., to procure them. He was successful, to the great relief of the soldiers' families, as shown by the following document:

"THE STATE OF ARKANSAS, COUNTY OF LAFAYETTE.

"I, James M. Montgomery, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Lafayette County, in the State of Arkansas, do hereby certify that Dr. John C. Lee, the bearer hereof, is a citizen of said County of Lafayette; is also a practicing physician in good standing, and is, to the best of my knowledge and belief, a good and loyal Southern man. He being desirous to go to the city of Mobile for the purpose of purchasing medicines, this certificate is given him with a hope that it will enable him to pursue his journey unmolested, and insure him the respect and treatment due a true Southern gentleman.

"In testimony whereof I hereunto set my hand and official seal at Lewisville, Ark., this 10th day of November, A.D. 1862.

"J. M. Montgomery, Clerk; Len B. Green, Judge of Circuit Court, Sixth Judicial Circuit, Ark.; James K. Young, Prosecuting Attorney of Sixth Circuit of Arkansas."

The following winter his time was occupied with the arduous duties of his profession among the Confederate people. In March, 1864, Dr. Lee was especially detailed by Lieut. Gen. Kirby Smith for an important commission, as set forth in Special Orders No. 65, from the headquarters of the Trans-Mississippi Department, dated Shreveport, March 17, 1864, as follows: "Dr. J. C. Lee and R. B. Jones have permission to take from Lewisville, Ark., to the Rio Grande twenty-five bales of cotton and five thousand pounds of tobacco for the purpose of procuring medicines, he having given security that the proceeds will be invested in that way. During his trip there and back his wagons, teams, and drivers will be exempted from molestation of any kind." On the Doctor's return he was personally complimented by Gen. Kirby Smith for his energy and integrity in carrying out these orders.

Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Director of Department of Archives and History of Alabama, writes from Montgomery, September 16, 1904: "The publication of the sketch of Mrs. Lee contained two mistakes which she has spoken to me about, and I think no one could regret more than she that any errors could have crept into the sketch. From statements made by her to me Dr. Kellar is correct in his statement. I wish to say, however, that the statements in her sketch as to the Union sentiment in Louisville in the winter of 1860 and 1861 and as to the flag-raising incident are all correct. She has exhibited to me old diaries, letters, and other papers which clearly substantiate these facts, the other error being that the flag-raising occurred after Lincoln's proclamation. It occurred on January 9, 1861, three months before Lincoln's proclamation."

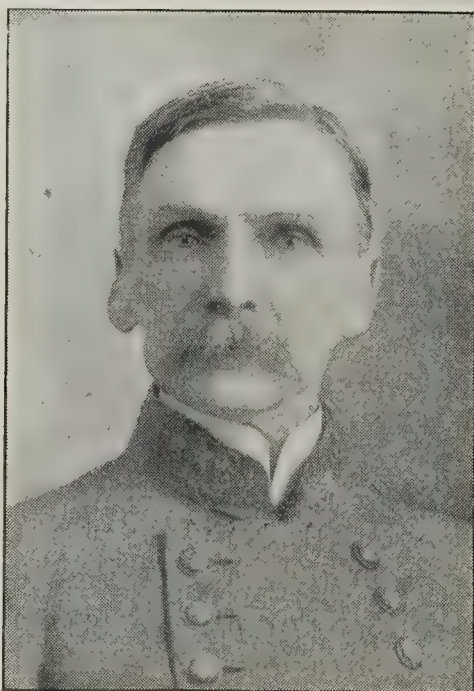
Let this one rule prevail: See to it that the *VETERAN* is in every Southern home. One dollar a year is a light tax for so much return.



LEONIDAS COLWELL BALCH.

Leonidas C. Balch was born in Panola County, Miss., November 20, 1842; and closed his career at the home of his later years, in Little Rock, Ark., April 18, 1904, beloved by those who were nearest to him and knew him best and respected by the entire community, while his death was regretted by all who knew him.

On May 18, 1861, young Balch entered the Confederate army, joining the Twelfth Mississippi Infantry. He was so severely wounded at the battle of Seven Pines that for many months his life hung in the balance, and was saved only by the devotion of those historic women of old Virginia whose names and fame have come down to us with



L. C. BALCH.

loving praises as an example to other generations of American women. The wound never entirely healed, and to the day of his death was the subject of constant medical attention. Considering such a lifelong burden, it is wonderful that he possessed such an iron will and determination as to enable him to lead so vigorous and useful a life.

Comrade Balch was admitted to the practice of law in 1870, and soon became a leader among the entire bar of North Mississippi. Influenced by friends who had preceded him, with his family he removed to Little Rock in 1881. His practice there was limited, as much of his pleading was in the eastern portion of the State, where he was widely known. Those who came in personal contact with him recognized at once not only an able counsel, but, what is better and rarer, a truly good man, governed in both professional and business life by a clear and singularly well-balanced mind and by a quickened conscience which developed to a remarkable degree of uprightness and purity in his personal life.

Three weeks before his death he sent for a friend and calmly gave directions as to the details of his burial and as to his worldly affairs, with all the air of hope, as though about to take a journey. Then, as the end approached, he measured the hours, and on the day of his death he called his family about him and announced that the end was at

hand, and, folding the drapery of his couch about him, he laid him down as if to peaceful sleep.

It was not like a house of mourning. With such a blameless life record, with such a strong but gentle spirit, those around him could not but feel that he had "filled the measure of his days with usefulness" and that he had left to his family and to the world a legacy of honor, the fruit of a well-spent and heroic life, and that in God's providence we should not mourn that he had been released from his long and patient suffering.

Representatives of the bar expressed sympathy with the widow and family in their bereavement in the resolutions passed as a tribute to his memory.

Comrade Balch was an ardent Confederate, boldly vindicating every principle that actuated his people. It will be remembered that he recently commanded the U. C. V. Association of Arkansas, with the rank of Major General.

MRS. ELIZABETH BROWN BURCH.

The VETERAN for September announced the death of Mrs. John C. Burch, of Nashville, the last surviving daughter of Gen. John C. Brown. More than such mention was merited.

Elizabeth Brown Burch was born March 8, 1870; and died August 31, 1904. She was the wife of John C. Burch and daughter of John C. and Elizabeth Childress Brown. Her homes had ever been in Pulaski and Nashville, Tenn., except when, in her childhood, her father was Attorney, Receiver, and President of the Texas and Pacific Railroad. She attended Martin College in Pulaski, the Convent of Visitation at Georgetown, D. C., and Mrs. Reed's School in New York City. She was always ardently devoted to the Confederate cause, and at the time of her death was President of Chapter No. 1, Nashville, not only the first but one of the largest



MRS. "BIRDIE" BROWN BURCH.

Chapters, U. D. C., in the great organization. She was elected Secretary of the Campbell Chapter, D. A. R., but had resigned. Her only child, John C. Brown Burch, was born in May, 1898. (This son will ever have occasion for pride in his ancestors, whose names he bears. His father's father, John C. Burch, was the leading man in the press of Tennessee for many years.



PULASKI CEMETERY—AT GRAVES OF GEN. BROWN AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

He was adviser in all great political issues, and was Secretary of the U. S. Senate at the time of his death. His maternal grandfather, John C. Brown, was an able lawyer. He was promoted from the command of his regiment to major general, and was in command of Cheatham's Division when wounded in the battle of Franklin, near the close of the war. After the war he was a member of the State Constitutional Convention, whereby legislation was enacted to overcome certain carpet-bag rules in the State; he was afterwards Governor of the State, and also connected with great railroad enterprises, and at the time of his death was President of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, the largest corporation that had ever been organized in the South.)

Mrs. Burch was a lovely woman, her beautiful face ever beaming with kindness, so expressive of her words in the crisis between life and death when she emphasized her true character in saying: "I love everybody."

MRS. S. H. STOUT.

"A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive."

From a beautiful tribute by Mrs. George Langston to the wife of Dr. S. H. Stout, whose death followed so soon that of her distinguished husband, the following notes are taken:

Martha Moore Abernathy was born in Giles County, Tenn., January 19, 1830; and in April of 1848 she united her destiny with that of Samuel H. Stout, to whom she was the truest and tenderest friend through every varying fortune. When the war came on, with its peculiarly trying times, and the husband was giving his care to the wounded and dying in hospital and camp, she too listened to the bugle call of duty. Not alone to her family were her energies devoted. She went beyond this in giving strength to the weak, faith to the unbelieving, and honor to the Southland as wife, mother, and friend. And in the darker days which followed the close of the war, amidst the confusion and bitterness of feeling and unpleasant associations, the universal motherhood of this

noble woman pierced the rift of blackness, and by faith she looked beyond and hoped for better things to come, and so inspired all by the oneness of her love.

Afterwards they became residents of Cisco, Tex., where Dr. Stout was prominently connected with the development of the town, especially in its educational and municipal departments, and here his wife made for herself a place in the hearts of all. In later years their home was at Clarendon; and it was here, on September 18, 1903, that the hands lovingly joined so many years before were unclasped and the husband entered the spirit land; and here, on July 10, 1904, the loving wife followed him whom she had so willingly followed all the days of her life. Faith looks beyond, and we see them united forever, where

"There's perpetual spring, perpetual youth,
No joint-benumbing cold nor scorching heat,
Famine nor age have any being there."

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

B. F. SHORT.

A tribute by John A. Miller, Commander of his Camp:

"B. F. Short, of Company F, Fourth Regiment of Tennessee Cavalry, C. S. A., on July 26, 1904, answered the summons of the mystic angel and crossed over the dark river to dwell in the white tents of the silent, there to rest till the reveille of the resurrection morn shall awaken him to life eternal. Comrade Short was buried in Mount Hope Cemetery, Franklin, Tenn., by McEwen Bivouac, of which he was an honored member. He was a soldier true and tried till the surrender, and was esteemed by all who knew him as citizen, neighbor, and friend, and in his family was a model of devotion.

"A few years ago a reunion of the five brothers of this family was held in Franklin, notable for the fact of their having



B. F. SHORT.

been separated thirty-five years before and having passed safely through the dangers of the war, and still living in the enjoyment of good health and happy homes. Of the five broth-

ers, W. A. Short, the elder, enlisted in October, 1862, in Capt. Hobbs's Company, Tenth (Col. Cox) Tennessee Cavalry, served through the war, and surrendered with Gen. Forrest at Gainesville, Ala., never having been wounded or captured. Jno. J. Short was a member of Capt. McEwen's Company, Forty-Fourth Tennessee; was captured in 1862 and sent to Camp Chase, then to Rock Island; was sent to Richmond for exchange and served till the close of the war, surrendering at Greensboro, N. C., with Gen. J. E. Johnston. Jesse A. Short enlisted in May, 1861, in Carter's Company of the Twentieth Tennessee Infantry; was wounded at Murfreesboro, Hoover's Gap, Chickamauga, Resaca, and Jonesboro, Ga.; served through the war. Henry M. Short was also a member of Carter's Company of the Twentieth Tennessee; he was wounded at Shiloh and at Franklin; served through the war, however, and surrendered with Gen. Johnston at Greensboro. B. F. Short served in Pierce's Company of the Fourth Tennessee Cavalry during the war, and was never wounded or captured. He surrendered at Washington, Ga."

DR. H. G. LOGAN.

Dr. H. G. Logan, Adjutant of V. Y. Cook Camp, of New-ark, Ark., died on June 23, 1904. He was born in Cleveland County, N. C., in 1847, and entered the Confederate army in May, 1861, serving to

the close of the war as first lieutenant of Company D, Second North Carolina Junior Reserves. Dr. Logan was a practicing physician, and a great part of his time and services was given to those in distress and need. What a beautiful retrospect he has left his family and friends! No one ever appealed to him in vain, though the demands upon him were constant. Since his death his young daughter, Miss Ellen,



DR. H. G. LOGAN.

is acting adjutant of the Camp, an honor worthily bestowed, for to her it is a labor of love, and her official services are promptly and faithfully performed. This Camp has a mortuary fund on the assessment plan, available at the death of a member, and was the first in all the confederation of Camps to advocate an immediate and closer affiliation of the Sons of Veterans with the old soldiers.

EDWARD EDGAR.

Edward Edgar, Lieutenant Commander of Camp Sutton, at Port Lavaca, Tex., died at Santa Rita, N. Mex., May 25. In all his extensive acquaintance none knew him but to love him. Comrade Edgar was educated in the schools of New Orleans, but at the age of twelve went to Calhoun County, Tex. In 1861 he joined Company D, Sixth Texas Infantry, and was sent to Arkansas Post, Ark., where he remained until its fall, when he was sent as a prisoner of war to Springfield, Ill. Later he was exchanged at City Point, Va., and immediately resumed service in the Confederate army, sharing in the

glory of that unfaltering band through many battles and vicissitudes until the surrender of Gen. Johnston at Bentonville, N. C. He was married in 1877 to Miss Annie B. O'Niel, of Port Lavaca, who, with two children, survives him. Sutton Camp, C. V., formed a noble squad, and with flag unfurled escorted the body of their comrade to its last resting place.

DR. A. A. MARSTELLER.

A. A. Marsteller was born at the old family homestead in Prince William County, Va., in September, 1844; and died May 17, 1904. He joined the famous Black Horse Cavalry under Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, and soon won the confidence and esteem of his great leader by his daring and adventurous spirit, and who mentions him in one of his official reports as a lad of "extraordinary daring and individual prowess." Gen. R. E. Lee ordered the report to be sent to President Davis and the Secretary of War, and in forwarding the same added: "As a bold deed, it may interest and please."

Young Marsteller studied medicine, graduating with the highest honors of his class. At the request of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, he located in Stafford County, near Gen. Lee's estate, Wide Water, and became his family physician. He afterwards removed to Washington, D. C., where he built up a large and lucrative practice, from which ill health finally compelled him to retire.

As a soldier, his record was brilliant; as a physician, he was eminently successful; as a surgeon, he was a bold and skillful operator; as a citizen, he was honored and beloved by all who knew him. He was a devoted husband and father, and leaves a wife and two children, a son and a daughter, to mourn their loss.

CAPT. RICHARD CATESBY WIGGS.

Capt. R. C. Wiggs, well known throughout the Chickasaw Nation, died on the 7th of June, 1904. He was a man of the highest and noblest traits of character. He was born in Lexington, Ky., in 1838; and lived in the Chickasaw Nation for about thirty-three years, residing at Oakland since 1874.

At the outbreak of the war he assisted in raising Company C of the Eleventh Texas Cavalry, the first company formed in Grayson County. Two years after its organization he was elected captain and was then made assistant inspector general of cavalry, under John A. Horton. He participated in all the battles of the Army of Tennessee, and was twice wounded. Always found at his post of duty, he loyally defended the cause in which he believed, and was a brave and faithful soldier.

Capt. Wiggs was an intermarried citizen of the Chickasaw Nation, and held office under the Indian government at different times, having been, respectively, sheriff and county clerk of Pickens County, both of which offices he held several terms. He performed the duties of these offices at a time when conditions were quite different from those of today, the Indian courts and government then being the only local institutions of government. In his official position, as in his private life, he had the entire confidence and esteem of the full-blooded Indian, as well as all other citizens, because in his dealings with all he followed the golden rule of conduct. He was truly loyal in all the relations of life—to his family, his friends, and his government.

He leaves a wife and three children.

DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT'S "DIXIE."

The September issue of the *VETERAN* has aroused animated discussion upon changing the words of "Dixie." A spirited woman writes from far out West:

"Don't you ever let any man or woman change the words of Emmett's 'Dixie.' It would be sacrilege! It's the South's 'Marseillaise.' If the words 'passed muster' nearly half a century, surely they are fit for the rest of time and eternity! Just as well change 'Old Hundred' or 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul!' . . . Then, too, isn't *nigger* all the style? Don't *they* write *nigger*, talk *nigger*, *sing nigger*, *act nigger*, *preach nigger*? The one being *biggest nigger* gets most pay, most notoriety, and most gratification!

"Wasn't it *nigger* that 'Dixie' inspired the boys in gray to 'walk around' as no boys ever did before or can do again? If I wanted *fame*, I'd strike at original things, not wait until a poor fellow had passed into the great beyond to meddle with his production and try to share his glory. 'Dixie' is too great for a second fiddle! It makes my heart ache to contemplate."

Miss Beatrice Cunningham, of Cadiz, Ky., writes of the original "Dixie:" "I come with a grievance. I have observed with some wonderment the signs of a possible adoption of *new*

words to our loved 'Dixie.' It seems a poor tribute to Emmett, just now in the yet present gloom of his passing, to think of such a thing. There is but one 'Dixie.' Let poets trim, and all the prima donnas of the world adopt the new one, still there is only one 'Dixie' to the torn heart of true Southrons—the one of Emmett's. It is the coloring of the old version that makes it so loved and famous. Any change would rob the song of its time-worn and old South prestige. It came from the heart and soul of a man when history was warm in its making."

In connection with the fine old man, the author of "Dixie," Mr. Al G. Field, proprietor of what is doubtless the greatest minstrel show ever organized, on a recent visit to Nashville, paid respect to the *VETERAN* by a serenade to Dan Emmett's friend. The *Nashville Banner* said of the circumstance:

"Once again the Al G. Field Greater Minstrels made their presence felt in Nashville, for parade No. 2 was given by that organization this morning. This time the entire company was installed in carriages and two tallyhos, and made a tour of every part of the city.

"The factory districts were visited and concerts were given in front of several manufacturing establishments. The working people were much gratified, and showed their appreciation of the music by enthusiastic applause. Classic and popular airs were played, and withal the music was an excellent tonic during the hours of labor.

"However, the feature of the parade was really the concert given in front of the office of Mr. S. A. Cunningham, editor of the *CONFEDERATE VETERAN* and a friend of Mr. Field. These gentlemen have been brought very close together through their mutual regard for Daniel Decatur Emmett, the author of 'Dixie.' . . ."

Some reminiscences of "Uncle Dan Emmett" are promised by Mr. Field ere long. Those who best knew this mellow-hearted, courtly old man owe to his memory expressions for the public.

The protests herewith recorded are but of many which have been entered against changing the words of "Dixie."

It is hardly fair to intimate that such change has been contemplated only since the passing of the venerable Dan Emmett. The patriotic lines by Gen. Albert Pike were written when the storm of battle in its fury was over the South, and often since then different compositions have been submitted from time to time as more in accord with what we wished to be our national air. A number of these compositions have been published in the *VETERAN*, but none have been given with a view to take from the original composer any of the honor which has been accorded him. It is simply wished to secure words which will have a deeper meaning when sung to the air which had the power to quicken the lagging footsteps of every weary soldier and still thrills the hearts of multitudes throughout the length and breadth of this land. Indeed, "Dixie" thrills audiences in every country where it is heard.



PATRON AND FRIEND OF DAN EMMETT, ORIGINATOR OF MINSTRELS.

GEN. S. D. LEE IN REGARD TO BLUE AND GRAY.

Gen. Stephen D. Lee has been so misrepresented in connection with the proposed reunion of the veterans of Union and Confederate armies that he sends copy of his letter in regard to it.

"COLUMBUS, MISS., July 29, 1904.

"Commander D. R. Lowell, Middleton, Conn.

"My Dear Sir and Comrade: I have yours of July 25, with reference to the 'Blue and Gray meeting,' recently held in St. Louis, and inclosing the printed synopsis of the proceedings and resolutions. In compliance with said resolutions, you as chairman of the committee, appointed by the meeting, ask me as Commander of the U. C. V. Federation, to appoint a committee of five Confederate veterans, to co-operate with your committee; to arrange the details of the proposed fraternal convention of the 'Blue and Gray,' to be held in Washington, D. C., May, 1905. A similar request has been made of Gen. Black, Commander of the G. A. R. Organization, as to the appointment of a similar committee.

"Rev. Mr. Byrons, who inspired the movement, has placed me in an anomalous position by the following resolutions: 'Resolved, That whereas letters read at the meeting from Gen. Lee and Gen. Black, respectively, show that each of said commanders is in full accord with the objects of this meeting,' etc. He certainly gave coloring to my views not borne out by any of the letters written him, nor did I send any message to the St. Louis Convention, as you mention in your letter to me.

"I am thoroughly satisfied, both from observation and experience, that the survivors of the great war, on both sides, entertain for each other the highest regard and respect, and when meeting together their intercourse is of the most cordial and pleasant character, feeling that each side performed what they considered a patriotic duty, as they saw it; yet when it is proposed to have a social joint meeting of the two great federations, my opinion is, such a reunion should only be brought about through the appointment of committees by the two commanders of the G. A. R. and U. C. V., after the matter had been presented to, and discussed by, the two bodies, at their annual meetings, and their full approval given. I do not think I would be justified in committing the U. C. V. Federation to such an important step, without their being consulted about it beforehand, and in such a hurried manner.

"I have continuously put myself on record, by resolution, and in all public utterances, as favoring all efforts tending to perfect reconciliation, and obliteration and allaying of all sectional bitterness and estrangement as between the North and South, and, so far as my observation goes, I do not hesitate to say that my views have been generally reflected by the surviving Veterans of the dead Confederacy.

"Unfortunately, though, I have been present at many of these Reunions, when some unwise or inconsiderate person said or did something which marred the occasion, and, in a measure, would destroy the good effects desired. I might recall two notable occasions; one the clash between the Governors of New Hampshire and Tennessee, at the dedication of the Chickamauga Park; another at the unveiling of the McPherson Monument, at Atlanta, when the commander of the G. A. R. (I think) and General Gordon clashed. I might name others.

"It seems to me almost a miracle how the two sections have gradually come together, and in the lifetime of many of the survivors we have been able to see the era of good

feeling, and forgetfulness of the weird and bloody past so universal. It would seem to me, we had best let well enough alone. The proposed reunion is a matter, if made a success, which should not be perfected too hurriedly or inconsiderately. Rev. Mr. Byrons worked most industriously by correspondence and through the public press, yet I learn that not over eighty or one hundred persons (after all his earnest work) were present at the St. Louis meeting, so that gathering could hardly be considered an enthusiastic or representative one on either side.

"I assure you, my dear comrade, nothing would give me more pleasure than to coöperate with you, and especially Gen. Black, whose broad and liberal views I know, in bringing about a better feeling, if possible, between the two sections than already exists; yet I feel we had best consider the matter more maturely before acting in haste, unadvisedly, and possibly injudiciously. Please send the inclosed copy of my letter to Gen. Black.

"With kindest wishes for you, personally, and reciprocating the noble, patriotic motive which inspired you and others who participated in the St. Louis meeting."

COLLECTING CONFEDERATE LITERATURE.

Mrs. Theresa J. Freeman has been appointed custodian of the display of Confederate literature at the National Convention, U. D. C., to be held in St. Louis, October 4, 1904. Mrs. Freeman has written and published several books, and has now ready for the press the life of "Dorothea Mason," her ancestor of England and the mother of John Rolfe, who married the Princess Pocahontas, of American romance and song. She also has "The Emigrants," a new and thrilling story of Southern life finely illustrated.

Mrs. Freeman has received a number of fine works from Southern authors. She expects to make a fine display of the works of many talented women throughout the Confederacy, and to aid in bringing before the American readers and children in this century, and in centuries yet to come, the portrayal of the true life of the South.

Mrs. Freeman's address is No. 4374 Morgan Street, St. Louis.

With pride and satisfaction announcement is made of the dedication on July 1, at Richmond, Va., of a Home for the Needy Confederate Women. The General Commanding gives his hearty approval of this action of Virginia comrades and urges its imitation in some form throughout our bounds, "thus showing that these angels of mercy have an abiding place in our affections."



"BATTLE ABBEY" BUILDING AT WORLD'S FAIR.

"THE WHITE CASTLE OF LOUISIANA."

A sincere friend and well-wisher writes of this book:

"Mrs. D. G. Murrell, author of the latest Southern book, 'The White Castle of Louisiana,' lives in Paducah, Ky., though a native of Louisiana. Her father, Mr. Randolph, was a large sugar planter, a Christian gentleman of the old school, and faithful to the Confederate cause.

"Mrs. Murrell has been for some time Historian for the U. D. C. Chapter of Paducah. Her home is one of the handsomest there, and within are many rare souvenirs, some of them gathered in different parts of the world by herself.

"Woven in romance of fiction are accurate descriptions of the times she writes of, the customs and feelings of people during the great struggle of 1861 to 1865, running into the sequel and its results, and Mrs. Murrell has been thanked many times for putting the contents in permanent form.

"This is not only a Southern story, but is published by a Southern firm—John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky. It is impartial, stating matters only as they existed, leaving readers to form their own opinions, though the outsider, the woman, the dog, and the darky, who pick up the story in succession, indicate that the life, never to be again, was the most delightful one to live. Hence, the author has deviated from the regular mode of story-telling. However this may be criticised in a new writer, it would doubtless be considered unique and to the point in an old one. Those who understand the importance of such accurate description and know the value of it cannot fail to find it charming in its choicest language and in the selection of subjects interesting to all who compose our great nation."

John A. Trimble, of Augusta, Ark., who served in Company D, First Missouri Cavalry, would like to find some of his old comrades in order to prove his service and gain admittance to the Soldiers' Home. The company was mustered in at Springfield, Mo. Seventeen of them were paroled.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative power in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.



MRS. D. G. MURRELL.



MILDRED LEE CLARK,

President Stonewall Jackson Children of the Confederacy in New York City.

The growth of the Children of the Confederacy is so widespread that much usefulness may be expected.

VIRGINIA.

BY V. V. HUNT, M.D., CORDELL, OKLA.

State of the gallant cavalier, whose blood and pride descend

To nerve thy sons, to daughters chaste transcendent beauty lend;

State of the hero and the sage and choicest of the fair,

Thy sons with Raleigh swept the seas, with Lee did fortune dare.

Mother of Presidents, and State that all for freedom gave

By James and Rappahannock's banks and Chesapeake's wild wave;

Whose daughters held aloof the flag for which their kinsmen died,

And kissed expiring patriots' lips, sinking in crimson tide.

The "Seven Days' Fight" thy valleys saw through glory's fiery pall;

Antietam! Fredericksburg! The strife that saw God's Jackson fall!

Virginia! Foremost in the charge and last in the retreat,

The memory of thy great cause lives—holy, serene, and sweet.

O, Richmond! widow laurel-crowned, within whose arms rest

Those pulseless forms I love so well—wife, with babe on breast.

O, Hollywood! O, Hollywood! Canst thou return to me

A daughter of Virginia as lovely half as she?

Ask your friends to subscribe for the VETERAN. Specimen copies free.

Mrs. E. Lalane Aveilhe, Treasurer of Tampa Chapter, U. D. C., writes that the list of contributors to the memorial window to Father Ryan in the new Catholic Church there has been destroyed by fire, and she asks that all the Chapters contributing will kindly notify her by card of the amount sent, also date of sending, if possible, as they wish to get matters straightened out and credit given to whom credit is due. Mrs. P. G. Mook, 2412 Highland Avenue, Tampa, Fla., is now the Corresponding Secretary.

ALL EYES ON TEXAS.

The San Antonio and Aransas Pass Railway traverses the artesian water belt and early market gardening country. Health, climate, schools, and churches unsurpassed. Send a two-cent stamp and get our Agricultural Folder. E. J. Martin, G. P. A., San Antonio, Tex.

Cancer—How Mrs. Margaret E. Cox, of New Moon, Ala., Saved Her Life.

MARCH 4, 1904.

Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Dallas, Tex.

DEAR DOCTORS: I will write you a few lines concerning my cancer. It is well. I commenced your last treatment on the 8th day of December, and on the 8th day of January it was healed up nicely. I will do all I can for you. I have sent your books to some of my friends who have cancers. Mine has been a great surprise to a great many people, and they want to know what cured it. I tell them the Oil Cure did the work for me.

With the best love to you and your kind treatment to me, I remain your true friend,

MRS. MARGARET E. COX,
New Moon, Ala.

There is absolutely no need of the knife or burning plaster; no need of pain or disfigurement. The Combination Oil Cure for cancers is soothing and balmy, safe and sure. Write for free book to the Originator's Office, Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Box 462, Dallas, Tex.



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Solid Gold and Enameled - 90c. each

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,
AND TAKE NO OTHER KIND.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

Civil War Pictures Wanted

Photographs, sketches, and prints of army scenes, camps, forts, etc.; war-time portraits of officers, and relics of the war.

ARNOLD A. RAND,
19 Milk Street, Boston, MASS.

L. T. Cosby, Abingdon, Va.: "Our county authorities have just appropriated two thousand dollars for a monument to our Confederate dead, and this sum will be supplemented by the citizens for at least that amount. The heroes of King's Mountain marched from this place, also a gallant host of Confederates."

L. R. Wallis, of Cadiz, Ky., asks for the words of a song of which the following is a part:

"The North and South once wore a yoke,

But now the tie's forever broke;
The reason why I'll tell to you,
Our leaders did not prove true."

W. C. Willey, of Spring Hill, Ky., wants to hear from Comrade Simmons, who was of Company G (Capt. Moorefield), Tenth Tennessee Cavalry. When last heard from, he was in Wolfe City, Tex.

PARAPHRASE ON "AULD LANG SYNE."

BY B. L. RIDLEY, MURFREESBORO, TENN.

Can Southern hist'ry be forgot,
And never brought to mind,
Can we live o'er times like '61,
And the days of Auld Lang Syne?

Chorus.

(Repeat last line, then last two.)

Our women said with smiling tears,
"If you would win the fair,
Go to the field, where honor calls,
And win your sweetheart there."

With Lee on land and Semmes on sea,
And Davis at the wheel,
With Southern pride and chivalry,
Our squadrons took the field.

The battle raged, and blood was shed
Until our ranks were thinned.
Four years we fought 'gainst fearful
odds,
'Till numbers drove us in.

Our flag went down, but glory crowned,
Impressed on every mind,
Our Southern boys won matchless joys
In the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

And now the mem'ry of those days
Our meetings bring to mind;
We grasp your hand in hearty cheer,
For the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

A. Wren, of Gatesville, Tex., writes: "James Wren enlisted at Tuscaloosa, Ala., in the spring of 1864. He went to Mobile, and his letters show that he was on C. S. Steamer Richmond, Capt. Parker's company. One letter mentions Marvin's or Marion's Corps. He has not been heard of since November, 1864, the date of his last letter near Richmond, Va. Any information as to whether he is living or dead will be thankfully received by his brother."

Attention, comrades! Did any of you know "Tone" Hutchinson as a soldier during the war? He lived in, and volunteered from, Wayne County, Ky., and his widow thinks he may have belonged to Capt. Coffee's company, in Breckinridge's command. Any information should be sent to Mrs. Dora Hutchinson, Beebe, Ark. She is poor and needy.—Rev. F. R. Noe, Beebe, Ark.

Dr. S. W. Turpin, of Lettsworth, La., wants the address of Dr. William M. Gentry, who was brigade surgeon to Gen. Bushrod Johnson. If not living, would like to know the place of his burial.

DO THIS NOW

And I Will Give You a Pair of my Handsome
Gold Spectacles

Just send me five names of spectacle wearers and I will do this:—First, I will mail you my Perfect Home Eye Tester, free. Then (after you have sent me your test), I will mail you a



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perfect-fitting five dollar family set of Spectacles for only \$1, which will include a pair of my handsome Rolled Gold Spectacles, absolutely free of charge. This set will last a family a lifetime. I have never sold this family set for less than \$5 and you could not buy spectacles anywhere near as good as these, even for \$10 a pair. I am really charging you nothing for them now, as the dollar I will ask you to send with your test is only to help pay for this announcement. This very remarkable but honest offer (to send a five dollar set of spectacles for only \$1) is open to everyone (my old customers also), but only for a short time, as I am just doing this to prove to every spectacle wearer in the world the following two very important facts: *First*, that my Perfect Home Eye Tester is positively accurate and reliable and with it you will be able to give your own eyes a perfect test in your own home and thereby I fit you with absolutely perfect fitting spectacles *by mail*, which could not be improved on even if you had undergone a personal examination in any oculist's office, at a cost of \$10 or more. *Second*, and most important of all, that on account of my latest improvements, my spectacles have become known the world over as the "Dr. Haux Famous Perfect Vision Reading and Sewing Spectacles" and they are now greatly superior to all others on the market. With them you will be able to thread the finest needle and read the smallest print, day and night, with perfect ease and comfort, just as you did in your younger days, and this, even if your eyes are so very weak now that you cannot read the largest print in this paper. In fact the large number of physicians who have for years and years used and recommended my spectacles to their weak-eyed patients will tell you that they are the most perfect fitting, clearest and best in the world today, and I will give you your dollar back and let you keep the five dollar set of spectacles also, if *you yourself* don't find them to be the finest, clearest and best you have ever bought anywhere at any price. I can only send one set to a family at this price, and this only for a short time, so write me *right now* for my free Perfect Home Eye Tester, and address my company as follows:—

DR. HAUX SPECTACLE CO.,
Haux Building, ST. LOUIS, MO.

I WANT AGENTS ALSO And any man or woman (also store-keepers), without any previous experience whatever, can fit the weakest eyes with my Perfect Home Eye Tester, which is so simple that any one can work it and easily earn from \$25 to \$100 weekly selling my famous spectacles, either in their own homes, travelling or in stores. My agents need no license anywhere as I furnish the necessary documents with the Agent's Outfit.

NOTE—The above is the largest mail spectacle house in the United States and perfectly reliable.

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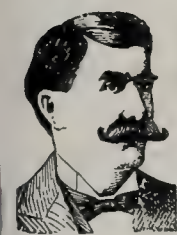
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Via Memphis and the

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One-way colonist tickets will be sold from Memphis, on September 20, October 4 and 18, to Texas points at rate of \$8.50.

Round-trip homeseekers' tickets from Memphis on September 20 and 27, October 4 and 18 at rate of \$15.

The territory to which above rates apply includes Dallas, Ft. Worth, Waco, Amarillo, Houston, Galveston, San Antonio, Corpus Christi, and intermediate points. Round-trip tickets permit stop-overs either way, 21 days' return limit.

For full particulars and Texas map, literature, time tables, etc., write to

W. G. ADAMS, T. P. ...
Cotton Belt, Nashville, Tenn.

TWO OLD JOHNNIES.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

Again for us the bugles play,
Again we don our suits of gray—
We're comrades still; the same old lines
Seem moving 'neath the crested pines;
I hear the mad guns' opening roar,
I see the foemen's ranks once more,
I hear the colonel's "Charge!" and then
The onswep of a thousand men.

We meet to-day, old comrade mine,
Not as we met 'neath oak and pine;
Hand clasped in hand, we silent stand,
The remnant of that gallant band.
Some comrades dear are camping ever
Where angels guard Potomac's river,
And some went down the day we stood
In Chickamauga's fire-swept wood.

We meet beneath the skies once more,
We stand together as of yore;
Our eyes are moist, our voices low.
I say: "'Tis Jim!" You cry: "'Tis
Joe!"

Ah me, what sacred memories come
From out the past at tap of drum!
And in the bugle's stirring strain
We are not old, but boys again.

O comrade mine, the river flows
Where all are friends and none are
foes.

Soon we shall break this earthly spell,
And hear God's sentry: "All is well!"
Each year we spread the sweetest blos-
soms

Upon the bravest, truest bosoms,
Where sleep the boys who formed the
lines
Beneath the cannon-shattered pines.

They look at us and laugh and say:
"Just two old Johnny Rebs in gray!"
But, comrade dear, they cannot know
The sacred ties that bind us so;
They cannot see the graves that lie
Beneath the balmy southern sky,
Nor know how in the past we stood
Where Mars strode through the war-
struck wood.

Ere long for us will beat tattoo,
As beats it for the boys in blue;
No hatred in our hearts to-day,
Although we wore the Southland's
gray;

And when they bear me to my rest,
The old, torn blouse upon my breast,
May some one's mother sweetly say:
"God rest the one who sleeps in gray!"

James Melvin, of Kossuth, Miss., would like to hear from any surviving members of the Whitworth Sharpshooters, Cleburne's Division.

A VALUABLE WORLD'S FAIR FOLDER—FREE.

If you are going to the World's Fair, St. Louis, write W. L. Danley, G. P. A., N., C., and St. L. Ry., for thirty-two-page illustrated folder, containing bird's-eye view and ground plan of the Exposition, list of hotels, map of the city of St. Louis, and other interesting information regarding the Fair.

The best route to St. Louis is via the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Ry. Very low rates are now in effect.

"A Belle of the Fifties" is the title of the latest Southern novel from the publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. The book is the memories of Mrs. Virginia Clay Clopton, of Alabama, gathered from conversations, letters, and memoranda, and prepared for publication by Ada Sterling. These memories contain much of unpublished history. Many incidents are related that throw light upon facts which, at the time they happened, seemed dark and mysterious. Mrs. Clopton was fortunate in having kept hundreds of letters, some of them having been written by the most prominent men of the period through the administration of Pierce and Buchanan and up to the year after the close of the War between the States. The book is liberally interspersed with anecdotes and incidents of the most interesting men and women of that period.

"Experience of a Confederate Chaplain, 1861-65." By Rev. A. D. Betts, D.D., of the North Carolina Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South. This is a 5x7 booklet of 100 pages neatly bound in "Rebel Gray," containing elegant half-tone engraving of a group of Confederate chaplains and a present-day portrait of the venerable author. It makes thrilling reading for Confederate veterans. Price, 25 cents, postpaid. Order of Daniel L. Betts, Publisher, Piedmont, S. C., or of the author at Lillington, N. C.

Special attention is called to the advertisement in this number of the book by Mr. Comer L. Peck, of Florida. Under the title of "Lorna Carswell," the author has given a historical romance faithfully drawn from events in that period of our country from 1855 to 1875. It is his sincere desire that these facts should be known widely, and in giving them a romantic garb he has simply made them of more interest to the general reader without in any way perverting the truth. The book is highly commended from high sources.

SOUTHWEST TEXAS, ST. LOUIS, BROWNSVILLE, AND MEXICO RY.

Along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, between Corpus Christi on the north and Brownsville on the south and extending westward up the fertile valley of the Rio Grande for a hundred miles, a magnificent territory has recently been opened to the world by the construction of the St. Louis, Brownsville, and Mexico Railway, and which gives promise of great activity in the development of that section, heretofore left to nature's way.

This section of Texas, entirely divorced heretofore from the commercial and industrial world, and through uncertainty of rainfall and absence of moisture by any other means, stifled every thought of agricultural development.

Brownsville, a little city of a few thousand inhabitants, and situated near the mouth of the Rio Grande, was the center of a prosperous small community for whom the fertile soil under irrigation from the river provided a generous livelihood, but a vast stretch of apparent desert lying to the north and west blocked every move to secure rail communication with the outside world.

During the past few months the entire section has undergone a marvelous transformation. Artesian water in unlimited quantities has been discovered throughout the entire territory, from Corpus Christi to Brownsville, and a new railroad, the St. Louis, Brownsville, and Mexico, recently put in operation, has liberated the section and presents it to civilization.

Much has been done already to demonstrate the remarkable fertility and productiveness of the soil under irrigation, and an army of home seekers is taking advantage of its numerous opportunities for scientific and diversified agriculture.

It appears that truck-gardening will be developed first, as early vegetables are always "early" during every month of the year, and thrive at Christmas as in the warmer days of May.

Sugar cane produces forty tons to the acre and rice two cuttings a year, the second of which is sufficient to pay all cost of producing the entire crop. Alfalfa yields from eight to ten crops dur-

ing the twelve months of the farming year, each of which averages more than a ton to the acre. Cotton and corn produce as abundantly, the second-crop yielding two crops a year. Oranges, lemons, and bananas grow rank in the yards of private residences in both Corpus Christi and Brownsville, and will eventually become paying crops.

New towns are springing into existence at various points along the line, and offer attractive inducements for the establishment of various industrial enterprises.

The railroad company, under the direction of Mr. William Doherty, the General Passenger and Ticket Agent—offices at Corpus Christi—is directing its efforts toward a rapid development of its territory by securing lands at low prices for home seekers and in every way lending encouragement to prospective investors.

L. R. Gunn, Waynesboro, Miss: "I would like to make inquiry for a comrade from whose hand I extracted a Minie ball during the battle of Chickamauga, on September 20, 1863. I was acting adjutant of the Seventeenth Mississippi Regiment in that battle. I have forgotten the name of this comrade; but, if still living, he will doubtless remember the circumstance."

James Archer, Jr., of Pine Ridge, Miss., wants January and March numbers of the VETERAN for 1893. Please write him before sending, stating price asked.

James K. P. Graves, of Independence, Oregon, was a member of Company A, Tenth Missouri Regiment, and would like to hear from some surviving member.

FLAVELL'S ABDOMINAL SUPPORTER.



Give exact circumference of abdomen at K, L, M.
M Silk Elastic - \$5 00
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K Goods sent by mail upon receipt of price. Safe delivery guaranteed.

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G. W. Flavell & Bro., 1005 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, Pa.



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Earn a WATCH, SIGNET RING, or FOUNTAIN PEN by selling 6 copies of "Songs of the Confederacy and Plantation Melodies" at 50 cents each. Order at once.

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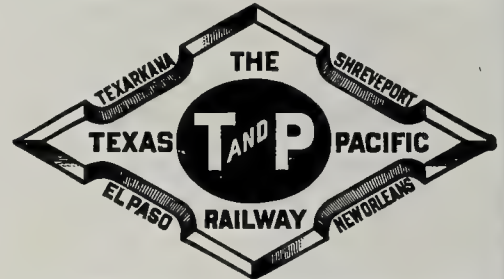
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" WASHINGTON, D. C., So. Ry. 6:52 a.m.
" BALTIMORE, Md., P. R. R. 8:00 a.m.
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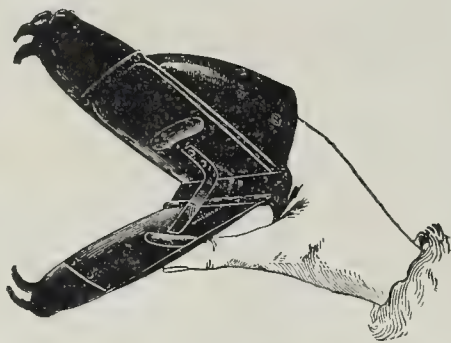


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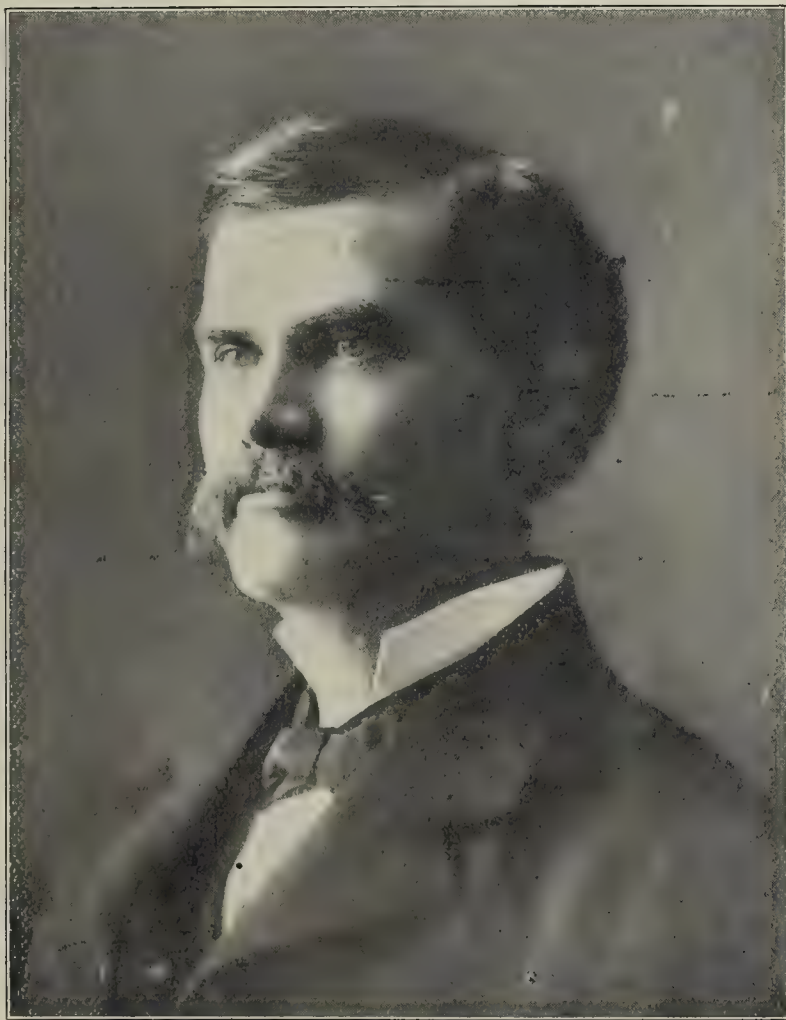
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Confederate Veteran

Editorial

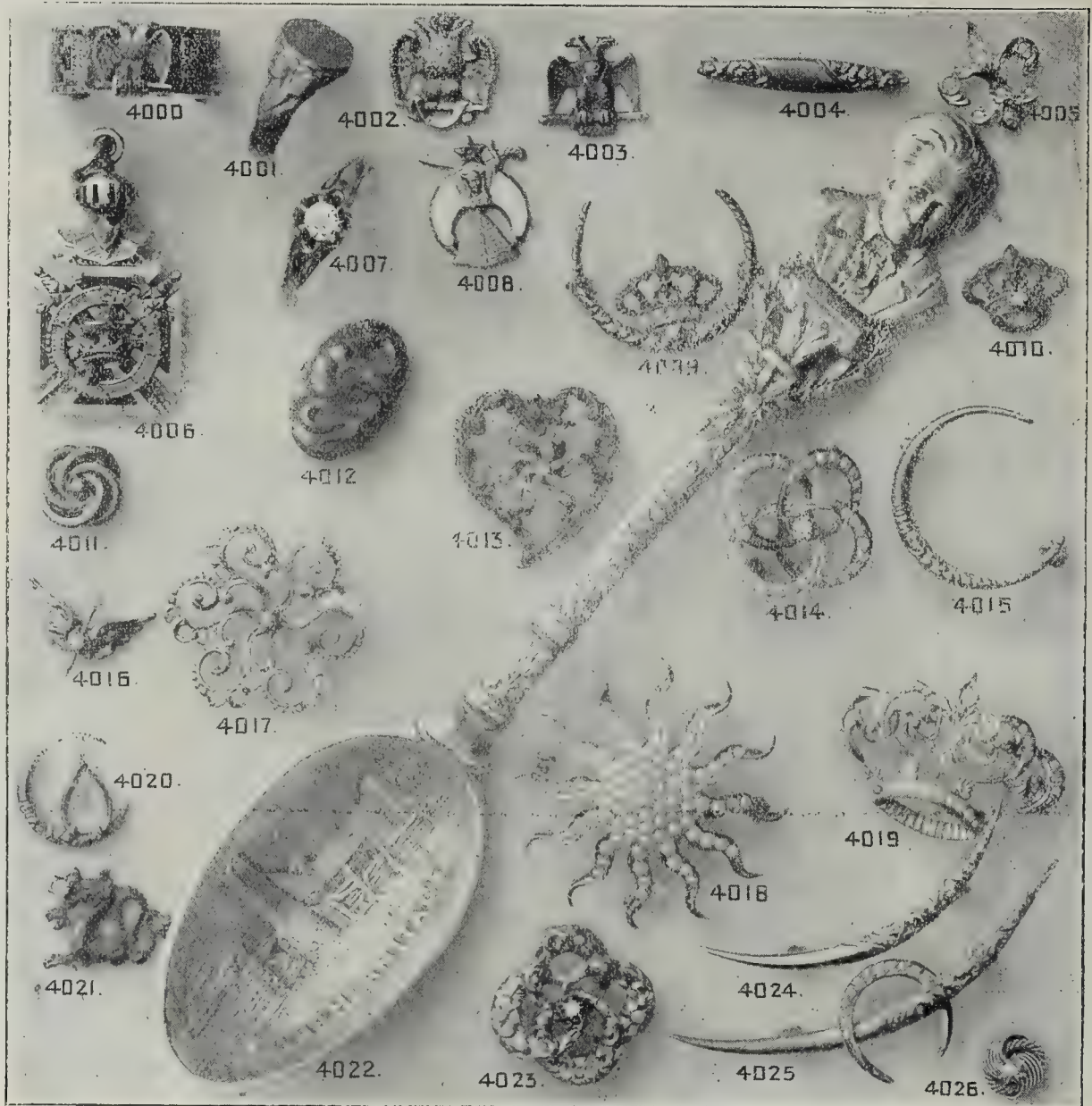


Mr. John S. Williams bears a national reputation, and it is of credit to his country. His father, Christopher Harris Williams, enlisted as a private soldier in a Memphis (Tenn.) company early in 1861, but Gov. Isham G. Harris commissioned him to raise a regiment, and as the gallant commander of the Twenty-Seventh Tennessee Regiment he was killed in the battle of Shiloh on Sunday.

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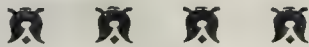
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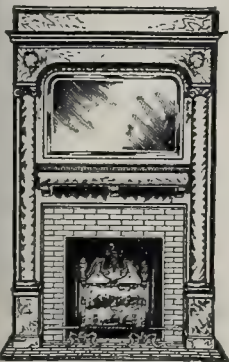
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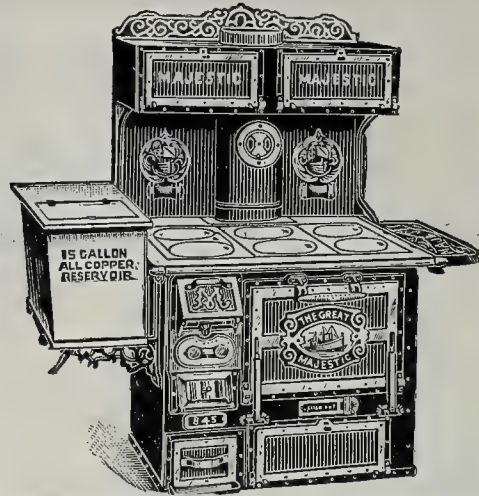
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Though men deserve, they may not win success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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PROPRIETOR.

ISSUES OF THE WAR DISCUSSED.

ADDRESS TO COMPANY A, U. C. V., AT MEMPHIS.

[The following are extracts from a printed address by Hon. John Sharp Williams, Member of the U. S. House of Representatives from Mississippi. The pamphlet is sent out with the compliments of Col. R. B. Snowden, from Memphis, Tenn.]

One of the Ten Commandments delivered by Jehovah to Moses on Sinai, and not the least of the ten, is this: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Like all the other commandments of God to his children, this applies not only to the individual man, but to men in the aggregate—men in organized societies forming governments, constituting peoples. Just as the boy who does not honor his father and mother is apt to bring his own life to an untimely end, as a consequence of experimenting in new and foolish paths to the neglect of the advice, accumulated experience, and teaching of those who have seen the world before him, so a people who forget the history, despise the traditions, ignore the ideals, and fail to share the aspirations of their ancestry are a people not apt to conserve anything—neither their own power nor greatness, nor their very living in the land itself. . . .

We hear much about a "New South." There is no New South. What there is of change is a change in the direction of the energies of the people; and if there be anything great and good in the so-called "new" South, as far as I have been able to ascertain, it is always something whose growth has its roots in the soil of the Old South. Everything admirable in the so-called "new" South is built upon the old, as a house is builded upon the rock of its foundation. We hear much of letting the "dead past bury its dead." No poet who was a philosopher, and perhaps no real poet, would ever have uttered that sentence. There is no such thing as a dead past. . . .

Ladies and gentlemen, thirty-nine years ago there occurred near the little village of Appomattox, in the State of Virginia, one of the most memorable and pathetic scenes in all history. A few ragged and half-starved men were surrendered, and with them there was seemingly surrendered a cause for which they had fought for four years. This seeming made it sadder. It is useless to picture the scene; Lee for the first time for many months in bright new uniform, with new sword; Grant, rough from the field, with his officers about him; the few brief words spoken around the table, where the terms were agreed to; the silence and sadness which pervaded the minds and marked the conduct even of the Federal offi-

cers and men; the scene a few minutes later when the Confederate chieftain was among his men; the tears coursing down rugged cheeks, that had perhaps never felt them before; men returning, with no vision of hope to cheer them, to lives of hardship and of labor; a despairing people and a desolate land! It is useless to picture all this, I say, because the imagination of each old veteran here pictures it all for himself, and every child has heard it told so often that it presents itself in vivid coloring even to his mind. This marked really the war-close of a great struggle, and when we gather, as we yearly do, upon the anniversary month of that event, on our decoration day, the celebration, in its beauty and in its sadness, is a fitting one. . . .

But in everything which rational men do, in which there is either beauty or pathos, there must also be a reason. What is it, then, which we celebrate on an occasion like this? Is it mere physical courage? If it were, the world in all of its history could not find a physical courage superior to that of the men who died or surrendered under Lee, Jackson, and the Johnstons. But mere physical courage is a thing too common amongst the men of the race to which we belong to be worthy of any sort of celebration for its own sake. Mere fighting is no virtue; far from it. Indeed, the man who is not great enough and brave enough not to fight when he ought not to is a poor excuse for a man. Speaking for myself, I have no admiration of the professional fighter, whether he be a Texas cowboy or a West Point graduate. . . . Why do we meet? What is the purpose of our coming together? Is it to keep alive the memory of a "lost cause?" Is it the "lost cause" which we celebrate? Not a whit of it, for, if it is, we have no cause to celebrate. In the economy of God, there are no lost causes in this world, except wrong causes. In every cause which has ever existed, whether it has apparently prevailed or apparently gone down, there have been some things—mere accompaniments, perhaps—which were wrong, but in every cause worthy of celebration there have been things which were not wrong but right, and which, being eternally right, have not gone down as lost forever, though, perhaps, temporarily eclipsed. . . .

We meet to celebrate the cause and the men of the sixties. What was the cause? Was it secession? Not a whit of it. Secession was merely the remedy which was invoked for the assertion of a right, for the maintenance of a cause. It had been twice before virtually invoked in these United States, though the sword had not been drawn to support its invocation—once by New Englanders, in opposition to what

they considered the tyranny of the Embargo Laws, and once by the South Carolinians in denial of the constitutional right of a government of all the people to levy tribute upon all the people in order to make the capital of a part of the people more profitable, or the labor of a part of the people better compensated. War determined that the remedy should fail, and I think we are all agreed that it is well that the remedy failed. I think we are all ready to go forward, marching shoulder to shoulder, with an eye to the possibilities of the future, rejoicing in the lusty strength of a great and reunited people. What was the cause, then? Was it slavery? Not a whit of it. Slavery was undoubtedly the occasion of the quarrel and of the fight; but had the South been attacked in any of her other property or civil rights, she would have defended them just as readily; in fact, more readily than she did in this case. It was merely upon the side of slavery that our right to local self-government was attacked. . . .

But there was something else, and even a greater cause than local self-government, for which we fought. Local self-government temporarily destroyed may be recovered and ultimately retained. The other thing for which we fought is so complex in its composition, so delicate in its breath, so incomparable in its symmetry, that, being once destroyed, it is forever destroyed. This other thing for which we fought was the supremacy of the white man's civilization in the country which he proudly claimed his own; "in the land which the Lord his God had given him," founded upon the white man's code of ethics, in sympathy with the white man's traditions and ideals. Our forefathers of the forties and fifties and sixties believed that if slavery were abolished, unless the black race were deported from the American States, there would result in the Southern States just such a condition of things as had resulted in San Domingo, in the other West Indies Islands, and in the so-called republics of Central and South America—namely, a hybridization of races, a lowering of the ethical standard, and a degradation, if not loss, of civilization. . . . Slavery is lost, and it is certainly well for us and the public—perhaps for the negro—that it has been lost. But the real cause for which our ancestors fought back of slavery, and deemed by them to be bound up in the maintenance of slavery—to wit, the supremacy of the white man's civilization, the supremacy of the ethical culture, which had been gradually built up through countless generations—has not been lost. We have not had the experience of the countries to the south of us; but I ask you, my friends, in all soberness and candor, to ask yourselves how and why we escaped the evils which befell others from identical causes, under similar, though not identical, conditions? What prevented the Africanization of the South? We escaped, but those of you, even no older than I am, will remember by what a slender thread we held to safety. You will remember the ten long years of so-called reconstruction which made the four long years of war itself seem tolerable by comparison, the ten long years during every day and every night of which Southern womanhood was menaced and Southern manhood humiliated. . . . The brethren of our own race, in our own country—the country whose pen had been Jefferson, whose tongue had been Patrick Henry, and whose sword had been Washington—were against not only us but the race itself—its past, its future—were seemingly bent only on two things—our humiliation as a race in the present, our subordination as a race in the future. . . . There is no grander, no more superb spectacle than that of the white men of the South standing from '65 to '74 and '75 quietly, determinedly, solidly, shoulder to shoulder in phalanx, as if the entire race

were one man, unintimidated by defeat in war, unawed by adverse power, unbribed by patronage, unbought by the prospect of present material prosperity, waiting and hoping and praying for the opportunity which, in the providence of God, must come to overthrow the supremacy of "veneered savages," superficially "Americanized Africans"—waiting to reassert politically and socially the supremacy of the civilization of the English-speaking white race. But what gave them the capacity to do this sublime thing, to conceive it and to persevere in it to the end? to wait like hounds in the leash—impatient, yet obedient to the call of the huntsman's horn—which came upon the heels of the autumn elections in the Northwestern States in 1874? What gave this capacity to the "easy-going, indolent, life-enjoying" Southerner? What if not four years of discipline, training, hardship? Four years which taught the consciousness of strength and mutual courage, the consciousness of capacity for working together, the power and the desire of organization, and which gave them, with it all, a capacity for stern action when required by stern events? But for the war—the lessons which it taught, the discipline which it enforced, the capacity for racial organization which was born with it—I, for one, do not believe that conditions in Louisiana, South Carolina, and Mississippi to-day would be very far different from what they are in Hayti, Cuba, or Martinique.

Neither of these causes is a lost cause. . . . The very men who told us in the sixties and the seventies that "one man was as good as another," no matter what the state of his civilization, no matter what his race traits and tendencies, are the very men who now, in establishing new governments in the new insular possessions, not only admit, but strenuously contend for the necessity of making such provisions of law as will prevent the white men in those possessions from being ruled by other races. The act of Congress for the government of the islands of Hawaii is almost identically the Mississippi Constitution reenacted, and the reason for its passage was the same—namely, to secure, as far as possible, without violation of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, the white man's supremacy there, and this, too, although the native Kanakas in the Hawaiian Islands have a percentage of illiteracy less than that of any State in the Union except one, and although the white men in the islands do not constitute one-fifth of the population.

My friends, there is no other instance that I know of where men having apparently lost a cause by four years of fighting subsequently preserved it by ten years of unterrified solidarity, superb patience, and magnificent common sense. I believe the world knows about us now these two things: First, that we have the strength of a giant; and, secondly, that we can be trusted not to use it like a giant—brutally and irrationally. So much for the cause of the sixties. . . .

And yet, my friends, there are people who say that all this sort of talk is "sentiment;" that what we want to do is to "come down to cotton and corn and pork;" buying and selling, negotiating bank exchange; that everything else is "sentiment," and that sentiment is "rot." Let it be a point with you, young boys and girls, to remember that the only thing in this world which is not "rot" is sentiment. That thing is rot which can last a man only a lifetime—which rusts and corrupts and decays—that thing, in other words, which can rot. Your cotton and produce are "rot;" your bank exchange is "rot;" your talk about mere material prosperity, as the chief aim and object and existence of man, is "rot," because when you come to lie down and die and be placed within your narrow habitation, six or seven feet by three or

four, not one of these things, nor things gained in this way, can you carry with you, nor present as a part of yourself at the chancel of God. They are well enough—we want them, and plenty of them—but they are of the earth earthy and exceedingly temporal. It is only your sentiments and the principles upon which they are based, as a house founded upon a rock, and the purposes, aspirations, and ideals which grow out from them, as a tree does from its sub-soil roots, that you can carry with you, because they have become a part of your immortal souls. . . . Business is all right, so is money-making. Every man should be diligent in business. We have apostolic authority for that. Every man should want to make money, in order that he may look all other men straight in the eye, with the independence of a true manhood, owing no man anything, saying with poor Bobbie Burns:

“Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.”

But the man who subordinates his nature, who prostitutes his chief energies, to the business of piling one dollar upon another, who forgets that there are flowers and poetry, a past and a present for himself and for his race, on earth and in heaven, who has narrowed himself to the point where everything but money-making and so-called business has become ‘rot,’ would be bored to death in the kingdom of heaven in twenty-four hours. . . . A country without memories is without history, a country without history is without traditions, and a country without traditions is without ideals and community aspirations, and a country without these is without sentiment, and a country without sentiment is without capacity for achieving noble purposes, developing right manhood, or taking any truly great place in the history of the world.

I have talked about your leaders, but, my friends, what makes leaders? . . . The greatest leaders must have followers worthy of them. . . .

I have mentioned some of the great leaders on land and at sea of the great army of the Confederacy, but have failed as yet to mention its crowning glory, which was the private soldier.

Taken all in all, no body of private soldiers like that of the Confederacy has ever existed or fought under any leadership. They were equally great on the march; on the defensive; on the attack, when the order to charge came; in prison, where ‘durance vile’ and suffering for food on the one hand, and the temptation of offered freedom on the other, were equal inducements to desertion.

I remember the Confederate soldier best of all when he was on the march. I can see him now winding his way through the dust, shoe-mouth deep, unwashed, unkempt, but jovial still. I can hear his voice as he passes the big gate: ‘Buddy, does your grandma know you are out?’ ‘Sissy, who painted our lips so red?’ No wonder that, with all the raiding and counter-raiding, passing and counter-passing of war, the boys of my age—nine, ten, or eleven years—thought that the jolliest life in the world must be that of a soldier, and looked forward to the time when they might be permitted to participate in it; not as a day of great responsibility, inaugurating a life of much danger, but as a sort of holiday, when fun would be attending and jokes ever recurrent.

There existed once a man by the name of Hannibal; later Corsican, Napoleon Bonaparte by name; earlier another Italian from Rome, of the genus Julius, surnamed Cæsar—

all of whom thought they knew something about the importance of time in military operations, something about marching infantry, so as to be ‘at the point of crisis with the largest numbers first;’ but one Thomas Jonathan Jackson, surnamed ‘Stonewall,’ because he could, when that was the thing to do, stand still like a stone wall, might, in this game of marching, have given either of these world captains an advantage of three out of five and beaten them to the goal; and an unlettered man, guiltless of military training, untutored in the science of war, half West Tennessean and half North Mississippian, by name Bedford Forrest, could not only have taught them how to move cavalry quicker than they knew, but could have revolutionized for them, as he did for the modern world, the art of war by changing cavalry into ‘mounted infantry,’ with all the advantage of cavalry on the march, and all the advantage of infantry in the fight.

. . . One of the inexplicable things to me about the Southern soldier is this, that he seemed to have been, for the most part, without a sufficiency of anything in the world except guns and ammunition. He developed a marvelous and unparalleled capacity for starving and going naked, but somehow he seems never to have been without guns and ammunition, at least enough to start a battle on.

I have said the Southern soldier was great on the march, but marching, after all, is only ‘getting there.’ . . . Critics were right when they said the Southerner would be great on the charge. The world has witnessed some great charges in its day. . . . But where, in all the history of all the charges, do you find exploits comparable to that beginning at Savage Station and continuing on through the seven days and ending at Malvern Hill? to that of the Texans, when they told Lee to go to the rear, in the Wilderness? to that suicidal, murderous, and unavailing onslaught of the Confederate infantry upon the breastworks of Franklin? and, above all, to that of Pickett and his men at Gettysburg? I can see them now, the reluctantly obedient and sullen corps commander sitting upon the fence, Pickett saluting and asking: ‘General, shall I carry my men in?’ Longstreet’s bowing without a word. I can hear the Virginian giving his orders, see him in his place with head bared, see the sweep of the line without a break, as it goes across and up the long slope, the orders almost noiselessly passed to close up as the artillery, and later the musketry, tear the ranks to pieces; I can see the long slope from one end of that gray line to the other, in the course of its march by the dead and dying; I can see the few who attained the height vaulting, sword in hand, or with clubbed musket, into the enemy’s intrenchment. I can see them looking about to find themselves surrounded by blue-coated soldiers—more than enough without arms to have tied them with pocket handkerchiefs. I can see those few—O, so few—looking back over that long, long slope to find not one gray coat in sight for a support—Lee’s orders not carried out. I see them then, despair of desperation settling upon them, some surrendered and some beginning to break back to the Confederate line; I can hear later the anguished and agonizing reproach of Pickett, when he states to Gen. Lee that his magnificent division has been swept out of existence, and I can hear Lee, with a greatness of soul, a magnanimity of which he alone was capable, saying, ‘Never mind, General, it has all been my fault,’ and to the men: ‘You must help me get out of this as best we can.’ In comparison with this demonstration of the courage of the soldier and the magnanimity of the leader, what could you quote from all history? . . .

But if this Southerner were a great soldier, what made

him so? There must be some reason for it, or else it cannot be true. What are the private soldiers of a volunteer army? They are simply the plain people in uniform. The soldiers of the Confederacy were great then, because they were a great people, because they were a free and equal people, an ultra democratic people. Free, proud of their liberties, proud of their determination to maintain them; equal, no man daring to assert, throughout all the Southern land, any inherited or acquired superiority over his fellows, except that given by character and knowledge. . . . In the Confederate army there marched, shoulder to shoulder, men whose fathers owned their hundred negroes and their five thousand acres, and the sons of overseers or of poor yeomanry, who owned nothing except the crops they made each year. The Confederate soldier, when off duty, if intimacy in private life justified it, as it nearly always did, called his colonel "Henry," his captain "Jim" or "Jack." I have frequently heard men, up North especially, talking about "Southern aristocracy." Except in the early days upon the tide water of Virginia and in the low country of South Carolina, nobody in the South ever assumed to be an aristocrat, for if he did the balance "jes' laffed," and even in those localities the assumption owed its birth to colonial conditions and died out, or was dying out, with them. Talking once in the cloakroom at Washington to a gentleman from the North, who had said something about Southern aristocracy, I said: "It takes just two things to constitute an aristocrat down South: one is to be white and the other is to be decent." Being white costs nothing—a man is born that way. Being decent is not expensive—water is cheap, all that is necessarily added is to be clean in thought and speech, as well as in person. Thus, we can all be Southern aristocrats whenever we choose. Our people were always democratic; in fact, slavery had that effect in the South, which it has had in all countries where one race has held another in slavery. The line of demarcation between the slave and the free man was a line so broad and so marked that it virtually wiped out all other lines of demarcation in society. . . .

In enforcement of what I said to my Northern friend in the cloakroom, I added that in my own town I had seen a citizen paint the outside and paper the inside walls of a fellow-citizen and afterwards dined at that fellow-citizen's house, with the Governor of the State, and the bishop of the Episcopal Church, and that he dined there as the admitted equal of his host and of the guests, without condescension of any sort, simply because he was a good citizen and had been a good Confederate soldier. . . . This plain people, such as I have described them, being put in uniform, constituted what a generous-minded Northern officer has called "the incomparable infantry of Northern Virginia, with bare feet and tattered uniforms, but bright muskets." Well might he use the word "incomparable." What other soldiery in the history of the world, viewed solely in the cold, historical light of actual accomplishment, has been comparable to it? . . . The "plain people in uniform," the private soldiers of the Confederacy, were great, because of their democracy, race pride, and environment. But in addition to environment there are other things which determine the character of a man or of a people. Heredity is one, perhaps the chief. . . .

Their ideal was all that was highest and best and bravest and most chivalrous among the acquirements of the race to which they belonged—the culmination of duty and personal honor. . . .

Men are made great soldiers by what they fight for as much as by what they are, and you old veterans, growing daily older in years and fewer in numbers, do not imagine

that you and those who fought with you deserve all of the credit for the magnificent courage, the superb fortitude, which you displayed. You showed the "mettle of your pasture." You ought to have fought better than anybody else. You fought for more than anybody else ever did. You had more to fight for. You not only fought for the right of local self-government, for the supremacy of the race, and for the very life of your civilization, but you went forth to fight for them at the bidding of a pure, home-keeping womanhood, the very flower and fruit of it all; the sweetest, gentlest, purest womanhood that the world has ever seen, and, too, a womanhood which encouraged to action and pointed the finger of scorn at the laggard. You fought for all these and, last but not least, for your land. The land itself was and is a glorious thing. The land we live in! The land we love! God sun-kisses the heights and throws shadows upon the valleys of no sweeter land in all this world. It is a land to live in, a land to die for. . . .

The Southern people present the unparalleled spectacle to the world of being the only people who, for four years, bore upon the points of their bayonets a cause which apparently they lost, and, coming forth from the struggle ruined and despairing, came forth at least not discordant. They alone of all men under such circumstances have failed and refused to make a scapegoat of a single great man in their military or civil employ, who led them to the unsuccessful issue. They know, whatever the world may think, that it was they themselves who led themselves. They and their children will brook no word of reproach of Lee, of Jackson, of the Johnstons, of Hampton, of Stuart, and their paladins, nor upon their military leaders, nor of reproach or censure of "The Great Mississippian," who, in his person, bore the sufferings of us all, and who lived at the conclusion for only one purpose—to draw up and give to the world a dispassionate and true account of the cause for which you fought and of the manner in which you fought it—Jefferson Davis. . . . Once upon the floor of the House of Representatives, while paying but scant attention to the running debate, there fell upon my ears from the lips of a Northern Representative a contemptuous reference to the "poor white trash of the South." The remembrance of all they had been, and all that they were, was in my heart. I said, as I would have you all say: "We have poor men in the South, as you have in Massachusetts, but the poor men are not always, nor generally, 'trashy.' We have 'trashy' men in the South, as you have in New England, but some of the trashiest of them are the richest. . . . They are the only body of so-called 'common people,' of whom it may, as a rule, be said that they can neither be bought nor can they be scared." I might have said that if the poor people of the white race in the South are to be designated as "poor white trash," the gentleman himself and all Northern men might find cause for serious reflection. If there was a class in the South to whom the application might have been applied, it was the class from which Abraham Lincoln sprang—the poorest of the poor, and the thriftless poor, at that. Bone of our bone and sinew of our sinew, he received from a Southern ancestry on both sides—and especially upon his mother's side—his patient courage, his imperturbable perseverance, his loyalty to his ideals, and, above all, the characteristic common sense and sense of humor of the Southerner. I might have told them that they got not only the head of their civil government and the chief of their land captains from our blood or territory, not only Lincoln and Grant and the Rock of Chickamauga—George B. Thomas—but that when they wanted a sea captain worthy of the Vikings of the race they got him

in the person of Farragut, of Tennessee, raised out near Knoxville, amidst and one of the class which they contemptuously call "poor white trash." . . .

This sentiment, which some people say is "rot," is the heritage which came with disaster and with many ruins. As a great orator has said: "A land without ruins is a land without memories, a land without memories is a land without history." . . . Father Ryan has better expressed it, taking as his text the words of the orator whom I have quoted:

"Yes! give me the land where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead;
Yes! give me a land that is blessed by the dust
And bright with the deeds of the downtrodden just.
Yes! give me the land where the battle's red blast
Has flashed to the future the fame of the past;
Yes! give me the land that hath legends and lays,
That tell of the memory of long-vanished days;
Yes! give me a land that hath story and song,
Enshrining the strife of the right and the wrong;
Yes! give me a land with a grave in each spot,
And the names in the graves that shall not be forgot;
Yes! give me the land of the wreck and the tomb,
There is grandeur in graves—there is glory in gloom;
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
And after the night comes the sunrise of morn;
And the graves of the dead with grass overgrown
May yet form the footstool of Liberty's throne,
And each single wreck in the war-path of might
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right."

The Confederacy had its poets, as it had its land captains and its sea captains—Timrod and Hayne and Thompson—but he who came nearest touching the very heart of the people was Father Ryan. . . .

Now, my friends, I have spent over an hour in trying to "utter the thoughts that arise in me," and yet I might have uttered them better in a much shorter time, without wearying your patience, had I quoted the words, rising to a climax, of one verse of that great poem which every Southern child should learn by heart, "The Sword of Robert E. Lee," written by this same "Priest-Poet" of the Confederacy, from whom I have read. Speaking of the sword of Lee, the very flash light of the cause, as its wearer was the very type of the men of the sixties, he says:

"Never hand

Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee!"

REUNION OF NORTH CAROLINA VETERANS.

The annual reunion of North Carolina Confederate Veterans was held at Asheville on the 30th and 31st of August. No such assemblage has ever before gathered in the Old North State, and perhaps never will again, for the old veterans are rapidly passing away. Probably three-fourths of the surviving remnants of the one hundred and twenty-seven thousand soldiers North Carolina furnished the Confederacy were present. In addition to those residing in the State there were representatives from twelve other States present. Among the distinguished visitors in attendance were Gen. Stephen D. Lee and his adjutant, Gen. William Mickel; Gen. C. I. Walker, of Charleston, S. C.; Gen. Cullen A. Battle and Hilary A. Herbert, ex-Secretary of the Navy, of Alabama; Gen. Carvilles and Col. Rutledge, of South Carolina; and Chaplain

Gen. J. W. Jones, of Virginia. Of the State's prominent men present, were Gen. W. P. Roberts, said to have been the youngest general in the service, commanding a brigade at twenty-three years of age; Col. Lane, of the famous Twenty-Sixth Regiment; Gens. J. S. Carr, James I. Metts, P. C. Carlton, William L. London, Judge A. W. Graham, Hon. Paul Means, Cols. John S. McElroy, W. W. Stringfield, and many others.

Never was the proverbial hospitality of the good people of this beautiful little town more severely taxed. They had expected and prepared for a large attendance, but nearly four times as many came as were looked for; yet every one was cared for and most generously entertained.

In the parade were a number of famous old flags, the Bethel flag being perhaps the most interesting. This flag was made by young ladies of Asheville, the Misses Woodfin, Miss Fannie L. Patton, and Miss Kate Smith, and presented to Capt. W. W. McDowell's company, the first going out from Asheville and taking part in the first land engagement at Big Bethel Church, Va., June 10, 1861. On the company's reaching Virginia it became a part of First Regiment, commanded by D. H. Hill, of North Carolina. This flag was adopted as the regimental flag, and in a sense had a baptism of blood of the first Confederate soldier killed in a land engagement of the great war of 1861-65—Henry L. Wyatt, of North Carolina. In the parade was also the flag of the Thirty-Ninth North Carolina Regiment, bullet and shell torn, having gone through sixty-seven battles, and carried on this occasion by Wesley Shelton, of Jackson County, who carried it in seventeen battles.

A courtesy appreciated by the old veterans was shown them by Mr. G. W. Vanderbilt, whose palatial residence and grounds, near Asheville, perhaps form the most magnificent estate in the world. Although in Europe, Mr. Vanderbilt directed that the Veterans be admitted on a day other than that allowed to the general public; and, without any charge, he also furnished transportation for great numbers of them over the estate. His superintendents of the various departments did everything in their power to make the trip one of great pleasure. Lemonade was served to the visiting hosts, and at the dairy ice cream was given to the vast multitude.

The Asheville reunion and the hospitable people will long be remembered by all who were so fortunate as to attend.

SECOND BRIGADE, KENTUCKY DIVISION, U. C. V.

The annual reunion of the Second Brigade, Kentucky Division, U. C. V., was held at Earlington, Ky., on the 21st and 22d of September. A large attendance of Veterans and visitors taxed the hospitality of the little town to its full capacity. A bountiful old-fashioned barbecue was served at Lakeside Park. Speeches were made by United States Senators Blackburn and McCreary; also Gen. Bennett Young, Hon. J. W. Lockett, and others. In the absence of Gen. J. B. Briggs, who was called on urgent business to New York, Col. L. D. Hockersmith was in command of the brigade. Col. Hockersmith was a captain in the Tenth Kentucky Cavalry, under John Morgan, and was captured with him in Ohio. It was Capt. Hockersmith who planned and carried into execution the way by which Gen. Morgan and his party escaped from the Ohio penitentiary.

At the business meeting of the brigade the following officers were elected: Frank A. Owen, of Evansville, Colonel of the First Kentucky Regiment, Second Brigade; Maj. Charles F. Jarrett, of Hopkinsville, Lieutenant Colonel; Maj. Ben F. Trumbo, of Morganfield, reelected Major of First Battalion;

Maj. James H. Bozarth, reelected Major Second Battalion; James Millen, reelected Major Third Battalion. John Moorefield was elected Quartermaster and J. R. Dean, of Earlington, was elected commissary, with rank of captain.

Comrade Owen, the newly elected Colonel of the First Kentucky Regiment, entered the Confederate service at the age of fifteen in the Eighth Kentucky Infantry in 1861, was wounded and captured at Fort Donelson, escaped from prison at Camp Morton, helped to recruit the Tenth Kentucky, and was made adjutant of the regiment.

One of the most enjoyable features of the reunion was the entertainment given at the Temple Theater by the ladies of Earlington and adjoining towns. The programme was made up of music, vocal and instrumental, old Southern airs, recitations, and tableaux.

REPORTS OF REUNIONS.

Reports of so many county and Camp reunions are sent in that only a passing notice can be given, on account of the limited space of the *VETERAN*. Doubtless there is more genuine enjoyment in these smaller gatherings than in the general reunions, as the men know each other as if brothers of the same flesh.

The annual reunion of Coryell County Confederates was held at Gatesville, Tex., in July, lasting four days. This has grown to be the largest county reunion in the State. "Confederate Park," where the meetings are held, is within four blocks of the public square, has seventeen acres inclosed and set in Bermuda grass, a large auditorium, grand stand, two artesian sulphur wells, and fenced off are the grounds where baseball and other sports are engaged in.

Officers elected for the following year are: W. A. McBeth, Commander; W. L. Saunders, E. L. Lawrence, J. W. Sherrill, Lieutenant Commanders; R. L. Suggs, Adjutant; F. M. Jones, Assistant Adjutant; T. J. Stevenson, Color Bearer; R. Y. Price, Chaplain; Miss Clara Brown, Sponsor.

Stonewall Jackson Camp, of Archer County, Tex., held its annual reunion at their regular camp ground, just south of Holliday, for three days in August, a large crowd being in attendance. Many camped on the ground, which comprises one hundred and ten acres, well fenced, and in a beautiful grove. Each day was spent pleasantly. Forty-six members of the Stonewall Camp responded to roll call, hardly two from the same command; others in attendance were Confederates of the county, Sons of Veterans, and visitors, numbering in all over a thousand. Credit for the good order and good time enjoyed was largely due to Maj. Robert Cobb, Commander of this Division, and Capt. Lowery, of the Sons of Veterans.

At the annual meeting of Willis L. Lang Camp, of Marlin, Tex., the following officers were elected: Commander, D. H. Boyles; Lieutenant Commanders, Alex Frazier, S. D. Hutchings, and J. T. Owens; Adjutant, Q. J. Cockrell; Surgeon, Dr. J. C. Shaw; Chaplain, H. F. Spencer; Ensign, H. Travis.

Several comrades of this membership passed away during the year: John Reynolds, Company E, Second Texas Infantry; George H. Perkins, Corporal Company B, Fifth Texas Cavalry; N. Melton, Co. H, Forty-Third Mississippi Infantry.

Stonewall Jackson Camp, of Archer City, Tex., reports the death of the following since the last meeting: Capt. W. M. Fuller, Lumsden's Alabama Battery; D. A. McKinsey; D. W. James, Company I, Second Arkansas Infantry; E. W. Simmons, Company I, Fifth Tennessee Cavalry; and Capt. John Myers.

Resolutions were passed by the Camp in its annual meeting,

expressing the loss to the Camp in the death of these comrades as well as to their communities, and sincere sympathy was extended to the family and friends of each.

DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY IN MONTANA.

Miss Evie Morris, Secretary of the Winnie Davis Chapter, U. D. C., at Helena, Mont., writes the *VETERAN*:

"Mrs. J. L. Patterson, of Bozeman, Mont., has organized three Chapters of United Daughters of the Confederacy in this State, and she is now most deservedly President of the State Division. The M. A. E. McClure Chapter, Bozeman, was the first organized; the Winnie Davis Chapter, Helena, second; and the Robert E. Lee Chapter, Livingston, third. We rejoice in being able to have a Division and to coöperate with the Daughters of the South.

"The Winnie Davis Chapter was organized in April, 1903, with 18 charter members, and there are now 41 members. The Woman's Relief Corps of the G. A. R., in annual convention, condemned us, saying we were sowing seditious seed and teaching unwholesome truths to our children; but we have persevered, working harmoniously together, and feel sure that we have proven that we are simply living up to our motto: 'Charity to the living, honor to the dead, and the preservation of the truth of history.'

"Our President, Mrs. R. A. Bell, is from Kentucky; our Vice President, Mrs. C. H. Head, is from Mississippi; our Treasurer, Mrs. Henry Loble, is a Montanian, but the daughter of a Mississippi Veteran; and our Secretary, Miss Evie Morris, is from Tennessee; while Texas, Kentucky, Missouri, Maryland, Louisiana, Georgia, Mississippi, Tennessee, District of Columbia, Alabama, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Montana have given us enthusiastic and faithful members.

"On January 19 we gave a large reception, having as our guests the Southerners of Helena; and we presented twenty Southern crosses of honor to the Veterans—the first ever presented in the Northwest Division. On June 3 we entertained the members of the N. B. Forrest Camp here, and presented fourteen crosses of honor. There are many more Veterans in Montana whom we hope to be able to honor with crosses, but some of them live in remote parts of the State, where there are no Camps, and so we cannot work as rapidly as we should like.

"We have a course of study outlined for this winter, embracing Southern history, heroes, statesmen, and women, and intend that to be only the beginning of our work."



"VAN CLUSE," NEAR PORT GIBSON, MISS., HOME OF GOV. B. G. HUMPHREY, FROM WHICH HE WAS EJECTED.

HOOKER SLANDERED CHEATHAM'S DIVISION.

From the eighth volume of the Confederate Military History, published in 1899, written by ex-Gov. Jas. D. Porter, and edited by Gen. Evans, of Georgia:

"Gen. Grant, in forwarding Hooker's report under date of March 25, 1864, placed this indorsement upon it: 'Attention is called to that part of the report giving the number of prisoners (6,547) and small arms (10,000) captured by him, which is greater than the number captured by the whole army.'

"This General Hooker, who was so defiant of historical accuracy, is the same General Joseph Hooker who was the author of a slanderous communication addressed to the Hon. S. P. Chase, dated December 26, 1863, and published in 1900, on page 339, Series 1, Vol. XXXI., Part 2, of 'Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies,' in which the following statement was made: 'Before the battle of Lookout, I had opened communication with Cheatham's Division, holding the summit of the mountain, and had good reason to believe that I would have succeeded in bringing in all of the enlisted men with some of the officers but for their untimely removal. They were relieved by Stevenson's Division. The only conditions I required were that they should give themselves to me with arms in their hands, and take the oath of allegiance; theirs, that they should be permitted to return to their homes, or go where the conscription could not reach them. You will remember that when Bragg retreated from Tennessee he was compelled to march the Tennessee troops under guard.'

"No man, living or dead, could have believed that there was the slightest foundation for this story. It was evidently prepared with the expectation that the author of it would be exalted for his supposed zeal in the prosecution of his missionary labor in beguiling Cheatham's Division from allegiance to their country and to their honor, and with no

expectation that it would be published as a part of the history of those perilous days.

"Cheatham's Division never occupied the summit of the mountain. The First and Twenty-Seventh Tennessee, of Maney's Brigade, then a part of W. H. T. Walker's Division, were there on picket duty for about ten days in October; and this consolidated regiment is the same referred to in handsome terms by General Cleburne for participation in the battle of November 25, when, united with troops from Texas and Arkansas, Sherman's forces in their front were driven from the field.

"'You will remember,' said the American Munchausen, 'that when Bragg retreated from Tennessee he was compelled to march the Tennessee troops under guard.' Judge Chase could remember nothing so idiotic or impossible. It is a pity that the author of the slander had not remembered the lesson taught in Dickens's 'Great Expectations': 'Don't you tell no more lies, Pip; that ain't the way to get out of being common, old chap.' When Bragg retired from Tennessee, Cheatham's Division constituted the rear guard of the army, and its last service before ascending the mountain was to drive, in inglorious confusion and retreat, the Federal cavalry by which it was assailed at Cowan. When it reached Chattanooga it was stronger than when it retired from Shelbyville; furloughed men and volunteers joined it *en route*, and in many instances ran the gantlet of Federal pickets, scouts, and cavalry. In addition to the Tennessee brigades of Cheatham, John C. Brown's and Bushrod Johnson's were composed exclusively of Tennesseans, and Bate's, Polk's, and Smith's were largely Tennessee troops; and these, with the artillery and cavalry from that State, constituted a force too strong and too spirited to 'march under guard,' unless they had been led by the vaunting 'hero of the battle above the clouds.'

"Gen. Cleburne, in his report of the battle of Missionary Ridge, fought a few days after the perpetration of Hooker's slander, said: 'The First and Twenty-Seventh Tennessee, Col. H. R. Field, were moved in front of the works to a very exposed position. Cumming was ordered to charge the enemy with the Fifty-Sixth and Thirty-Sixth Georgia; twice he was checked and had to re-form, and Warfield's Arkansas Regiment and the gallant First and Twenty-Seventh Tennessee prepared to share his next effort. At the command the whole rushed forward with a cheer, and the enemy, completely surprised, fled. The column returned with eight stands of colors and five hundred prisoners.'

"'Fighting Joe Hooker' is dead, but a posthumous slanderer deserves no mercy or pity; therefore, upon the authority of the late Gen. Dabney H. Maury, I will explain how Hooker acquired his martial sobriquet. A club of cadets at the U. S. Military Academy, at West Point, met for the discussion of a question involving the rights of the States. Among the disputants were Cadets E. Kirby Smith and Joseph Hooker. The last named was full of vanity and conceit, and indulged in remarks that were personally offensive to Cadet Smith. After adjournment, Hooker was asked for an apology, which he declined with a jeer; thereupon Cadet Smith gave him a half dozen kicks on the seat of his trousers, which were not resented. He was afterwards known in the cadet corps as 'Fighting Joe Hooker,' a name that he could not repudiate and that he dared not appropriate, and yet there are thousands on both sides of the line who believe that he had honorably won it on the battlefield in the War between the States."



SAYS HE WAS STONEWALL JACKSON'S COOK.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS COMMENDED.

In prosperous times purse strings are easily loosed and the holiday season is prolific of good will and unselfishness.

After anxious meditation about how to do the greatest good to the greatest number in connection with the class for which the VETERAN was launched, it has been decided to make an unprecedented offer in behalf of poor Veterans and the families of such. The old soldiers are dropping out with sorrowful rapidity, and those who would do them a service in this world must do it quickly. It is stated that Union veterans are dying at the rate of one hundred every day, and the Southrons are evidently falling out of line in equal proportion.

The extraordinary offer is made now in an appeal for these noble patriots to supply them to the extent of ten thousand for the next year at half price. The plan is to accept one dollar in payment for two subscriptions to those who are unable to pay. Prosperous Confederates and younger men who would like to give the greatest possible pleasure for a very small sum are commended to this method of giving two families pleasure each month for a year by remitting one dollar and giving the names of such persons as described between now and January 1. It is not expected that this sum would pay the expense of publication, etc., but the good and satisfaction would richly compensate for the free labor and the sacrifice.

Remittance may be made now or any time before Christmas, and a handsome certificate of the compliment be mailed in time to reach the beneficiaries, giving names of donors, with a Christmas greeting.

This proposition should enlist at least ten thousand persons who take the VETERAN, and it would furnish a testimony to the loyalty of our people that was never equaled. This beneficence would make the donors happy to all eternity. Those who renew for their own subscriptions would do well to inclose one dollar more with the names of two who can't afford to subscribe.

While it is suggested that one dollar be utilized for so much good, there is no limit to the extent of this proposition. Any great-hearted person may send a list of such persons as large as he chooses with the half price for one year only, the only stipulation being that recipients cannot afford to pay the subscription price.

Let us put the VETERAN in every Southern home. To investigate with a view of supplying the comrades designated would be fine. It would in a way be a thorough canvass of the South, and many would subscribe for it.

If this plan is taken up promptly by well-to-do people, a separate "benevolent" mail list will be made, but all to expire with 1905. This is the best offer ever made by a journal in behalf of a class of worthy poor, and it should stimulate all others to liberal patronage.

U. D. C. IN CONVENTION.

The Eleventh Annual Convention United Daughters of the Confederacy at St. Louis, October 4-8, was notable in many respects. Despite the various fascinating attractions in the city and at the World's Fair grounds, the large body quite regularly attended morning, afternoon, and night to the various important interests in hand. If every veteran and friend of the cause who engaged those noble women could have seen how diligent and zealous they were, the impression would be as lasting as the most thrilling and important events of the year. An entire issue of the VETERAN might well be devoted to the proceedings. The plea was made to the Presidents of the State Divisions to send concise reports, and the manifest appreciation of the suggestion induced the belief that they would be sent promptly. It is very desirable to make a showing to the credit of that great organization in the December VETERAN; and if every State President will be prompt in sending in condensed reports, they may be published just as the authors would like them.

It is said to have had larger attendance than at any previous convention. While business was strictly attended to, there were several brilliant entertainments given by the Missouri Division to their visitors. The Memorial Society gave an elegant reception. The State Pavilions at the World's Fair—Kentucky, Texas, and Mississippi—all excelled in hospitality. A dinner was given by Mrs. Anne Washington Rapley in the Tyrolean Alps to the general officers, State Presidents, and some personal friends. This dinner was one of the most elegant and magnificent affairs that has been given during the Fair.

The State Convention of the Missouri Division met October 10 and 11. Its President, Mrs. A. W. Rapley, presided with much grace and dignity. There was the greatest harmony in the work, and much was planned for the ensuing year. The Daughters of Missouri are to build a handsome monument at the Confederate Home, near Higginsville.

THE MACGILL-HILL WEDDING.—By request of the A. P. Hill Camp, of Petersburg, Va., the marriage of Gen. James Macgill, of Pulaski, Va., and Miss Lucy Lee Hill, daughter of Gen. A. P. Hill, will take place in St. Paul's Church of that city, under the management of the Camp, on November 16 at 5:30 P.M. All veterans will be in uniform. Formal invitations are not issued.

The three engravings on page 494, October VETERAN, were, first, that of Comrade O. L. Chesnutt, of Tifton, Ga.; the central picture was that of J. L. Lemonds, of Paris, Tenn., a sketch of whom appeared in the "Last Roll" on page 468 of the VETERAN for October, 1903; and the third, the one in checked suit, on the right, is that of comrade and confrère Dr. F. E. Daniel, of Austin, Tex. He is the editor and publisher of the *Texas Medical Journal*. The Chesnutt engraving is to go with an important paper yet to appear.

It is most difficult to keep track of engravings, ambrotypes, etc., not properly marked. Others like these are on hand.

While sending renewal of his subscription, Maj. Sidney Herbert, of the Savannah (Ga.) *News*, states: "The VETERAN is a very fine publication, and does credit to you. As I have been a journalist fifty-three years (twenty-eight on the *News*), I ought to know a good thing when I see it."

SLAVE MONUMENT QUESTION.

Just now, throughout the South, this subject is being much discussed in a great many United Daughters of the Confederacy Chapters. I am a Daughter, and I have given the question much thought; was born and reared in the capital of the Confederacy, Richmond, as were my people back to the settling of Jamestown. During the past ten years I have lived in different large cities, spending several years on the Pacific Coast, and have at times been nearly consumed with a great desire to see my dear Southland and sacrificed financial interests to be here, and yet I have come to look at all that concerns it with practical sentiment.

This is not the time for erecting monuments to the old slave—if there will ever be a time. Our country is already black with their living presence. Shall there be a black monument erected in every fair Southern city or State, when there is not a State in the South not in mourning for some beautiful woman whose life has been strangled out by some black fiend? You say this monument is for the old, faithful mammy and uncle of slave times? I say they were fully rewarded for faithful trust. I am told by a prominent Veteran that only ten per cent of the slaves remained with their masters after their freedom. You can count on your hands the mammies now living. The negro of this generation would not appreciate any monument not smacking of social equality. The North would not understand the sentiment. It is a woefully mistaken sentiment that would spend one dollar on a black monument when there are hundreds of women, young and old, descending from the Confederacy, who are in want because the homes and the incomes which should have rightly descended to them were swept away by the ravages of the foe. In a large Southern city a small venture (lack of funds) at a Home for the Heroines of Our War for State Rights was begun, and six ladies who had known great wealth and affluence were taken from the poorhouse and given refuge in this Home. They were too proud to ask alms!

If any money is available for monuments, let a great Monumental Home be erected in some Southern city, preferably selecting a mild climate where the orange blossoms and the mocking bird fill the air with perfume and song, and help woo away sufferings past. Let this Home be a monument to the noble women of the Confederacy who gave their sons, husbands, and fathers to die on the battlefields for the great and holy cause, without a murmur! In the rotunda of this Monumental Home to the Women of the Confederacy might be placed busts and statues of noted women of the Confederacy, even might there be placed in this rotunda busts of some of the famous women of the present day who have worked so indefatigably and accomplished such Herculean tasks with their U. D. C.'s. Make this Monumental Home a great Southern cause; call upon the wealthy men of the South to endow it, insuring its endurance, so that generations hence it may be a haven for any one proving connection by heritage with the Confederacy. In another half generation any one so proving will be the most honored of the land. Let every Chapter U. D. C. throughout the South unite as one in collecting funds for this great Home.

If there is any money available for black monuments, provide more freely for needy Veterans, for in the course of nature a few years hence will see them among us no

more. Wonders have already been done in placing monuments to the heroes of the Confederate War. Now look to the living before it is too late. Instead of raising a black monument to mar any Southern city (go away and stay a year and see how black it looks already), secure an authentic list of the Southern homes desecrated by the freedman during the past forty years.

The time is not far off when such a mistake as a black monument would be unalterable. Lay the question on the table indefinitely. When our now solid South has fully disposed of erecting a Monumental Home to the noble women of the South, and more comfort has been given to the dear Veterans—then would be the more perfect time for such a mistaken sentiment, if the unwisely sentimental prove in the majority.

A great many people read the VETERAN. May these earnest words find response in enough hearts to make the majority for shelving the proposition!

I was present at a U. D. C. meeting recently, when this slave monument question was brought up, and I testify that it raised pandemonium, every one protesting emphatically against it, save one, the leader who made the motion, and she was actuated by overkind motives, as her life is given to good works. This occurred in one of the most aristocratic Chapters in the South. The feeling was intensely against it. All honor to the faithful mammy and uncle of slave time! all honor to every self-respecting negro of whatever age or time! When the Southern home is as safe with the black man as with the white man, then consider black monuments.

I would like to correspond with any reader of the VETERAN on the subject, and I would be obliged to any one for furnishing me with dates, and names of cities where murders and outrages have been committed on white men and women by the colored man since his freedom. The information is desired for historical work.

My expression above on the slave monument question is my individual opinion apart from the opinion of any Chapter.

With great love and reverence for everything between the leaves of the VETERAN, I am, always, its true friend,

MRS. W. CARLETON ADAMS.

347 Linden Street, Memphis, Tenn.

TESTIMONY OF HIS SERVICE SOUGHT FROM COMRADES.—W. T. Oliver writes from Laurel Hill, Fla., in the hope of establishing his record as worthy of a pension. He states that he enlisted at Laurens C. H., S. C., February 6, 1861, for one year; that he went to Charleston, where he was mustered into service February 14, 1861, — Company, First Battalion, Heavy Artillery. At the end of a year he returned to Laurens C. H., and then joined Company A, of the Third South Carolina Regiment, serving with it until December, 1862, when he was detailed as a shoemaker, serving in that capacity until May, 1865, when he was discharged at Augusta, Ga. He evidently did not keep his discharge papers, and now that he is unable to earn a living he seeks the testimony of comrades as to his service, in the hope that he may share in the pensions that are paid disabled Veterans. It would be a great favor to him if comrades who knew him and his service would write of it. The most important feature is that part that relates to the close of the war as to when and how he was discharged.

REMINISCENCES OF RINGGOLD GAP.

BY W. W. GIBSON, WILLS POINT, TEX.

Who of Cleburne's Division does not retain a vivid remembrance of the trying ordeal through which we passed about daybreak on the morning of November 27, 1863, when we were ordered to ford the Chickamauga River just west of the little town of Ringgold. The morning was dreadfully cold, and thin sheets and crystals of ice were dancing over the water. Many of the boys sailed in like horses with their harness on, while others, more thoughtful of their future comfort, disrobed themselves of their nether garments. The writer was among the latter, but had the misfortune, when about mid-stream, to stumble over a boulder and drop his pants in the water. If anything was there said derogatory to the State of Georgia or the Chickamauga River, the United States or the Confederate States, I desire to say that I am in a calmer mood now and take it all back. Crossing over, we were marched rapidly up through the town to a narrow gorge where the river had cut its way through the mountain, and through which ran the Western and Atlantic Railroad. Here we formed a line of battle, facing the town. To our right extended a long, high ridge; to the left, between the railway and the river, was a little narrow strip of wooded valley widening out in the direction of the town.

The ridge above mentioned was selected by Gen. Cleburne as his line of defense, and on which the division was at once formed. Company D, to which I belonged, and Company K, of the Sixth and Seventh Arkansas Regiment, were posted in the little valley to the left of the railroad; while Company E was sent across to the south side of the river, where they took position on a high bluff. A skirmish line was thrown forward about one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards to the edge of the timber, while our two companies were ordered to lie down in line of battle. A blue cloud of Federals could be seen advancing through the town, preceded by a heavy skirmish line; they were soon engaged with our skirmishers, and were driven to take shelter behind barns, houses, fences, etc., where they began a galling fire on our position.

About this time Gens. Cleburne and Breckinridge came along our line on foot, observing the disposition of the enemy's forces in our front. They stopped just at the right of our company, where they remained a few minutes, sheltered behind a large tree. I saw a line of battle moving across our front to the left, and not exceeding three hundred yards from us. As their left wing reached the enfiling point a masked battery, just across the railroad on the spur of the ridge, caught them with double-shotted canister from all of the guns at once. Every man fell to the ground, and, from the way their hats, caps, guns, and accouterments went flying in the air, I had not a doubt that the entire line was annihilated, and exclaimed: "By Jove, boys, it killed them all." Gen. Breckinridge and "Old Pat" smiled at my boyish credulity, while the latter said to me good-naturedly: "If you don't lie down, young man, you are liable to find that there are enough left for you to get the top of your head shot off." In a little while our two companies were ordered forward to our skirmish line, each man taking such shelter as came his way.

A good-sized white oak tree fell to my lot, and did me good service for a couple of hours or longer, during which time I verily believe it was struck by a thousand balls, and only once was I touched—a mere scratch. While behind that tree I witnessed an incident never seen by me before or afterwards on any battlefield. Hearing frequent reports near me, resembling the discharge of a small pistol, I listened and watched to tell from whence it came, and was not long in seeing small

puffs of smoke in mid-air near me, from which the reports came, and I knew at once that the enemy were shooting explosive bullets. I am sure there can be no mistake about this matter, for I saw and heard more than a dozen.

All this while there was "music in the air," and the earth was fairly trembling under the shock of battle up on the right. The boys afterwards told us that the enemy first came at them in a "rollicking" sort of way. In their first advance they came through the woods, whooping and yelling in imitation of driving cattle. They found the "cattle" all right, but somehow there was a hitch in the driving. Gen. Cleburne had formed the division in double line of battle, one immediately behind the other. As the enemy advanced to close range the front line would fire and lie down and load, the rear line firing over their heads. Time after time line after line of Federals charged up that ridge against Cleburne's lines, only to be shattered and hurled back in the valley.

Things were "distressingly interesting" behind my tree, the bare exposure of my hat brim or end of my gun barrel was greeted with a shower of balls. It was only a few yards on my left to the river, so I made a break in that direction, and landed safely behind its protecting bank. Passing down the bank thirty or forty yards, I found my chum, Phil Turner, enjoying one of the softest snaps to be found on that battlefield. In a small washout near the top of the bank Phil had ensconced himself, with plenty of room to load and fire.

Joining him, we had a picnic firing at short range for some time, when I happened to notice that all firing had ceased along our line, and, what was more significant, there was not a "Reb" in sight. We learned afterwards that the order had been given for the command to draw off quietly, a few at a time, and our failure to get this word was the cause of our being left. I called Phil's attention to the fact that our people were all gone, and that we two, for the moment, were enjoying the distinction of fighting the greater portion of Grant's army. Realizing the inequality of the contest, Phil suggested that we must get out of there, and get out at once. In order that we might not draw too heavy a fire, he proposed that we go one at a time, at the same time telling me to make the break. This I did, and after running some seventy-five or a hundred yards I felt like nothing but the swiftest of the bullets could catch me; but about this time one did catch me on the thigh, and I thought myself a "goner," but looked around in time to see the bullet fall at my heel, proving conclusively that my movement up that gorge was so near in unison with the speed of that ball, coupled with the fact that it had first struck a tree and glanced to my leg, that the hurt amounted to a severe bruise only, and in nowise retarded my speed. Another run of two hundred yards or so took me to the railroad bridge over which the command had crossed, with Phil close at my heels.

This bridge was one of those old-style structures, having a shingle roof over it and weatherboarded sides. To our dismay, however, we found that our people had set it afire after crossing, and it was then burning fiercely. Gens. Breckinridge and Cleburne were sitting on their horses on the opposite bank, watching it burn; they called and told us that there was a ford down to our right a hundred yards or so. Remembering our experience of the early morning, Phil said he could not wade that river again. "I am going to cross on this bridge or not at all," he said. I remonstrated, seized him by the arm, and tried to pull him with me in the direction of the ford; but, jerking loose, he hastily wound his blanket around his head and dashed into the burning bridge, leaving not a doubt in my mind that he had gone to an instant and horrible death.

Running down to the ford, I waded over, the bullets splashing the water like hailstones around me as I did so.

Once over, my route led me near the point where the generals were still standing. As I passed Gen. Cleburne I said: "General, that battery didn't kill quite all of them this morning, but what was left have been taught a lesson in good manners." He instantly recalled the incident of the morning, and smilingly replied: "You are quite right, young man. I am proud of what you boys have done to-day, and I don't think they will bother us any more this evening." With such a compliment as this I felt that if I only had Turner out of that burning bridge I could go back and fight them again.

By this time the bruise on my leg, caused by the glancing ball, was paining me so that I could not help limping, seeing which he very kindly inquired as to the nature of my hurt and congratulated me on my escape. On going down the railroad Turner was one of the first men I came up with; and what a sight he was, to be sure! His blanket, of course, went up in the flames at the bridge, his hair below his hat was all singed off, his eyelashes, eyebrows, and mustache were all gone, while his clothes were scorched and charred all over.

Jack Williams, his bunk mate, said of him that night that he "looked like a cat that might have been pulled through Hades by the tail;" that he could interpose no valid objection to Phil's being sacrificed as a burnt offering upon the altar of his country, if the exigencies of the case demanded it; but did hate like blazes to lose that blanket, and thought that a detail should be appointed to "keep Phil out of the fire, as he did not seem to have sense enough to keep out himself." The check of the enemy for a day gave Bragg's army ample time to reach a place of safety, taught the Federals that "marching through Georgia" was not all smooth sailing, and gained for Cleburne's Division the thanks of the Confederate Congress.

"MOTHERS" OF THE CONFEDERACY AT NASHVILLE.

In its report the Committee on Resolutions, at the last session of the Convention of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association in Nashville, adopted the following:

"Whereas the cycle of time has rolled another year around and brought about this great Reunion of our honored Veterans, giving the privilege to the Confederated Southern Memorial Association to meet with them again at the same time and place; and whereas the cordial and gracious invitation given by Nashville has called us together in this historic city where every hilltop was the scene of battle and carnage and of courage and valor unsurpassed in any country or any clime; therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That the welcome from a city of such a glorious past fills our hearts with tenderest gratitude, and that our profoundest thanks be extended to the Rev. Wm. M. Anderson, D.D., of the First Presbyterian Church, for the use of the ladies' parlors and to those ladies who so tastefully beautified it with flowers, Confederate flags, etc.

"2. That we express also our appreciation and thanks to the Rev. Mr. Reiss, for the sacred and solemn services held in Christ Church in memory of our lamented and only President, to Right Rev. Thos. F. Gailor, Bishop of Tennessee, for the glorious eulogy of the great and stainless life of Jefferson Davis, also to the choir for the sweet strains of soul-inspiring music.

"3. That we express our lasting obligations to His Honor the Mayor and the city officials, to His Excellency the Gov-

ernor of the State and State officials, to Col. L. C. Garbrant, Col. George C. Porter, Dr. J. R. Buist, Mr. S. A. Cunningham, Col. John P. Hickman, to the press of the city, to Mr. John H. De Witt, Commander of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, to the United Daughters of the Confederacy of Nashville, and to Gen. George W. Gordon, Commander of the Tennessee Division, U. C. V. Special thanks are due to Col. Charles F. Frizzell, Chairman of the Reunion Committee, and to all others who assisted in making this Convention one long to be cherished in pleasant memories.

"4. That the Confederated Memorial Association, here assembled in its fifth annual convention, prays that every blessing shall rest upon all within this historic city.

"Mrs. Chappell Cory, Chairman; Mrs. Mary E. Moore, Miss Lillie Hixon, Committee.

"DAISY M. L. HODGSON,
"Recording Secretary."

A BIBLE SAVED COL. JOHN GRACEY HALL'S LIFE.

A. B. Hill, Memphis, Tenn., writes of Col. Hall:

"John G. Hall was born in Hardeman County, Tenn., 1834, but in his infancy the family removed to Tipton County, where he was reared. He graduated from Center College, at Danville, Ky., in 1855, and subsequently from the Lebanon Law School, of Tennessee, having chosen law as a profession. He was located in Memphis, practicing his profession, when the tocsin of war was sounded in 1861, and was one of the first to offer his services for his country, enlisting in the 'Shelby Grays.' In the summer of 1861 he was sent out to his old neighborhood to raise and organize a company. Enlisting the services of Capt. B. M. Browder, of Covington, a veteran of the Mexican War, by the first of November they had organized a company of one hundred and four fine soldiers. B. M. Browder was elected captain and John G. Hall first lieutenant. In December, with nine other companies, it was organized into the Fifty-First Tennessee Regiment, of which Capt. Browder was made colonel and John G. Hall elected captain of this company, afterwards known as Company G. This regiment and the Fifty-Second Tennessee were ordered to Fort Henry in January, 1862; but soon after had to evacuate the fort, going to Fort Donelson, where all of both commands were captured. Capt. Hall and other officers were taken to Johnson's Island, where he remained until exchanged the next September at Vicksburg. In December of 1862 his command was sent to Port Hudson, La., and took part in the midnight battle of March 14, 1863. On April 8 Capt. Hall, with his command, was sent to Bragg's army, then stationed at Tullahoma, Tenn., and at the reorganization of the army in May the Fifty-First and Fifty-Second Regiments were consolidated, and Capt. Hall was elected lieutenant colonel of the consolidated regiment, John Chester, of Jackson, Tenn., being elected colonel.

"The next engagement in which the regiment took part was the battle of Chickamauga, September 19 and 20, 1863. Col. Chester was absent on sick leave, and the command devolved upon Col. Hall; and here, as at all other times, he bore himself in such a manner as to elicit the praise of all who served with him. During the North Georgia campaign, lasting about ninety days, Col. Chester being still absent, Col. Hall had command of the regiment the entire time.

"An incident in his career which came under my immediate observation is here given as worthy of note. Near Adairsville, Ga., there was a large cotton plantation, on which stood

a fine, palatial residence, with a long row of negro cabins in the rear of the house, extending back to a large ginhouse. Col. Hall received orders to advance a quarter of a mile or more and dislodge the enemy, then in possession of those houses, and to hold as long as possible. We advanced at a double-quick, reserving our fire till within seventy-five yards of the house, when the colonel gave the command to fire and then to charge, which we did with the Rebel yell, and in a few minutes had possession of all the houses except the ginhouse, which was too well-fortified, as well as protected by the enemy's batteries. After getting the men stationed in the houses and behind such other protection as we could find, the Colonel and I walked out to the front to take a better view of the situation. We had been there but a few minutes when a ball struck him on the left breast, just above the heart, passing through his clothing and into a Bible, which he had in the pocket of his over-shirt, and lodged in the very center of it. Thus was his life saved by a Bible, the gift of his mother before leaving home. He told me afterwards that when the ball struck him it felt as though it had passed through his body. I thought he was killed, as he would have fallen to the ground had I not caught him.

"I called the infirmiry corps and had him carried to the rear of the house. Being the next in command, I continued my observations for a short time. After concluding that the best thing to do was to hold the ground we had, I returned to the house, expecting to find the Colonel in death's cold embrace, but to my surprise I found him sitting up and holding in his hands the Bible that had saved his life. I suggested that he send it home to his mother just as it was, and it is now in the possession of Mrs. Dr. F. S. Raymond, of Memphis, who was the wife of Col. Hall at his death. He took command of the regiment in an hour after being shot.

"Col. Hall was a true, brave, conscientious, faithful man and a good officer and soldier. He was with his command during the entire war, never losing a day from duty, and surrendered with Gen. J. E. Johnston at Greensboro. To add to all his virtues, he was a Christian gentleman, living and exemplifying the teachings of the Master.

"On returning to his home he took up the duties of a private citizen, and set about to help build up the devastated country in that quiet way which at all times characterized the man. He was married to Miss Mary E. Munford, of Covington, daughter of Col. Richard Munford, one of the pioneers of Tipton County and an officer of public trust for many years. He died at Covington on July 19, 1881."

COL. DANIEL S. TROY'S SASH.

Mr. R. E. Troy, of Birmingham, Ala., has been gratified by the return to him of a sash used by his father, Col. D. S. Troy, when commander of the Sixtieth Alabama Infantry. With it he received the following letter from San Diego, Cal., dated May 27, 1904:

"I have intrusted to Mr. T. T. Hillman's keeping for you a precious relic of your father, and which I know you will greatly prize.

"In 1865 I was post surgeon of the military prison at Hampton Roads, Va. A young Confederate prisoner was brought in, subsequently paroled and sent home, who had been captured in the neighborhood of Petersburg. He told me that he was Col. Troy's orderly, and that they had been separated by the accidents of war for some months; that just before the separation he had had charge of the Colonel's baggage, which had been taken by his captors. He had managed to secrete the crimson silk officer's sash, belonging to the

Colonel, by putting it under his shirt, hoping to keep it for him. I prevailed upon him to part with it, as there was not much likelihood of his being able to retain it long, and thus I became its possessor.

"I have been trying for some years to find either Col. Troy or his family, that I might return it to them. Incidentally mentioning the matter in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Hillman, I learned that he had long known Col. Troy, whose son was then in his employ. It is a pleasure to me to return it to those who will greatly prize it. The sash has always been cared for as a relic of the war.

"Yours very truly,

P. C. REMONDINO."

Dr. Remondino is President of the Board of Health in San Diego. Mr. Troy writes that his father entered the service as captain in an artillery company, but was transferred with the same rank to infantry in 1862. In 1863 he was made major in the Sixtieth Alabama Regiment, and was promoted later to lieutenant colonel of the regiment. At Bean's Station, Tenn., he was shot through the arm, and at Hatcher's Run, near Petersburg, he was shot through the body and left for dead in the hands of the enemy.

Mr. Troy is anxious to locate the orderly referred to as having had the sash. Col. Troy died in 1895. He had never mentioned having had such a sash, but it was developed later that it had been knitted for Col. Troy by his wife. The "orderly" referred to thought Col. Troy was killed in the battle of Hatcher's Run.

[In a personal note to the editor of the *VETERAN* Mr. Troy writes: "While in Havana, Cuba, after the Spanish-American War, I was record clerk in the Engineering Department of the city during the time your son was chief engineer, and the correspondence between you and him passed through my hands, which makes me feel that I am not writing to an entire stranger. I, as well as every other man who was under him in Havana, will always entertain for him the highest regard."]

EQUESTRIAN STATUE TO GEN. J. B. GORDON.

Col. W. L. Calhoun, President of the John B. Gordon Monument Association, sends an appeal to all Confederate organizations and the committees appointed on the Gordon Monument Fund, in which he states:

"The first day of November next, and thereafter, is the time fixed for the collection of such amounts as shall have been and will be subscribed to the fund for the erection of a monument to perpetuate the memory of that heroic son of the South, General John B. Gordon. Reports have not before been asked for; but it is now of vital importance that we have statements from all engaged in this work.

"Our purpose is to erect an equestrian statue, which will cost about \$30,000, and which must be raised by popular subscription. Please send remittances to E. H. Thornton, President Neal Loan and Banking Company, Treasurer, Atlanta, Ga."

STILL ANOTHER YOUNG CONFEDERATE.—G. K. Crump, Tunica, Miss.: "I have recently met a Confederate soldier who is younger than any I have seen an account of. His name is George S. Lamkin, of Memphis, Tenn. He was born at Winona, Miss., November 3, 1850, and joined Stanford's Mississippi Battery at Grenada August 2, 1861, and served through the war; was badly wounded in the battle of Shiloh before he was twelve years of age, and was again badly wounded twice in the battle of Chickamauga. He was very tall for his age, and is now six feet four inches high."

BRICE'S CROSS ROADS FROM A PRIVATE'S VIEW.

BY HENRY EWELL HORD, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Reading the various reports of this fight, one would think that Gen. Forrest had the battle of Brice's Cross Roads all planned and figured out days before it was fought, even to time and place, whereas Gens. Buford, Lyon, and Rucker had all insisted on fighting at the council held at Baldwin only the night before the battle, and they should have some credit. Gen. Buford particularly contended we could whip the Yankee cavalry before the infantry got up. "Fight 'em, and fight d—d quick," were his words. Three of Gen. Buford's staff had been members of our company, and we fellows of Company D, Third Kentucky Regiment, knew everything that was said or ordered at headquarters almost as soon as "old Abe" himself. The facts of the case are that the Sturgis raid was a great surprise to us. Scouts had reported all quiet at Memphis. Gen. Forrest had started with Buford's Division, composed of Bell's and Lyon's Brigades and Morton's and Rice's Batteries, to Middle Tennessee, and while we were making tracks for Tennessee, overjoyed at the idea of being again among our kind-hearted Tennessee friends, and incidentally hitting Sherman in the back, Gen. Sturgis was behind us in Mississippi, burning, plundering, and laying the country in ruins. We were three days on our march before we got news of Sturgis, and had all that distance to retrace, through the worst mud I ever traveled over. We reached Baldwin, ten miles from Brice's Cross Roads, on the evening before the fight. There Gen. Forrest found out the enemy's cavalry were at Brice's Cross Roads and his infantry camped at Stubb's farm, nine miles farther west, on the Ripley Road. He held a council with his officers, and it was determined to try and whip the cavalry before the infantry could get up. Buford went back to bring up Bell's Brigade and place the Second Tennessee, Col. Barteau, so they would reach the flank of the enemy west of Brice's; orders were sent to Rucker and Capt. Morton to "move up," and Forrest started with Lyon's Brigade toward Brice's Cross Roads at daylight. We met the enemy a mile or so north of Brice's house, on the Baldwin road, early in the morning. Two companies of the Twelfth Kentucky were sent forward, mounted, to feel of them. They did not like the way they felt, and came back faster than they went. The Third Kentucky was then dismounted and thrown forward to take their places. The Third, Seventh, and Eighth Kentucky had served nearly three years as infantry before they were mounted, and had all an infantryman's contempt for cavalry fighting; but they changed their opinion before they had been with old Bedford long.

We deployed in skirmish order on the left of the road, moved forward, and soon had our brigade in line, driving the enemy in front of us through a densely wooded country. Rucker came up and took position on our left, and was soon heavily engaged. We, having served as infantry, were agreeably surprised to see him with his dismounted cavalry keep up his side so well; and all day long, when Rucker got "busy," our boys would shout out: "O, my Rucker," "Stay with him, Rucker." Even when we had trouble of our own in front, we found time to cheer Rucker.

Johnson came up and took position on our right. We found we had a heavy force in our front armed with Spencer rifles that shot seven times to our once, for we still had our old Enfields. We never tried to keep up with the enemy in number of shots, but we had had so much practice that when we did shoot we mostly "got meat." We had no trou-

ble driving them whenever we cared to, but Gen. Lyon cautioned us to "go slow; we don't want to crowd them too much till Bell and Morton get up." From early in the morning till 12 o'clock Rucker and Lyon fought three times their number, and all the time their lines were close up—had to be to see anything in that dense undergrowth, and we could hear every order the Yankee officers gave. The roar of their batteries, bursting shells, falling timber, ceaseless cackle of their Spencers, and deadly work of our old Enfields will never be forgotten by any of that command. We fought back and forth over the same ground so often that it was strewn with the dead and dying, and—hot! with not a drop of water to drink. At last we heard the welcome sound of Morton's men and saw his guns coming down the road under whip and spur, the horses reeling with exhaustion from the pace and the distance they had come over the heavy roads. Our alignment then was right across the road, and the first gun was placed in front of our company, and soon opened on the Yankees, but after a few shots Morton found a better elevation in an old field just in the rear of our line, where he could do better work, and moved over there.

We had the enemy driven back to the Brice house when Morton came up. They had drawn in their lines and planted their guns so as to rake both roads; and back of the guns they had dismounted cavalry, with such infantry as had reached them, and were trying to hold their own till more could come up. Shortly after Morton arrived Lyon got word from Gen. Forrest that Bell also had reached the field, had taken position on Rucker's left, and to move everything forward. Between us and the house was a strip of heavily timbered land, and then the lawn fence, with a gentle slope of one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards back to the house. The Yankee battery was behind the house and supported by infantry. Our skirmishers moved forward through the woods; Morton limbered up and followed down the road just behind us. We reached the fence and ceased firing, dressed up our line, and, at the word "Charge!" cleared the fence at a bound and started straight for the guns. Now could be seen the effect of drill and thorough discipline on troops. Our old infantry regiment swept up toward the house, lines straight, double-quick, trailing arms. Shot and shell tore great gaps out, but they were closed so quickly one would scarcely notice it. Rucker's and Bell's men jumped the fence the same time, farther along, and started pell-mell toward the house, some of the men forty yards in front of the others, and some firing as they ran. Johnson, over on our right, advanced also, but I could not see him. Pool, Rosencrantz, and two comrades were within forty yards of the battery, when all of us went down at once. I had pulled my cartridge box around on my hip, so that I could get at it handier. A ball struck one corner of it, spun me around and knocked me down, but I was not hurt. I jumped up and started again, but luck was against me. I had drawn a pair of pants sometime before that would come nearer fitting Gen. Buford, who weighed three hundred and twenty pounds, than me, a slender boy; and the only way I could keep them up was with my belt. The ball that struck my cartridge box jerked the belt up over the waist of the pants, and the first jump I made to go forward they dropped around my ankles like a pair of hobbles and threw me flat. I whirled over on my back and gave a vicious kick with both of my feet, and they went off my heels like a shot, striking square in the face one of our boys just rushing by with his eyes fixed on the Yankee battery. He

thought it was a shell and could not understand why his head was still on. Pool was struck in the head, making a scalp wound. I left him flopping around like a chicken with his head cut off. Rosencrantz was struck in the face, the ball ranging back into his neck and killing him. I got up to the house at last. Mrs. Brice's daughter ran out on the porch when she saw us coming, and waved her handkerchief to us. The gunners left the guns. We stopped about ten steps in front of their supporting line, and delivered our first volley; it was a "deadener." They began to retire, firing as they went. I had fallen heir to a Spencer that morning, and had just recharged the magazine when I felt a sharp rap on my shoulder. I looked around, and was surprised to find it was a saber in the hand of Gen. Forrest, who pointed down the road toward Ripley. I looked and saw, about one hundred yards off, one gunner making desperate efforts to save his gun; all the rest had run away and left him. There were three pairs of horses hitched to the gun, and he was mounted on the lead team, lashing and spurring furiously. The wheel team did not care to hurry. I fired at the fellow's back, and he tumbled off. I looked up to see if that was what old Bedford wanted. He smiled down on me as sweetly as some young girl that had just received her first proposal. The horses, missing the hand and voice that controlled them, took fright and bolted down the road as hard as they could go, found the bridge blocked, and, in trying to cross the creek, bogged down. I expect Capt. Morton or some of the battery fellows remember fishing it out. Morton had followed close behind our lines and taken position on the right of our regiment, commanding the road to the creek, along which any reinforcements coming to the enemy were bound to pass, the battery boys working like double-gearied lightning and firing double charges. The gun would jump off the ground at every discharge, but would hardly hit the earth before they would have another charge in. They kept a constant stream of old iron going down the road after the Yankees, but they retired slowly, firing as they went. We drove them through a strip of wood and across a bottom field on the creek, where they got some reinforcements, formed a line with their backs to the creek, and stood us off for some time—in fact, it looked as if we had got to the end of our rope, with only about a hundred yards between us, and it fairly raining bullets. From where we were we could see a long line of their infantry coming up the Ripley road as fast as they could lay foot to ground, and fresh batteries rushing across the fields beyond the creek, taking up commanding positions, while we had every man in the fight we could put in, even to some horse holders. Morton was crowding them with his guns almost at pistol shot range, and yet they stood their ground manfully. It was all open country in front of us now, and away across to our right we could see Barteau and his gallant old Second Tennessee beginning their move on the flank and rear of the Yankees. They were deployed mounted, long distance apart, advancing toward the Ripley road, and firing as they came. We could see the smoke from their guns, but it was too far off to hear them.

The good news that Barteau was on their flank had scarcely passed down the line, when some one found Capt. Tyler with two companies of the Twelfth Kentucky over on the other flank of the enemy creating wild consternation. Barteau and Tyler could not have timed their attack bet-

ter if they had practiced a week. Just then we heard old Buford's voice. He had been with Barteau and Bell all day, and that was the first time we had heard or seen him. He was an old West Pointer, and had a voice one could hear two miles. "Attention, battalion! Cease firing," he called out. We ceased instantly, Rucker partially, and Bell not at all. Down the line old Abe came, making the dirt fly, and reined up in front of Bell. "D—n you, cease firing," he yelled. They stopped. "Fix bayonets" was the next order. We had bayonets when we were first mounted, but had a fool idea when we were mounted that we would do the rest of our fighting on horseback, so we very promptly lost (?) our bayonets. Gen. Buford knew that as well as we did, but he was talking for the benefit of the Yankees, who could hear him as plainly as we. "Forward, guide center, march." The whole line moved forward, and as Buford said "Charge!" they rushed forward. The enemy fired until we got pretty close, then threw down their guns and surrendered, or waded the creek. We fired a volley in their backs as they came out on the opposite side. We waded the creek after them, stopping only long enough to "dress up our line." They formed another line in front of us, and we went on to that. Morton found the bridge blocked, and had to clear that off before he could get his guns across to us. With his help we soon moved that line. I don't remember just how many lines we did rush, but I remember the last ones were the negroes; they had sworn before they left Memphis never to take any of Forrest's men prisoners, and they kept their oath. They did not put up much of a fight—seemed more intent on getting rid of their equipments and plunder. The Yankees had made a clean sweep for five miles on each side of the road they marched over, and all the plunder except that they destroyed fell into our hands. You could pick up anything from a lady's fine silk dress to a string of live chickens. We found their wagons (two hundred and fifty parked) loaded with ten days' rations.

We kept on across the fields in line of battle till dark, and then went into camp. We lost some good soldiers at Brice's Cross Roads, but as straws show which way the wind blows, so will the dead on a battlefield show where the fighting was hardest. One of our company was on the burial detail, and he told me a few days after that he found the dead thickest around the house and on the creek; that is where our old Enfields went along.



Flag Presented by Mrs. John C. Brown to Tennessee Division, U. D. C.

AT ARLINGTON.

BY LASALLE CORBELL PICKETT.

Many the brave on Arlington's height
Sleep the long sleep through death's solemn night.
Resting from battle, they silent lie
Under the luminant arch of sky.
Proudly they rest, their fierce warfare done,
Under the stars and under the sun.

Names written high in the temple of fame
Flash from these stones like scimiter's flame;
Names that are blazed on history's scroll
With the lightning of swords 'mid guns' deep roll—
Names that will thrill the heart of the world
Wherever freedom's flag is unfurled.

Bravely they fought for stars of the blue,
Gleaming in triumph the storm clouds through,
Keeping their faith through the gates of fire,
Hurling their lives on war's funeral pyre.
Folded within their country's bright stars,
Peacefully rest they from all life's wars.

Under the sun and under the stars,
Wrapped in the folds of the stars and bars,
Peacefully rest a brave little band—
Heroes who fought for the sunny land.
Nameless the slabs above their lone graves;
O'er them no banner victorious waves.

Under the stars and under the sun
Silent they sleep, life's battles all done.
Bravely they fought in fiery days,
'Mid the crash of guns and saber's blaze—
Fought for the Southland they loved so well—
For the dear Southland they fought and fell.

Calmly they sleep; the world passes by,
Heeding them not where they lonely lie;
Marble tells not of their valor's worth;
Nameless they rest in the quiet earth;
Epitaph sounds no pæan of praise;
History weaves no chaplet of bays.

Lovingly there the Southland doth weep
Over the graves where her soldiers sleep.
Only the flowers of memory there
Blossom in radiance, fragrant and fair.
Ever above that most sacred sod
Reverent prayers float upward to God.

Lonely in death the South's soldiers lie
Under the sheen of a cold, alien sky;
Memories fond their faithful watch keep
Over the place where our fallen brave sleep.
But in the beyond, above the earth's sod,
All stand alike by the throne of our God.

DOUGLAS'S BATTERY IN BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.

BY ED W. SMITH, TYLER, TEX.

Gen. Stephen D. Lee's report of the battle of Nashville stirred the fountains of my memory and set me to thinking. I was a participant in some of the scenes and incidents that he so vividly describes.

Passing over the operations of the first day's battle, on the 15th of December, and night following, I give some personal recollections of the battle and rout of the 16th. Douglas's First Texas Battery, of which I was a private member, was attached at the time to the division of Gen. Edward Johnson, of Lee's Corps, which formed the extreme right of Hood's army, facing Nashville. Douglas's Battery occupied a position west of the Franklin Pike and near the base of a hill, what Gen. Lee calls "Overton Hill."

In common with the other commands on that part of the line, we occupied some temporary earthworks, and were perhaps seventy-five yards in the rear of a stone fence. I distinctly remember the fierce concentrated Federal artillery fire from 9 A.M. to 11 A.M., alluded to by Gen. Lee, and the occasional bellowing of the guns of Fort Negley, to which a Northern writer refers. An open space of two and a half miles lay between our lines and those of the Union army, drawn up around the southern suburbs of Nashville, and we could distinctly see their movements. Following this cannonading two battle lines of two brigades each—one of white troops, and the other of black—emerged from the Union camps and began to move toward our lines. The negroes were in front. On they came in splendid order, banners flying, mounted officers with drawn swords careering up and down in front of the lines. Then our artillery had its opportunity. All of Lee's guns from the center and wings of his line were turned loose upon the negroes. At first, under the rallying cries and brandishing swords of their white officers, they preserved their alignment in the face of the galling, direct, and enfilading fire of our artillery. Our men were in the white heat and exaltation of battle, and through the brazen throats of their guns poured death and destruction into the ranks of their black foes. Negro nature could stand no more, and, in spite of the domination of their officers, their lines began to waver, and fell back in confusion on the white battle line, some distance in the rear. In due time their lines were re-formed in the same order, and another attack was attempted, only to be rolled back as before. In the meantime the Federal forces were making a terrific onslaught on Hood's extreme left, west of our position, and, with their vastly greater numbers, continually overlapping and seeking to turn that flank of our army. Emboldened by the progress of the assault on our left, the attack was renewed about 4 P.M., on Lee's front. In spite of the destructive work of our artillery—the infantry, under orders, reserving their fire—the black and white lines in our front came inexorably forward. Closer and closer they came. We began to give them double-shotted loads of canister direct in their faces, and our infantry turned loose its fire. The demons of war were reveling in the high carnival of battle. The enemy had reached and were beginning to leap the stone fence in our front. Just at this juncture somebody shouted, "Look to the west!" and, turning in that direction, we saw that the old fields far to the southwest were covered with a mass of Confederate soldiers fleeing diagonally across our rear, in the direction of the Franklin Pike, the only way open to retreat. With lightninglike celer-

ON A "PICNIC" WITH GEN. PETTUS.—Mr. J. K. Landers, of Jacksonville, Ala., who was a member of Company B, Thirtieth Alabama, that took part in the siege of Vicksburg May 16 to July 4, 1863—and was of the brave little band comprised of three Alabamians and about thirty Texans, of Waul's Legion, who were led by Gen. E. W. Pettus, on May 22, 1863, in the recapture of a fort that had been taken by the enemy in a hand-to-hand fight with grenades, butts of guns, and bayonets, desires to hear from any of the old boys that were on that picnic.

ity, under orders from Capt. Douglas, our battery horses were brought forward, and we succeeded in escaping with only the loss of two of our artillery pieces. The brave soldiers of our left wing had not been driven in open conflict, but the overlapping Yankee infantry, supplemented by Wilson's corps of cavalry, had succeeded in turning our position and getting in our rear, so that the only resource left was flight.

We had a close call on our immediate part of the line. The Yankees were right on us and shouting, "Halt! halt!" and peppering us with their small arms; but I know of no loss, either by death or capture, except Edward Johnson, our major general, commanding. He was a short, thick-set man in, apparently, later middle life. He failed to reach his horse, and undertook, with the rest of us, to climb the hill on foot, but was soon captured. This was his second imprisonment.

The retreat from all parts of the line converged on the mouth of the Franklin Pike, just south of the hill, where it entered a long lane bordered by stone fences. Here the scene beggars description. The mouth of the lane was choked by great masses of wagons and artillery, the drivers in a frenzy of fright and panic, the infantry overleaping the stone fences and spreading through the fields, and the enemy in hot pursuit. Just in this emergency Gen. Lee rode up and called for volunteers to make a stand to check the pursuit. I remember that he asked if there were any South Carolinians present, and asked them to rally to him, he himself being a South Carolinian. Capt. Douglas manned a section of the battery from his company, and with the support of a few dozen detached infantrymen, went back on the hill under the leadership of Gen. Lee, and, unlimbering his guns, fired a number of shots in the direction of the enemy, who were just under the brow of the hill. This had the desired effect, and sufficed to unchoke the pike and give the army a chance to stretch out in orderly retreat. Following along in the wake of the army, we were halted late at night a few miles north of Franklin, and we lay down in our wet clothes on the soaked earth for such rest as we could get. In the midst of fitful slumber we were aroused in the middle of night by another downpour of freezing rain.

MELANCHTHON SMITH'S BATTERY.

BY W. H. SMITH, WEALTHY, TEX.

I notice in your magazine that mention is made of Capt. Melanchthon Smith's Company as the "Chicasaka Desperadoes." Having been a member of this company, I disclaim this title as it is generally understood. This company was made up of some of the best young men in Clark County, Miss., and intended for the infantry, but, after arriving at Union City, there was not a sufficient number of infantry companies there to form a regiment, and we were given the choice of either joining a Tennessee regiment of infantry or reorganizing into a company of artillery. We chose the latter, and elected Melanchthon Smith captain, and were attached to Cheatham's Brigade. We participated in all the great battles fought by the Army of Tennessee, except the battle of Franklin. We missed this on account of having been left behind to guard a ford on Duck River. Our battery at first consisted of six pieces—three six-pound smooth-bores, one rifled piece, and two twelve-pound howitzers. After the battle of Shiloh, when Cheatham was made major general, and George Maney promoted to

brigadier, our battery was reduced to four pieces, consisting of two twelve-pound Napoleons captured at Shiloh, our rifled gun, and one of our howitzers. At Perryville we were given two more twelve-pound Napoleons captured from the enemy, giving us a complete battery of four Napoleons. Not having sufficient horses to haul off our old inferior guns, we cut them down and threw them into an old well near the battlefield.

Speaking of Perryville reminds me of two memorable incidents. I was a gunner, and my piece, as well as the others, was hotly engaged, when I heard some one say: "Let me try my hand at them." Looking up, I saw that it was Gen. Cheatham. I stood aside, and he fired several rounds, pointing the gun and directing the fire apparently with as much pleasure as a boy shooting at rabbits. The other incident was that of Corporal Jim Sunivall. It was Jim's duty to stand at the limber chest during battle and prepare the ammunition, putting the fuse into the shells, etc. While thus engaged, a shell from the enemy exploded just over his head above the chest and fired the packing around the powder. Sunivall simply raked the ignited packing out of the chest, and continued preparing his ammunition as if nothing unusual had happened.

It was at Chickamauga that our battery did its bloodiest and perhaps most effective service. On the morning of the first day's fight our division (Cheatham's) was in reserve for a while, and our guns were in position perhaps a half mile to the rear of the main line of battle, with an open pine woods in our front, right, and left for two or three hundred yards. About midday, while the battle was raging furiously in our front, our division in the meantime having gone in, we discovered that three Yankee lines of battle were steadily pressing our men back. When they reached our guns, an effort was made to rally on the battery, but without avail, and we were soon left without support; but as soon as the last of our men had cleared the guns, Lieut. Turner, who was in command of the battery, gave the order to fire. We were double shotted with canister, and when we fired it cut a swath in the advancing lines. They made a simultaneous effort to turn our flanks, but, wheeling the end pieces to the right and left, we fought them off, at the same time keeping two pieces firing in front. They claim to have left three hundred dead in our front and flanks as the result of our battery fire. General Cheatham rode up after we had driven them back the last time, and, after complimenting Lieut. Turner, said: "Lieutenant, you shall be captain of this battery from this time on. I have never seen artillery do such fearful execution in so short a time. Later in the evening, when Gen. Maney asked Gen. Cheatham to relieve Turner's battery, the old man said: "No, let it stay where it is; for if it had not been for that battery, the Yankees would have been all over this country to-night."

THE FIGHT AT DEAD ANGLE.

BY J. L. W. BLAIR, COMPANY I, FIRST TENNESSEE.

On the morning of June 27, 1864, we were informed by Gen. Cheatham that the angle in our line, held by our regiment (First Tennessee, Col. H. R. Fields, commanding), would be attacked by a strong force of the enemy during the day, and we were commanded to hold the works at all hazards. We waited anxiously for the Federals to open the fight. We could see some activity in a battery on a hill opposite our position, and about ten o'clock a furious cannonading began.

It was very hot, and we had our blankets stretched to shelter us in the trenches; but when the shells began to come our way blankets went down, and we kept out of sight until that part of the programme was finished.

The shelling was to cover the advance of the infantry, and as soon as it ceased we looked down the long, wooded slope and saw the enemy advancing, cheering as they came. Our cartridge boxes were quickly adjusted, every gun was in place, and when the order was given to fire a sheet of flame burst from under the head logs and the missiles of death crashed through the enemy's lines. The brigades on our right and left, as far as they could reach the enemy, poured in their fire, and a battery on our left shattered their lines with an enfilading fire of grape and canister. For about twenty minutes it was "hot times." The Yankees came on gallantly, and some reached the top of our works, but only to come over as prisoners, while others fell almost at the muzzles of our guns. Many took refuge behind trees, but were picked off. Nine were killed behind one tree.

One new recruit, wearing a straw hat, was seen after the battle behind a rock near our works. We invited him to come in, and he very promptly accepted our invitation. After the smoke of battle cleared away we saw that a part of the attacking force had taken shelter under the abrupt slope of the hill on the right of our regiment and were fortifying, which was a part of their original plan. If they failed to drive us in the assault, they would get a lodgment and mine us out.

Being one of the guards on the battlefield while the Federals were burying their dead, the opportunity was presented of passing our compliments, and the Yanks seemed glad to get a chance to talk to a Johnnie about the fight. One big, strapping fellow said that they had two divisions, thirty regiments, massed on our front. This was against one regiment of Confederates (in single line) of two hundred men, judging from the size of my company (I). We were reinforced near the close of the fight by another regiment of our brigade. I helped to fortify that part of the line, and we took pains to make it as safe as digging could make it. The rear of the trench was made deep enough for a man to stand straight without being exposed while loading, then step up, placing the gun under the "head log," with which the works were surmounted, fire and step back, load and come again; but there was no *chevaux-de-frise* in front to retard the enemy's advance. I think the Federal dead were about eight hundred, and our loss was thirteen killed and seventeen wounded. Of course the First Tennessee does not claim all the honor. We simply did our duty and no man shirked.

A little incident occurred a few days after the battle which reminded us of the "battle of the lightning bugs." The enemy lying so near us, we were required to watch all night and keep up occasional firing, so that sleep was out of the question. We were finally relieved by a regiment of our brigade and allowed to retire a few hundred yards to rest. About midnight we were aroused by a terrific firing, and learned that a Yank had ordered in a loud voice, "Forward, double-quick, charge," just to see what would happen. The boys had jumped to their guns and poured in volley after volley, which amused the Yankees very much, who were a short distance away lying in their trenches. The Federals approached us by a mine, and when our great commander, Joseph E. Johnston, thought they had gotten near enough he moved his base, and the Yanks got up one morning to find that the Johnnies were gone.

GEN. FORNEY'S ADDRESS TO HIS MEN.

T. J. Wesson, of Camden, Ark., sends copy of an address issued by Maj. Gen. John H. Forney to the soldiers of his division at Hempstead, Tex., May 7, 1865. The division commanded by Gen. Forney in the Trans-Mississippi Department was known as Walker's Texas Division. Soon after this address Gen. Forney was relieved and Gen. Walker placed in command. It is thought that this address was among Gen. Forney's last acts as commander. Comrade Wesson, in the beginning of the war, at a very youthful age, was over a year in the Virginia army from Arkansas, and at the close, at nineteen years of age, was a clerk in the Inspector General's Department, Forney's Division.

"HEADQUARTERS FORNEY'S DIVISION,

"HEMPSTEAD, TEX., MAY 7, 1865.

"Soldiers: After having been so long and arduously engaged in the service of your country, I know that the news from the other side of the Mississippi River is calculated to depress your spirits, and I therefore desire to say to you a few plain words. I call upon you to listen to me as one that has the same interest at stake as yourselves. You should recollect that all the news we have received is from Northern telegrams, direct from the hands of our enemies, who would much rather whip us by dispatches than in any other way. They tell us that our friends in the East are whipped, have surrendered, are conquered. Some of it may be true, but a great deal of it is doubtless false. In this uncertainty let us hope for the best, but be prepared for the worst. At the same time I conjure you to stand firm. Let us wait to hear from our own side of the question. Of course the news is far from cheering. We all feel depressed; we all feel that it is time to consider well how to act. But it grieves me to learn that some of you, I cannot think many, are willing to sacrifice the fair renown of the division by leaving it now, and it is to them that I am speaking. I am fully informed of your secret meetings, your spoken plans, and your written pledges, and I tell you plainly that the public property under my charge must and shall be protected.

"But why are you acting thus? Think, are you acting honorably, nobly, wisely? It is fully a thousand miles from the scene of action in Virginia and North Carolina. Shall the great State of Texas quail before the enemy has come in sight of her shores? And shall the proud men of Texas throw down their arms and run cowardly home before the enemy has set foot in the State, or they have even been asked to surrender? Should the worst come to the worst, you certainly can make better terms and stipulations banded together as an army with arms in your hands than you can scattered and dispersed all over the country. Should the enemy invade the State in large force, you surely cannot believe that our generals would be guilty of the madness of sacrificing our lives without a strong probability of success and unless there was some great end to be obtained.

"In conclusion, I appeal to you as men and soldiers. I ask you for the honor of your State and your homes, in the name of your wives and children, in the name of those gallant Texans who have fought and toiled on every battlefield of this war, to do your duty, orderly and quietly, until the proper authorities shall say when and on what terms we shall be discharged. My interest is the same and identified with yours. My only object is now, and will be, to do what I conceive to be the best for you and the country at large. Be firm, then, and irreproachable. When we go to our homes let it be with honorable discharges in our hands.

JOHN H. FORNEY, Maj. Gen. Commanding."

RELATIVE STRENGTH OF THE TWO ARMIES.

The following communication is from John H. Traylor, of Dallas, Tex. Mr. Traylor served in the Army of Northern Virginia throughout the War between the States. He was wounded three times. He was a member of Company B, Fourth Georgia Infantry, which was most of the time in Doles's Brigade, Rodes's Division, Jackson's Corps.

He moved from Georgia to Texas soon after the war, where he has been prominent politically, having filled various official positions. Among these he was a member of both Houses of the Texas Legislature, and recently Mayor of Dallas. He is now Commander of Camp Sterling Price, U. C. V., the largest Camp in the South.

Comrade Traylor writes of the comparative resources and strength of the Federal and Confederate armies during the War between the States and the number of soldiers furnished by each of the Southern States:

"It may with reasonable certainty be said that there is not in existence full and reliable data to determine accurately the number of soldiers enlisted in the Confederate armies from 1861 to 1865 by each of the fifteen slave States, or probably any one of them; or the numerical strength of the Confederate army at any particular time of its existence; or the total number of men embodied in the Confederate service during the entire period of the Civil War.

"The census of 1860 gave the thirty-three States of the Union a population of 31,443,790. Of these, the fifteen slave States had 12,140,296 inhabitants, of which more than 4,000,000 were slaves; leaving the eighteen free States with an aggregate population of 19,303,494.

"Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland, and Delaware constituted what were called the border slave States, and their population, with West Virginia, numbered 3,500,000. The most of the inhabitants of these States, from association or interest, sympathized with the South, and many of their people, excepting Delaware, fought in the Confederate army. But they were so overwhelmed and terrorized by the Union armies early in the war, while some of them were hesitating, and others contending for neutrality, that their condition became so perilous that they were deterred from obeying their inclination; and through choice, coercion, intimidation, and for the protection of their property, the large majority of them were, gradually, in one way and another, drawn into the Union armies; and they furnished the Federal government 275,000 of the best soldiers to be turned against the Confederacy. Of this number, Missouri furnished 109,111; Kentucky, 75,760; Maryland, 46,638; Delaware, 12,284; and West Virginia, 32,068. These are official figures.

"The other eleven Southern States, unless Tennessee be the exception, were practically a unit in support of the Southern Confederacy. Yet the War Department of the Federal government reports the following number of soldiers furnished the Union armies during the War between the States by these eleven States—to wit: Tennessee, 31,092; Arkansas, 8,289; North Carolina, 3,156; Alabama, 2,576; Florida, 1,290; Louisiana, 5,224; Mississippi, 545; Texas, 1,965; and to these add the Indian Nation, 3,500, making a total of 57,637.

"There is no report of any organized enlistments from Georgia, South Carolina, or Virginia, unless Virginia is included in the reports of West Virginia.

"Thus the Southern Confederacy had to depend mainly for its sources of supply upon these eleven States, with an ag-

gregate population of 9,000,000, of which nearly 4,000,000 were slaves.

"Senator John Sherman is quoted as follows: 'It may be said with reasonable precision that while many of the inhabitants of the border slave States fought in the Confederate army, this loss was more than compensated for by the effective aid rendered by the loyal men who joined the Union army from the rebellious States.'

"In this statement I think he was clearly in error, and we of the South would have been unwilling to exchange the soldiers from Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland, who so gallantly did service under Breckinridge, Buckner, Morgan, Price, Cockrell, Marmaduke, Bradley Johnson, and others, for the few thousand from the eleven Confederate States just enumerated who took up arms for the Union.

"The Confederate government, realizing it would require all its resources to sustain the government, after having mustered into service many volunteers for one year, on the 16th of April, 1862, passed an enrollment act which called into service all white men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five who were not legally exempt from military service, and requiring all the twelve months troops, whose time had not then expired, to continue in the service for the period of the war. Further legislation by the Confederate Congress in February, 1864, extended the enrollment so as to include all white male residents of the Confederate States between the ages of seventeen and fifty.

"The Federal government, too, was almost as hard pressed as the Confederacy. It was importing and enlisting foreigners, and by the act of Congress of March 3, 1863, provided for the enrollment of all able-bodied male citizens between the ages of twenty and forty-five, and granted freedom to all slaves between these ages who would enlist in the Union armies, and, in addition, offered rewards for enlistments, in the shape of large bounties paid in money for one year's service, and doubling and trebling this bounty for two and three years' service, respectively. As a result the Union armies enlisted in the aggregate in the army and navy from April, 1861, to 1865, 2,780,478 men, of whom 93,000 were colored troops from the slave States. Some of these enlistments were for three, six, and twelve months, but 2,028,630 for three years.

"Against these the Southern Confederacy enlisted a total of about 895,654 men in its service during the four years of the Civil War, the length of service for one and three years, respectively, but mainly 'three years or the war.' Thus it will be seen that the eleven Confederate States, with a white population of 5,000,000, had to combat the 19,000,000 people of the free States, all the foreigners that could be induced to enlist in the Union army by the offer of large bounties, 275,000 of the best troops in the Union army furnished by the border slave States, 93,000 colored troops from the slave States, 54,137 soldiers from the eleven Confederate States, and 3,500 Indians from the Indian Territory.

"Having given the official facts and figures above stated, I submit the table below of the estimated number of soldiers enlisted in the Confederate service from 1861 to 1865, and the estimated quota furnished by each of the Slave States. After careful inquiry, I find the States so deficient in reliable official data that I believe the facts can be never arrived at by basing the figures on the white population of these States, considered in connection with their physical condition and environments at the time. The patriotism,

the public sentiment, and the conscript laws of eleven of these States composing the Confederacy were such that it would be invidious, in the absence of correct official figures, to credit any one State with more loyalty or more soldiers than any other in proportion to the white population remaining in the Confederate lines; hence I adopt, as the correct basis, the white population of each of these States, as each sent to the field to bear arms, in one or the other armies, practically every man liable for military duty. The estimate of Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland, and even Virginia, may be less accurate; for in the case of the first three it is not probable the male population so universally did service as those of the eleven Confederate States farther South, and in case of Virginia it is complicated with the withdrawal of West Virginia, in 1862, taking away a population of something like 400,000 inhabitants. But I take the census of 1870 as a basis, which gave Virginia 1,225,163 inhabitants, and West Virginia 442,014, while the two as Virginia in 1860 had 1,596,318, of whom 548,907 were colored. Taking these proportions for 1860 would give Virginia a white population of 769,713, and of free negroes and slaves 403,377. While I find no official report of Union soldiers from Virginia, a reasonable supposition is that there were some and they were included with those of West Virginia. This, however, is an assumption; but if such were the case, the number would be offset by enlistments with Virginia troops from West Virginia.

"Therefore, I submit the following tabulated statement of population by the census of 1860 and estimates of Confederate soldiers furnished by each Southern State, except Delaware, to both the Union and the Confederate armies during the War between the States; those of the Union army being official, and those of the Confederate estimated. Free negroes and slaves are included in the column as 'Negroes.' The population of any State can be arrived at by adding together the whites and negroes.

State.	White Population.	Negroes.	Union Army.	Confederate Army.
Alabama.....	526,431	437,770	2,570	94,813
Arkansas.....	324,191	111,359	8,284	40,344
Florida.....	77,747	62,677	1,290	12,093
Georgia.....	591,588	465,698	109,438
Kentucky.....	919,517	236,160	75,760	40,000
Louisiana.....	357,627	350,373	5,224	60,937
Maryland.....	46,638	7,000
Mississippi.....	353,901	437,414	545	64,876
Missouri.....	1,061,509	118,503	103,111	35,000
North Carolina.....	631,100	361,529	3,156	102,027
South Carolina.....	201,388	412,314	52,595
Tennessee.....	826,782	283,019	31,092	92,925
Texas.....	412,294	182,921	1,965	51,321
Virginia.....	769,713	403,377	128,285
Indian Nation.....	3,500	2,000
Total.....	289,141	895,654

"It will be seen, according to these figures, that the Southern Confederacy had enlisted during the War between the States 895,654 men, and the Union army 2,780,478. It is not probable, however, that the Confederacy enlisted over about seven hundred thousand, or, at most, seven hundred and fifty thousand different individuals, as many enlisted more than once, being discharged from one cause or another; but the larger number of reenlisted were the troops that earlier in the war volunteered for one year, and at the expiration of that time, most of them, if not all, reenlisted. The same applies to the Union armies, for while the number enlisted was 2,780,478, they figure the aggregate, reduced to a three years' standard, at 2,320,000 men. In either case it will be seen the Confederate forces were about one-third the Federal.

"The aggregate of enlistments in the Confederate army will appear extravagant, as we have been in the habit of

calling it six hundred thousand. It appears that writers, from a Southern standpoint, have hesitated to give the supposed aggregate, but have not been backward in crediting their respective States with a larger number than is here given. Hon. James G. Blaine, in a speech in Congress, in comparing the respective forces of the two armies, said: 'There are no records which give with accuracy the number of men in the Confederate Army. The general aggregate for the four years is, upon the best authority attainable, placed at one million, one hundred thousand men.'

"I have written to the proper officials of several of the Southern States as to the number furnished by their respective States. All, excepting the State of Texas, reported a greater number than I have estimated where an answer was given, but none could answer with absolute certainty. These calculations of the number enlisted in the following eleven Confederate States are made on a basis of the white population as shown by the census of 1860, in each State deducting the number shown by official figures to have served in the Union armies.

"From the best information I have obtained, it appears that about eighteen and one-half per cent of the white population actually entered the service of the two armies from the following States—to wit, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, and South Carolina. The reason the proportion is the same is because the conscript law could be enforced in about all portions of these States.

"For North Carolina and Virginia I take sixteen and two-thirds per cent, or one-sixth of their white population, being a smaller per cent than the States named above, mainly because parts of these States were at all times occupied by the enemy, hence the Conscript Act could not be enforced and men not exempt remained at home for the protection of their families and property.

"For the States of Arkansas and Tennessee I take as a fair basis fifteen per cent of the whites, as in each of these States a portion of its territory was occupied by a disloyal element, and a still larger area was alternately occupied by first one army and then the other, resulting in many perplexities in organizing the State's military force, so it was largely a matter of choice in some sections if the men joined either army. In Texas I take it that twelve and one-half per cent is a proper basis. The country being sparsely settled, and its frontier being exposed to the incursions of both Indians and Mexicans, the laws made exemptions for the purpose of protecting the settlers against these dangers.

"As North Carolina had in its State 39,512 more white people than Georgia, it might appear that the discrepancy in the number of troops enlisted in the Confederacy in favor of Georgia was not sufficiently accounted for by the occupation of a portion of the former State by the Federals. But this is corroborated by reference to official records of the War of the Rebellion, Series 4, Vol. 3, page 99, made by a Confederate officer. I insert the following quotation: 'North Carolina, with a larger white population than Georgia, has put less in the service than that State. This disproportion is owing to the occupation of a part of North Carolina by the enemy, and the fact that the exemption list is much swollen by the requisitions of the Governor of the State.' This was in February, 1864. I suppose these 'requisitions of the Governor' were for militia service, as it is known that North Carolina and Georgia, by reason of their positions and conditions, furnished a much larger militia force than the other States.

"As to Maryland, I have had to guess at the enlistments in the Confederate service, with but indifferent sources of information. The number in the Union Army, in every instance, is official.

"The conditions existing in Missouri and Kentucky during the War between the States were peculiar, in that these States during a portion of the time were represented by two governments—one maintaining its allegiance to the Federal Union, the other forming an alliance with the Confederate States. These exceptional conditions, and others, resulting from the geographical position of these States and the divided sentiment of the people, formed them into hostile factions.

"But notwithstanding these difficulties, in addition to those regularly enlisted in the Confederate Army, each of these States, and especially Missouri, whose territory was not occupied by such large hostile armies, enlisted a number of companies formed for local defense, and usually designated as 'Partisan Rangers,' which were sufficiently numerous to give the Federal authorities much annoyance and occupy the attention of a large military force that would otherwise have been available in other fields.

"It is not improbable that the critic (from commendable motives, too) will think his State enrolled more men than is here accredited to it, and that the aggregate is too great, notwithstanding this will be an inconsistent position to take.

"The records of the War Department of the number of Union soldiers put into the Union armies by the Northern States, based on the population by the census of 1860, show that Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, and Ohio enlisted about twelve per cent of their entire population; and Indiana and Illinois, fourteen and sixteen per cent, respectively. The greater per cent of these two States is probably accounted for by reason of their rapid settlement about this time.

"The writer has carefully considered all the information at hand, but has had to rely on his best judgment in reaching conclusions, and while he believes the figures here given as to the number of soldiers furnished by each State to the Confederacy is approximately and relatively about correct, the estimates are not presented in a dogmatic spirit, as he is well aware they are not absolutely so; and he will have no controversy with those who may differ with those views, but trust that the data here given, with such other as may be obtainable, will afford opportunity for some one to write a more accurate statement."

THE GEORGIA REUNION AT ROME.

The proceedings of the Georgia Division, U. C. V. Convention, held at Rome September 14 and 15, 1904, are reported as follows by Frank T. Ryan, Secretary:

"The sixth annual reunion of the Georgia Division, U. C. V., met on September 14, 1904, under commodious tents which had been prepared for our coming, fitted with platform and seats, at 2 P.M., with Gen. P. A. S. McGlashen, Commander, presiding. The convention was opened with religious devotion by singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," after which the Rev. R. B. Headen offered a fervent prayer.

"In the absence of the Secretary, Col. J. Colton Lyons was elected. W. W. Hulbert, Thomas J. Lyons, and A. J. Hinton were chosen as the Committee on Credentials. The speakers were Gov. Joseph M. Terrell, Hon. C. H. Lavender, Mayor of Rome, ex-Congressman John W. Maddux, and

Mr. Edward Maddux. The latter, a Son, spoke in behalf of the Sons of Veterans.

"In his address of welcome, the Mayor said: 'There are no keys to Rome, for when it was learned that the Veterans had accepted the invitation to hold their reunion here, the locks were taken off the gates.'

"Congressman John W. Maddux made the address in behalf of the Floyd County Camp of Confederate Veterans. He said that he had been so severely indisposed for days that his doctor had forbidden his saying anything, but he was determined to speak anyway. His fine, patriotic address was cheered to the echo.

"Mr. Edward Maddux, in behalf of the Sons of Veterans, welcomed the old soldiers to the city. This brilliant and gifted young Roman's splendid address was listened to with close attention and cheered.

"Gov. Terrell, a guest of the occasion, delivered a fine address. [He honored Georgia.—Ed.]

"Capt. W. H. ('Tip') Harrison, of Atlanta, then addressed the convention in response for and in behalf of the Veterans. This popular comrade made everybody happy by his address.

"Gen. C. A. Evans, Commanding the Department of Tennessee, made a humorous, eloquent, and characteristic address, which met with continued and renewed applause.

"The Committee on Resolutions was announced—viz., Dr. W. B. Burroughs, of Brunswick; Col. T. O. Waddell, of Cedartown; Gen. J. L. Sweet, of Waycross; W. S. Shepard, of Columbus.

"Gen. P. A. S. McGlashen, the Division Commander, made his annual address, which was heartily applauded. Capt. H. T. Davenport, of Americus, emphasized the remarks of the Division Commander for his timely suggestions relative to Camps paying their dues.

"Gen. Evans presented a picture to the Georgia Division, U. C. V., on behalf of Mrs. Lilly Leake Oglesby, of Quitman, Ga., who was thanked by the Convention.

"The entertainment at night was had in the large tent, filled to overflowing. It was under the direction of the Daughters of the Confederacy and the ladies of Rome in general, assisted by young men. Such songs as 'Old Black Joe,' sung by Mr. J. C. Walters, in his rich baritone voice, with the plaintive voices, as of angels in the distance, answering, 'I am coming,' caught the fancy of the Veterans, and dimmed eyes, tremulous lips, paid the highest tribute to the singer and the song. The belles of the sixties, as they sang 'Lorena' and 'The Captain with His Whiskers Took a Sly Glance at Me,' took us back in memory to the time when we too were the beaux of the sixties. It was surely a pathetic scene, and was heartily enjoyed by the multitude present. 'Tip' Harrison led the song, 'We Are Old-Time Confederates,' which 'brought down the house.' The evening wound up with an old-time jubilee. Miss Ellis, expression teacher at Shorter College, and Miss Estelle Mitchell, dialect reader, contributed largely toward the evening's entertainment.

"On the second day the meeting was opened with a fervent prayer by Rev. W. A. Parks. W. F. Penniman had sent the following communication to Commander McGlashen: 'Owing to an increasing infirmity (deafness), I feel constrained, for the good of our Association, to tender my resignation as Secretary of the Georgia Division. I feel that I can do justice neither to the Division nor myself under the circumstances.' On motion, the resigna-

tion was accepted and the Secretary instructed to 'express to him our regrets that his infirmity forces him to resign the office he so ably filled.'

"When the Chairman, Gen. McGlashen, announced that the nomination of a Secretary was in order, the name of Frank T. Ryan was presented by Col. J. Colton Lyons, which was promptly seconded, and, being put to the Convention, he was declared elected.

"For the election of a Commander, Chairman McGlashen vacated the chair, and called for Gen. Wiley to preside.

"Gen. Sweet, of Waycross, with appropriate remarks placed in nomination for reelection Gen. P. A. S. McGlashen, of Savannah.

"In a very eloquent manner Comrade J. T. Hunter, of Barnesville, offered the name of Gen. A. J. West, of Atlanta, as Commander. Col. Waddell and Capt. Davenport, of Americus, seconded the nomination of Gen. McGlashen as Commander.

"Capt. Tom Lyons, of Cartersville, with great earnestness urged the nomination of Gen. A. J. West as Commander.

"During the discussion Gen. McGlashen arose and, with great feeling, asked permission to withdraw his name, but his supporters with earnestness would not consent.

"In the midst of the voting Gen. West arose and asked permission to withdraw his name, and recommended that the election of Gen. McGlashen be made unanimous, which was granted, and Gen. McGlashen was elected Commander of the Georgia Division for the ensuing term.

"Greetings were ordered sent to the Virginia Division, then in session at Lynchburg.

"Mrs. Jas. A. Rounsaville was introduced, and in a very pleasant manner tendered the thanks of the Daughters of the Confederacy to the assembled Confederate Veterans for the help they had given them in erecting the monument to President Jefferson Davis. She took occasion to say that funds are still needed to properly complete the Winnie Davis Memorial at Athens.

"After the Convention adjourned the election for the different Brigade Commanders took place.

"Gen. West, in an eloquent address, introduced Miss Elizabeth Lumpkin, of South Carolina, who delivered a wonderfully thrilling address to the large crowd assembled. Her remarks created an enthusiasm rarely ever witnessed, and for a time confusion and noise reigned. The Veterans struggled with each other to reach the platform to shake her hand and tell her how much they appreciated what she said and how she said it. It was pandemonium, and it was quite a time before order was restored.

[Here official action was taken in behalf of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, reported in October issue, page 474.]

"The Committee on Resolutions submitted the following, which was adopted: 'That we recommend to the several Camps a rigid enforcement of the rule not to admit to membership any one except upon satisfactory proof of service in either the army or navy, and that no one be admitted to membership who deserted, and that only those thus admitted be granted certificates entitling them to crosses of honor; provided, however, that any one deemed worthy may be elected an honorary member of a Camp.'

"'Resolved, That Captain Commanders of all Camps now in arrears of dues to either the Division or General Headquarters be urged to proceed at once to collect and pay the same.'

"It was made a rule governing the different Camps that

no member seeking to change his membership from one Camp to another shall be received into the Camp to which he applies unless he produces a letter of discharge, granted by his former Camp in regular session, signed by its Commander and Secretary, certifying that he was a member of such first Camp in good standing, and that his discharge had been granted at his own request, for the purpose of making his application to said second Camp for membership.

"Expressions of sorrow were proposed for the death of 'that big-bodied and big-hearted Maj. G. M. Ryalls,' and to his immediate family and friends our sincerest condolence was tendered.

"Thanks were tendered to the various railroad companies of the State for reduced rates to the reunion."

The following tribute was paid to Georgia chaplains:

"Whereas, in appreciation of the faithful and arduous services rendered by the Chaplains of the Confederate Army, both in the field, as well as in the many Confederate hospitals, where they served at all times, at the risk of their lives if necessary, and gave much relief, both spiritual and physical; therefore be it

Resolved, That it is hereby recommended that the surviving Confederate Chaplains belonging to this Division be requested to communicate with each other, with a view of forming themselves into an association, to be known as the Confederate Chaplains' Association, that it may be an adjunct of this Confederation.'

"Mayor Bridges Smith, of Macon, in behalf of the city of Macon, its Chamber of Commerce, and other organizations, and its people in general, invited us to hold our next convention in the city of Macon, saying that, notwithstanding Rome had outdone herself, and had treated us so well, if we would hold our next convention in Macon, he would solemnly obligate himself to treat us equally as well, and if possible a little better than Rome had done.

"Every Roman seemed determined to outdo the other, and the consequence was, we had one of the pleasantest and happiest reunions in the history of the State."

OUR NEGLECT OF SHILOH NATIONAL PARK.

BY MRS. J. W. IRWIN, SAVANNAH, TENN.

It was not the purpose of this article to give a description of the magnificent Shiloh Park, nor of the beautiful National Cemetery inclosing and hallowing within its sacred precincts the graves of thousands of Union soldiers; but to emphasize the deplorable fact of the South's apathy and neglect of the opportunity to honor the memory of her valiant sons. It is also to call attention to the work of the Daughters of the Confederacy in connection with this battlefield; to awaken, if possible, their dormant energies, to stimulate interest and arouse them to active coöperation with the few who are throwing heart, soul, and their most earnest endeavor into the sacred duty of rendering homage—long delayed—to the immortal heroes of Shiloh.

Just here it occurs to quote a paragraph from an article by the editor, Dr. G. B. Winton, in the Nashville *Christian Advocate*; it is so pertinent to the subject. Having just returned from a visit to this famous battlefield, of which he gives an interesting account, Dr. Winton says: "But on all that widespread field, where they fought so long and well, their comrades and their sons have not lifted a single shaft to their memory. More than a hundred costly monuments to Federal dead, and not one for the men of the South! I was shocked and sad to learn of such a thing. What can it

mean? Can the Daughters of the Confederacy afford cost-ly junketing trips and useless balls while this continues? The United States has set up a siege gun with a bronze tablet where Johnston fell. And that is all."

Besides the monument to Gen. A. S. Johnston, above referred to, the United States government has placed a similar one in honor of Brig. Gen. A. H. Gladden, these being the only generals who were killed in the battle.

But the prime motive and the facts which inspired the writing of this communication have yet to be given. In March, 1900, a few patriotic women of Savannah, Tenn. (twenty-six in number), organized themselves into a Chapter of the U. D. C., the primary object being to secure funds for the erection of a monument on Shiloh battlefield in memory of all Confederate soldiers who participated in the battle. Shiloh Chapter, No. 371, has for its motto, "The Heroes of '61-'65: Their Valor Is Our Heritage." To what extent we shall claim and honor this priceless heritage is yet to be determined. Soon after organization, Shiloh Chapter sent out circular letters to the number of 200 or more to Chapters in those States having sons in this battle and who yet lie in unhonored graves. These letters appealed for aid in erecting a monument to their memory. Some responses were received and donations made by a few Chapters and individuals, whose names are gratefully recorded in the annals of Shiloh Chapter. To the large majority, who have yet made no contribution to this memorial, we again present its claims. Let us unite with it.

The Tennessee Division, U. D. C., has recognized the supreme importance of this work, and the claims of the Shiloh monument have been presented and donations voted at two successive conventions of that body, which donations are to be continued annually until the necessary amount shall have been secured.

Contributions may be sent to the president of Shiloh Chapter, Mrs. James W. Irwin, or to the Treasurer, Mrs. Daniel A. Welch, Savannah, Tenn. We ask all Daughters of the Confederacy, and all others interested in the cause, to help us, that this memorial be not long delayed.

May the throngs of visitors who make annual excursions to Shiloh Park be no longer confronted with the sad spectacle of unrequited valor, but, through our united effort, may this broad domain present at least one memorial in marble or bronze which shall speak eloquently of the heroism of the sons of the South and of the loyalty and devotion of the Daughters of the Confederacy!

SHILOH.

Where rippling waters of the Tennessee
In rhythmic flow
A requiem sing, historic Shiloh stands.
Her tragic woe
Is writ by sculptor's art. In her calm face
There lingers of her passion not a trace
To mar its peaceful glow.

We scarce can picture it all seamed and scarred
With crimson stain
Just while ago; nor scarce our ears can catch
The minor strain
Within the river's flow. This sacred hill
Seems but a place to pause in rest until
Tired feet shall feel no pain.

This "silent city" shows a nation's love,

And honor due

Is paid unto the mem'ry of her sons

Who wore the blue

And gained the victor's crown. Yet, from life's toil
Beneath the same love-consecrated soil

Sleep other hearts as true.

This fair white city fairer yet shall be.

And some glad day

Beatitudes, anew, around her brow

In hallowed ray

Like nimbus crown shall shine. For love shall own

Her debt to valor, by memorial stone

To those who wore the gray

—M. B. W.

FIRST VICTIM OF THE WAR.

In a letter to the *Montgomery Advertiser*, Capt. James R. Crowe, of Sheffield, Ala., wrote: "It might be of interest to many readers to learn the fact that the first person to lose his life in the war between the States was an Alabamian, Noble Devotee, a young minister of Selma, Ala., who was drowned at Fort Morgan early in January, 1861. Alabama seceded on the 11th day of January, 1861. Several companies of volunteers from Marion, Selma, Tuscaloosa, and Mobile were ordered by Gov. A. B. Moore to go to Fort Morgan. Noble Devotee was with one of the Selma companies. We were short in rations, and young Devotee volunteered to go to Selma and Marion and get our friends to send provisions. In boarding the steamer that lay at the wharf, he made a misstep and fell into the bay and was drowned. His body was recovered several days afterwards and sent back to Selma for interment. He had in his possession at the time more than a hundre' letters written by the boys to their loved ones at home."

MOSBY'S MEN WERE NOT GUERRILLAS.

A magazine published in New York is printing a series of articles under the title of "Recollections of a Mosby Guerrilla." There would be nothing surprising in this, for there are a number of Northern publications that seem to find pleasure in using the most opprobrious terms when writing or speaking of anything connected with the Confederacy or the South, but it is astonishing that the writer of these articles, who was one of Mosby's famous followers, would permit himself and his comrades to be stigmatized as guerrillas.

Mosby was a commissioned officer, a colonel in the Confederate service, and as such was subject to the laws of the service; the men under him were required to obey his commands as strictly and promptly as were the soldiers of any other company, battalion, or regiment in the service required to obey the orders of their officers. The standing of Mosby and his men as Confederate soldiers was recognized and acknowledged by the United States government during the war. Some of Mosby's men were captured and threatened with hanging as guerrillas. The Confederate government quickly interposed, stating they would promptly retaliate if the men were treated otherwise than as prisoners of war. This alone would establish the fact that Mosby and his command were regular Confederate soldiers. Yet, to excite a morbid curiosity, and thereby increase the sale of the magazine, the editor (for it is not

presumable that one of Mosby's men would have done it) is permitted to use the sensational and really unwarranted title of "Recollections of a Mosby Guerrilla."

EXTRACTS FROM GENERAL ORDERS U. C. V.

The following committees have been appointed in accordance with resolutions passed at the Convention held in Nashville last June:

A Committee of Ways and Means, to devise and make an appropriate medal in commemoration of the sacrifices, endurance, and matchless heroism of the women of the South, the committee to prescribe regulations for bestowal of the medal. This gracious idea originated with Camp Sterling Price, of Dallas, Tex., ably seconded by R. E. Lee Camp, of Fort Worth. Members of this committee are: J. B. Simpson, of Sterling Price Camp, Dallas, Tex.; Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, of R. E. Lee Camp, Fort Worth, Tex.; Capt. Jos. F. Johnston, of Hardee Camp, Birmingham, Ala.; J. Ogden Murray, of Turner Ashby Camp, Winchester, Va.; Col. Jno. W. Faxon, of N. B. Forrest Camp, Chattanooga, Tenn.

As the United Sons of Confederate Veterans have undertaken the erection of a memorial to honor the women of the Confederacy, the U. C. V. Committee for a Southern Woman's Monument has been discharged and directed to turn over to the Sons' committee any and all funds it may have on hand for that purpose, the latter assuming all responsibility for the success of the movement. A committee of five has been appointed by the Commander U. C. V. to coöperate with the Sons in behalf of this movement, as follows: Lieut. Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Comg. A. N. V. Dept., Charleston, S. C., Chairman; Brig. Gen. J. F. Shipp, of N. B. Forrest Camp, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Col. Chas. S. Arnall, of Atlanta Camp, Atlanta, Ga.; Brig. Gen. W. A. Ramsey, of Hugh McCollum Camp, Camden, Ark.; Brig. Gen. Jas. I. Metts, of Cape Fear Camp No. 254, Wilmington, N. C.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy and the Sons of Veterans having appointed committees to act with the U. C. V. relative to the selection of suitable words for the battle hymn of "Dixie," the following have been appointed from the United Veterans to confer with the other committees and report at the next annual reunion such recommendations as the joint committees may deem proper: Maj. Gen. Geo. P. Harrison, commanding Alabama Division, Chairman, Opelika, Ala.; Gen. R. B. Coleman, of Jeff Lee Camp, McAlester, Ind. T.; Lieut. Col. Geo. N. Saussy, of S. M. Manning Camp, Hawkinsville, Ga.; Capt. J. M. Garnett, of Franklin Buchanan Camp, Baltimore, Md.; Lieut. Col. O. L. Schumpert, of J. S. Nance Camp, Newberry, S. C.

Particular attention is directed to the following recommendation of the Historical Committee at the last convention, and which was fully approved:

"Another highly important subject taken into consideration by the committee is the prison life of Confederate and Federal soldiers, covering the general subject of their numbers, deaths, and general treatment. A large amount of data has been collected which the committee ask may be filed and referred to a special committee consisting of Samuel E. Lewis, M.D., Hon. George L. Christian, and Rev. J. William Jones, D.D.; and that this special committee continue this investigation and make report at the next annual meeting of this convention."

"The general commanding feels that there is no matter that can be brought to the notice of our order which merits

more consideration. Grave wrong has been done the South in the dissemination of falsehoods concerning the treatment of Federal prisoners by the Confederate government, and he urges this committee to make a most exhaustive examination of this whole subject, and he hopes that every assistance possible will be given by the entire membership of our Federation."

State reports of annual conventions should always be sent to the VETERAN, as they are of interest to the general reader and incidentally suggest beneficial plans for comrades in other States.

FIGHTING "JUPITER" FROM YORKTOWN.—Comrade J. W. Minnick, Grand Isle, La., in writing to the VETERAN, says: "I recently saw the following in a New Orleans paper: 'On the night of September 23d the planet Jupiter was unusually bright and was taken by the garrison at Vladivostok for a Japanese reconnoitering balloon. The soldiers were preparing to fire on it when their error was discovered.'

"This incident of the war now going on in the Far East reminds me of something similar that happened at Yorktown in '62, while McClellan's army was in our front near that historic old town. The First Company of 'DeGournay's Heavy Artillery,' of which I was a member, were still in their winter quarters at Cornwallis's Cave, on the York River beach, manning an eight-gun water battery of 32s, and a signal gun on the spot just above, a long 32 (the longest of its caliber ever cast, probably) placed there for the reason of its long range and, as sentinel, to give notice of the approach of the enemy's ships from below.

"One morning, about an hour before daylight, the wide-awake sentinel, who had no doubt been holding a short confab with Morpheus, opened his eyes toward the east, and what he saw must have put his somnolence to flight instantaneously and his nerves on the 'ragged edge,' for with bated breath he aroused his sleeping comrades with, 'Get up, boys, get up. The Yankee fleet is coming up the river,' and when they also, 'with slumber-laden eyes,' looked through a slight mist which hung like a veil over the river and saw a bright reddish light apparently about four miles away, they leaped to their stations, and in a trice 'Long Tom' was charged and sending his iron welcome straight at the approaching light through the still morning, and with a roar that almost lifted us out of our bunks in the quarters below. Talk of bustle! In two minutes every man was in his place 'In battery,' the guns were charged and ready. Expectantly we awaited the approach of the hostile fleet. The light rose higher and higher, and still no enemy's vessel hove in sight. At last one of the boys sang out, 'Say, Major, that's no headlight; that's the morning star,' and so it was.

"Well, maybe we didn't guy 'Long Tom's' crew after that for fighting Jupiter, and not a little bit. We told them that if they were going to fight the solar system they deserved credit for selecting the biggest star in sight."

With pride and satisfaction announcement is made of the dedication on July 1, at Richmond, Va., of a Home for Needy Confederate Women. The General Commanding gives his hearty approval of this action of Virginia comrades, and urges its imitation in some form throughout our bounds, "thus showing that these angels of mercy have an abiding place in our affections."

A BOY'S FIRST BATTLE.

BY PROF. H. M. HAMILL, NASHVILLE, TENN.

The incidents of one's first battle are not easily forgotten. The fine tribute from Col. J. Stoddard Johnson, of Louisville, to Gen. J. C. Breckinridge, in the October VETERAN brings back vividly to memory my first time under fire. I belonged to Finnegan's Brigade, made up from the odds and ends of the last crop of Florida soldiers, chiefly boys, and enrolled in the winter of 1863-64. After organizing and drilling for several months in Florida, we were hurried to the front of the Army of Northern Virginia, and given place in Mahone's Division, along with the veteran soldiers of Lee. I can remember how the old soldiers made mock of our green and unsoldierly looks and ways, and dubbed us with nicknames that made us for a time the jest of the army. I cannot blame them. Falstaff's variegated soldiers would have put us to shame. I remember that, for lack of better guns, some of us were equipped with ancient big-bore Belgian muskets. If there was one decent uniform in my regiment other than those of the officers, I fail to recall it. Some of us had brought along our neckties and handkerchiefs, and dazzled the eyes of Lee's clay-colored veterans for a season with our nicely laundered white shirts. I can recall the day when, under the laughter of the old soldiers, I bundled up my gala day togger and cast it feelingly into a near-by thicket. The smell of gunpowder, save at Ocean Pond, Fla., where we had little more than a skirmish with Seymour and his negroes, was unknown to us up to the day, in May, '64, when we took place in the trenches of Virginia, and began to dodge the shot and shell of Grant's army.

It was not long, however, until our real mettle was tried. Grant was getting ready on the north side of the James to make his last desperate movement upon Richmond. Hancock's Corps was in our front, and we kept digging rude trenches and occupying them day by day, yet swinging southward until we came upon the scene of the first great battle of Cold Harbor. The armies were again to be pitted against each other on this historic ground. Finnegan's Brigade was moved up at sundown in the rear of Gen. Breckinridge's line. Confronting that thin line of brave men, which Col. Johnson praises none too strongly, were Hancock and his corps, the picked fighters of Grant's army, to whom was committed the first assault which Grant was to make toward breaking Lee in two and forcing the capture of Richmond. It was the night of June 2 that our brigade, knowing nothing of the deadly work of the morrow's plans, lay upon arms at the foot of the long slope leading up to Breckinridge's line of trenches. My regiment was the Ninth Florida, and Gen. Finnegan's little tent and horse were near me as I slept. Early in the morning of June 3—a misty, chilly morning—I had begun to boil my coffee and make ready for a rude breakfast, the men asleep about me. Suddenly the ragged crack of musketry began at the top of the slope, followed in a moment by the boom of cannon and the screaming of shells. A minute more and the brigade was on foot, musket in hand, and Gen. Finnegan, on horse, was racing up and down the line, crying: "Get ready, men; fall into line and charge." Looking upward, the long slope of green was filling in with broken groups of gray and blue, wreathed in the smoke of their guns and fighting desperately over the hillside. We knew then we were in for it, and I am frank to say it was

the one battle out of many in which our brigade seemed never to have a thought of danger from shot or shell. Undrilled as we were, and unused to the ways of veteran soldiers, we swung into that first charge in a way that won commendation from more than one veteran. Gen. Finnegan was a born fighter, of hot Irish blood, and I have a very vivid memory of how his stumpy figure and fiery horse went flashing to and fro ahead of his men. I distinctly call to mind two incidents—my first sight of a wounded man, and my first shot as a soldier. Hancock's men had dashed upon Breckinridge in a heavy assault at the break of day, and while many were yet asleep had broken his line and were pouring down the slope upon us. The Minie balls were coming thick and fast, and just to my left Corporal Wall, of my company, reeled and fell against me with a shattered arm, begging me to take him from the field. A minute more I saw to the right, a hundred yards away, a big bunch of men in blue, and, aiming my old Belgian at its center, I fired my first gun. It was a hot, hand-to-hand fight, for how long I could never know. Our Florida boys somehow took to it easily, and kept up their well-aimed firing as coolly and deadly as long-tried soldiers. We retook Breckinridge's broken line, planted ourselves in his trenches, and then for twenty-four hours held them against repeated assaults, until, away toward midnight, when a lull came to the firing, the veteran troops to right and left of us took up the cry: "Three cheers for Finnegan's Brigade." I need not say that we felt good over it, and I am not ashamed to say that we deserved it. Leaving canteen, haversack, and blanket where we had



JAMES K. VARDEMAN, GOVERNOR OF MISSISSIPPI.

slept, at the foot of the slope, we had fought our first all-day and all-night battle without food or water, and we needed the cheers that rang up and down the lines to compensate us. We did one foolish thing. After retaking the lines, we stopped in them and failed to push on and take possession of the picket pits of our own and the enemy's lines. We discovered our mistake when it was too late. Hancock's men, driven back slowly and sullenly, fell into these sheltering pits and poured a deadly fire into us at every sight of gray cap or coat. One or two rash yet brave attempts were made by handfuls of our men to drive the enemy back upon their main line, and not a few of our Florida boys in the attempt found it their last as well as their first battle. Sometime ago a writer in the *VETERAN* paid tribute to gallant young Major Pickens Bird, of our brigade, who led one of those desperate assaults, and, wounded again and again by Hancock's sharpshooters, lay dying for hours just in front of our breastworks. If I am not mistaken, more than one of our men were shot in the effort to respond to his cry for water. Within ten minutes from the time we retook the trenches three men were shot—all of them through the head—within a few feet of where I stood.

I had my first homesickness that night, which I trust was pardonable in a boy of sixteen. The chill night, with lack of food and blanket, had set me shivering, and my kind-hearted captain, W. F. Frierson, advised me to step back under cover of darkness and secure a blanket from one of the many dead men in blue who lay thick along the slope up which we had charged. Waiting for a lull in the firing, I took his advice and partly crawled and partly ran until I fell over a body. Cutting the strap that bound it about his shoulders, I rolled the dead man as gently as I could from off his big, heavy "U. S." blanket, and returned in safety to my post, and slept in comfort. Next morning when I removed it I found I was besmeared with the blood and brains of the poor fellow, whose head had been torn off by a passing shell.

FLAG OF ALABAMA REGIMENT NOT CAPTURED.

Lieut. Col. W. Inzer, Thirty-Second and Fifty-Eighth Alabama, Consolidated, writes from Asheville, Ala., on July 14, 1904, of his surprise, on an examination of the official records of the war, to find in the report of Federal Gen. H. W. Slocum of the battle of Resaca, Ga., May 14 and 15, 1864, that "a captain and a private soldier of the Twenty-Seventh Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, captured the flag of the Thirty-Second and Fifty-Eighth Alabama Infantry Regiments, Consolidated." See official records of war, part 73, page 22, Atlanta campaign. Mr. Inzer adds: "I knew that this command at no time lost its colors during the war; even at the surrender the enemy did not have the pleasure of looking upon the sacred colors of this command. At the surrender of the Thirty-Second and Fifty-Eighth in Meridian, Miss., in April, 1865, James Freeman, the gallant color bearer, tore the flag from the staff, put it in his boot leg, and brought it home with him. And this same old flag has been for years in my possession, and is now. My first conclusion was that the whole thing was false and without any sort of foundation or excuse. However, I concluded to examine the official records, and found on page 59 of said volume that Brig. Gen. Ruger says, in his report subsequently made by the lieutenant colonel of the regiment: "In

the battle of Resaca, on the 15th of May, 1864, the flag and commander of the Thirty-Eighth Alabama were captured." In the same volume and on page 64, and in a report subsequently made by the lieutenant colonel of the Twenty-Seventh Indiana as to the part taken by that regiment in the battle of Resaca, on the 15th of May, 1864, he says that Col. Lankford, the colonel commanding the Thirty-Eighth Alabama Regiment, was captured with the colors of the Thirty-Eighth Alabama Regiment. The several reports of the Federal officers above mentioned, when taken together, conclusively show that the Twenty-Seventh Indiana Regiment, if it captured any Confederate flag at the battle of Resaca, Ga., took that of the Thirty-Eighth Alabama Regiment, and not the colors of the Thirty-Second and Fifty-Eighth Alabama Regiments, Consolidated."

Miss Mattie W. Harrell, of Selma, Ala., also sends to the *VETERAN* an interesting account of the flag of the Fifty-Eighth Alabama Regiment and that of the Ninth Battalion. Both were made and presented in the name of Miss Jennie Hungerford, now living in Uniontown, Ala. The first flag was presented to the Ninth Battalion Alabama, commanded by Col. Bushrod Jones, with Walter Hungerford, a brother of Miss Jennie, as adjutant. Later, when the battalion was merged into the Fifty-Eighth Alabama, of which Bushrod Jones was colonel and John W. Inzer lieutenant colonel, Miss Jennie gave them a regimental flag.

There is an interesting and pathetic history connected with both of these flags, of which Miss Harrell writes. In the fighting around Atlanta Adjutant Hungerford was killed and his body sent home to his mother and sister at Uniontown, Ala. Shortly afterwards, Colonel Jones, thinking the mother and sister would appreciate the old battalion flag, which had been preserved, sent it to them.

The flag of the Fifty-Eighth continued to wave in the forefront of battle through Hood's campaign into Tennessee, and floated over a portion of that invincible rear guard as the crippled army marched back. It was next unfurled at Spanish Fort; from there the regiment went to Meridian, Miss., where the men were paroled and the flag disappeared, as explained above by Col. Inzer.

But there was a greater love, because it was a woman's love, woven around the other flag, that of the Ninth Battalion, sent to the heart-stricken mother and sister. While Freeman was tramping home with his sacred treasure secure in the leg of his boot, a Yankee officer had rudely quartered himself in the spacious old Hungerford mansion in Uniontown, Ala. Wishing to capture (?) a few trophies to carry home, he consulted with his friends and associates, the negroes about the place, as to what the Hungerford family had, and on hearing that they had a Confederate flag, promptly demanded it. The frightened girl tearfully pleaded a mother's and sister's right to the beloved relic, but to no avail; then turning on him with indignant wrath, she said: "Many brave men have died defending that flag, and one woman will do likewise!" The mother, in an adjoining room, hearing the conversation and knowing their inability to save it, rushed to the place where the flag was concealed, drew it out, placed it on the hearthstone, and burned it up. That night she and her daughter gathered the ashes in a box, quietly went to the little graveyard near by, and buried the ashes above the sacred dust of the patriot son and brother.



And when for you the last tattoo has sounded,
And on Death's silent field you've pitched your tent,
When, bowed through tears, the arc of life has rounded
To full content—

We that are left will count it guerdon royal;
Our heritage no years can take away
That we were born of those unflinching, loyal,
Who loved the flag, who wore the gray.

COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

Just a few days after his arrival at the Beauvoir Confederate Home, the goal of his hopes and which had been the home of the chieftain he had loved so well, whose fortunes he had followed willingly in triumph and disaster, Col. Prentiss Ingraham passed to the home beyond—August 16, 1904.

He had made the long journey from Chicago to the Gulf when in bad physical condition and did not rally from the exhaustion of the trip, though everything was done for him within the physician's skill and loving care of his comrades.

Prentiss Ingraham was born in Natchez, Miss., December 28, 1843; and served as a Confederate soldier from April, 1861, to 1865.

The following sketch was prepared by Commander Owen, of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York, of which he was a member:

"Comrade Prentiss Ingraham served a short time in the cavalry; was transferred to Battery K, Capt. Abbey, Withers's Regiment Light Artillery; appointed to staff; served through first attack on Vicksburg, Snyder's Bluff, Chickasaw Bayou battles; later through siege of Port Hudson, where he was wounded and captured; then ordered to Ross's Brigade, Texas Cavalry, staff duty; later commanded scouts with Ross's Brigade; through Tennessee, Georgia, and Mississippi campaigns and attending battles; went to Mexico at the close of the war, and later went into foreign service. Col. Ingraham joined this Camp on May 3, 1901, and has always been and is now a member in good standing."

The following will also be read with interest:

"This is to certify that Col. Prentiss Ingraham, now residing in New York City, was the founder of the Charles S. Winder Camp, No. 989, of United Confederate Veterans, and he was lieutenant commander of this Camp during the several years he resided in Easton, Talbot County, Md.

"OSWALD TILGHMAN,

"Commander Charles S. Winder Camp, No. 989, U. C. V., and Brig. Gen. Commanding First Brigade, Maryland Division, U. C. V."

Col. Ingraham was also an author of note, having published a number of books and been a contributor to many of the best literary periodicals of the land. He had resided in London, where he followed literature as a profession. He is survived by his wife, two daughters, and a son, Mr. Lang-

ley Ingraham, of Atlanta, Ga. Of late years Col. Ingraham's home had been in Chicago.

L. B. PENDLETON.

L. B. Pendleton was born in Spottsylvania County, Va., in 1840; and died in Washington Grove, Montgomery County, Md., December, 1903. He volunteered in the Confederate army early in 1861, joining Company D, Thirtieth Virginia Infantry, engaging in many battles, the bloodiest being that of Sharpsburg, in which he received three wounds. In one of these a ball was embedded in his left leg, alongside the femoral artery, and was cut out after his death. Recovering from his wounds, he again joined his command and participated in many battles, until, in 1864, he was captured and confined in Point Lookout Prison. He was exchanged just before the surrender at Appomattox, but never got back to his command.

WILLIAM J. STONE.

This tribute is by Rev. N. B. Hogan, Springfield, Mo.:

"William James Stone was a son of William H. Stone, one of the first settlers of Stafford County, Va., where he was born in December of 1836. He was married to Miss Ellen S. Foster, of Spottsylvania County, on June 18, 1862, and his death occurred on June 17, 1903, just a day before their forty-first anniversary of married life. His wife, four daughters, and eight sons survive him.

"At the commencement of the War between the States,

Comrade Stone enlisted in Company I, Sixth Virginia Cavalry, and served with distinguished gallantry throughout the bloody contest, and was promoted on the field for bravery and daring just after the battle of Strasburg. After some hard fighting, our forces, under Gen. Early, had been repulsed. The flag bearer, Ed. Wright, was killed, and as he fell from his horse Comrade



Stone caught the flag. Waving it above him, he begged the retreating men to rally by their flag, and the fight was won. For this he was promoted to Captain.

"In 1868 Comrade Stone located with his family on a tract of land near Sparta, Mo., removing thence to Springfield just a few years prior to his death. After the religious services of his funeral, Campbell Camp took charge and laid him to rest among the departed comrades in the beautiful Confederate Cemetery near the city."

DR. JAMES L. JONES.

James L. Jones was the third of nine children born to Daniel and Jane Bunyard Jones, of Cleveland, Tenn. In 1849 the family moved to Texas, living in Houston County till 1867, when they removed to Grayson County and made that their permanent home. At the time of his death Dr. Jones was a little over sixty-three years old.

In 1863 he joined Col. Likens's Regiment of Texas Cavalry, and served to the close of the war. In 1867 he began the

study of medicine, and, though handicapped by the lack of preliminary education, and having no means of attending a medical college, his close observation and good judgment made him a good doctor, and he soon won the confidence of his people.

In July of 1900 Dr. Jones was stricken with paralysis, from which he never fully recovered, and death relieved his sufferings on December 30, 1903. The resolutions passed by the citizens of Denison, where he lived, testify to the esteem in which he was held and of the loss to his community in his passing away. In his home, as husband and father, his character showed at its best; as a citizen, he was charitable and kind; and as a physician, he was also a friend.

REV. P. G. ROBERT.

Rev. P. G. Robert, who entered on his rest in St. Louis September 26, was a member of Camp No. 731, Missouri Division, U. C. V. He was a soldier of the South whose dearest remembrances in the evening of his life were the years he gave to the cause he loved. When the war broke out Mr. Robert was a rector of Newport, Isle of Wight County, and Southwork, Surrey County, Va.; but when Virginia voted not to secede, he resigned his parishes there, determined to move South. He had accepted a parish at Opelousas, La., and had gone to Richmond to make arrangements to move his family. While there he met Bishop Polk, who told him that he was more needed in the army than in any parish. Mr. Robert replied that he had already endeavored to get into the army, and had offered his services as chaplain, but found that political influence was needed to secure a commission, and he had none. Bishop Polk told him to wait, and the next day the Bishop brought him a commission as chaplain in the Second Louisiana, the first chaplain's commission issued after the government reached Rich-



REV. P. G. ROBERT, D.D.

mond. Mr. Robert served sixteen months with the Second Louisiana, and was then transferred to the Thirty-Fourth Virginia, which was then a heavy artillery regiment stationed at Yorktown. The Thirty-Fourth was afterwards made an infantry regiment, and Mr. Robert went with it during the remainder of the war. With Wise's Brigade, of which the Thirty-Fourth was a part, he served under Generals Lee and Jackson, and in 1863 he went with the brigade to Charleston, S. C. He was in the fights around Petersburg and was surrendered with the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox.

Mr. Robert returned to his priestly duties after the surrender, but in 1866 he was called to Christ Church, Little Rock, and in 1869 he moved to St. Louis, where the remainder of his life's work was done. Until age destroyed his strength, he was rector of the Church of the Holy Communion, which he built up from the beginning.

Mr. Robert married Miss Elizabeth Scott, daughter of Dr. Edward Pegram Scott, who survives him. He left five sons living out of nine children who were born to him.

In the years of his retirement no subjects appealed to his interest except the work of the Church to which he had devoted his life and the cause for which he had risked it, and from which he never withdrew his loyal devotion. His last work was to copy for preservation the letters he wrote to and received from his wife while he was serving in the field.

Believing fully in the righteousness of the cause of the South, he never swerved in his loyal devotion to the star-crossed banner of the Confederacy, which grew dearer to him as the evening shadows settled around him, and he was often heard to express satisfaction that in the higher life he should know why a cause so just should seem to have failed.

The foregoing sketch fails to chronicle the marvelous intellectual power of Dr. Robert. It is very rare that the ability to express one's views with such force and conciseness is given to man. He was gifted in the use of rarest and strongest words very similarly to the late beloved Col. Thomas C. Howard, of Atlanta, who was the Confederate postmaster on wheels before and after the fall of Atlanta. Doctor Robert's terse papers in the *VETERAN* from time to time for a decade will be recalled, but it is reserved for those who knew him intimately to remember his power to thrill and his zeal for his people of the South, second only to the cause of his Lord.

W. C. KING.

Washington Crane King, a Confederate veteran and well-known business man of Washington, D. C., died at his home on August 2, 1903. Mr. King was a native of Washington and of a Virginia family eminent for its services during the Revolutionary War. His great-grandfather, Col. Miles King, was a distinguished officer. At the breaking out of the War between the States Mr. King went South with his father, Maj. Charles Kirby King, and served for a short time as captain's clerk in the Confederate navy, being present at the famous battle of Hampton Roads. He afterwards joined the Norfolk Light Artillery Blues, and served with conspicuous gallantry in that battery throughout the war. At its close he returned to Washington, where his upright character gained him the respect of all who knew him, while his genial disposition and ready humor made him a host of friends who sincerely mourned their loss. He was survived by his widow and two sons, Charles Kirby King, of Philadelphia, and Edwin Fitzgerald King, of Atlanta, Ga.

COL. R. M. SANDS.

Col. Robert M. Sands, a prominent citizen and Confederate veteran, died at his home, in Mobile, Ala., November 17, 1903. After graduating with distinction at the Spring Hill College, near Mobile, he entered the cotton warehouse business in Mobile and was eminently successful. About two years prior to the War between the States he consented to give, even to the detriment of his business, military instruction to the senior students of his old *Alma Mater*, Spring Hill College, which he continued up to the breaking out of the war.

When Alabama passed the ordinance of secession Capt. Sands offered the services of the Mobile cadets to the Confederacy, and they were mustered in as Company A, Third Alabama Infantry. They were sent to Virginia, and became a part of Mahone's Brigade. Afterwards, in 1862, they were in Battle's Brigade, Rodes's Division, Stonewall Jackson's Corps. After the battle of Seven Pines Capt. Sands was promoted to major, and shortly after to lieutenant colonel of his regiment, which he commanded in most of the principal engagements participated in by the Army of Northern Virginia, from Seven Pines up to August 20, 1864, when ill health compelled him to accept retirement on the invalid corps until March, 1865, when he was ordered to Talladega, Ala., as commander of the camp of instruction at that point, and was there paroled at the close of the war.

CAPT. HENRY STARR.

Jefferson Lamar Camp, of Porterdales, Ga., pays tribute to the memory of Capt. Henry Starr, an honored member, who was born and reared in Newton County. At the age of twenty-three, in the full flush and strength of early manhood, he went out with the Young Guard, the first company from the county, to represent Georgia on the soil of grand old Virginia in that mighty struggle between the sections. He acted as junior second lieutenant of his company until the reorganization of the Third Georgia, when he was chosen as second lieutenant. Not long after the series of battles about Richmond, in which he participated with great courage and gallantry, he was promoted to a captaincy and assigned to duty in the Ordnance Department of Wright's Brigade until the close of the war.

States are enriched and made strong by the example of such lives as that of Henry Starr. Since the war he went in and out among his people, bearing a spotless character and living on a plane of exalted citizenship.

S. S. PRIEST.

S. S. Priest, of Sideview, Ky., died on the 25th of July, and was buried at Mount Sterling, Ky. He joined the First Kentucky Cavalry in February, 1862, in Company C, which afterwards became Company A. He was captured in October of 1863, escaped from Rock Island prison in December, 1864, went to Canada and remained till the end of the war. He was with John Yeates Beall in Canada. Comrade Priest was sixty-eight years of age.

HERMAN WOHLBEN.

J. G. Deupree and S. B. Carothers, a committee, send tribute to Herman Wohleben, from which the following is taken:

"Herman Wohleben was born at Frankfort, Germany, on February 11, 1837. When he was a child his father's family came to America. He wedded Miss Katrina Smythe on September 18, 1856, and soon afterwards came South, locating at Oxford, Miss. At the breaking out of the War between the States he was among the first to enlist in Miller's Battalion,

Mississippi Cavalry. His command surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., but he had been seriously wounded at Franklin, Tenn., and was at home waiting for his wound to heal when the war closed. He was at Shiloh, Holly Springs, Thompson's Station, Resaca, Dallas, New Hope, Atlanta, Altoona, and Franklin, and in many minor engagements. He was a man of singular courage and great shrewdness, peculiarly endowed with qualities of head and heart necessary to a successful scout. On many occasions he was detailed for special service in the perilous duty of entering the lines and the encampment of the enemy to get information for our commanding general.

"One of the most characteristic incidents in Comrade Wohleben's military career occurred when Grant's army first entered Oxford. He and a fellow-soldier were the only Confederates in town, they having spent the night with their families, intending the next morning to join Pemberton's retreating army. As the head of the approaching Federal column appeared north of town these two opened a rapid fire upon the enemy from the public square with their repeating rifles. The Federals halted, threw out a line of skirmishers, and made preparation to drive out the Confederates and capture the town. They kept up a rattling fusillade until the Federal skirmishers had deployed and executed a flank movement around St. Peter's Cemetery and appeared coming in from the east, thus threatening the right flank and rear of Oxford's gallant army (?) of defenders. The Confederates, *all two of them*, retreated in good order a quarter of a mile south and took position again to renew their stubborn resistance. The Federals made haste to occupy the deserted square, and again cautiously proceeded to advance against what they supposed to be Pemberton's rear guard, succeeding in gradually driving the Confederates back another half mile or more. Here the Confederates again halted and defiantly held their position until the enemy, having discovered the smallness of the Confederate force, boldly charged, drove the two Mississippians before them, and took undisputed possession of this classic little city."

W. F. PORTER.

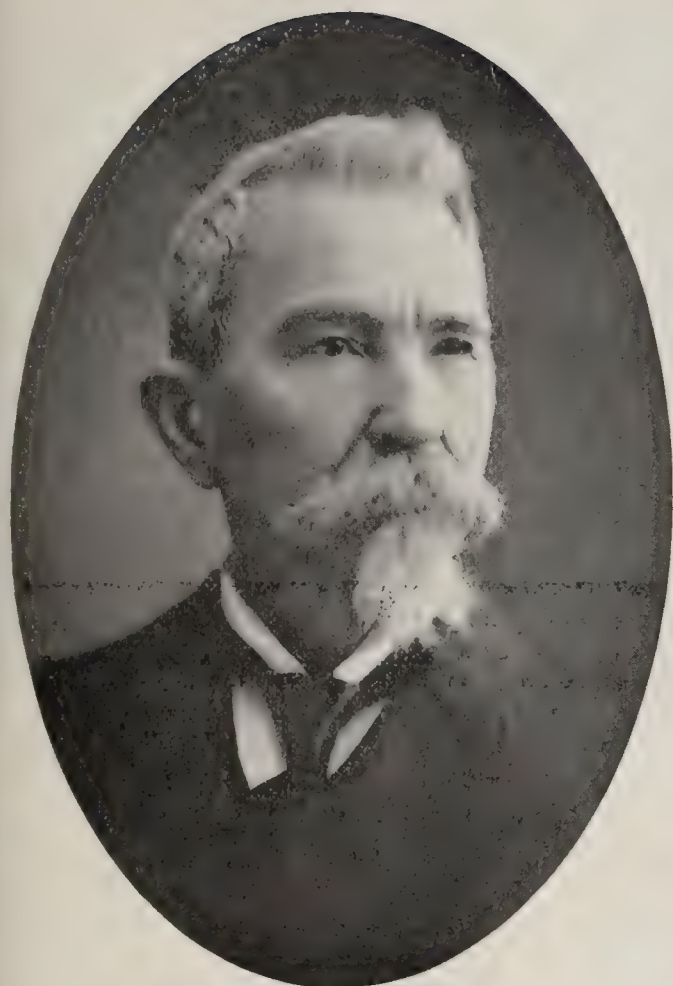
W. F. Porter enlisted in the Confederate army when about sixteen years of age, and served in the Trans-Mississippi Department. In the battle of Fayetteville, Ark., when Gen. Price made his raid into Missouri, in the fall of 1864, Comrade Porter had his horse killed under him. As a soldier he was brave and daring, and after the war he was deeply interested in everything Confederate. His death occurred on May 4, 1904.

There were four brothers of this family who served the Confederacy. T. B. Porter was killed at the battle of Corinth, and C. C. Porter at Richmond, Ky. J. B. Porter had a narrow escape at the battle of Franklin, and is now the only survivor of the four. His home is at Harmony,

CAPT. GEORGE R. CONGDON.

Died, September 23, 1903, Capt. Geo. R. Congdon. He was Lieutenant of Capt. T. Pinckney Alston's Company (F), First South Carolina Volunteers, Gregg's, and was afterwards elected Captain of Company K, Twenty-Sixth South Carolina Regiment, November 17, 1862. He was wounded in the second battle of Manassas, and on January 9, 1864, was appointed to "acting master's mate" in the navy of the Confederate States, on Steamer Peedee, which was burned by orders from Richmond.

If there are any survivors of these two companies or gunboat, they will confer a great favor by communicating with Geo. R. Congdon, of Georgetown, S. C.



DR. GRANVILLE CECIL SANDUSKY.

The death of Dr. G. C. Sandusky, of Shelbyville, Tenn., which occurred September 8, 1904, was a public calamity. Although seventy years of age, he was until a brief while previous in excellent health; indeed, he and his family of sons and daughters were all nobly developed. Dr. Sandusky was of unusual mental ability and noted for his devotion to principle.

He served in the Confederate army from Kentucky, and was one of the South's truest heroes. A thrilling experience of his in an East Tennessee campaign was published in the *VETERAN* a few years ago. A note from his diary, kept during the war, states: "Was promoted to lieutenant colonel, Third Confederate Cavalry, September 14, 1863." But it seems that his commission was never received.

Dr. Sandusky was a close Bible student and a Baptist minister. He took active interest in public matters. He and his faithful wife, who was Miss Ellen T. Rogers, were an honor to the community in which they lived. She survives him.

A committee of the William Frierson Bivouac at Shelbyville, comprised of Jno. W. Woodward, Jo. A. Thompson, and Thos. G. Stewart, concludes as follows:

"At the end of three score and ten years his life is ended, and to such as he is extended the welcome 'Well done,' for he is surely worthy to enter into the joys reserved for the faithful.

"Resolved, That, as members of William Frierson Camp, No. 83, of United Confederate Veterans, out of respect for the memory of our deceased comrade we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

"Resolved, That we tender to the members of his bereaved family our sincerest sympathy, and instruct the Adjutant of the Camp to furnish them with a copy of this memorial."

JUDGE WILLIAM DULANEY.

Judge William Dulaney, a distinguished member of the Bowling Green bar, died at his home in that city on July 10. Judge Dulaney graduated from Center College in 1857. Choosing law as his profession, he went into the office of Judge W. V. Loving and obtained his license to practice in 1859. In 1861 he entered, as a private, the Buckner Guards of Kentucky, but was soon transferred to Col. R. J. Breckinridge's Regiment, Morgan's Command. After the war he resumed the practice of law, was elected Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in 1869, just at the close of the war, which shows the respect and esteem in which he was held even by his former enemies. In 1880 he was elected Judge of the Warren County Circuit Court, and held this position for six years, declining reelection, making his term of service on the bench seventeen years. On November 30, 1860, a short time before entering the Confederate Army, he married Miss Jane Barclay, who survives him.

The death of Judge Dulaney was the occasion for a meeting of his friends and associates of the Bowling Green bar, where suitable resolutions, expressive of regret and sympathy, were passed, and eulogistic speeches of his ability as a lawyer, his worth and integrity as a man and citizen were expressed.

CHANNING M. BUTT.

Stonewall Camp, of Portsmouth, Va., recently lost a valued member in the death of C. M. Butt. He was born on the 27th of May, 1845, and served gallantly in the Confederate army. During the latter part of April, 1862, while serving as clerk in the post office at Portsmouth, he applied for membership in the Old Dominion Guards, but was rejected on account of his youthful age, being only sixteen years of age. As he was zealous in his purpose to enter the service, he resigned his position and enlisted as a private in the Independent Signal Corps of the Confederate States, and served in that branch of the army until the close of the war.

When the Federal fleet which landed at Bermuda Hundreds in 1864 compelled the evacuation of the stations along the James River, his corps was formed into an infantry battalion, and he performed infantry duty at Fort Clifton for several months and also on the retreat from Petersburg. He was paroled at Burksville Junction on April 13, 1865, as a result of the surrender of General Lee. He was faithful in the discharge of every duty.

JOSEPH LORENZO BILISOLY.

J. L. Bilisoly was born in 1840, and died May 14, 1904. He was a prominent citizen of Portsmouth, Va., being cashier of the Bank of Portsmouth, a director in the Star Publishing Company, and interested in many other institutions connected with the upbuilding and prosperity of the city. He had also served as commander of Stonewall Camp, U. C. V.

Comrade Bilisoly entered the Confederate service as a member of the Old Dominion Guards, Third Virginia Volunteers, afterwards Company K, Ninth Virginia Regiment, and participated in the following engagements: Seven Pines, Warrenton Springs, Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg.

He acted as sergeant major of the regiment after Gettysburg, was in the field with Pickett's Division from its formation at Culpeper C. H. to the surrender at Appo-

mattox. He was never absent from his command during the entire progress of the war, save for one short furlough in August, 1864. He was the only clerk left at headquarters on the 9th of April, 1865, and he did all the writing for the assistant adjutant general, filled out paroles for Gen. Pickett and staff, and made out the last report of the division.

MRS. THOMAS SEFTON.

At the death of Mrs. Mathilde Macbeth Sefton was stilled one of the noblest hearts that ever beat true to the Confederate cause. A devoted Christian, she was from childhood an active member of the First Presbyterian Church of New Orleans, under the pastorate of the late Dr. B. M. Palmer, and in which four generations of her family had worshiped. Constantly connected with its charities, she still found time for faithful service to the Christian Woman's Exchange, being one of its original members, and her zeal in its good work never flagged until the iron clasp of ill health stayed the willing hand. Her loyalty to the Confederate cause was attested by her life. Although only a girl in years, she joined with her mother a little patriotic band of women whose purpose was to sew for and clothe the Confederate soldiers, take care of the sick and wounded, and help the widows and orphans of the Confederacy. Many noble deeds were performed in their patriotic work, and even to this day the Ladies' Memorial Association of



MRS. THOMAS SEFTON.

New Orleans maintains its record in the performance of duty. Gen. Phil. Sheridan would not permit them to use the word "Confederate," so they styled themselves "Benevolent," and thus was the nucleus of one of the grandest associations ever formed. Quietly they would meet at the different homes, quilt quinine into skirts, and send them to the hospital. On one occasion Mrs. Sefton's mother risked her life in carrying them through the lines to the needy soldiers.

This Society, of which Mrs. Sefton prided in her membership, raised the first Confederate monument in New Or-

leans, the monumental city of the Southland. This monument represented on its pinnacle the private of the Confederate Army, delineating, true to life, the refinement and lofty character of the men who shouldered the musket and marched through fire and blood in defense of home. On its sides are the busts of the giant leaders, Gens. R. E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, and Leonidas Polk.

To maintain the beautiful memory of the departed brave was one of Mrs. Sefton's dearest works, and a Memorial Day never passed without her presence until debarred by ill health. With her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Macbeth, she visited the Confederate prisoners whenever a permit could be obtained, and carried to them the dainties which she so deftly prepared. Her heart being in the work, she thereby developed an art for which she was so justly noted—a connoisseur in the giving of fine dinners whenever the hospitable doors of her beautiful home were thrown open to her congenial guests. No worry or hardship was a sacrifice when done for the cause for which her dear ones had died.

On one occasion, close to midnight, the doorbell startled the family, and the surprise was added to when the servant brought in to the ladies a bunch of violets with a card bearing the name of Mrs. Macbeth. The card and flowers had been in a basket of dainties taken to the prisoners the day before. Quickly suspecting that they were escaped prisoners and had made good use of the mother's card and address, Mrs. Sefton hastily descended to the parlor, where the soldiers confronted her with their fingers pressed significantly upon their lips. Readily taking the cue, she greeted them as old friends and sent the servitor to spread a supper at once in the old, hospitable way. Awaiting an opportunity to escape, the soldiers remained indoors several days. In the meantime one of them was taken ill, and on the arrival of the trusted physician it was pronounced a genuine case of smallpox. By the coöperation of the physician, these noble-hearted women kept their secret, and with prudence and good nursing the soldiers were all able to escape through the lines to their commands.

One more incident chosen from the many will attest Mrs. Sefton's courage. She was one of the ladies who were in the famous "Battle of the Handkerchiefs."

The ladies of New Orleans went down to the levee *en masse* to catch a glimpse of the Confederate prisoners who were to be exchanged, and if possible to send loving messages to dear ones in the army, and all to bid a Godspeed to the departing soldiers, of whom there were several severely wounded, among them Gen. Chas. Clark, afterwards Governor of Mississippi, who was carried on a stretcher. So much sympathy for the wounded and such an exhibition of joy at their exchange soon excited the ire of the authorities in power, and while the levee was ablaze with colored parasols the artillery was ordered to disperse the crowd. The streets were alive with white handkerchiefs, fluttering like so many butterflies. Suddenly thundering along came the heavy artillery. The brave women fled ahead of the cannon, their handkerchiefs continuously waving a farewell. Finding the artillery unavailing, the order was given to "Charge bayonets!" and Mrs. Sefton, with others, found herself driven up two flights of stairs at the point of a bayonet. Here they sought an open window, from which, though breathless, yet still undaunted, they fluttered a final Godspeed with their handkerchiefs.

Gentle as brave, the home life of this noble woman was as perfect as can be conceived. She submitted to the divine will and bore heroically the intense agony without a murmur. Surrounded by all the affection and luxuries that entice one to live, she gladly awaited the Master's summons. When the tidings passed that the sweet spirit had fled, messages from far and near all bore the same beautiful tribute of love. Few women in New Orleans have ever left a larger circle of truly devoted friends. The little Confederate badge was placed, by request, over her heart. Our loss would indeed be irreconcilable did we not remember the glad joy with which she welcomed the final call—"the joy of the believer."

WOMAN'S APPEAL FOR A WOMAN.

An impulsive letter from Mrs. Martha S. Gielow, of Alabama, is so pregnant of worthy sentiment that it is given in full without the knowledge of the gifted but recently very unfortunate woman in whose behalf she writes. The VETERAN happens to know that Mrs. Pickett has lost largely through a defaulter:

"I am sending you a poem which was written nearly twenty years ago by Mrs. Gen. Pickett, a tribute to the Confederate dead who are buried at Arlington. For about twenty years Mrs. Pickett has with her own hands, in company with some near and dear friends, decorated the Confederate graves at Arlington. The flowers for that purpose have always been gotten with money received for her 'Memorial' story—a story written yearly to secure means for that purpose. Now, when others are beginning to make much over the decoration of the Confederate dead at Arlington, I think it well for it to be known that the widow of our noble Pickett has been keeping their memorial for these twenty years.

"Mrs. Pickett is once more the victim of a sad and severe accident. For six months she has been helpless with a broken limb, her ankle being still in a plaster cast. Of course that renders our dear lady helpless. Her position in the Government Pension Office is necessarily given up, and just when her lecture on 'Pickett's Charge' is in demand for the historical gatherings and lecture courses she lies helpless, her nerves shattered, and her hopes seemingly gone. To offer her aid would be useless. She has ever declined pensions and assistance of all kinds except what she could win with her own brain and hands. But there is a way in which we can help her, and help her we must. Every Daughter of the Confederacy should buy a copy of her lovely book, 'Pickett and His Men.' Our Chapters claim to be gathering the history of those stirring events in their archives, and surely no hero of our Southland stands more revered than General Pickett and no deed more glorious than his immortal charge at Gettysburg. This book is charmingly written, and, though Mrs. Pickett has written many others, it is for 'Pickett and His Men' that the Sons and Daughters should subscribe. Let us try to send cheer to this gracious, queenly woman by a great roll of subscriptions to her book.

"Don't wait to send flowers when the broken heart ceases to beat. Let us send sunshine to her now and encourage her recovery by the only aid we can offer. And in aiding her thus we aid ourselves by this valuable addition to our records, which should be in every Southern

home. Two dollars is a small amount for such a treasure, a small tribute to pay the dead hero we love by thus relieving the distress of his dear one. Surely the Southern people should rise with one accord and subscribe at once for the grand book of this gracious woman, who never needed to be urged to the cry of distress in others. Let the VETERAN start the good work—let us get a thousand subscribers and bring good cheer to our stricken sister."

The VETERAN unhesitatingly indorses all Mrs. Gielow says about Mrs. Pickett and her book. This is not an appeal for charity, but for the assistance that should be accorded one who occupies a high place in the hearts of the South, who has ever been loyal and true, and whose work should be fitly acknowledged in this way. Mrs. Pickett's address is "The Cumberland," Washington, D. C. Price of book, \$2.25, postpaid.

INSPIRATION OF "MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME."

Miss Mary K. Ewell, of Norfolk, Va., appointed by Gen. Stephen D. Lee Maid of Honor for the Nashville reunion in June, 1904, sang "My Old Kentucky Home" when Louisville's invitation was presented by Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander of the Kentucky Division. As she advanced to the stage, with the Confederate colors at her throat, with her graceful, lithe form bowed to the great audience, and, with a voice which rivaled the mocking-bird, sang "The Sun Shines



MISS MARY K. EWELL.

Bright on My Old Kentucky Home," the immense crowd went wild.

Gen. Young, with a story of the devotion of the Kentucky Confederates to the cause of the South, had touched the deepest and noblest emotions of the mighty host of veterans, and they were prepared with the first notes of that glorious old song sung by Miss Ewell to go into ecstasy. With the first note she captivated them, and with the second all opposition to Louisville was removed.

COTTON INTERESTS IN THE SOUTH.

Mr. S. M. Inman, a native of Tennessee, who served as a Confederate soldier in the sixties and afterwards amassed a fortune in the cotton trade in Georgia and New York, has written a paper that will amaze and gratify patriotic Southerners:

"Few of us without studying the question realize what an important part this staple plays in the financial and industrial history of the world; and the South holds the production of this great crop almost without a rival, furnishing nearly 80 per cent of the world's consumption. Limited by climatic conditions to our part of the Union, the cotton growers of America have the most perfect agricultural monopoly of the world.

"For forty years foreign lands have by governmental influence and money, and by private capital and enterprise, tried to build up cotton-growing in competition with the South. But the aggregate foreign crops increase very little, and to supply the ever-increasing demand of about 300,000 bales a year for an average increase in the world's consumption, the world must depend upon our country.

"If we keep out of debt and market this crop wisely without the pressure of debt, we ought to benefit enormously as time goes on from this great treasure. This year's cotton crop, including the seed, sold for \$650,000,000. Besides furnishing the mills North and South with all they used, we exported enough to bring \$650,000,000 gold to this country. This is one-fourth as much gold as California has produced since the discovery of the precious metal there.

"Six hundred and fifty million dollars was enough to buy every bushel of wheat raised in the United States and leave a hundred and fifty million to the good. It was enough to buy and pay for half the corn crop of two and one-fourth billion bushels grown in the United States. The corn crop is the only one of the great crops that exceeds in value the cotton crop.

"Iowa is the greatest corn-growing State in the world, and produces one-eleventh of the total corn crop of the United States; yet this year, after growing her corn and wheat crop, Georgia sold her cotton crop for \$80,000,000, enough to pay cash for every bushel of corn grown in Iowa.

"It should encourage us to feel that back of us we have this imperial money-producing crop; a perpetual inheritance hedged about by climatic conditions and protected from world competition which threatens the other crops. Once free from debt, let us stay out of debt and control our own product, and we will see no more five- or six-cent cotton crops.

"The question may be asked: With such advantages, why does not Georgia and the South advance more rapidly in wealth? I reply: Our people are advancing, and the increase has been great during the past three years, but this advance is in the face of a tremendous drain which is not apparent to every one.

"Through the operation of the tariff and internal revenue, it is estimated that the South pays \$30,000,000 a year toward the government pension bill. This sum is (except a small fraction) transferred to Northern States and the mountainous districts of the South, and helps enrich them. Georgia's proportion of this payment is some \$4,000,000, equal to half her State's debt, paid every year. If it were paid by the State as a direct tax, it would probably raise a political

revolution; but this drain goes on so silently that many are not aware of it, and it will go on when the last man who fought against the Union is dead, and perhaps when all his children are dead.

"The defeated in modern wars have usually paid the penalty; but this is the most ingenious, insidious, silent, and enormous penalty ever laid on a defeated people—in the aggregate, a far greater penalty *per capita* than ever Napoleon laid upon those whom he crushed, or the Germans exacted from the French.

"Had it not been for our natural resources and energy, we would never have stood up under it. But, in spite of all this, things are coming our way. We are getting out of debt; we are doing better farming, more manufacturing, and learning better how to market our crops.

"We are manufacturing two million bales of cotton a year, adding easily \$100,000,000 to the value of the raw cotton. The future is bright with promises if we are but true to the high character, the indomitable energy, and the great souls of the fathers and mothers who, coming out of the most desolating war in modern history, found the country a desert and brought it to its present position of greatness and prosperity.

"P. S.—Since this letter was written the government report of exports showed that the value of cotton exported for the year ending July 1 was \$370,000,000. This is \$27,000,000 more than the combined value of all the grain breadstuffs and meat products exported from the United States for the same period."

CAPT. W. C. BYRD'S GALLANTRY AT PERRYVILLE.—Capt J. C. Jamison, of Guthrie, Okla., writes: "I was a prisoner at Johnson's Island in July, 1863, when a captain, W. C. Byrd, of Monticello, Fla., was sent in. He had been desperately wounded at Perryville, and was left at a farmhouse near the battlefield when our army fell back, not being able to be moved. His conduct at Perryville had been so gallant as to attract the attention of Gen. Bragg, and was reported to the Department at Richmond. For months he hovered between life and death at the farmhouse; but as soon as he was able to be moved, the Federals who had discovered his place of refuge took him to the Louisville Federal Hospital. About this time word reached the home of Capt. Byrd that he had died of his wounds, and the sad news was properly reported to the authorities in Richmond. From Louisville Capt. Byrd, still on crutches, was sent to Johnson's Island, where I first met him. We soon became warm friends, and a more fearless, courteous, modest gentleman I have never met. We were exchanged together at City Point, and the morning after our arrival in Richmond we paid our respects to the Secretary of War, Mr. Seddon. We introduced ourselves. Byrd was a mere shadow on crutches, but at the mention of his name and rank Mr. Seddon looked at him with manifest surprise; and after learning he was from Monticello, Fla., went to a large iron vault, took out a heavy ledger, opened it, and called Capt. Byrd's attention to a record where he had been promoted to a colonel upon recommendation of Gen. Bragg for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Perryville, and across this record was written, in red ink, 'Canceled by death from wounds received in the battle of Perryville.' I can never forget the pleasant, though surprised, look of Mr. Seddon or his cordial greeting of Capt. Byrd when he made this discovery. I should like to know what became of Col. Byrd."

BOOKS SUPPLIED BY THE VETERAN.

In this number of the VETERAN is given a list of books that should be in every Southern library; at least, many of them. Some of them are out of print, however, and can be procured only through the medium of second-hand stores; of others that are still procurable, the VETERAN has arrangements by which many can be secured at a reasonable price.

"Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government." By Jefferson Davis. In half Turkey morocco, express prepaid, \$7.65. The regular price in this binding was \$14. Premium for 15 subscriptions to the VETERAN.

"Destruction and Reconstruction." By Gen. Richard Taylor. Price, \$2; with the VETERAN one year, \$2.75; premium for 8 subscriptions.

"Narrative of Military Operations." By Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. Price, \$4. This is the \$6 edition, half morocco. With the VETERAN, \$4.50; premium for 12 subscriptions.

"From Manassas to Appomattox." By Gen. James Longstreet. Price, cloth, \$4; sheep, \$5; premium for 12 and 14 subscriptions.

"Reminiscences of the Civil War." By Gen. John B. Gordon. Price, \$3; premium for 12 subscriptions.

"Two Wars, An Autobiography." By Gen. S. G. French. Price, \$2; with the VETERAN, \$2.50; premium for 8 subscriptions. This is one of the most accurate and fascinating stories of the Mexican and Civil Wars ever written.

"Life of R. E. Lee." By Fitzhugh Lee. Price, \$1.50; with the VETERAN, \$2.25; premium for 6 subscriptions.

"Life of Stonewall Jackson." By Col. G. F. R. Henderson, C. B. Two volumes. Price, \$4; with the VETERAN, \$4.50; premium for 12 subscriptions.

"Life of Forrest." By Dr. John A. Wyeth. Price, \$4; with the VETERAN, \$4; premium for 12 subscriptions.

"Pickett and His Men." By Mrs. LaSalle Corbell Pickett, wife of Gen. George E. Pickett. Price, \$2.50; with the VETERAN, \$3; premium for 8 subscriptions.

"Memoirs of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston." By Hughes. Price, \$1.50; with the VETERAN, \$2.25; premium for 9 subscriptions.

"Four Years under Marse Robert." By Maj. Robert Stiles. Price, \$2; with the VETERAN, \$2.50; premium for 6 subscriptions.

"Reminiscences and Letters of R. E. Lee." By Dr. J. William Jones. The \$6 edition, now \$4; with the VETERAN, \$4.50; premium for 12 subscriptions.

"Campaign and Battle of Chancellorsville." Allan & Hotchkiss. Price, \$3.50; with the VETERAN, \$4; premium for 12 subscriptions.

"Two Years on the Alabama." By Lieut. Arthur Sinclair (serving with Admiral Semmes). Price, \$3; with the VETERAN, \$3.50; premium for 8 subscriptions.

"Diplomatic History of the Southern Confederacy." By James Morton Callahan. Price, \$1.50; with the VETERAN, \$2.50; premium for 6 subscriptions.

"Southern States of the American Union." By Hon. J. L. M. Curry. Price, \$1.25; with the VETERAN, \$2; premium for 4 subscriptions.

"Story of the Confederate States." By Prof. W. T. Derry. Price, cloth, \$2.50; half morocco, \$3; with the VETERAN, \$3 and \$3.50; premium for 12 and 14 subscriptions.

"Hancock's Diary." By R. R. Hancock, a member of Bell's Brigade of Forrest's Cavalry. Price, \$2; with the VETERAN, \$2.25; premium for 8 subscriptions.

"Military Annals of Tennessee." By Dr. J. Berrien Lindsey. Price, \$5; with the VETERAN, \$5.50.

In addition to these historical works, the VETERAN will be pleased to fill orders for the lighter works of fiction. The ever-popular books of Thomas Nelson Page and Joel Chandler Harris can be gotten for our patrons at regular prices. The latter author has a new book now in press under the title of "The Tar Baby, and Other Songs of Uncle Remus," which is in the style of "Uncle Remus," and the price is \$2.

Write us for any book that you may want, and we will ascertain the price and let you know.

RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS OF GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

The publication of these papers by Capt. R. E. Lee, the youngest son of General Lee, through Doubleday, Page & Co., is a matter of historical interest not only to this country, but throughout the civilized world; for while we can claim him as our own and cherish his memory with unspeakable love and pride, the world can justly claim him as one of its greatest captains.

The book does not try to establish new truths about the policies or battles of the Confederacy, but truthfully reveals to the world, for the first time, the personal correspondence between the great general and his family. Save his devotion to the South, there were none so sacred as these. Great as the world concedes Gen. Lee to be as a military chieftain, knightly soldier that he was, yet, after reading these letters, one cannot but feel that as a private citizen, Christian gentleman, a most tender and affectionate husband and father, he was as great as when glancing over the victorious columns of his "incomparable infantry."

Aside from these letters of his father, Capt. Lee gives many interesting incidents of his private life, showing his domestic traits of character, his love of quiet home life, his quiet humor, his special fondness for little children and pets of all kinds, and his almost human love for his old gray war horse, Traveler.

The innumerable marks of affection and loyalty from the Southern people touched him profoundly. When his health failed and he made what became a triumphant trip to the South he almost shrank from the crowds that did him honor. He said: "I am only a poor old Confederate."

Tempting business offers came to him, but he declined. To one proposition he made this reply: "I am grateful, but I have a self-imposed task which I must accomplish. I have led the young men of the South in battle; I have seen many of them die on the field; I shall devote my remaining energies to training young men to do their duty in life."

In the fullness of the closing years at Lexington his great heart went out in affectionate sympathy with his battle-tried comrades!

"Traveler" was with him in those last years. Almost to the end he continued his rides. Often he rode alone, galloping home through the twilight. Always his thoughts were for his State. Once during his last year, one of his young cousins, in talking with him, wondered what fate was in store for "us poor Virginians." The General replied, with his earnest, softened look: "You can work for Virginia, to build her up again, to make her great again. You can teach your children to love and cherish her."

You finish these "Recollections and Letters of Gen. Lee" with a deeper and truer veneration of his character and purpose. It is an intimate view of a noble and chivalrous career.

THE R. E. LEE MINE IN COLORADO.

Attention is called to the splendid showing on our back cover page of the Southern Mining, Milling, and Development Company, controlled entirely in the South. The General Manager, Mr. W. H. Crawford, and Mr. J. T. Spaulding, the Secretary and Treasurer, are Nashville men well known for their capacity and integrity.

Just as the *VETERAN* goes to press a letter comes from Mr. F. A. Babcock, the Superintendent, to the General Manager, stating: "Have struck ore in tunnel that we are now entering. The vein is eighteen inches wide, and it looks to me that we are soon to be 'Bonanza Kings.' All excitement here; it is the greatest strike in years." The assay referred to, made by Mr. H. K. Miller, an assayist with well-established reputation, is: Silver per ton, 1,327 ounces (\$796.20); and gold per ton, \$80.88.

THE RAILROADS AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

St. Louis people will certainly deserve a rest after another month. Those who have been much at the Fair cannot but have deep sympathy for the strain upon all who cater to the public. Working girls—at the Union Station Restaurant, for instance—must be quite exhausted through the perpetual rush for so many months. A half million people there, no doubt, are more or less affected by it to an exacting degree.

Will there be any exhibition next year? The *VETERAN* suggests it. It seems too bad that so many great buildings in which is invested many millions of dollars are to be destroyed while in such good condition. Hundreds of thousands who can't go this year would do so next, when the exhibition, though perhaps diminished, would be refined—and there is great room for that—and it would do at least commensurate good. Another exhibition would enable the management of the great Fair to reduce in large proportion the unavoidable loss in so great an enterprise.

Then the railroads would certainly favor it. It would be difficult to conceive the aggregate sum that it has paid to them. Some of the railroads have been arbitrary and illiberal. This complaint can hardly be made against any Southern roads. Taking Nashville, for instance, most liberal rules have been maintained. Extra trains are used whenever necessary and low rates have been the rule. The Louisville and Nashville has rendered excellent service with splendid equipment. It furnishes special service and often very low rates for entertainments and public gatherings of importance. The system is progressive in aiding the development of industries throughout its territory, and advertises without stint the various resources on and adjacent to its lines. Its record for low freight rates as against places with greater competition is well known. While Nashville has not as high an official as formerly, its management is well represented in the city, and Nashville is honored in the selection of its leading counsel, Mr. Chas. N. Burch, of whom all its people are proud. He is a Confederate Son, while such Veterans as Robert Gates and John G. Cisco, attorney, are Industrial and Immigration Agents for the system, homogeneous to the people who patronize the company.

The Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis system, in connection with the Illinois Central, does all that could be expected for the territory of its lines. It is one of the most enterprising systems in the Union in supplying transportation facilities to the Fair. There doubtless never was a railway system managed more satisfactorily and more

pleasing to its patrons. Its official headquarters are in Nashville, and its managers, ever quick to see the needs of its patrons, respond promptly and generously. The territory in the States which it traverses is favored as thoroughly as that on any line in the land.

MANAGEMENT OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR CRITICISED.—Isaac R. Sherwood, of Toledo, Ohio, who evidently had experience in service for the Union in the sixties (he takes the *VETERAN*), made an address, which is published, in which he criticises the management of the Spanish-American War, and quotes: "Killed in battle or died of wounds, 329. Died in the camps of the United States from neglect, embalmed beef, and incompetent medical and military staff, 5,277." Then he comments: "Since history was born out of the womb of the centuries there has never before been a war, in any country, pagan or Christian, with such a terrible record of camp fatalities as this. All this in the face of the fact that we had the best array of living soldiers, ripe in actual war experience, who offered their services to the President."



PRIVATE JOHN ALLEN (OF MISSISSIPPI) AT HOME.

The recent reunion of the Second Kentucky Brigade occurred at Earlington and was very much enjoyed. Col. Bennett H. Young, commanding the Kentucky Division, was the principal speaker. Col. F. A. Owen, of Evansville, was chosen to command the First Kentucky Regiment in the brigade. As former adjutant of that regiment, Comrade Owen made a detailed report of each Camp, giving the number of the living, how many have died since the organization, and how many in the Home at Pewee Valley. The oldest organized under the rule of Tennessee Bivouacs, organized in 1866, has living 26, one of whom is in the Confederate Home, and 36 have died. The Madisonville *Graphic* states:

"The newly elected Col. F. A. Owen joined the Eighth Kentucky Infantry at the age of fifteen, in 1861, and was elected first duty sergeant. He was wounded at Fort Donelson February 15, 1862. He escaped prison at Camp Morton, Ind., March 16, 1862. He was first recruit of the Tenth and was made its adjutant. He was surrendered at Johnson's Island June 22, 1865, and since that time has been a commercial traveler."

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and nervous diseases, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y. (2)

"OLD VOICES."

BY HOWARD WEEDEN.

"Old Voices" is the latest of Miss Howard Weeden's productions, just issued from the press of Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

To one familiar with the unapproachable negro dialect poems and pictures of this gifted writer it is sufficient commendation to say that this last is the best work she has yet given to the public. Miss Weeden devoted two years to the preparation of this book, and it is a work of art and sentiment from the outer binding to the last line it covers. It is a larger volume than any of her other books, has elaborate and artistic border decorations by Cora Parker, while the negro portraits, with which the book is profusely illustrated, are such as could come from under the pencil of Miss Weeden only.

The volume is dedicated to her friend, Joel Chandler Harris (Uncle Remus).

LITERARY NOTE.

The lovely Tennessee Valley is the scene of "Forestfield," a story of the Old South, by Robert T. Bentley, a striking novel of two great periods in the South just before and during the Civil War. It is in one sense of the phrase a historical novel, but so original in treatment as to make it unique among books of that class. A panorama of the Old South during the war passes before the reader's eyes, and the destiny of the New South is painted in a bold manner, the prediction being made that an exodus of the negro race to Africa will occur in 1913, the fiftieth anniversary of emancipation.

The characters and customs of the old régime, now almost gone, are vividly described, and contrasted with the businesslike and less courtly spirit now making its way through that section. Slave-stealing, slave-selling, and on the other hand the tender relations which often existed between master and slave, Southern chivalry, the battle of Manassas, the bravery of Confederate soldiers and hardships undergone by the Southerners during the dreadful period of the war, and the devastation encountered everywhere in the South after the great con-

flict, are all vividly depicted in a sincere, historical spirit which both Southerners and Northerners must respect.

New York: The Grafton Press, publishers. 12mo, cloth. Illustrated. \$1.50.

"ORDER NO. 11."

This novel, by Caroline Abbott Stanley, is one of the best written since the Civil War, having as its foundation scenes and incidents of that unhappy period. It is a love story delightfully told, but ingeniously interwoven in the frightful and internecine border warfare that raged so dreadfully in Missouri and Kansas from 1860 to 1865, the horrors of which can be realized only by one who witnessed the scenes so faithfully portrayed by the author.

The most vivid, and not the least pleasing, pen pictures in the book, especially to those familiar with plantation life before the war, are the servants and the sunny days at "Keswick" before touched by the blighting hand of war. It is a delightful book, and gives a true picture of life in the South previous to the war, as well as the awful period of which it treats.

Published by the Century Company, New York.

A correspondent wishes to procure a copy of the poem by Father Ryan, beginning:

"Tell it as you may,
It never can be told;
Sing it as you may,
It never can be sung,
The story of the glory
Of the men who wore the gray."

A book of his poems not being at hand, the favor of a copy of this poem will be appreciated.

Dr. B. W. Holcomb, of Aspermont, Tex., President of the Masonic Rural Association, of Cumming's Brigade, Georgia Volunteers, with one hundred and twenty-two names, which he has in his possession, would like to hear from all of them.

Shirley C. Ashby, of Helena, Mont., inquires for Col. C. S. Venable, who served on Gen. R. E. Lee's staff.

FOR OVER SIXTY YEARS An Old and Well-Tried Remedy.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure to ask for

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It Makes Weak Eyes Strong, and Gives Instant Relief to the Burning Pain or Soreness of Strained Eyes or Eyes Hurt by Night Work. Send Your Name and Address To-Day for Free Package.



The cures being made by this magic lotion every day are truly remarkable. C. F. Gorman, of Austin, Minn., says he was blind for years with cataract. He doctored with one specialist 22 months without results. Now he tells of his marvelous cure by Schlegel's Magic Eye Lotion after all others failed. Mrs. B. A. Hubbard, Plum Point, Tenn., tells of her cure in a month with this lotion after all doctors and remedies had failed for five years to cure her. To-day she can see perfectly out of both eyes. Rev. M. H. Blackman, the well-known pastor of Ovid, Pa., was cured of a case of granulated eyelids that had resisted for years all attempts of doctors to cure. Mr. George W. Byers, Owensboro, Ky., was cured of ulcers and wild hairs with this lotion after all other remedies had failed. Dora Casey, Chicago, was cured of granulated lids, for which doctors treated her for five months steady, but failed to cure. Dr. J. W. Angell, of Iowa, one of the oldest and best-known doctors in the West, suffered with granulated lids for seven years. He tried every remedy, but failed to cure until he used Prof. Schlegel's eye lotion, and one bottle gave him more relief than all the remedies he ever tried. G. Klopfer, the well-known florist of Peoria, Ill., suffered for years with weak, watery, and sore eyes, and spent hundreds of dollars with doctors. One bottle of Prof. Schlegel's Magic Eye Lotion cured him. It stops pain instantly. It contains no cocaine nor other harmful drugs, and it cures sore or weak eyes to stay cured. The Professor is very glad to send a free package of his remedy to any one who suffers with their eyes. Write to-day to Prof. H. T. Schlegel, 650 Mackinaw Building, Chicago, Ill., and be cured.

A VALUABLE WORLD'S FAIR FOLDER—FREE.

If you are going to the World's Fair, St. Louis, write W. L. Danley, G. P. A., N. C., and St. L. Ry., for thirty-two-page illustrated folder, containing bird's-eye view and ground plan of the Exposition, list of hotels, map of the city of St. Louis, and other interesting information regarding the Fair.

The best route to St. Louis is via the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Ry. Very low rates are now in effect.

C. C. Matthews, of the Confederate Home at Austin, Tex., makes inquiry concerning one Vic Eggleston's regiment, from which he was transferred to Forrest's Cavalry. This comrade was captured and died at Camp Chase, Ohio.

Frank M. Duffy, of Guthrie, Ky., is very anxious to secure the address of Capt. W. H. Pharr, who commanded a company of the Third Regular Eng. Troops, or the name and address of any member of this company.

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making a start in the world as are to
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Live cheaper, make more, and save
more—surround yourself with more
comforts.

Write for our descriptive literature—
tells all about that great country—and
let us help you find a location.

Very low round-trip rates via Cotton
Belt Route—one fare plus \$2—on first
and third Tuesdays of each month to
points in Arkansas, Louisiana, and
Texas.

**W. G. ADAMS, T. P. A.,
Cotton Belt, Nashville, Tenn.**

J. T. Wade, of Brady, Tex. (Box
106), wants to hear from any members
of Company C, Third and Fifth Missouri
Infantry, Col. James McCown, Capt.
Guthredge.

W. T. Oliver, Laurel Hill, Fla., is in
search of some one who can give proof
of his service in the war. He enlisted
at Laurens C. H., S. C., February 6,
1861, and was mustered into service on
the 14th of that month as a member of
Company A, First Battalion of Heavy
Artillery. After twelve months' serv-
ice with this battalion he was with
Company A, of the Third South Caro-
lina Regiment, till December of 1862,
when he was detailed for a shoemaker,
in which capacity he continued till the
surrender at Augusta, Ga., in May, 1865.
He is now in need, and can procure a
pension from his State if his service can
be proved.

Jos. R. Haw, No. 700 Armistead
Avenue, Hampton, Va., wants to know
if Capt. Morgan, who was a quarter-
master, and Lieut. Morgan, of Company
H, Fourth Tennessee Battalion of Cav-
alry, Dibrell's Brigade, are living. Also
wants to get a good account of the serv-
ices of Shaw's Fourth Battalion of Ten-
nessee Cavalry. Some comrade should
be able to furnish this.

A sister of Adj. H. F. Jones, Cobb's
Legion of Cavalry, wishes to know if
Mr. J. W. Walter, of Hamilton Crossing,
Va., is still alive.

THE RED, WHITE, AND RED.

On the banks of the Potomac
Is an army so grand
Whose object is to subjugate
Dixie's fair land.
They say we have split
This great Union in two,
And altered the colors
Of the red, white, and blue.

Chorus.

Hurrah! hurrah! We're a nation they
dread.
Three cheers for Jeff Davis, the Red,
White, and Red.

Our flag it is simple,
But by it we'll stand;
It floats from the Potomac
To the great Rio Grande;
It floats o'er a nation
The Yankees most dread,
Always defending
The Red, White, and Red.

O Dixie, fair Dixie,
The land of my birth,
The dearest and happiest
Land upon earth;
Unto her colors
I'll prove a Confed,
And die in defending
The Red, White, and Red.

Conway Humphreys, Stillwater, Okla.,
seeks information of Sam Humphreys,
who enlisted in Lafayette County, Mo.,
under Capt. Withers. Sam was with
the Missouri troops at the surrender of
Vicksburg, after which he went back to
the army and was reported killed at Ken-
nesaw Mountain. If any of his com-
rades can give any information of his
fate, it will be appreciated. He would
have been nineteen years old had he lived
until March, 1865.

Robt. J. Rhodes, of Whiteville, Tenn.,
one of Forrest's old regiment, wishes to
learn the names of the five men captured
by Forrest at Morning Sun between
Memphis and Somerville, just about the
time of the capture of Fort Pillow. He
thinks it was Gen. Sturges's command,
and that one of the men was a captain,
a merchant of New York. Stopping in
a store at Somerville out of a shower of
rain, this captain met with Mr. Reid, to
whom he had sold goods, and by him
was reassured as to being in safe hands.

Mrs. Winnie Woodsiel, of Austin,
Ark., would like to hear from any of the
survivors of Company K, Forty-Third
Alabama Regiment of Infantry, who
knew her husband, W. J. T. Woodsiel,
commonly called Tom.

SOLDIER ON A HORSE.

Copy of this old song is given by W. P. Bumpass, of Puryear, Tenn., in response to the request made by Rev. A. T. Goodloe.

Old Forrest on a spree was bent,
Soldier on a jubilee;
And to Paduc he went,
Soldier on a horse.

Chorus.

Walk along, jog along,
Soldier on a jubilee;
Walk along, jog along,
Soldier on a horse.

Col. Duckworth, with part of the crew,
Soldier on a jubilee;
Taken Union City, too,
Soldier on a horse.

At Fort Pillow we had our sport,
Soldier on a jubilee;
Shootin' niggers in the fort,
Soldier on a horse.

Have you ever been to Aberdeen,
Soldier on a horse?
Prettiest girls you ever seen,
Soldier on a horse.

"HULDAH."

Lily Ryan, formerly of Chattanooga, writes of "Huldah":

"'Huldah,' the latest offering from the pen of those two brilliant young Southern writers, Grace MacGowan Cook and Alice MacGowan, of Chattanooga, Tenn., has been ushered into the literary world by the Bobbs-Merrill Publishing Company, handsomely bound and beautifully illustrated.

"'Huldah' is distinctly a success, and the story is original and interesting from the first page to the last. It is something of a character sketch, but the story is written to make a background from which the character of 'Huldah'ooms forth. Her refreshing philosophy, her terse expressions, and her genial and happy temperament, coupled with her ability to make the most of a hard career and find good in all things, come like a breath of sweet-scented breeze across a field of lilies. It is a book written to uplift and enlighten and bring here a tear only to be rapidly succeeded by a hearty laugh at the numerous funny escapades suffered by her and her brood' (as she calls them) of orphans; for 'Huldah' is a motherly soul, and at her home in the Western cattle country she rules supreme as the mother to the entire district, from the kindly, rough, and happy-go-lucky cowboys down to the little children whom she has from time to time adopted.

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W. L. DANLEY,

General Passenger Agent, N. C. & St. L. R'y,
Nashville, Tenn.

"There is no moral preached in this story, but there is a lesson learned, and that is to be brave, to be strong, to laugh much and weep little, to bring a streak of sunshine and soothe pain, to look on misfortune with pity, and to lend a hand to suffering humanity, no matter how unfortunately the sufferer may have come by trouble.

"The book as a whole gives a glimpse into the life of the West in a new and original vein, touching up much of its pathos and pleasures, and is cleverly written throughout."

C. H. Andrews, Milledgeville, Ga.: "I saw published sometime ago in tabular form the numbers of each command that composed G. M. Sorrell's Brigade, in Mahone's Division, A. P. Hill's Corps, A. N. V., who surrendered at Appomattox. This brigade was previously Wright's Brigade, and was composed of the Third, Twenty-Second, Forty-Eighth, and Sixty-Fourth Regiments, and the Second and Twelfth Georgia Battalions of Infantry. I have lost sight of the publication mentioned, and would like to get the information from any who can give it."



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Dr. W. C. Holmes, of Trenton, Tex., who was captain of Company H, First Mississippi Battalion of Sharpshooters, Featherston's Brigade, Loring's Division, Polk's Corps, writes: "At the battle of New Hope Church I was left with twenty-five desperately wounded men to fall into the hands of the enemy. All died but four, who made their escape into the Confederate lines during the terrible fighting around Atlanta. They were myself, Allen, a young boy of the Twelfth Louisiana Regiment, arm

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off; Joe Blythe, of the Fifth Missouri, leg off; — Shoemaker, of the Thirty-Third Mississippi, arm off and the other badly disabled. If any of these comrades are alive, I would like to hear from them. Dr. Hayes, the surgeon left in charge of us, was from Tusculumbia or Florence, Ala. He was a most elegant gentleman and a whole-souled soldier. For two months we were left to ourselves out in the woods at Mount Tabor Church Hospital in full hearing of the desperate struggle of our comrades at Kennesaw Mountain and around Atlanta, and, like the caged eagle hearing the screams of its companions, we could only beat against the bars of our environment, with the soldier's forlorn hope that all would be for the best; but not one word could we hear. Forty years have brightened our hardships into transcendent glory and, old men now, we would like to hear from one another, especially Dr. Hayes. Anything from or of him will be appreciated. Also to the relatives, descendants, and comrades of Lieut. Col. Harrell, of the Thirty-Third Mississippi, I can give particulars of his death and burial."

R. D. Heffner, of Camp Barksdale, at Kosciusko, Miss., inquires as to the regiment, etc., to which Granville L. Heffner belonged. He went from Holmes County, Miss., to Texas, and enlisted in a regiment from that State. His relatives are anxious to learn anything of his career in the Confederate army.

Dr. H. A. Moseley, at No. 325 Main Street, Dallas, Tex., has been asked to act as Chairman of the Historical Committee of Company E, Fourth Tennessee, Starnes's old regiment, and he would like to have any surviving members of that company report to him any engagement or scout or battle or skirmish in which it was engaged, that his report may be as comprehensive as possible at the annual meeting in 1904.

The survivors of the Thirty-Seventh Alabama Regiment have been trying for years to recover the flag which was presented to the regiment by the wife of Col. James Dowdell, commanding. It is still in existence, and the heirs of the Colonel would be greatly pleased to have it in their possession. Any information about it can be sent the VETERAN.

W. H. Kearney, of Trezevant, Tenn., wishes to hear from Dr. W. J. W. Kerr, of Company L, Sixth Tennessee Volunteer Infantry. He was in Texas when last heard from.

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—Dr. Guy Clifford Powell.

say to those who have thrown away their money on cheap apparatus, salves, air pumps, washes, douches, and the list of innumerable trash that is offered the public through flaming advertisements, I can and will cure you, and cure you to stay cured. I ask no money. My treatment method is one that is so simple it can be used in your own home. You can investigate fully, absolutely free, and you pay for it only after you are thoroughly convinced that it will cure you, as it has thousands of others. It seems to make no difference with this marvelous new method how long you have been deaf nor what caused your deafness, this new treatment will restore your hearing quickly and permanently. No matter how many remedies have failed you, no matter how many doctors have pronounced your case hopeless, this new magic method of treatment will cure you. I prove this to your entire satisfaction before you pay a cent for it. Write to-day, and I will send you full information absolutely free by return mail. Address Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 1213 Auditorium Building, Peoria, Ill. Remember, send no money—simply your name and address. You will receive an immediate answer and full information by return mail.

Miss Sue M. Monroe, of Wellington, Va., writes about the graves of some Alabama soldiers buried on a farm near her, who died from wounds and sickness after the second battle of Manassas. There is also among them one member of the Ninth Louisiana. Miss Monroe wishes to have the graves fenced in with wire, which will not be expensive, and any contributions for that purpose will be so applied. Some Texas ladies are raising money to have the graves of some Texas soldiers fenced in there, and Miss Monroe takes great interest in looking after this work.

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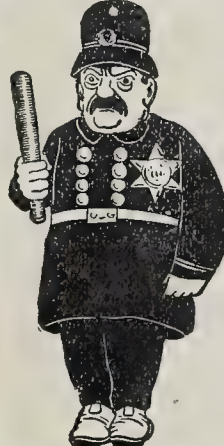
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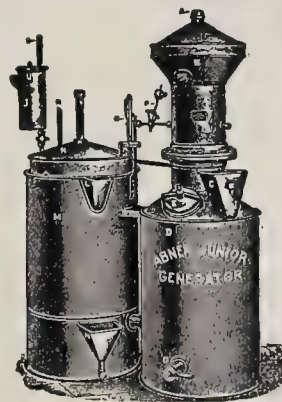
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The above is a picture of the face, or entrance, of the "Robert E. Lee" tunnel, showing some of the officers and miners. Beginning on the left, the first man is F. A. Babcock, the Superintendent and Mining Expert; next is J. T. Spaulding, Secretary and Treasurer, of Nashville, Tenn.; the third, fifth, and sixth are miners; the fourth is W. H. Crawford, Vice President and General Manager, of Nashville, Tenn.; and the seventh, leaning on the burro, is Charles H. Dyer, one of the directors of the company.

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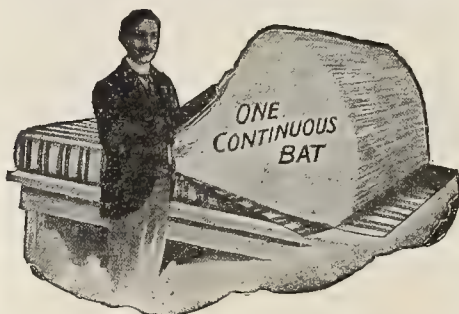
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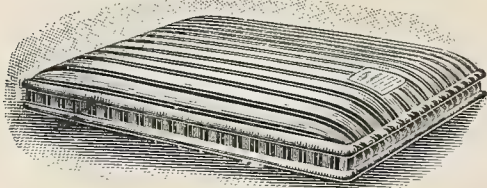
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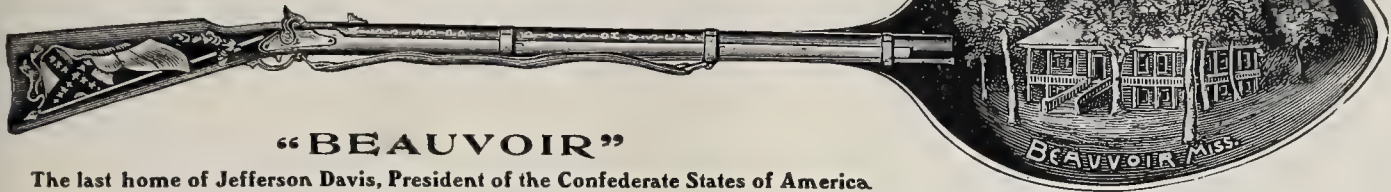
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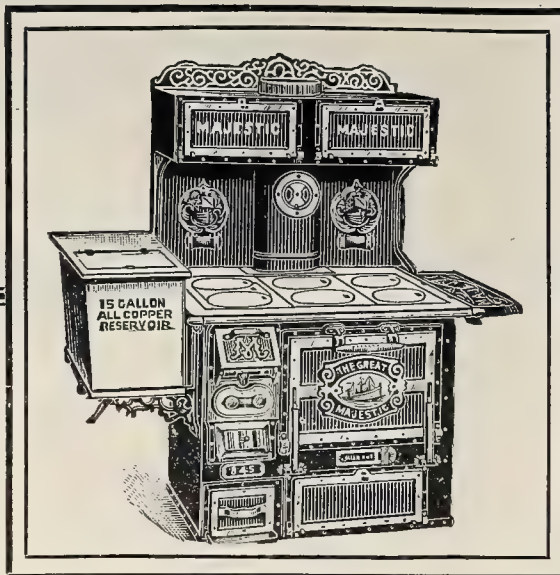
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The *civil* war was too long ago to be called the *late* war, and when correspondents use that term "War between the States" will be substituted.

The terms "new South" and "lost Cause" are objectionable to the VETERAN.

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NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1904.

No. 12. } S. A. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETOR.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The reports of proceedings at the St. Louis Convention, U. D. C., are given herewith as fully as practicable. Division Presidents have not responded with condensed statements, as requested; but the extracts from their full reports are as comprehensive as could be given in the space.

Responding to the address of welcome, Mrs. Smythe, President, said:

"It is difficult to properly express the gratification of this Association at the earnest welcome to which we have just listened, so kindly, warmly, and eloquently extended.

"To the Missouri Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, to the charter Chapter of that Division, and to the first Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, all of whom have so kindly held out to us welcoming hands; to the Children of the Confederacy, who have gladdened our ears by the familiar and loved strains of 'Dixie'—we return our affectionate thanks.

"And yet there is much besides that should be said, and even a more practiced speaker might find it hard to give expression to the thoughts that rise at his moment.

"To many of us old enough to remember St. Louis 'the gateway of the West' has seemed like a place of dreams, a city that has sprung up almost by magic in scarcely more than a generation. It is still more like a dream at this day, when the magic city has gathered within its walls so many beautiful and wonderful objects collected from the four corners of the earth—arts, sciences, manufactures—the new and the old, all represented.

"Can it be that we are standing where stood the trappers, the traders, and the 'mighty hunters' of whose exploits we heard as children, even before, with maturer minds, we could fully appreciate the courage and the wonderful spirit of adventure exhibited by these early settlers? Many have been the changes and vicissitudes through which this great region has passed; from the hands of the Indians to the rule of the French; thence to the Spaniards and English; to the French again; until finally it joined hands with the United States, the one hundredth anniversary of which alliance is now being so grandly celebrated.

"But to us, Daughters of the Confederacy, there is an interval which we must hold dearest of all—the years when Missouri, under the leadership of the patriotic Gov. Jackson and the gallant Lieut. Gov. Reynolds (a gift to Missouri from South Carolina), entered heart and soul into the noble strug-

gle for Southern independence, the memory of which it is the purpose of our Association to honor and perpetuate.

"The Confederate soldiers of Missouri, men like John S. Marmaduke, Joe Shelby, of Shelby's Battery, the heroic Sterling Price, and many, many others, are too well known, remembered, and loved to need such words as mine to recall them. Their historian thus describes the first gathering of these soldiers: 'This was the patriotic army of Missouri. . . . There were the old and young, the rich and poor, the grave and gay, the planter and the laborer, the farmer and clerk, the hunter and boatman, the merchant and woodman. . . .'

"Many of these men were entirely unarmed, and 'rude and incredible devices were made to supply these wants; trace chains, iron rods, hard pebbles, and smooth stones were substituted for shot.' And thus, in the words of President Davis, 'unsupported, save by the consciousness of a just cause, . . . Missouri without arms or other military preparation . . . took up the gauntlet thrown at her feet and dared to make war in defense of the laws and liberties of her people.'

"We are proud to tread the soil so defended! But a long past separates those days and this gathering—a past full of loss and gain, joy and sorrow, and, above all, of change. The being of our Association springs from grief and disappointment—from the terrors of war and the sorrows of ensuing years—but through those clouds of suffering shine brilliant, noble deeds; and, while we keep before us ever faithfully the memory of sad and terrible days, we do not forget the glory, and by the light of that glory we look to the future and hope to make that future better and brighter for those who follow us."

Mrs. Smythe also spoke feelingly of the recent death of Dr. P. G. Robert, whose wife, Mrs. Robert, President of the M. E. McLure Chapter, had always been devoted to the interests of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and would have been the "first to welcome us."

"We deal as an Association with memories—many say to us with things of the past, intangible, useless, and better forgotten—but we know the precious value of those memories, and trust that future generations will be cheered, strengthened, and made more courageous in the battle of life by the records that we preserve and hand down to them."

EXTRACTS FROM REPORTS MADE AT ST. LOUIS MEETING.

ALABAMA, MRS. F. S. WOOD, PRESIDENT.

A most encouraging report was made of the status of the Alabama Division and the work accomplished in that State

during the past year. Six new Chapters were added to the Division, and the roster now gives fifty-two active and enthusiastic Chapters, with a membership of twenty-one hundred, and interest is continually increasing. The Children's Auxiliaries are also growing in proportion, eleven having already been organized in little more than a year.

The Confederate Home at Mountain Creek has been formally donated to the State by Capt. J. M. Faulkner, and with its acceptance the Legislature has appropriated twenty-five thousand dollars for its maintenance. In addition, Alabama gives three hundred thousand dollars in pensions to Confederate soldiers and their widows. A number of individual Chapters have furnished rooms in the Home, and donations are liberally made in articles of comfort and reading matter. The Legislature is also aiding the U. D. C. in compelling universal use of a history selected by an advisory committee, and Southern history is being taught impartially and in truth. A literary programme is now a feature of the annual meetings of this Division, thus encouraging and developing latent talent and increasing knowledge of Southern history.

The badge adopted by this Division is of gold, with the design of the first capitol of the Confederacy encircled by an enameled ribbon in red and white, bearing the words "Alabama" and the letters "U. D. C."

The standing committees are doing good work also; that on the Shiloh battlefield monument reports collection of five hundred and seventy-eight dollars for last year as the result of entertainments given by a number of Chapters. The same method for contributions will continue for this year. The "Dixie" committee is making earnest efforts to impress the fact that the words of the original version do not represent the sentiment for the time, and the adoption of more fitting words has the commendation of the committee.

The erection of monuments to the Confederate soldiers continues, each year one or more Chapters reporting the placing of one in its home town.

ARKANSAS, MRS. L. C. HALL, PRESIDENT.

Four new Chapters were added to the Arkansas Division within the past year, and they promptly fell into line in taking up the work of the organization. The Pat Cleburne Chapter, of Forrest City, had not been organized two weeks when its members announced that they intended to erect a Confederate monument there, and the prospects are bright for its being done. The Mrs. J. M. Keller Chapter, of Little Rock, is noted for its assistance in all good works, and its latest enterprise is the erection of an annex to the Soldiers' Home, where the faithful wives of the veterans may be with them during their declining years. All of the Chapters are interested in some special undertaking; but all have joined with the Memorial Chapter at Little Rock in securing a State monument for Arkansas's Confederate soldiers, which will be unveiled in March. It is called "The Defense of the Flag," and is the work of the celebrated sculptor, F. W. Ruckstuhl.

The Memorial Chapter has given much of its time and means to the Confederate Cemetery, having inclosed it with a massive stone wall and placed marble headstones at six hundred graves. Its latest work is placing a marble coping around the graves of nine hundred unmarked graves of Confederates who died in the hospitals of the city during the war and were buried in Oakland Cemetery. Altogether the Arkansas Division is in a prosperous condition at present, with fine prospects for the future.

FLORIDA, MRS. B. L. STOCKBRIDGE, PRESIDENT.

A noteworthy fact in connection with U. D. C. work in

Florida is that the new Chapters show a much larger charter membership than the earlier organizations, strong evidence of increasing interest and strength of our cause. Four new Chapters have been formed during the past year, making twenty-five for this Division, with about nine hundred members.

The work of the Florida Division has followed closely the lines of the Constitution. This State during the war bore a part different from that commonly accredited to her. Besides being the "Smokehouse of the Confederacy," the battles fought on her soil were among the most sanguinary and decisive. The Confederate victory at Olustee prevented the separation of Florida from the Confederacy, and the defeat of the Federals at Natural Bridge saved the capital of the State, prevented the establishment of a permanent base on the west coast, and preserved the salt works upon which the South depended largely for its supply.

The Division and several Chapters now offer gold medals to different educational institutions of the State for the purpose of promoting the study of Confederate history.

A monument was unveiled by the Kirby Smith Chapter at Gainesville on the 19th of last January to the memory of the Confederate dead and to Gen. E. Kirby Smith, the only native Florida general. The Dickison Chapter, of Ocala, has a fund for a memorial shaft in its cemetery. The Tampa Chapter is coöperating with local veterans in raising a thousand dollars for a memorial window to Father Ryan in the new Tampa cathedral. Increasing interest is being manifested in caring for the resting places of the Confederate dead, nearly every Chapter having a special cemetery fund, and at Pensacola, where there is no cemetery, the Chapter has full charge of the city square where is located the Confederate monument. The Florida Division also responds liberally to outside calls, and reports the distinction of having given two dollars to every member of the Division toward the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund.

The Soldiers' Home at Jacksonville is the chief beneficiary of their work and care, the parent Chapter, Martha Reid, having personal supervision through a committee. Most cordial relations exist between the Chapters and Veterans, and coöperation is given on both sides in any laudable undertakings. Memorial Days are universally observed, the bestowal of crosses of honor being a prominent feature of the occasions.

The special object and desire of this Division is the erection of a monument to keep alive the memory of the battle of Olustee. An appropriation from the Legislature for this purpose has placed this object nearer achievement.

CALIFORNIA, MRS. VICTOR MONTGOMERY, PRESIDENT.

The California Division reported much work done, large results, and a hopeful outlook. Eight new Chapters were added within the year, making a total of fifteen for the Division, and the membership increased from five hundred and ninety-three to one thousand, two hundred and sixty-five. The increase represented much hard work and enthusiasm in a State where the Southern element is so decidedly in the minority.

The Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, of San Francisco, is the pioneer Chapter of the Division, and has a membership of nearly three hundred. [See an elaborate report of its work elsewhere in this issue.—Ed.] It is hoped that a Confederate Home may yet be established in California as a memorial to that distinguished general, A. S. Johnston. There are two other Chapters in San Francisco: the Jefferson Davis, with three hundred members, and one of the younger sisterhood

the Dixie, both of which are active and enthusiastic Chapters. The Los Angeles Chapter made the same large increase in membership as have Chapters in other sections of the Division, having grown from sixty in 1903 to one hundred and twenty-eight in 1904. A large charity ball is given every year by this Chapter, which is a success in every way. The R. E. Lee Chapter, of Los Angeles, also maintains the same reputation for activity.

The special work of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter, of San Diego, is to secure a plot of ground in the City Cemetery for the last resting place of men who wore the gray. Emma Sansom Chapter is the only one in the State which perpetuates the memory of this daughter of the South.

John B. Gordon Chapter was organized last year, and has taken its place among the older Chapters and won its way to recognition and esteem. There are other Chapters of later organization as well, all of which can be commended for their interest and good work.

GEORGIA, MRS. S. T. C. HULL, PRESIDENT.

As a Division, the Georgia Daughters have undertaken no new work on a large scale the past year, but rather have tried to finish up the work of previous years. The Winnie Davis Memorial is now a part of the State Normal School, and as State property will be properly cared for. It is filled with eager, earnest working girls, who will hereafter make ample returns to the State for benefits received by teaching a certain number of years in the public schools. The completion of this building gave an impetus to the educational work of many Chapters of the Division, opening a vast field for their energies. The Charter Chapter at Savannah commemorated its tenth anniversary by furnishing a room in the Winnie Davis Memorial in memory of all who have passed from its ranks in those ten years.

The Georgia Division is also assisting the Veterans of that State in raising a monument to Gen. John B. Gordon, to which they have contributed two hundred dollars and expect to do more. Charity work has not been neglected. The Division has prospered financially, one Chapter alone having earned \$1,921.82 by hard work. Nine new Chapters have been chartered since January, making a total of eighty-four, with a membership of three thousand, nine hundred and sixty-two.

Georgia leads all the other States in total contributions to the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, the charter Chapter alone having contributed \$905.50, and is ready to do more in order to help its completion.

There are sixteen Chapters of Children of the Confederacy in this State, with a membership of four hundred and sixteen. Four of the Chapters raised four hundred and twenty-two dollars during 1904, part of which was used to furnish two rooms in the Winnie Davis Dormitory and two hundred and seventeen dollars was contributed to the local monument fund; they also contributed to the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund. The future of the U. D. C. association depending on the children, it is earnestly commended that they be trained in the proper interest for such memorial work.

ILLINOIS, MRS. THOMAS M. LONG, PRESIDENT.

Almost within the shadow of the ruins of the old penitentiary at Alton, Ill., whose history is so fraught with horror and painful memories, there is a beautiful place—but so neglected—where lie in confusion the bones and ashes of nearly twenty-one hundred Confederate soldiers who gave their lives up in prison and hospital, far away from home and loved ones. For some years past, on each Decoration Day, a few people

who had not forgotten went to this place and strewed flowers sent from Southern homes, and, with a simple prayer, a hymn, and an address above these quiet sleepers, they were left again to their undisputed rest. But that was not all-sufficient to a few Southern women whom fate had decreed should live at Alton, so a Chapter has been formed there with a membership of twenty, every one ready to begin the improvement of this neglected burial ground of the Confederate dead. This is the only organization of Daughters of the Confederacy in Illinois, and these wives and daughters of men who bore the brunt of battle for the cause of the South have given their Chapter the name of that boy hero of Tennessee who counted honor above life, Sam Davis.

In possession of this Chapter there is a record of seven hundred names of those buried at Alton—hardly a third of those brave men—and among them is the name of a woman, whose identity was not discovered till after her death. She had been in the heat of battle, had suffered the horrors of prison life—all for the sake of a husband or lover whom she had followed to an unknown grave on the hillside.

Any one wishing to trace a relative or friend who was in this prison can write to Mrs. Thomas M. Long, of Alton, who will submit the record for inspection.

INDIAN TERRITORY, MRS. W. T. CULBERTSON, PRESIDENT.

With just a little more than a year of existence the Indian Territory Division numbers fourteen Chapters, with a membership of four hundred and ninety. At the first annual meeting, last August, it was agreed that each Chapter make special endeavor to raise funds for the contemplated Confederate Home of the Indian Territory, the need of immediate action being felt in order to cherish and comfort the old veterans whose stay on the earth is now necessarily brief. Other matters have also had attention by the different Chapters of this Division, and the promise for the future is that it will grow in good works and strengthen with the years.

The annual meeting was held at Checotah, the home of the Winnie Davis Chapter, now numbering sixty members. They entertained the Daughters there, and also assisted in the entertainment of the Veterans on the same date.

LOUISIANA.

A number of Chapters have been added to the Louisiana Division during the year, and all are reported as especially active in good works. The Charter Chapter, of New Orleans, has a roll of four hundred and twenty-five members, and they are now interested in securing funds for a monument to Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard. This Chapter has also a benevolent fund for assisting indigent veterans, and special interest is given to the Soldiers' Home in that city.

Joanna Waddill Chapter, of Baton Rouge, has carried on a library especially devoted to Southern literature. The Shreveport Chapter has raised ten thousand dollars for a monument, and has given the order for the design. The Mildred Lee Chapter, of Thibodeaux, has erected a monument to thirty-nine members of Company A, Second Texas Cavalry, killed at the battle of Lafourche Crossing, June 21, 1863. It was dedicated during the last State Convention held there. Camp Moore Chapter has taken up the work of reclaiming the land wherein lie buried so many soldiers who died at the detention camp in that vicinity, and the Legislature has appropriated one thousand dollars toward this work.

The State Division has two standing committees—Custodian of the Confederate Home and Recorder of the Crosses

of Honor—as they wish to keep a perfect record of all crosses bestowed and the record of those veterans receiving the crosses. Special supervision is given to the history and literature studied in the schools and other matter that would tend to pervert the ideas of the young as to the cause for which their fathers fought. Through the efforts of Louisiana Camp, No. 2, Army of Tennessee, a musical primer, containing a version of the “Star-Spangled Banner,” with a verse by Oliver Wendell Holmes on the abolition of slavery, and the “Battle Hymn of the Republic,” was thrown out.

MARYLAND, MRS. L. W. WRIGHT, PRESIDENT.

Maryland Division also reported encouraging increase in membership and interest in the work. The Baltimore is the banner Chapter of the U. D. C., having a membership of seven hundred and thirty. These Daughters have undertaken to place a memorial window in the Maryland Room of the Confederate Museum at Richmond, which will be a reproduction in stained glass of the Confederate monument erected to the women of Maryland. The design is being executed by Tiffany & Company, of New York. This memorial will commemorate anew the glory of the soldiers and sailors of Maryland in the service of the Confederacy, as well as the love and sacrifice of the Maryland women who sent their best beloved to fight for the South. It will be the work of the Baltimore Chapter for the ensuing year, in addition to their regular work of dispensing charity and relieving the necessities of unfortunate Confederates. One hundred dollars has been contributed to the Wade Hampton Monument Fund.

Other Chapters are reported in satisfactory condition, and all will assist in raising funds for the memorial window in Richmond. Maryland Daughters are now, as ever, showing their devotion to the Confederate cause.

MISSOURI, MRS. A. W. RAPLEY, PRESIDENT.

Missouri has shown encouraging increase in membership for that Division, several new Chapters having been chartered since the last convention. Chapters of Children of the Confederacy are also flourishing all over the State.

Special commendation can be given this Division for its work in getting up records of Missouri soldiers. In two years nearly fourteen thousand names have been secured and sent to the Confederate Museum at Richmond to be bound in book form and placed in the Missouri Room. No more important work could be undertaken by this organization.

After long and untiring efforts, Missouri Daughters have secured from the Confederate Association the burial ground adjoining the Confederate Home at Higginsville, and at a cost of fifteen hundred dollars it has been fenced and headstones placed at the graves. A monument will be erected there in the near future.

MONTANA.

The U. D. C. in Montana are earnest and interested members of the organization, and, though the Division numbers only three Chapters as yet, a great deal has been accomplished in reviving and instilling the great principles of the Southern cause in the hearts of those now separated from their own people. The Chapters are located at Bozeman, Livingston, and Helena. Bozeman has the charter Chapter, and its membership has increased from nine to thirty-seven.

NEBRASKA, MISS GRACE CONKLYN, PRESIDENT.

The Nebraska Division was represented by the Chapter at Omaha, which was organized last May with twenty-three

charter members, with nine additions since. The members are all enthusiastic workers, and at the next National Convention hope to report a larger Division and much good work done.

NEW YORK CHAPTER, MRS. J. H. PARKER, PRESIDENT.

A most interesting report was made by Mrs. James Henry Parker, President, of the relief work done by the New York Chapter, in which it is ably assisted by contributions from outsiders. No work could be more noble than this, and the hearts of both Northern- and Southern-born are deeply touched by the many cases which are presented for attention. In such work every Chapter of the Division takes a noble part. The New York Chapter is steadily growing in prosperity and membership, having four hundred and thirteen full members and one hundred and thirty-eight associates. Its entertainments are noted for their brilliance and success. At a luncheon at Delmonico's last April the guest of honor was Mrs. Sarah S. Kinney, of Connecticut, who has the love of many Southern hearts for her part in returning the flag of the St. Mary's Cannoneers, captured at the battle of Irish Bend, Franklin, La., April 14, 1863. An account of this kind act was published in the VETERAN.

SOUTH CAROLINA, MRS. H. S. BURNET, PRESIDENT.

South Carolina has a Division composed of more than forty Chapters, with a membership of seventeen hundred actively interested Daughters. The utmost harmony prevails in their work, and the special object now taking their energies is the monument to Gen. Hampton. Many other things have had attention as well, and contributions made to many worthy objects and funds. The children of the State have had special thought, and prizes have been offered for the best essays on subjects tending to perpetuate the history of the Confederacy. The Chapter at Charleston helped to entertain the veterans at the late State reunion held there, which lingers delightfully in the memory of all who attended. Many new members have been added to the Division during the year.

TENNESSEE, MRS. F. W. OEHMIG, PRESIDENT.

The Tennessee Division has had four additions since the State Convention last May, and, by the appointment at that time of a committee for organizing Chapters, a still larger increase may be expected at next report. There are now fifty-one flourishing Chapters, with a membership of two thousand, five hundred and fifty-two.

The special object of the work of this Division is the Confederate Home, located near Nashville on the Hermitage property. Through their efforts a matron has been installed, who is able to do much for the comfort and welfare of the inmates. Interest is steadily growing in educational work, that the boys and girls of Tennessee may take high place in the life before them.

TEXAS, MISS KATE DAFFAN, PRESIDENT.

The largest Division of the organization is that of Texas, which has one hundred and fifty-five Chapters and nearly eight thousand members, and the work of organizing new Chapters proceeds continually. This State of magnificent distances has been divided into four districts, and each of the four Vice Presidents has one for her field of organization. These ladies compose a Committee on Chapter Extension, and individual Chapters are also encouraged to bring into line the villages and towns nearest them. In addition to Memorial Day, a number of other days have been set apart for special observ-

ance in the "Lone Star" State, notable of which is "Texas Heroes' Day," when those soldiers whose identity bears upon the State are lovingly honored. Prominent among these are Albert Sidney Johnston, Dick Dowling, Pat Cleburne, Gen. L. S. Ross, and others. The anniversary of the battle of Sharpsburg, September 17, is set apart in honor of Gen. Hood.

The Confederate Home at Austin is always remembered, and at Thanksgiving time "sunshine boxes" are sent to the inmates. Many improvements have been made in the Home at the suggestion of the Daughters, and much furnishing done that adds to the comfort and pleasure of the veterans there. Official visits are made by the officers of the Division, and other members are urged to go often.

At their last convention the Daughters of Texas determined to erect a home for the indigent wives and widows of Confederate soldiers, in which they have received much encouragement. The plans and place of location will be decided upon at the next convention, in December. A room in the State capitol building was bequeathed the Texas Division by Col. Norton, who furnished the stone for this building, and here will be placed all relics, books, portraits, etc., of historic interest, thus securing a real Confederate museum. The Committee on "Inspection of Text-Books" has been ably assisted in its work by the heads of universities, Church schools, and the State Text-Book Committee, and an effort has been made to place in the schools a fair and impartial account of the War between the States. The Library Committee has been active in placing in public and school libraries the proper books for the study of history. Children's Auxiliaries have been organized, which work under the Parent Chapter.

The Legislature is to be petitioned to have observed Jefferson Davis's birthday throughout Texas. Largely through the efforts of the Daughters, an appropriation was made for a monument to Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at Austin, and this will be unveiled in January, 1905. Other monuments are contemplated to honor Texas heroes, one of which will be to the Texas dead at Chickamauga. Many other good undertakings are occupying the attention of the Texas Daughters, and the good wishes of the whole organization go forth for their untiring energy.

UTAH.

Even from Utah a report was made to the convention, a Chapter having been formed sometime since at Salt Lake City. An "Intermountain" reunion has been proposed for these Western Chapters, which would doubtless result in spreading the interest in the organization out there.

VIRGINIA, MISS M. R. JENNINGS, PRESIDENT.

The past year's record of the Virginia Division shows a roster of eighty-eight Chapters, with about four thousand members. Ten new Chapters were enrolled, and went vigorously to work for monument funds, charity, etc. The Chapter at Floyd, Va., hardly a year old, has raised six hundred and seventy dollars toward a Confederate monument on their Court Green, and the others have been equally as energetic. Over seven thousand dollars has been raised and expended by thirty-five Chapters of this Division, the largest sum being \$1,000 by the Mary Custis Lee Chapter, of Lexington, to buy Stonewall Jackson's home for a memorial hospital, \$1,000 by the Middleburg Chapter for a lot and Confederate memorial hall and piano, and \$1,140 by the Pickett-Buchanan Chapter, of Norfolk, for aiding widows, contributing to monuments, etc. The Home for Needy Confederate Women at Richmond has had the assistance of a number of Chapters, others have done special charity work, monument work has been ener-

getically carried on, and the efforts of Veterans of the State to eradicate all objectionable books from the schools ably seconded by Virginia Daughters. This Division makes a fine showing in every way.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Three Chapters were reported from Washington, D. C., and next January a meeting will be held to form a Division there. The Stonewall Jackson is the charter Chapter, and has seventy-five enthusiastic members. The R. E. Lee and the Southern Cross were formed within the last two years. All Southern organizations of Washington join in decorating Confederate graves at Arlington, and efforts are being made now to erect a monument there. The R. E. Lee Chapter is especially interested in this movement, and has appointed a committee to secure contributions, which can be sent to Mrs. Ella Beall Moat, Treasurer, 1724 Corcoran Street, Washington. Other undertakings have the coöperation of this Chapter, and much work will be accomplished by the enthusiasm of the Division.

Reports from Kentucky, Mississippi, and North Carolina are not in hand, but the work in each State is progressing nicely and shows much good accomplished. The great organization is accomplishing more than could have been anticipated.

THE WINNIE DAVIS CHAPTER, No. 709, U. D. C.—This Chapter was organized at Colusa, Cal., early in 1902. There were only five ladies at the first called meeting. For more than a year all stood still, because of the local situation and the severe illness and death of the Secretary, Miss Olivia Cooper. Mrs. J. S. West was the first President. This Chapter united with the Camp in a reunion October 28, 1903, having reorganized, under a charter June 28 previously, with fourteen members. On January 19, 1904, the Chapter, having increased to thirty members, held its annual election, and elected Mrs. Will S. Green President and Mrs. H. M. Albany Vice President. They have worked faithfully and at great disadvantage. At St. Louis the Chapter had three votes in the convention through its membership of seventy-three. This is the only Chapter north of San Francisco, Cal., and is represented by members over a radius of one hundred miles. It is the only one in the great Sacramento Valley. It works in connection with Camp Pap Price, which is the only Camp in Northern California, and which is also domiciled in Colusa.

SEEKS KNOWLEDGE OF COMRADES.—John R. Long, now President of the Tahlequah Presbyterian Academy, Tahlequah, Ind. T., but during the sixties was sergeant in Company D, Third Missouri Cavalry, captured at Black River Bridge, Miss., May 17, 1863, and thereafter spent the remainder of his soldier life as a prisoner of war in the Northern prisons of Camp Morton, Fort Delaware, Point Lookout, and Elmira, would be delighted to hear from any of his old army comrades or fellow-prisoners who may chance to remember him.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMP OF NEW YORK.—The new officers of this Camp for the ensuing year are: Commander, Edward Owen; Lieutenant Commander, H. N. Bullington; Adjutant, Edwin Selvage; Paymaster, Thomas L. Moore; Chaplain, Rev. George S. Baker; Surgeon, Dr. J. Harvie Dew; Executive Committee, Samuel P. Paul, J. E. Graybill, J. J. Rivera, Fred C. Rogers, S. G. Schenck. The headquarters are in the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

U. D. C. PRESIDENT'S REPORT AT ST. LOUIS.

The following report was submitted in pamphlet to the delegates in the St. Louis Convention by the President, Mrs. Augustine T. Smythe:

"Ladies: It is with great pleasure and some alarm that I greet you from this unaccustomed position. But I see many familiar faces, still more that are friendly, and I feel sure that all of us, working to the same end, will unite in an earnest desire for harmony and success, and that, therefore, all will give me their kindly sympathy and help and pardon all shortcomings.

"State of the Order.—It is but eleven years since our Association was formed. The first printed minutes were of the Third Annual Convention, held in Nashville in 1896, when the report showed eighty-seven Chapters. The full list of members was published in the slim pamphlet which contained also these minutes. The last minutes of 1903 show seven hundred and forty-five Chapters and thirty-eight thousand, eight hundred and ninety members, and our Recording Secretary will tell you of still further increase. Not only in numbers but in earnest purpose and accomplished work we have made steady progress. To enter into details on these points would be to infringe upon the Division reports, and they are therefore left untouched. To raise and dignify the Division we should do all in our power. The strength and durability of our work lies in the Division, and we should heartily commend all efforts at perfecting, systematizing, and strengthening this work. There should all disagreements and difficulties be settled, the Division being the proper arbiter in such cases.

"Division Work.—In the Division work should be prepared and condensed for these general meetings. Time would thus be saved, subjects better presented, and the united body would be enabled to accomplish more of what is properly its duty. While on this point, will the Division Presidents pardon the suggestion that in making their reports they omit all generalities and confine themselves strictly to the facts of the work of their States? In general principles and in love of our work we are all agreed, but by short, terse reports of the manner of work in different States many valuable and original ideas are suggested. Above all, let us preserve the dignity and high tone of our work. So conspicuous a body as our Association has become cannot afford on these public occasions to give any ground for unkind criticism. Work well prepared, well thought out, and briefly reported has a dignity of its own which cannot be lowered by fault-finding.

"Gen. John B. Gordon.—While prosperity has attended us, we have also been called upon to endure sorrow and bereavement. Death cuts off yearly some that are dear among us, and with the veterans their dwindling ranks show only too plainly how, slowly but surely, the older men and women who lived through those years of noble struggle, and came out of them determined never to forget, are passing over the river to join the great multitude on the other side. During the last year the Association of Confederate Veterans has been grievously afflicted in the loss of its dearly loved Commander, the gallant, knightly gentleman, John B. Gordon. As an expression of our sense of this loss a handsome wreath of laurel bound with the Confederate colors and draped in crape was sent to Gen. Gordon's funeral in the name of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. A telegram of condolence was dispatched to the grief-stricken widow, and a committee consisting of our ex-Presidents, Mrs. James Rounsaville, Mrs. Edwin G. Weed, and Mrs. Katie Cabell Currie, has been asked to prepare and present for your consideration resolutions expressive of our affectionate sympathy with the As-

sociation of Confederate Veterans in this our common affliction.

"Mrs. F. A. Olds.—We are also called upon most especially to mourn with the North Carolina Division of Daughters of the Confederacy. They have within the last few weeks lost by death their able, efficient, and beloved President, Mrs. F. A. Olds. Their loss is our loss, and our sorrow mingles with theirs.

"Jefferson Davis Monument.—The most important work of the Daughters of the Confederacy is the completion of the Jefferson Davis Monument. Full particulars of this work will be given you by the officers of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association. The Chair need only assure you that all is moving on harmoniously and impress upon you the necessity for a vigorous final effort to complete this great work. We have not yet the entire sum necessary, but it could easily be raised by united action on the part of Chapters. Your President feels that there is no need to recommend to this Association a liberal appropriation for this object so dear to us all. Your generosity of past years justifies this confidence.

"Committee on Jurisprudence.—Most important perhaps is a Committee on Jurisprudence—that is to say, a committee to sit during the convention and to which shall be referred all questions of the interpretation of the law as laid down in the Constitution and By-Laws of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. As all your former Presidents know, numberless questions are asked year by year which must be decided by the President according to her conscientious understanding of our written law. The very same point may arise with each succeeding President, so that with all the labor and effort spent no progress is made; there has been no permanent recorded decision. A Committee on Jurisprudence should be appointed at the opening of each convention, to whom all decisions mentioned by the President in her report should be referred to be approved or disapproved by them and then reported to the convention, which by its final approval or disapproval sets the seal upon these decisions and so puts them beyond future doubt. With each year a certain number of questions will thus be set at rest and a system of law established, to be found on record in the minutes. Without such a record, each President is liable, perhaps unconsciously and unintentionally, to reverse the decision of her predecessors. A list of such decisions made by your President during the past year is appended. It would seem that in order to carry on the work of these conventions certain additional committees are advisable."

Concerning decisions, Mrs. Smythe states:

"Decisions.—That the President has no power to interfere in disputes between Divisions and Chapters on points on which the Constitution of the United Daughters of the Confederacy is silent. That certificates of membership in the United Daughters of the Confederacy and badges cannot be taken back from members resigning from the Association. That the President has no authority or control as the Constitution now stands over so-called Auxiliary or Junior Chapters, no such Chapters being mentioned in the Constitution of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. That while young girls and children may be admitted as members in regularly chartered Chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy if those Chapters so desire, children are not competent to get out charters for Chapters of United Daughters of the Confederacy. That titles cannot be applied to persons or places at the discretion of the President or other officers unless conferred by the vote of the Association. On this point a word should be said: It is becoming the habit to put on many papers

of the United Daughters of the Confederacy the word 'Head-quarters.' This is apparently not disapproved of by many, as it has also been put on some State papers—as the Divisions have a perfect right to do if so disposed—but to others it is disagreeable, and it is truly and properly said has never been formally adopted or conferred on any place by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The title does not seem appropriate for the use of a woman's society, and inquiry shows that so far as has been ascertained it is not used on the papers of any other woman's society, and lays us open to the question not infrequently and laughingly asked if we are a military organization. This point may seem a trifle, but trifles bring about friction and cause irritation. That a State Division wishing for reasons good to itself to number its Chapters within the Division in any particular way may do so, provided the Chapters shall in printed rosters have also plainly attached the number of the charter issued to them by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. That the authoritative decision of a body can only be obtained from such body when legally assembled and acting as a whole. The action of the component parts acting separately and individually is not the action of the body. That, as the constitution now stands, grandnieces are included among those eligible to membership.

"Concerning Proxies.—A Chapter sending no delegates to a convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy may, under the provisions of our Constitution, send its proxies as follows: To the Division President of its own State or to a delegate from any Chapter of its own Division. If no President or delegate from its own State attend the convention, and if a member of the Executive Committee of the United Daughters of the Confederacy from its own State be at the convention, the Chapter has the option of sending its proxies to that member of the Executive Committee or to the President or delegate from any other State. If there be no member of the Executive Committee present from its own State, then the Chapter should send its proxies to a delegate or the President of any other State Division. In no case can a member of the Executive Committee hold proxies except from Chapters in the Division of her own State, and then only in case there be no delegate or Division President from her State.

"Committee on Stationery.—A Committee on Stationery should also be appointed to serve throughout the year, whose duty it shall be, with due regard to necessary economy, to provide such writing paper as may be necessary for the use of the working officers of this Association, and to supply at suitable prices to such Divisions, Chapters, or members as may desire it writing paper with the insignia of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. As work progresses it changes. The preference and convenience of officers vary, and it is unreasonable to expect of Secretaries as much time and consideration as these varying circumstances require. Different kinds, qualities, and shapes of paper are needed for different occasions, and ought to be provided; as, for instance, pads of single sheets to be used if the officers find help in the use of a copying book, which is almost a necessity to any one wishing to preserve for reference copies of many letters. In regard to stationery, it is well to call attention to the point that with the increase of honorary officers the list of names at the top of the sheets of paper increases and occupies space. On inquiry, it is found that the general habit of societies is to put on their stationery the names of working officers alone or else no names. This might well be referred to this committee, which could act upon it in consultation with the officers.

"Committee on By-Laws.—A Committee on By-Laws may be necessary to prepare and present for consideration before the

close of this convention any by-laws which may be made necessary by the possible adoption of any of the President's recommendations.

"Publication of Minutes.—In reviewing the work of the past years the President sees that one burning question is always: 'Why is the publication of the minutes delayed?' Knowing this delay to be often a cause of annoyance and an impediment to work, she has given the matter close consideration, and makes the following suggestions of possible causes of delay and possible remedies: Some Chapters and Divisions elect their officers in the early part of the year, and delay sending their State rosters to the Recording Secretary of the United Daughters of the Confederacy until after these elections have taken place. This is all wrong, and a by-law should be passed to the effect that the State or Chapter rosters not in the hands of the Recording Secretary of the United Daughters of the Confederacy before a fixed date shall not appear in the minutes. Again, sometimes by accident or otherwise, reports from various committees have not been made in writing or fully prepared and digested before their presentation, and delay is caused by the further work necessary in reviewing them. No committee has a right to present its report to the convention except in writing in the words in which it is to appear in the printed minutes unless, of course, it has been amended by the convention. Then again resolutions are not always written and handed at once to the Secretary. They are sometimes voted upon, and the mover defers putting them into just the proper shape until she shall have more time. The result sometimes is probably a long delay spent in pursuit of such missing resolutions. These habits are so contrary to all accepted rules of parliamentary proceedings that a by-law on the subject seems scarcely necessary, but as a reminder it might be well to adopt one showing definitely in this respect the duty of chairmen of committees and movers of resolutions. These causes of delay are matters of speculation with your President. There may be others, and in order to discover and deal wisely with them the Chair recommends that a committee be appointed to consult with the President, Recording Secretary, and such others as they may think advisable, for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of delay of the minutes as well as the best means of doing away with such causes, this committee to report before the close of this convention.

"Committee to Correct Minutes.—In addition to the above committees, the Chair recommends that she be authorized to appoint immediately, as was done last year, a committee to revise and correct the minutes, as even with the most competent stenographers mistakes will occur.

"Crosses of Honor.—No doubt reports have come to your ears of the misuse of the crosses of honor—reports that counterfeit crosses were being made and worn by those who had no right to them. These rumors were early in the year brought to the attention of your President, who immediately made all inquiries, and she is glad to tell you that certainly no intentional wrong has been done. By some mistake or misunderstanding in preparing for certain reunions badges were made and distributed among the veterans which certainly resembled closely the cross of honor. These evidently gave rise to the painful reports, and your President immediately requested the Corresponding Secretary to send out circulars to every Division Commander among the veterans, requesting the disuse and destruction of these badges. The President also communicated personally by letter with several of the veterans in authority, who gave her all aid. Adj. Gen. Mickle most kindly incorporated our circular in one of his general orders, which was sent to every Camp, and so we hope that trouble is a thing of the past."

ALABAMA REUNION U. C. V.

The fifth annual reunion of Alabama Veterans was held in Mobile November 15 and 16. In the magnificent greeting extended them Mobile did honor to herself and emphasized the fact that the people of no city in the South are more loyal to the glorious memory of the Confederate soldier, and especially the Veterans of Alabama, whose State is designated "the cradle and the grave of the Confederacy."

The classic old town was gorgeously dressed in holiday attire for the occasion, and the generous, warm-hearted hospitality extended the old Veterans was most gratefully appreciated. The Veterans were indeed guests of honor, and by that inherent hospitality characteristic of the South Mobilians made them feel that it was an honor as well as a pleasure to minister to them.

The attendance was the largest that has ever assembled in a State reunion. All the general officers were reelected—Maj. Gen. Harrison, Division Commander, with all of his old brigade commanders, Gens. W. A. Sanford, P. D. Bowles, J. N. Johnson, and J. W. Bush. The beautiful souvenir programme, with an exquisite hand-covered steel-engraved Confederate flag on the outer cover, was carried out in detail with systematic order. Appropriate addresses of welcome were made by Lieut. Gov. Cunningham, Mayor P. J. Lyon, of Mobile, and Comrade O. J. Semmes in behalf of the Veterans of Mobile, and all were enthusiastically received by the great crowd. A beautiful tribute to the Confederate dead and the women of the South was made by Gen. Harrison.

THE SONS OF VETERANS.

Like their mothers and fathers, the Alabama Division, U. S. C. V., are truly loyal, and perhaps their organization is the most active of any in the South, unless Texas be excepted. They held their annual meeting at the same time as the Veterans, and used their best efforts to make the reunion of the "old boys," as well as their own, the brilliant success it was. Their first care was for the old Veterans.

The Sons were called to order by their Division Commander, Thomas M. Owen, of Montgomery. Maj. E. M. Robinson, of the Mobile Sons, delivered the address of welcome, which was responded to by Hon. M. Screws, of Montgomery. Hon. W. R. Bankhead, of the Huntsville Sons, delivered the annual address. Commander Owen presented to the convention the sponsors and maids of honor, who occupied seats on the platform, and explained that the object of the Sons was to care for the living, look after the Soldiers' Home, and honor the memory of the dead. A special work of theirs at present was to build a suitable monument to "the gallant Pelham." Hon. W. R. Bankhead's annual address was on the "Life and Character of John Pelham," and his beautiful tribute to this young hero was enthusiastically received.

Commander Owen's annual report showed the organization of the Alabama Sons to be in a most prosperous condition, and it was resolved to organize it into five brigades. The following Sons were elected brigade commanders: George W. Duncan, First Brigade; Howard Gaillard, Second; H. M. McNutt, Third; E. A. Grayson, Fourth; J. C. Owen, Fifth. Thomas M. Owen was unanimously reelected Division Commander by a rising vote. The following resolution was also unanimously adopted: "That Comrade Thomas M. Owen is hereby respectfully proposed for the position of Commander in Chief of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans at the election therefor in Louisville, Ky., in 1905."

The parade, as usual on such occasions, was the most attractive feature of the meeting. The city was filled with

thousands of visitors, who cheered the old fellows as they passed. The large number of Veterans and Sons participating in the parade necessitated the Commander in Chief, Gen. Harrison, to form his column after the order observed at the general reunions of the U. C. V.'s—different brigades on different streets—and as the column passes each brigade to file into position assigned it in general orders, carriages with sponsors and maids of honor following the column. Behind the Veterans came the Sons in the same order of march, with Division Commander Owen and his staff at the head of the column. The march was by the courthouse and the Semmes monument, where they were reviewed by Gen. Stephen D. Lee.

KENTUCKY CONFEDERATE HOME.

DEDICATION OF NEW BUILDINGS—DIVISION REUNION.

The State of Kentucky has shown most abundant liberality in its provision for the comfort and convenience of the inmates of the Kentucky Confederate Home. Organized in 1902, it is now claimed to be the best-equipped home for Confederate invalids in the South.

The last Legislature of Kentucky appropriated fifty-seven thousand dollars for additional buildings, including a new infirmary. When the Home was originally organized, in 1902, the Confederates of Kentucky and their friends purchased for the Home Villa Ridge Inn, at Pewee Valley, a recently built and modernly equipped building, containing one hundred rooms already furnished. Nobody in Kentucky at that time believed the State had enough needy Confederates to fill this building, and the most sanguine estimates always limited the number of probable inmates to eighty.

Forty years from Shiloh, Chickamauga, Stone River, Harts-ville, Resaca, Atlanta, and Baton Rouge have made wonderful changes in the gallant Kentuckians who as Confederate soldiers had won renown on fierce fields of conflict, and to those who had marched side by side with those Kentucky boys who had responded to the call of the South in 1861, it was all but impossible to believe that the aged and infirm men who had filled the Kentucky Home were the same dashing young soldiers who had won glory for their State in those historical days.

The Home was opened in November, 1902. Up to this time two hundred and seventy-nine inmates have been received, of whom more than thirty have died, leaving now at this time on the rolls of the Home about two hundred and twenty-five men.

The Kentucky State Reunion was called at the Confederate Home on the 11th of November, and in conjunction with this reunion the new buildings were formally dedicated and turned over to the State. These consisted of one large building, with three wings in which there were forty rooms to be used as an infirmary, all on the ground floor. In addition, beautiful operating rooms, nurses' rooms, parlors, libraries, and smoking rooms were added to the building and additional quarters for eighty men. The infirmary was constructed with all modern appliances: it has beautiful light, magnificent air, more than a dozen bath rooms, water closets, and all surgical conveniences. In addition, forty rooms for invalids have been furnished with fittings equal to the best infirmaries of the country. A large acetylene gas machine supplies the building with light as brilliant and effective as electricity. Steam heat, fire escapes, and elevators form part of the preparation in the new building, and a beautiful park of nine acres was purchased and laid out in artistic style as an addition to the grounds already used by the State for the Home.

A vast crowd gathered to witness this new departure at the Home. It was estimated that more than three thousand people gathered on the grounds to congratulate the trustees and to hear the addresses in connection with the exercises. Old-fashioned Kentucky burgoo supplied the wants of all the visitors, and there was more than enough and to spare when all had been fed. The day was beautiful, and the handsome grounds of the Home never showed to more splendid advantage than when the new buildings were thrown open to the public for inspection.

Every room has an iron bedstead with brass mountings, handsome chiffonier, table, chairs, rugs; and the linen, comforts, and blankets were handsome enough to satisfy the demands of any housewife. It was a great pleasure for the Confederate Veterans and their friends to see these handsome provisions made for the heroes who wore the gray, but who are now by time and disease incapacitated for labor.

Col. Bennett H. Young, Commander of the Kentucky Division, and also President of the Kentucky Home, was master of ceremonies. Promptly at twelve o'clock he called the great assemblage to order, when the exercises were opened by prayer by the Rev. L. H. Blanton, D.D., of Central University, himself a Confederate soldier in the Army of Northern Virginia.

Gen. John H. Leathers, formerly commander of the Third Brigade and now Commandant of the George B. Eastin Camp, Louisville, made a brief address, which was greatly appreciated and applauded. He jocosely apologized for being born in Virginia, but claimed that his forty years' residence in Kentucky and his marriage to a Kentucky woman measurably atoned for the offense. He in turn introduced Senator Samuel E. DeHaven, member of the Kentucky Senate, in whose district the Home is situated, and who had been helpful in enacting the legislation which created the fund for the new improvements. Senator DeHaven made a most happy and telling speech, and he was followed by Col. Young, who formally turned over the buildings to the State of Kentucky in behalf of the Trustees. Brief speeches were made by Gen. J. B. Briggs, Commander of the Second Brigade, U. S. V.; and Senator William George, who had always done valiant service for the Confederate Home in the Kentucky Legislature, after which the buildings were received by Lieut. Gov. Thorne.

Gov. Beckham, owing to important official engagements, at the last moment found it impossible to be present and receive the buildings. Col. Leland Hathaway, of Winchester, Ky., who was one of the soldiers with President Davis when captured in Georgia, closed the exercises and addressed the inmates of the Home, whom he congratulated on the superb accommodation which the State had provided for those who had fought for the South.

In addition to the splendid appropriation made for the infirmary and additional quarters and other improvements, the Legislature increased the appropriation for the support of the inmates of the Confederate Home from one hundred and twenty-five dollars to one hundred and seventy-five dollars, which makes this Confederate Home the best endowed of any home in the South.

Mrs. Thomas M. Worcester, of Cincinnati, who was formerly Miss Davie Lindsey, of Owenton, Ky., has undertaken to furnish and equip the library, which she is doing in royal style; and when complete it will be as handsome as any private library in Kentucky. Mrs. T. A. Lyons, of Louisville, has undertaken to furnish a parlor in memory of her husband, who was a brave and gallant Confederate soldier. For twenty-five dollars any person can name a room in honor of any Confederate soldier, either living or dead. A large number of persons avail themselves of this privilege. S. A. Cunningham, editor of the VETERAN, secured the privilege of naming one of the rooms for Charles Herbst, that chivalrous Kentucky soldier whom so many Kentuckians remember with pleasure, although he resided in Georgia—Atlanta and Macon—after the war. Col. J. G. Craddock, of Paris, Ky., named a room for himself, using in payment for it his Mexican pension money. W. N. Jurey, of Pewee Valley, named a room in memory of his brother, William Jurey, who was a member of Gen. John H. Morgan's command. A room was also named in memory of Capt. Milton G. Barlow, of John C. Breckinridge's staff.

Kentucky has set the other Southern States a great example in providing handsomely and bountifully for the care and maintenance of Confederate soldiers.

To the Confederates of Kentucky S. A. Cunningham, editor of the VETERAN, was presented by Gen. Young, who paid to



KENTUCKY CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME, WITHOUT ANNEX, PEWEE VALLEY, NEAR LOUISVILLE.

him fitting recognition for the labor and toil which he has given in defense of the glory and patriotism of the Confederate soldier and in vindication of the cause of the men who fought for the South.

At the reunion, with great enthusiasm, and with acclamation and a rising vote, Gen. Bennett H. Young was elected to succeed himself as Commander of the Kentucky Division. Gen. James Rodgers was reëlected as Commander of the First Brigade, Gen. J. B. Briggs of the Second, Gen. B. Thornton of the Third, and Gen. James B. Clay of the Fourth.

The meeting took steps to interest the people of Louisville in the Confederate reunion to be held in Louisville next spring (June 6-8, 1905), and it was the hope of all the Kentucky Confederates that this shall be for Kentucky a reunion worthy of the Confederate cause and worthy of Kentucky's hospitality.

FLORIDA DIVISION—MRS. PATTON ANDERSON.

The Florida Division held its convention for 1904 at Ocala. The attendance was not large, but in quality it was a credit to the State and the cause represented. Report of the proceedings is deferred, except the tribute herein paid to the widow of Gen. Patton Anderson. Comrade Enslow offered the following preamble and resolution:

"This assemblage desires to render honor to a worthy widow of a distinguished Confederate soldier—Gen. Patton Anderson—who raised and commanded one of the earliest organized companies which went from Florida, and who was soon promoted to command the First Florida Infantry. His estimable wife, long a resident and still a resident of this State, continues her devotion to the memory of our Confederate war. In recognition of her merit and the great military achievements of her husband; be it

Resolved, That the general in command of this Division be requested to extend to her an invitation to be the guest of this Division at the coming reunion at Louisville and chaperon the sponsors and maids of honor from this State."

Comrade Samuel Pasco, ex-United States Senator, seconded the resolution, and said that he had had the honor to serve under Gen. Patton Anderson in the Western Army, and could testify as to his courage and ability as a military leader.

They were both residents of Jefferson County when Florida passed her Ordinance of Secession, in 1861, and united her fortunes with her sister States of the South in forming the Southern Confederacy.

Patton Anderson represented his county in the State Convention which passed this ordinance and his State in the Provisional Congress, at Montgomery, which framed the Constitution of the Confederate States; but when the first call was made for troops to maintain the new government, he resigned his seat in Congress to enter the military service. He went from Monticello to Pensacola as captain of the first company from his county which joined the Confederate army. His company formed a part of the First Florida Regiment, and he was made colonel. By successive promotions he reached the rank of major general, and took a prominent part in all the great battles of the West. His distinguished services fill a large space in the annals of that splendid army which fought under Bragg, Johnston, and Hood.

The war left him with slender means for the support of his family, and when he died, not many years later, the burden fell upon his beloved wife. She was thoroughly devoted to the Confederate cause, and cheered and aided him as long as he lived, both in war and peace. When he was called to leave her, she met the changes of fortune bravely, and taught

her children to honor those who fought for the South and to revere the memory of those who gave their lives for their country.

She now lives in Palatka, enjoying the love and respect of her neighbors, and is held in high esteem not only by the



GRANDCHILDREN OF GEN. PATTON ANDERSON.

veterans of Florida, but by many all over our Southland who followed her husband's battle flag to danger and to glory.

The Division passed resolutions of sympathy and esteem for Gen. J. J. Finley, in the shadow of death after a long and useful life. He died a few days thereafter. Tribute was paid to the widow of Gen. J. J. Dickson.

THE VETERAN COMMENDED IN FLORIDA.

Gen. George Reese, ever faithful to the VETERAN, introduced the editor, and said: "Comrades, it has been my pleasure to introduce to this gathering of Veterans many persons, but the pleasure accorded on this occasion is the greatest and most appreciated. I believe the service rendered by the editor of that magnificent magazine, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, is not surpassed by the service of any organization or individual connected with the order. He has always been true to the cause, and in the hour of adversity he has never faltered or failed in his efforts to promote the good of the Veterans. I believe the VETERAN will, in coming time, be a handbook for historical reference and prove to be the best and truest history of the war for right and justice. It is for these reasons, Veterans, that it affords me the special pleasure to introduce him to the Florida Division."

A group picture of Gen. W. D. Ballentine, Adjutant General Fred L. Robertson, and other prominent officers of the Division appears on title-page. The proceedings will appear next month.

MAKE IT A PERMANENT FEATURE.

BY W. T. HUFFMAN, BESSEMER, ALA.

It has been several months since our reunion in your city, but not too late for me to congratulate the editor of the *VETERAN* upon the success of his special feature of the programme for bringing old comrades together. I refer to the meeting of old soldiers on the Vanderbilt campus. This, to me, was the most enjoyable part of the reunion, as I presume it was to many other of the "old boys" who carried a musket, and it only needed the coöperation of the different brigade commanders to have made it a complete success. I do not understand why such arrangements have not been made before for the pleasure of the private soldier, for it is the only possible or practical way that those who now live in different States, but were in the same commands during the war, can with any degree of certainty meet each other.

To give a "grand ball" to the officers and sponsors and a concert with speech-making, etc., to entertain the privates is all right enough, but it is not for these frivolities that they attend these great reunions. I am speaking for the private soldiers, the men who did the fighting and made the generals. These are the men who compose the great majority of the U. C. V.'s, and it is these who should be first considered in arranging a programme for the pleasure and entertainment of veterans.

Attending these annual meetings is a heavy tax, financially and physically, to a majority of these old veterans, many of whom have nearly reached the allotted space of man's life; but the hope of once more grasping the hand of comrades they have not seen since they stood shoulder to shoulder in the shock of battle forty years ago warms the blood in their old frames, and they cheerfully make the sacrifice. One hour's intercourse between such men is more to them than all the rest of the three days' meeting. The question is, How can this be brought about in the general confusion incident to occasions of this kind? No better plan has been suggested than that of the editor of the *VETERAN* at our Nashville reunion. Have a specified place and time where all the States will have headquarters and where a man from each State can find a man from another. I hope the committee in Louisville who have our next reunion in charge will make some provision of this kind for the pleasure of the old private soldier. There is nothing that would delight him more, and it should be made a permanent feature of our reunions.

I wish to corroborate what Comrade Cullens wrote in the September *VETERAN*. I was a member of Company G of his regiment—the Eighteenth Alabama. My impression is that we captured two stands of colors at Nashville; but I distinctly remember the inscription on the flag captured from the Thirteenth United States Colored Infantry. I mentioned this incident to Gen. Lee at our Nashville reunion, and he said that he remembered it distinctly. I was captured near Franklin the next day and sent to Camp Chase.

ANNUAL DINNER BY THE NEW YORK CAMP.—Maj. Edward Owen, Commander of the New York Camp of Confederate Veterans, sends out a circular: "The fifteenth annual dinner in honor of the memory of Gen. Robert E. Lee, given under the auspices of the New York Confederate Veteran Camp, will be held in the Grand Banquet Hall, at the Waldorf-Astoria, on Wednesday, the 25th of January, 1905. Hon. Isidor Rayner, United States Senator elect from Maryland, and Hon. A. C. Braxton, of Virginia, have been invited to respond to appropriate toasts. Again the ladies are to be invited to the dinner and to join in the festivities and songs. Tables

will seat not less than eight nor more than ten. The price of dinner tickets will be \$5, exclusive of wine. The boxes, holding six, eight, nine, and ten chairs, will be \$12, \$16, \$18, and \$20 each. Single chairs \$2 each."

UNITED SONS—CHANGE OF HEADQUARTERS.—N. R. Tisdal, Commander in Chief of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans, has changed his headquarters from Fort Worth to Rusk, Tex. In announcing this change, Commander Tisdal also issues a stirring appeal to all Sons of Veterans, in which he says: "Devotion to duty is a theme for poets, a beacon light for worshipers at the shrine of ancestry, and a heritage to hand down to posterity, that should inspire the sons of such sires as ours to great activity in the work that has been committed to us. Remember the duty that is ours, and 'fall in,' 'close on the colors,' 'forward, march!' and never fall back, no matter what obstacle you have to overcome. Recruit your ranks and organize new Camps, if in your power. It matters not whether you be an officer of the Confederation or not, we are all working in a common cause."

H. P. Figuers, a lad at the time, writes as follows in a letter to the editor of the *VETERAN* from Columbia, Tenn., November 30, 1904: "Forty years ago this day, with your short Enfield, you were marching toward Franklin, on account of which I got no sleep that night. The glories and the horrors of that night are never to be forgotten. I hope you will live forty years more."

TEXAS CONFEDERATE TROOPS.—In the November *VETERAN* (page 535) a lost figure caused the number of Confederate soldiers from Texas (59,321) to read 5,321.

*"NORTHERN REBELLION AND SOUTHERN SE-
CESSION."*

BY D. B. SANFORD, MILLEDGEVILLE, GA.

Some critic has suggested that Mr. E. W. R. Ewing, the author of the above book, was probably premature in publishing the same just at this time, that the people are not yet ripe and ready for such a revelation or history. I do not agree with the critic. Truth is always in order and cannot be promulgated too soon. This book ought to be read and taught in every school in the United States, for the South has been under the ban and ostracized for forty-odd years by the North, East, and West, just simply because they have not been informed and taught the facts as they existed then and exist yet. Mr. Ewing has immortalized himself by writing this book and putting "in a nutshell" truths and history that would require a lifetime for the people to learn by research. He deserves the most grateful thanks of all truth-loving people throughout this broad land of ours for this instructive and interesting work, and it should be in the hands of all thinking people in this country.

Mr. Lincoln taught and promulgated the principle that might made right, and his people adhere to that principle yet like a piece of steel to a magnet. The perusal of Mr. Ewing's book will convince all unbiased and thinking people that the South was not responsible or to blame for that four years' cruel war. This section of the Union stood by and on its constitutional rights, but it was crushed into the dust by the might and fanaticism of the other sections.

This book is supplied by the *VETERAN* for \$1, with a year's subscription for \$1.75, and free with a club for \$4.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Proprietor.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to cooperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

SIMPLE REQUEST OF PATRONS.

It is not asking too much of every person whose printed address is on the VETERAN subscription list to request an inspection of it—whether on the magazine or the wrapper—and see that the name and initials, also the street number, are correctly given. Another very important matter is to see that the date of subscription has been advanced to the time paid for. Errors are committed in failure to give credit to advance the date. It is human to err, and this request is made that every person whose name is printed be started with the new year as free from error as possible. Of course if the date is behind January, 1905, so much is due at one dollar per year. It would be gratifying to have all pay promptly; but where such is not convenient, it would be a favor to show respect for this request by writing that it will have attention later on.

The methods of the VETERAN are on honor. No legal process has ever been used to collect subscriptions, nor will any be. No "collection agencies" are used. So it is solely upon faith of integrity and good will that this department is conducted.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS COMMENDED.

REPEATED NOTICE WITH COMMENT.

In prosperous times purse strings are easily loosed and the holiday season is prolific of good will and unselfishness.

After anxious meditation about how to do the greatest good to the greatest number in connection with the class for which the VETERAN was launched, it has been decided to make an unprecedented offer in behalf of poor Veterans and the families of such. The old soldiers are dropping out with sorrowful rapidity, and those who would do them a service in this world must do it quickly. It is stated that Union Veterans are dying at the rate of one hundred every day, and the Southrons are evidently falling out of line in equal proportion.

The extraordinary offer is made now in an appeal for these noble patriots to supply them to the extent of ten thousand for the next year at half price. The plan is to accept one dollar in payment for two subscriptions to those who are unable to pay. Prosperous Confederates and younger men who would like to give the greatest possible pleasure for a very small sum are commended to this method of giving two families pleasure each month for a year by remitting one dollar and giving the names of such persons as described between now and January 1. It is not expected that this sum would pay the expense of publication, etc., but the good and satisfaction would richly compensate for the free labor and the sacrifice.

Remittance may be made now or any time before Christmas, and a handsome certificate of the compliment be mailed in time to reach the beneficiaries, giving name of donors, with a Christmas greeting.

This proposition should enlist at least ten thousand persons who take the VETERAN, and it would furnish a testimony to the loyalty of our people that was never equaled. This beneficence would make the donors happy to all eter-

nity. Those who renew for their own subscriptions would do well to inclose one dollar more with the names of two who can't afford to subscribe.

While it is suggested that one dollar be utilized for so much good, there is no limit to the extent of this proposition. Any great-hearted person may send a list of such persons as large as he chooses with the half price for one year only, the only stipulation being that recipients cannot afford to pay the subscription price.

Let us put the VETERAN in every Southern home. To investigate with a view of supplying the comrades designated would be fine. It would in a way be a thorough canvass of the South, and *many would subscribe* for it.

If this plan is taken up promptly by well-to-do people, a separate "benevolent" mail list will be made, but all to expire with 1905. This is the best offer ever made by a journal in behalf of a class of worthy poor, and it should stimulate all others to liberal patronage.

The foregoing is republished from the November issue. Surely great-hearted Southerners who can spare one dollar or more will cooperate in this true work of charity. This offer is made for 1905 only. It will be kept open into the new year, but on condition that these subscriptions at half price extend only through the year. If such subscriptions are made in the early months of the year, they will extend from that time only to the end of the year. After June there would be no advantage in it.

The first two responses to this offer were by Dr. John A. Wyeth, of New York, and Dr. M. S. Browne, of Winchester, Ky., who subscribed for ten copies each. In sending these most worthy gifts don't fail to send the names of beneficiaries or designate some one to supply the names.

THE VETERAN AND THE OTHER SIDE.

In no other respect has the VETERAN been more remiss than in soliciting readers among Union soldiers. A representative class became interested early in its career, and have been in proportion, perhaps, more steadfast than the Confederates. It is desirable to send sample-copies widespread among them, so that the more patriotic and liberal-minded may learn of its merits. A recent letter from Gen. G. M. Dodge, of New York, illustrates the propriety of such action. On November 17 a manuscript letter states: "I notice the address on my VETERAN places my subscription as June, 1902. I inclose check to pay up and for some time in advance." Then on the reverse side of the letter he writes: "I read the VETERAN with a good deal of interest. Seeing the other side gives me information that I could in no other way obtain." His five-dollar check pays to June, 1907. Any addresses of Union soldiers who may incline favorably to this sentiment will be appreciated.

SIGNS OF THE VETERAN.—The VETERAN is more ambitious than ever, if possible, to enlist all Southern people in the cause for which it is being published, and it suggests to friends in every good town in the South to enlist sign painters to print in suitable places bold signs "*Confederate Veteran, Nashville, Tenn.*" For this work a copy of the VETERAN will be sent for 1905 free to such painter. For the faithful performance of this service implicit reliance will be placed in the friend who secures the work.

There are fewer illustrations in this issue of the VETERAN and fewer short articles. Correspondents are asked to be as brief as practicable. When engravings are used, the expense (\$2) per plate should be borne by the family or friends of such person.

CHIMBORAZO HOSPITAL DURING 1861-1865.*

BY DR. JOHN R. GILDERSLEEVE, OF TAZEWEEL, VA.,
Ex-President Medical Society of Virginia; President Association Medical
Officers of Army and Navy of the Confederate States.

To the Association of Medical Officers of Army and Navy of the Confederacy.

One year ago we held our annual meeting in New Orleans, the beautiful Crescent City of our Southland, and through your kindness I was honored by election to your highest office. In accordance with a time-honored custom, it devolves on me to deliver the annual address before your body; but before doing so, let me again express my heartfelt thanks for your kindness in selecting me from the "rank and file," with no special fitness, no claim for extraordinary service rendered, no prominence in the subordinate rank held, to entitle me to this distinguished honor; and though I feel unworthy of the great trust bestowed on me, I hope, sustained by loved friends and old comrades, to merit at least your approbation in my efforts to discharge the duties of my position, and am indeed most grateful, and feel an honest pride in being so exalted.

My loyalty, zeal, and devotion to the Confederate cause was never in question from the 16th day of April, 1861, when I entered the service a private, to those sad and cruel days when the pall of darkness rested on our furled banners in 1865.†

I am here, then, in obedience to your commands, and my effort will be directed to filling as best I can this position of so much trust and responsibility; and happy indeed will I be if I can contribute anything worthy of your consideration in my efforts to preserve for our children and for future generations the historic truths of our branch of the service in the dark days of our struggle for homes, principles, and honor.

I have selected as the subject of my address the most noted and largest military hospital in the annals of history, either ancient or modern, Chimborazo Hospital, at Richmond, Va., 1862 to 1865, and in connection therewith the commandant and medical director, Surgeon James B. McCaw, his staff, and my confrères in other fields of the Confederate service.

East of the city of Richmond, whilom capital of the Confederate States, and separated from the city proper by the historic Bloody Run Creek, is an elevated plateau of nearly forty acres, commanding from its height a grand view: on the south, the river, spanned by many bridges, ships in harbor, Chesterfield and the town of Manchester; on the east, a long stretch of country, cultivated fields, forests, hills, and dales, and the tawny James on its tortuous seaward way; and on the west, the city of Richmond, its churches and spires, the capitol, public buildings, dwellings and manufactories, the whirling, seething, rushing falls of the river, and beautiful Hollywood, "the city of our dead."

On this high and picturesque point, so well adapted to hospital purposes, in the year 1862, when the Federal troops moved in force on Bull Run, and the real campaign began, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston reported that nine thousand men would have to be sent back to Richmond for admittance to hospitals before his army could proceed.

That grand old Roman and chief, Surgeon General S. P.

*Address of President, delivered before the Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederacy during its annual session, held at Nashville, Tenn., June 14-16, 1904.

†Dr. Gildersleeve's three brothers—Basil, Benjamin, and Gilbert—likewise served gallantly and faithfully in the great Army of Northern Virginia from beginning to close of the war. The eldest, Prof. Basil Gildersleeve, of Johns Hopkins University, was on staff duty in the field, and received desperate wounds in the battles around Richmond; the second, Benjamin, shared the well-won fame of the First Virginia Infantry; and the younger, Gilbert, was a captain of cavalry with Stuart. The father of these noble brothers was a distinguished Presbyterian divine, educator, and writer of South Carolina; and their grandsire was an officer in the Continental Army.—ED. VETERAN.

Moore, at once went to see Dr. James B. McCaw, of Richmond (who was not then in the medical service, having enlisted in a cavalry company), and as the result of a conference held, and at the suggestion of Dr. McCaw, Chimborazo Hill was selected as the most favorable site; and early in 1862 the hospital was opened. In one week two thousand soldiers were admitted, and in two weeks' time there were in all four thousand.

The Surgeon General had only twenty-five hundred beds when Gen. Johnston made his report. Work was at once commenced, and one hundred and fifty well-constructed and ventilated buildings were erected, each one hundred feet in length, thirty feet in width, and one story high; though not all built at one time, but as needed to furnish comfortable quarters for the sick and wounded. Five large hospitals or divisions were organized; thirty wards to each division. These dimensions allowed of two rows of cots on each side of the central aisle; the capacity of each ward from forty to sixty. The buildings were separated from each other by wide alleys or streets, ample spaces for drives or walks, and a wide street around the entire camp or hospital. The hospitals presented the appearance of a large town, imposing and attractive, with its alignment of buildings kept whitened with lime, streets and alleys clean; and with its situation on such an elevated point, it commanded a grand, magnificent, and pleasing view of the surrounding country for many miles.

The divisions of this immense hospital were five, or five hospitals in one, with five surgeons, each one of the five in charge of a division; also a number of assistant and acting assistant surgeons (45 to 50), each in charge of several wards or buildings, and subject to surgeons of divisions, and all subject to Surgeon James B. McCaw, the executive head.

With natural drainage, the best conceivable, on the east, south, and west, good water supply, five large ice houses, Russian bath houses, cleanliness, and an excellent system for the removal of wastes, the best treatment, comforts, and results in a military hospital in times of war were secured.

For the purpose of making the hospital an independent institution, the Secretary of War designated Chimborazo Hospital an army post, and Dr. McCaw was appointed commandant; an officer and thirty men were detailed and stationed there, and everything was conducted *selon les regles*.

As the commandant, Surgeon McCaw, was not in the regular army of the Confederacy, the Surgeon General said: "I do not know what name to give the hospital or its chief." Not wishing to call it a general hospital, at Dr. McCaw's suggestion it was given a distinctive name and called Chimborazo; and Dr. James B. McCaw was made commandant and medical director in chief.

In 1861 there was on what is now known as Chimborazo Park or Hill but one house, owned by Richard Laughton, and a small office building. When possession was taken of the hill it was separated from Church Hill on the western side by Bloody Run gully. (After the war a street was built across the ravine connecting the two hills and completing the extension of Broad Street.) A large house north of the hospital was occupied as headquarters by the medical director and chiefs of divisions, with a clerical force.

The five hospitals, or divisions, were organized as far as possible on a State basis; troops from the same States being thrown together and treated and cared for by officers and attendants from their own States.

In addition to the one hundred and fifty buildings, there were one hundred "Sibley tents," in which were put from eight to ten convalescent patients to a tent; these tents were

pitched upon the slopes of the hill, presenting a very imposing sight.

Oakwood Cemetery, which up to that time had been comparatively a small graveyard, was created by the hospital. It was near, suitable, and accessible, and is sacred to the memory of many brave soldiers who gave their lives for our cause. The loyal women of Oakwood Memorial Association erected a beautiful shaft on a grassy mound, midst the graves of the "boys that wore the gray," with the following inscription on the four sides of the base:

In memory of Sixteen Thousand
Confederate Soldiers from Thir-
teen States.

Erected by the Ladies' Oak-
wood Memorial Association, Or-
ganized May 10, 1866.

Maryland, Virginia, North
Carolina, South Carolina, Ten-
nessee, Arkansas, Florida.

This Epitaph of the Soldier
who falls with his Country is
written in the hearts of those
who Love the Right and Honor
the Brave.

Texas, Georgia, Alabama, Mis-
sissippi, Louisiana, Kentucky.

As soon as the hospital was opened, the large tobacco factories of the Grants, Mayos, and others were secured, their business being practically at an end for the period of the war, and the boilers from these factories were utilized in making soup in the soup houses, and the large supply of splendidly seasoned wood, used in making tobacco boxes, was fashioned into beds and other furniture. The hands employed in factories were put to work in doing manual labor, incident to building, etc., in our hospital construction. A guardhouse was erected separate from other buildings, for unruly convalescents, attendants, *et al.* In addition, the hospital built five soup houses, a bakery, a brewery, and five ice houses.

Mr. Franklin Stearns lent the hospital his celebrated farm, Tree Hill, for the pasturage of from one hundred to two hundred cows, and from three to five hundred goats. The latter proved to be the best subsistence available in supplying the hospital with "kid" meat, a most palatable and nutritious food for sick and convalescent patients. Some idea of the dimensions of the bakery may be had from the fact that from seven thousand to ten thousand loaves were issued per diem; a loaf per man and attendant would not go around.

Soap was made out of the grease taken from the soup houses; the lye was imported through the blockade.

An additional fact—the hospital never drew fifty dollars from the Confederate States Government, but relied solely upon the money received from commutation of rations. The medical departments and subsistence departments were organized all to themselves, and the money from commuted rations was used to buy what was necessary.

The hospital trading canal boat Chimborazo, Lawrence Lottier in command, plied between Richmond, Lynchburg, and Lexington, bartering cotton, yarn, shoes, etc., for provisions. This was only one of the hospital's many resources.

At the close of the war the Confederate government owed the hospital three hundred thousand dollars, which Mr. Memminger, Secretary of the Confederate States Treasury, agreed to pay in gold on the 29th of March; and on the 3d of April the city of Richmond was surrendered.

The total number of patients received and treated at Chim-

borazo Hospital amounted to seventy-six thousand (out of this number about 17,000 were wounded soldiers), and it was the first military hospital in point of size in this country and in the world; the next largest hospital in America being the "Lincoln," at Washington, D. C., which reported a total number of forty-six thousand patients; and the next largest hospital in the world was the "Scutari," in the Crimea, which reported a total of thirty thousand to forty thousand patients. The percentage of deaths at Chimborazo was a fraction over nine per cent. Complete records were kept, and are still in existence in the office of the Surgeon General at Washington, D. C., upon which the name of every patient can be found when wanted, and the cause of his death.

The organization of Chimborazo Hospital was as follows: Surgeon James B. McCaw, Commandant and Medical Director. First Division, Virginia—Surgeon P. F. Brown, of Accomac, Va., in charge. Second Division, Georgia—Surgeon Habersham, of Atlanta, Ga., in charge. Third Division, North Carolina—Surgeon E. Harvie Smith in charge. Fourth Division, Alabama—Surgeon S. N. Davis in charge. Fifth Division, South Carolina—Surgeon E. M. Seabrook, Charleston, S. C., in charge. The medical staff numbered, or averaged, about 40 or 45 in all. There was also a Medical Examining Board, composed of the surgeons of divisions, to pass on questions of furloughs and discharges.

Among the staff were the following named gentlemen: John H. Claiborne, commissary; Col. A. S. Buford, quartermaster; Charles Wortham, quartermaster; Paine and Kent, our commission merchants, and many others. Every man did his whole duty, and everything went on without a hitch. The total staff numbered one hundred and twenty.

Mrs. Dr. Minge was chief matron. There were many interesting characters among the matrons, and one in particular was Miss Mary Pettigrew, who was chief of the Virginia Division; she was a sister of Gen. Pettigrew, of North Carolina, and was about twenty years of age. Also a Mrs. Pender, Mrs. Baylor, Miss Gordon, *et al.*—forty-five in all. Rev. Mr. Patterson, a Greek by birth, was chaplain; he came to this country when a grown man, and was a very valuable officer.

The city of Richmond was surrendered Monday, April 3, 1865, Gen. Godfrey Weitzel's Brigade in the van of the advancing Federal army. The General rode up the hill, and when he came through the post he was received by the whole corps of hospital officers in full uniform. Gen. Weitzel gave a free pass to the commandant and his entire medical corps, took them under his protection, and issued a verbal order that all Confederate soldiers there should be taken care of under all circumstances. Furthermore, he offered to put the commandant in the general service of the United States, so that he might issue requisitions, etc., and have the same filled, as any other medical director in the United States army. As Gen. Lee had not then surrendered, Dr. McCaw respectfully declined the proffered appointment, but voluntarily continued to perform all the duties incident to the position he held, and never solicited anything at all from the Federals other than the passes in and out of the lines.

When we consider the size of this great military hospital, the number of soldiers admitted, treated, furloughed, discharged, and buried; its successful work for nearly four years; the perfect discipline, order, and harmony that existed from its establishment to its close; the immense amount of work done; the difficulties always attending the securing of supplies for such a large body of invalids, especially toward the closing days of the Confederacy; and also the generous rivalry between other posts or hospitals located in Richmond;

and lastly, the comparatively low mortality, we cannot but accord to Dr. James McCaw, Medical Director of the five Chimborazo hospitals, and its efficient commandant, the highest praise, and concede that he was in fact and in deed *primus inter pares*. A beautiful loving cup was presented to him in 1901 at a banquet given by the Academy of Medicine of Richmond and friends on his retirement after fifty-seven years from the active practice of medicine.

Dr. James B. McCaw was born in Richmond, Va., July 12, 1823; graduated M.D. University of the City of New York, 1843; Editor Virginia Medical and Surgical Journal, 1853 to 1861; Editor of Confederate States Medical and Surgical Journal, 1861 to 1865; Professor of Practice of Medicine and of Chemistry, and Dean of the Medical College of Virginia, twenty-eight years—now Emeritus Professor, Surgeon C. S. Army; Medical Director during Civil War of the five Chimborazo hospitals in Richmond, Va.; a charter member and one of the founders of the Medical Society of Virginia, and chairman of the convention which organized the society in 1870—Vice President in 1871, Resident Honorary Fellow in 1894; Ex-President of the Academy of Medicine, Richmond, Va.; honorary member of the Medical Society of West Virginia; member of the Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederacy, and of other societies.

Fellows and comrades, you will, I hope, pardon me if for a brief space I become personal. My object is simply to preserve in regular order, and to perpetuate, the names and positions held by my most intimate associates in the medical service of the Confederate army; and, if time permitted, it would have been a pleasant task to present in this paper biographical sketches of each friend and associate herein mentioned.

My first hospital service dates from 1862, after my discharge from the service on account of illness—I was then a private in the Richmond Howitzers. I entered hospital "Midway," between the University of Virginia and Charlottesville, Drs. James L. Cabell, John Staige Davis, B. W. Allen, Peter Winston, and others in control. The first three were professors at the University of Virginia. Dr. Cabell, surgeon in charge, was a man of profound knowledge and varied information, and a fine executive officer. It was said of him that he could fill creditably any chair at the University. Dr. Davis had a Southern reputation as a brilliant and beautiful lecturer. Dr. Allen was an anatomist and a skillful surgeon. Dr. Winston left his studies in Paris and returned at the commencement of hostilities, and at once entered our service. My connection with the hospital was brief, but long enough to retain in my heart the warmest feelings for each one of my associates.

The exigencies of the service demanded all who could administer to the sick and wounded of the army, and I received an appointment as contract physician—*i. e.*, acting assistant surgeon—July 8, 1862, from Surgeon General Samuel P. Moore. The name of that grand head of the medical departments of the Confederacy impels me to acknowledge his kindness of heart to all of his subalterns; also his great work as an organizer, his remarkable executive ability, fitness for the high position, and his official work. Resigning his position of surgeon in the United States army, he was appointed surgeon general of the army and navy of the Confederacy in June, 1861, and continued in office until the surrender; then engaged in practice at Richmond, Va., until his death. He was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1813; and died in Richmond, Va., May 31, 1889. He was chosen President of the Association of Medical and Surgical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States, at Atlanta, Ga., May 25, 1874.

On my appointment I was assigned to duty at Howard's

Grove Hospital, Richmond, Va., Dr. James Bolton surgeon in charge. The tents and buildings were crowded with wounded soldiers from battlefields after a seven days' fight below Richmond. Dr. C. D. Rice, of Charleston, S. C., succeeded Surgeon Bolton, and I was ordered to Receiving and Distributing Hospital No. 9, "Seabrooks Warehouse;" twelve hundred beds; Surgeon C. W. P. Brock in charge; Assistant Surgeons, John Gravatt, Port Royal, Va., J. W. Brock, Richmond, Va., — Richardson, Texas, John Bragg, Petersburg, *et al.* Dr. C. W. P. Brock was one of the youngest men in the profession, and is now chief surgeon of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, Ex-President of the National Association of Railroad Surgeons (1893), Ex-President of the Alumni Association of the Medical College of Virginia, and has held many other positions of honor and trust.

I was ordered to Chimborazo Hospital after a short service at No. 9, and assigned to Division No. 5, "South Carolina;" afterwards to Virginia, Division No. 1, and remained until January, 1864. Ordered to appear before the Army Medical Board, composed of Surgeons Gedding, Holbrook, and Robertson, in Charleston, S. C., I passed a successful examination January 15, 1864, and was commissioned assistant surgeon Confederate States army, and ordered to report to Medical Director J. D. S. Cullen, of Lieut. Gen. Longstreet's Corps, at Knoxville, Tenn. I reported to Surgeon Maury, in absence of the medical director, and was ordered by him to report to Medical Director Frank A. Ramsey, of the Army of Tennessee, and by him ordered to report to Surgeon R. D. Hamilton, Bristol, Tenn. A short time there I was in charge temporarily of Wayside Hospital, and in hospital at Abingdon, Va., under Surgeon R. O. Curry; then in charge of transportation of sick and wounded from Gen. Longstreet's army to hospitals along line of railroads in Virginia.

On Gen. Longstreet's return to the Army of Northern Virginia, I was assigned to Kershaw's Brigade, and from the Wilderness to the surrender was with the Twentieth South Carolina Regiment (a short time with the Seventh South Carolina). On the retreat from Charleston, S. C., of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army I was captured at Fayetteville, N. C., and was paroled on the 13th day of May, 1865, at Charlotte, N. C., by Capt. N. Haight, U. S. Army.

The medical staff of Gen. Kershaw's Brigade, afterwards Gen. Conner's Brigade, was: Dr. James, Brigade Surgeon; Second South Carolina Regiment—Surgeon Simon Baruch, now of New York, and well known in connection with hydrotherapy; Assistant Surgeon Nott; Third South Carolina Regiment—Surgeon James Evans, Assistant Surgeons Dunlap and Mackie; Seventh South Carolina Regiment—Surgeon Carlyle, Assistant Surgeon J. R. Gildersleeve; Eighth South Carolina Regiment—Surgeon Pearce, Assistant Surgeons Neal and Speake; Twentieth South Carolina Regiment—Surgeon A. S. Sally, Assistant Surgeons D. W. Bartron and J. R. Gildersleeve. Dr. Sally was a highly educated gentleman of the old school, honest, upright, and pure; a writer and local historian.

My roster would be incomplete if I omitted that grand and venerable bishop, William W. Duncan, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, who was chaplain of the Twentieth South Carolina Regiment.

Of the many Confederate surgeons who were in the different fields of service, a number have since achieved State and national reputations, due in a measure to the stern lessons inculcated while participants in the bloody drama more than four decades ago, which were potent factors, developing in the subsequent battles of life a courageous bearing and self-reliant aggressiveness, ultimately leading to success—from defeat to victory.

A PERMANENT CONFEDERATE BENEFACTION.

(From the narrative printed in an elegant brochure for the W. L. I. and their friends, by Hon. W. A. Courtenay, former Chaplain and Chairman of Trustees.)

The history of "old Charleston's loyal sons" has been so continuously prominent in the annals of our country that it is only in order to refer very briefly to it here.

The Washington Light Infantry was founded by William Lowndes, in 1807, upon receiving the news of the "Leopard and Chesapeake" affair. Its roll of thirteen commanders, down to 1861, reveals the character of its membership—Lowndes, Cross, Crafts, Simons, Miller, Gilchrist, Ravenel, Lee, Jervey, Porter, Walker, Hatch, and Simonton.

The public observance of Washington's birthday, by an oration and social functions, on February 22 was an annual feature of W. L. I. life, and the annual response from the community indicated the highest public favor. This observance was continued up to and in the war period, the last celebration taking place in Fort Sumter, while the command was part of the garrison of the gateway of Charleston, on February 22, 1862.

Referring to earlier annals, the W. L. I. was designated, with the "Fusileer Francaise," as the special guard of honor to Lafayette upon his entrance in the city in 1825. Capt. W. H. Miller, commanding the Escort Battalion, announced all his orders in French.

On April 19, 1827, the venerable widow of Col. William Washington, of the Revolution, delivered to Capt. R. B. Gilchrist, in front of her residence, at South Bay and Church Streets, her husband's crimson battle flag, which had been identified with the battles of Cowpens, Guilford Courthouse, Hobkirk's Hill, and Eutaw Springs, in 1781. This great distinction has ever since had a marked influence on the life of the corps.

In the ante-bellum career of the corps there was maintained an *esprit de corps*, watchful and virile. "Success" was the rallying cry, and, without a single failure, uniformly crowned all company efforts. Witness the great parade of July 4, 1846, under Capt. W. D. Porter, with one hundred and forty-six members in line; and, fourteen years later, on July 4, 1860, under Capt. C. H. Simonton, with one hundred and forty-four members in line—both parades decisive tests of company pride and strength. Further mention of notable events is not possible in this necessarily brief narrative.

The recognized eminence, military and social, of the W. L. I. was shown at the opening of the great struggle of 1860-65. The first military order issued in all the Southland, in anticipation of that momentous struggle, was to the W. L. I. to take possession and guard the United States arsenal in Canonsboro a few days after the presidential election, November 6, 1860, and the service was continuous thereafter: first, under the authority of the State, and then, "for the war," in the Confederate army, "one company in peace, three full companies in war, one hundred and fourteen dead," and so the W. L. I., of Charleston, has the longest war-service record of any company in the South.

"The affair of the Leopard and Chesapeake involved no desecrated homes, no abandoned altars, no social insults, no unspeakable injuries. What wrongs perpetrated by England can compare in results with the storm of fiery desolation that swept over our country and left us in 1865, from the seaboard to the mountains, in fettered destitution, without a home, without a country, and almost without a hope? The question of duty in 1860 repeated the demand of 1807; that of 1865 combined them both. What do my people need? Arms and a life! Let them be given! This was the question of

1807 and of 1860: What do my people need? Bread and hope! This was the great question of 1865. Bread and hope were given, and something more was added. The bivouac of the dead was marked with a shaft of honor, that the stranger might know that the men who slept there died for their country. What heart and hand could do for the widow and orphan was done, and in the charter of the 'Charitable Association' was laid the corner stone of this 'reorganization of the old corps of 1807.'"

The war ended in the spring of 1865, and Gens. Lee and Johnston, in final orders, so announced to their respective armies, and advised the soldiers to return to their homes and resume their citizenship.

Charleston had made a protracted and successful defense, had "been kept virgin to the last," but at untold cost and sacrifice. With most of the city for many months within reach of hostile guns and shot and shell, a large part of the population had become refugees in the interior of the State. From Appomattox and Greensboro, from prison camps and hospitals, the Confederate soldiers from Charleston slowly made their way homeward during the summer and fall of 1865. Many found their families elsewhere, and did not return to the city. Those who finally did so saw it desolate and uninviting, grass growing in its deserted streets; conflagrations had destroyed large sections of the city; shot and shell had done much damage to property. To many it seemed that

"On the tomb of Hope interred
Stood the specter of Despair."

These were the conditions which the W. L. I. survivors had to face in their former happy and well-appointed homes; poverty was on every hand; the currency of the country had dropped out of sight and use. Of course no military organization was permissible. The first thought was an organization of W. L. I. survivors to help the destitute families of the "unreturning brave."

With the coming in of the new year, on January 11, 1866, a meeting of W. L. I. survivors was held in the parlors of the Charleston Hotel. Capt. James M. Carson presided and Sergt. W. M. Muckinuss acted as secretary. The object of the meeting was announced by Capt. Carson to be the organization of the "W. L. I. Charitable Association," to assist the families of those W. L. I.'s who had fallen or were disabled in the late struggle. This was voted unanimously, and the following committee was elected to prepare the necessary papers, draft of constitution, etc.: Capt. J. M. Carson, Col. C. H. Simonton, Lieut. H. B. Olney, William E. Holmes, and William E. Procter.

This committee reported to a meeting held at the Masonic Hall on February 22, 1866, and proceeded to organize the "W. L. I. Charitable Association," and elected the following officers:

1866—J. M. Carson, President; C. H. Simonton, Senior Warden; H. B. Olney, Junior Warden; J. L. Honour, Secretary and Treasurer.

In the subsequent years the following officers were annually elected:

1867—J. M. Carson, President; H. B. Olney, Senior Warden; Samuel J. Burger, Junior Warden; J. L. Honour, Secretary and Treasurer.

1868—J. M. Carson, President; H. B. Olney, Senior Warden; H. I. Greer, Junior Warden; J. L. Honour, Secretary and Treasurer.

1869—C. H. Simonton, President; H. B. Olney, Senior

Warden; T. G. Barker, Junior Warden; J. L. Honour, Secretary and Treasurer.

The same were reelected for 1870.

1871—H. B. Olney, President; J. L. Honour, Senior Warden; F. L. Parker, M.D., Junior Warden; D. B. Gilliland, Secretary and Treasurer.

1872—J. L. Honour, President; F. L. Parker, M.D., Senior Warden; A. W. Taft, Junior Warden; D. B. Gilliland, Secretary and Treasurer.

The same were reelected for 1873.

There are now few who can recall those nine years—1866-74—with the privations, humiliations, and poverty incident to those deplorable times of carpetbag and ignorant rule, and in stating what was done in those years those conditions must be kept in view.

The money help disbursed to those who needed assistance was as follows: 1866-67, \$152; 1868, \$201.50; 1869, \$118.70; 1870, \$187; 1871, \$224.50; 1872, \$190.50; 1873, \$229; 1874 \$169—a total of \$1,472.20, or an average annually of \$163.58.

Considering all the circumstances—the universal impoverishment of the community, and, of course, the very limited means of survivors—it is a unique, a marvelous exhibit, and is entitled to this permanent record; all being the contributions of members, except a gift of \$150 from the late James T. Welsman, which, with some other surplus funds, was invested to start a permanent charity fund. This amounted, in certain securities at par, to \$744, and was transferred at the consolidation of the "Charitable Association" and "W. L. I. Rifle Club" in 1875; this, then, is really the corner stone of the present "Annuitants' Fund" of the Washington Light Infantry of \$17,000 now held by the trustees of that fund, of which reference will be made hereafter.

The political condition of South Carolina, then called "The Prostrate State," was so deplorable that the inability to have regular military commands and the need of an organization of armed men led to the forming of "rifle clubs," mostly on the basis of old military commands. The W. L. I. took part in this movement, and the first large turn-out of armed men seen in Charleston since the war was in the celebration of Washington's birthday in 1873, when, upon the invitation of the W. L. I., all the "rifle clubs" paraded together, and about one thousand men, with arms in their hands, marched through the streets of Charleston.

The writer had been called to the command of the Rifle Club in May, 1872, with the promise of a short two-year service to secure a permanent life to the organization. Withdrawing from the command on May 22, 1874, this extract is made from his letter of resignation: "While attention to military studies and exactness in drill should mark your future, be ever mindful of those in whose homes are the vacant chairs, whose young lives have been darkened by broad shadows from recent battlefields—the widow and the fatherless. Let us illustrate our times with deeds of charity and of kindness; and, if incentive is wanting for renewed exertion in this direction, refer to the records of our own 'Charitable Association' for reminder of what earnest men can do. . . . Under their auspices they also erected the first memorial shaft raised in South Carolina in honor of the dead of the war."

Within one year the Easter Fair was held, the most brilliant public entertainment ever seen in Charleston, made so largely by the taste, talent, and energy of the late Maj. R. C. Gilchrist and the effective work of the members of the Rifle Club. The net proceeds were over \$8,000. In dealing with this handsome result, the Rifle Club created a trust (of five members), separate from the general treasury of the command.

The trustees have, in twenty-eight years, by judicious investments and reinvestments, doubled the original amount of 1875, and, as far as is known, this is to-day the only Permanent Confederate benefaction in the South. The management of this fund has been conducted throughout without one cent of cost for the administration—a labor of love by the trustees!

BATTLES PARTICIPATED IN BY W. L. I. COMPANIES, 1860-65.
Appomattox, Battery Wagner, Boonesboro Gap, Bermuda

Hundreds, Cold Harbor (1st and 2d), Chickamauga, Charles City Road, Campbell Station, Deep Bottom, Darby Town Road, Drewry's Bluff, Elkin's Landing, Fort Sumter, Fort Fisher, Farmville, Tenn., Fort Anderson, Fredericksburg, Gaines's Mill, Knoxville, Lannier's Station, Legare's Point, Manassas (1st and 2d), Malvern Hill, Nine Mile Road, New Market, Petersburg, Richmond, Riddle's Shops, Rivers, S. C., Secessionville, Seven Pines, Sharpsburg, Swift Creek, Thoroughfare Gap, Turkey Ridge, Town Creek, Walthall Junction, Weldon Road, Wells's Valley, Yorktown, besides many smaller engagements.



W. L. I. MONUMENT.

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT.

The gray granite obelisk, in honor of the dead of the W. L. I., stands in Washington Square, is forty-five feet high, and bears, in a bronze panel, this pathetic inscription:

"At every board a vacant chair
Fills with quick tears some tender eye,
And at our maddest sports appears
A well-loved form that will not die.
We lift the glass, our hand is stayed;
We jest, a specter rises up;
And, weeping, though no word is said,
We kiss and pass the silent cup."

This shaft commemorates
The patience, fortitude, heroism,
unswerving fidelity to South Carolina,
and the sacrifices of

The Washington Light Infantry
In the War between the States, 1860-65.
One company in peace; three full companies
For the war.
Besides the maimed, wounded, and captured

one hundred and fourteen died in battle,
in hospital, or on the weary wayside.

In obedience

To a sentiment of honor and the call of duty
and in pledge of their sincerity they made
The last sacrifice, they laid down their lives,
Officers and men;

They were of the very flower of this
ancient city, her young hope and fair renown.

"Fortuna non mutat genus."

Erected 1891.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ashmead Courtenay celebrated their golden wedding day, October 19, at their beautiful home, Innisfallen, Newry, S. C. Responding to the request of a friend, who suggested an account of the event for the *VETERAN*, the venerable head of the family wrote the editor: "I inclose a card which shows that it will be only a family gathering at dinner—three generations, third, fourth, and fifth, represented. While grateful for our preservation through all the vicissitudes of half a century, the long procession of dead friends shadows our quiet festal day."

WHEELER ON SHERMAN'S FLANKS IN GEORGIA.

BY W. C. DODSON, ATLANTA, GA.

The article in the September *VETERAN* telling what "Marching through Georgia" means must stir the blood of every true lover of the South. As stated, Wheeler's Cavalry was the only command to oppose Sherman's hordes, and, though this was comparatively a feeble force, too much praise cannot be given them for what they accomplished. They were not strong enough to fight pitched battles, and could not even naturally retard Sherman's march; but they hung on his flanks and rear, and by confining his march to narrower limits saved millions of dollars' worth of property from destruction.

This command had of necessity to subsist upon the already depleted country, and thereby incurred much prejudice from the citizens, who did not realize that where we consumed one dollar's worth of food and forage we saved one hundred times as much from the torch of the incendiary. That Sherman himself realized this is evidenced by his saying on more than one occasion, during and after the war, that Wheeler and his cavalry gave him more trouble than all other Confederates.

As evidence that time has not entirely eradicated the prejudice against my old command in the minds of some of the people of Georgia and South Carolina, I mention that only recently there appeared in one of our Atlanta papers an article from a talented lady correspondent reciting the hardships and privations she experienced from the depredations of "Wheeler's Cavalry and Sherman's bums." O, the pity of it, that this should come from the pen of a Southern woman! Of course she did not know that all that stood between the homes of her people and Sherman's bums, and often between Southern women and a fate worse than death, was this same Wheeler's Cavalry, which she indirectly denounced.

It is not my wish to perpetuate the passions of the Civil War by reciting its horrors; but lest we forget, and lest our posterity should not know what "Marching through Georgia" meant, I will recount a few incidents.

Maj. J. P. Austin, of the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry (William C. P. Breckinridge's Regiment), relates that shortly after his regiment left Milledgeville, Ga., in the wake of Sherman's army with a detachment he charged upon a squad of "bums" who were looting a house. As his boys rushed in, yelling and shooting, they discovered that the house and contents

were almost completely wrecked, an elegant mirror over the mantel and other furniture smashed, the piano split open with an ax, and a fire kindled under the house. In one room they discovered a blue-coated scoundrel holding a young lady in his arms, and using her as a shield to escape the fast-flying bullets. Presently, Austin relates, the young woman stiffened herself and, with a look in her eyes such as Joan of Arc must have worn when she was going to the stake, exclaimed: "Shoot through me and kill him." They killed him all right and all of his companions in crime; but the brave girl was not injured, though her face was spattered with blood, as one of the Kentuckians, watching his opportunity, reached over her shoulder and blew the miscreant's brains out.

A reputable physician, now residing near Milledgeville, Ga., relates that in South Carolina, as he, with a squad of scouts from the Third Arkansas Regiment, Harrison's Brigade of Wheeler's Cavalry, were passing a farmhouse, they saw an old man leaning on the gatepost crying. He was a Baptist minister, and told them that a party of Sherman's men had just left his house, after outraging his daughter.

Horse flesh suffered for a few miles after this; but when the fiends were overtaken, the old white-haired man of God and his despoiled daughter were avenged. The Arkansas boys killed all but one of the ravishing party; and he, being only a youth and desperately wounded, was spared when he pleaded: "Boys, I know why you do this, but I had nothing to do with it."

The "Official Records of the War of the Rebellion" contain considerable correspondence between Kilpatrick and Wheeler and Sherman and Hampton about the killing by Wheeler's men of twenty-eight of Kilpatrick's command, and twenty-eight of our men (one a member of my company) were detailed to be shot in retaliation. Wheeler insisted to Kilpatrick that his men ought to have been killed, and threatened, if our men were shot, that twice the number of Federals would be executed, and officers selected. Our men were exchanged.

These twenty-eight men were killed by squads of scouts under command of two lieutenants of my regiment, the Fifty-First Alabama, Partisan Rangers. One of these ex-lieutenants opens the monthly meetings of our Camp with prayer, and the other was until recently president of a female college in Alabama. I have never been able to get the details from these scouts, for they are averse to talking about it.

These incidents were related to me by individual members of three regiments, and no doubt other commands had similar experiences. Sherman's "Marching through Georgia" and South Carolina was not altogether a picnic, for, besides the lone chimneys and blackened ruins which marked his route, the buzzards feasted on the carcasses of "missing" bummers.

"UNDER CONFEDERATE FLAGS."

A Richmond (Va.) special of November 16 states: "Amid a profusion of Confederate flags, while the banner of A. P. Hill Camp rustled its folds above their heads, Miss Lucy Lee Hill and Gen. James Macgill were united in marriage at 5:30 o'clock this afternoon in St. Paul Episcopal Church, Petersburg. It was a military wedding, with a choral service, and all the ushers were Sons of Veterans and active in that organization. Bishop Randolph, assisted by Rev. Dr. Bunting, performed the ceremony. Mrs. William Macgill was matron of honor, and the groom's son, Charles Macgill, was best man. The bride was escorted to the altar by Stith Boling, Past Grand Commander of the State Grand Camp of Veterans."

"RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS OF GEN. LEE."

(Further extracts from the work by Capt. R. E. Lee.)

Concerning the death of "Jeb" Stuart, Captain Lee writes:

"The death of his dashing chief of cavalry was a great blow to Gen. Lee. He was on Traveler when a courier dashed up with the news that Stuart was mortally wounded. Gen. Lee was evidently greatly affected, and said, slowly, as he folded up the dispatch: 'Gen. Stuart has been mortally wounded; a most valuable and able officer.' Then, after a moment he added in a voice of deep feeling, 'He never brought me a piece of false information,' turned, and looked away."

At Appomattox, when the last heroic attempt was made with Gordon and Fitzhugh Lee to break through the lines of the enemy, and Col. Venable informed Gen. Lee that it was not possible, he said: 'Then there is nothing left me but to go and see Gen. Grant.' When some one near him, hearing this, said, "O, General, what will history say of the surrender of the army in the field?" he replied, "Yes, I know they will say hard things of us; they will not understand how we were overwhelmed by numbers; but that is not the question, Colonel; the question is, Is it right to surrender this army? If it is right, then I will take all the responsibility." And he did.

"A day or two after the surrender Gen. Lee started for Richmond, riding Traveler, who had carried him so well all through the war. He was accompanied by some of his staff. On the way he stopped at the house of his eldest brother, Charles Carter Lee, who lived in Powhatan County. He spent the evening in talking with his brother, but when bedtime came, though begged by his host to take the room and bed prepared for him, he insisted on going to his old tent, pitched by the roadside, and passed the night in the quarters that he was accustomed to. On April 15 he arrived in Richmond. The people there soon recognized him; men, women, and children crowded around him, cheering and waving hats and handkerchiefs. It was more like the welcome to a conqueror than to a defeated prisoner on parole. He raised his hat in response to their greetings, and rode quietly to his home on Franklin Street, where my mother and sisters were anxiously awaiting him. Thus he returned to that private family life for which he had always longed, and became what he always desired to be—a peaceful citizen in a peaceful land."

To his son at this time he wrote, referring to the proposed indictment of prominent Confederates:

" . . . As soon as I can ascertain their intention toward me, if not prevented, I shall endeavor to procure some humble but quiet abode for your mother and sisters, where I hope they can be happy. As I before said, I want to get in some grass country where the natural product of the land will do much for my subsistence. . . ."

But he finally accepted the presidency of the Washington College, at Lexington, Va., and in doing so felt that he was taking a constructive step toward the upbuilding of the land to which he had given his best services.

"General Lee was always romping with the little ones. He petted the two younger children a great deal.

"Our greatest treat was to get into his bed in the morning and lie close to him, listening while he talked to us in his bright, entertaining way. He was very fond of having his hands tickled, and, what was still more curious, it pleased and delighted him to take off his slippers and place his feet

in our laps in order to have them tickled. . . . He would often tell us the most delightful stories, but the command would be, 'No tickling, no story.'"

Capt. Lee speaks of his father's punctuality, a characteristic that marked him all his life. Writing of him as commandant at West Point, he says:

"My father was the most punctual man I ever knew. He was always ready for family prayers, for meals, and met every engagement, social or business, at the moment. He expected all of us to be the same. I never knew him late for Sunday service at the post chapel. When he could wait no longer for my mother he would march along to church by himself, or with any of the children who were ready. There he sat very straight—well up the middle aisle."

On April 20, 1861, Gen. Lee resigned his commission in the United States army. In a letter to his sister, he says: "With all my devotion to the Union and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. . . . I know you will blame me; but you must think as kindly of me as you can, and believe that I have endeavored to do what I thought right."

But Virginia had joined the column of her Southern sisters, and Lee was placed in command of her State troops. There came victory at the first battle of Bull Run. Of the great battle he wrote to his wife:

" . . . That, indeed, was a glorious victory and has lightened the pressure upon our front amazingly. Do not grieve for the brave dead. Sorrow for those they left behind—friends, relatives, and families. The former are at rest; the latter must suffer. The battle will be repeated in greater force. I hope God will again smile on us and strengthen our hearts and arms. I wished to partake in the former struggle, and am mortified at my absence, but the President thought it more important that I should be in Richmond. I could not have done as well as has been done, but I could have helped, and taken part in the struggle for my home and neighborhood."

The deep religious feeling of General Lee is always manifest. On Sunday, December 8, 1861, he wrote to his wife:

"I cannot let this day of grateful rejoicing pass, dear Mary, without some communication with you. I am thankful for the many among the past that I have passed with you, and the remembrance of them fills me with pleasure. For those on which we have been separated we must not repine. If it will make us more resigned and better prepared for what is in store for us, we should rejoice. Now we must be content with the many blessings we receive. If we can only become sensible of our transgressions, so as to be fully penitent and forgiven, that this heavy punishment under which we labor may with justice be removed from us and the whole nation, what a gracious consummation it will be of all we have endured!"

No act in Gen. Lee's whole military career was more typical of his sense of justice and impartiality than when he allowed his son (the compiler of the present volume) to enlist as private. Robert was then a student at the University of Virginia. He was wild to get into the army. On this subject General Lee wrote as follows to his wife: "I wrote to Robert that I would not consent to take boys from their schools and young men from their colleges and put them in the ranks at the beginning of a war. . . ."

The war may last ten years. Where are our ranks to be filled from?"

But in the spring of 1862 Gen. Lee allowed his son to enlist. He joined the Rockbridge Artillery. Of the circumstance Captain Lee wrote of his father:

"He was just as sweet and loving to me then as in the old days. I had seen so little of him during the last six years that I stood somewhat in awe of him. I soon found, however, that I had no cause for such a feeling. He took great pains in getting what was necessary for me. It was characteristic of his consideration for others and the unselfishness of his nature that at this time, when weighed down, harassed, and burdened by the cares incident to bringing the untrained forces of the Confederacy into the field, and preparing them for a struggle the seriousness of which he knew better than any one, he should give his time and attention to the minute details of fitting out his youngest son as a private soldier. Neither my mother, my father, my friends, expected any other course, and I do not suppose it ever occurred to my father to think of giving me an office, which he could easily have done. I know it never occurred to me. With the good advice to be obedient to all authority, to do my duty in everything, great or small, he bade me good-by and sent me off to the Valley of Virginia, where the command in which I was about to enlist was serving under 'Stonewall' Jackson."

Capt. Lee became a private in his father's great army. How he met his father he tells us as follows:

"The day after the battle of Cold Harbor, during the seven days' fighting around Richmond, was the first time I met my father after I had joined Gen. Jackson. The tremendous work Stonewall Jackson's men had performed, including the rapid march from the Valley of Virginia, the short rations, the bad water, and the great heat, had begun to tell upon us. On this particular morning, my battery had not moved from its bivouac ground of the previous night, but was parked in an open field, all ready, waiting orders. Most of the men were lying down, many sleeping, myself among the latter number. To get some shade and to be out of the way, I had crawled under a caisson. Suddenly I was rudely awakened by a comrade prodding me with a sponge staff, as I had failed to be aroused by his call, and was told to get up and come out, that some one wished to see me. Half awake, I staggered out, and found myself face to face with Gen. Lee and his staff. Their fresh uniforms, bright equipments, and well-groomed horses contrasted so forcibly with the war-worn appearance of our command that I was completely dazed. It took me a moment or two to realize what it all meant, but when I saw my father's loving eyes and smile it became clear to me that he had ridden by to see me. I remember well how curiously those who were with him gazed at me, and I am sure that it must have struck them as very odd that such a dirty, ragged, unkempt youth could have been the son of Gen. Lee."

Continuing, Capt. Lee says:

"When I again saw my father, he rode at the head of Longstreet's men on the field of Manassas, and we of Jackson's Corps, hard pressed for two days, welcomed him, and the divisions which followed him, with great cheers. The rifle-guns from our battery had been detached and sent to join Longstreet's advance artillery, under Gen. Stephen D. Lee, moving into action on our right. I was No. 1 at one of these

guns. We advanced rapidly, from hill to hill, firing as fast as we could, trying to keep ahead of our gallant comrades, just arrived. As we were ordered to cease firing from the last position we took, and the breathless cannoneers were leaning on their guns, Gen. Lee and staff galloped up, and from this point of vantage scanned the movements of the enemy and of our forces. The General reined in Traveler close by my gun, not fifteen feet from me. I looked at them a few minutes, and then went up and spoke to Capt. Mason, of the staff, who had not the slightest idea who I was. When he found me out he was greatly amused, and introduced me to several others, whom I already knew. My appearance was even less prepossessing than when I had met my father at Cold Harbor, for I had been marching night and day for four days, with no opportunity to wash myself or my clothes; my face and hands were blackened with powder sweat, and the few garments I had on were ragged and stained with the red soil of that section. When the General, after a moment or two, dropped his glass to his side, and turned to his staff, Captain Mason said: 'General, here is some one who wants to speak to you.'

"The General, seeing a much-begrimed artilleryman, sponge staff in hand, said: 'Well, my man, what can I do for you?' I replied, 'Why, General, don't you know me?' and he of course at once recognized me, and was very much amused at my appearance and most glad to see that I was safe and well."

But the most dramatic meeting between father and son was at Sharpsburg, which Capt. Lee describes as follows:

"As one of the Army of Northern Virginia, I occasionally saw the Commander in Chief on the march, or passed the headquarters close enough to recognize him and members of his staff; but a private soldier in Jackson's Corps did not have much time during that campaign for visiting, and until the battle of Sharpsburg I had no opportunity of speaking to him. On that occasion our battery had been severely handled, losing many men and horses. Having three guns disabled, we were ordered to withdraw, and while moving back we passed Gen. Lee and several of his staff, grouped on a little knoll near the road. Having no definite orders where to go, our captain, seeing the commanding general, halted us and rode over to get some instructions. Some others and myself went over to see and hear. Gen. Lee was dismounted with some of his staff around him, a courier holding his horse. Captain Poague, commanding our battery, the Rockbridge Artillery, saluted, reported our condition, and asked for instructions. The General, listening patiently, looked at us—his eyes passing over me without any sign of recognition—and then ordered Capt. Poague to take the most serviceable horses and men, man the uninjured gun, send the disabled part of his command back to refit, and report to the front for duty. As Poague turned to go, I went up to speak to my father. When he found out who I was, he congratulated me on being well and unhurt. I then said: 'General, are you going to send us in again?' 'Yes, my son,' he replied with a smile, 'you all must do what you can to help drive these people back.' Accounts of this meeting between Gen. Lee and myself have been told very often and in many different ways, but the above is what I remember of the circumstances."

Of the hard winter of 1863, Capt. Lee, who had been pro-

moted and was then serving on the staff of his brother, Gen. W. H. F. Lee, says:

"During this winter, which was a very severe one, the sufferings of Gen. Lee's soldiers on account of insufficient shelter and clothing, the scant rations for man and beast, the increasing destitution throughout the country, and his inability to better these conditions, bore heavily upon him. But he was bright and cheerful to those around him, never complaining of any one nor about anything, and often indulging in his quaint humor, especially with the younger officers, as when he remarked to one of them, who complained of the tough biscuit at breakfast: 'You ought not to mind that; they will stick by you the longer.'"

Yet Gen. Lee was cheerful, even humorous, in the midst of discomfort and cold. To his wife he wrote:

"The cars have arrived and brought me a young French officer, full of vivacity, and ardent for service. I think the appearance of things will cool him. If they do not, the night will, for he brought no blankets."

The General was always the Christian knight in the very midst of war's alarms. His son, Fitzhugh Lee, was captured by the enemy. Of this event he wrote to his wife:

"I have heard with great grief that Fitzhugh has been captured by the enemy. Had not expected that he would be taken from his bed and carried off, but we must bear this additional affliction with fortitude and resignation, and not repine at the will of God. It will eventuate in some good that we know not of now. We must bear our labors and hardships manfully. Our noble men are cheerful and confident. I constantly remember you in my thoughts and prayers."

FLANKING HOOD AT NASHVILLE.

BY CAPT. THEODORE G. CARTER, COMPANY K, SEVENTH MINNESOTA INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS, DEADWOOD, S. D.

Editor Veteran: Being absent from home, I did not see your invitation to "both sides" to contribute articles with reference to the battle of Nashville. It is now late; but if there is anything in the following recollections of a line officer who wore the blue which you think will interest your readers, you can use it.

Previous to the battle our regiment, the Seventh Minnesota, in the Third Brigade, First Division, Sixteenth Army Corps, lay along the outer line of works in front of Nashville, our right resting on the railroad running to Johnsonville. On the morning of December 15 we marched out through the fog and formed in column of brigades on the left of the Harding Pike, and about a mile and one-half in advance of our works. Here we deployed into line, and I think that our regiment was on the extreme left of our corps. We then marched in line of battle for some distance, when it was discovered that there was a long interval to our left which was unoccupied. We lay here until some time in the afternoon, out of range of small arms, but subject to the fire of a battery on a high point just to the left of the Hillsboro Pike, which was annoying, the guns being well served by experienced gunners. Late in the afternoon we were ordered to storm the works in our front, being stone walls with a redoubt on the right of the Hillsboro Pike, just opposite the battery mentioned above.

We advanced on the run down a gentle slope and through open woods until out of breath, when we lay down for a few minutes; then we ran down across a little brook and lay down under cover of the slope ascending to the redoubt. We went

into the redoubt, or such portion of our regiment as fronted on it did, which included my company. Of course all of this was not done without opposition on the part of the Confederates. We suffered from the direct fire from the works assaulted, and also from a cross fire, enfilading our line part of the time, from the fort on the hill across the pike.

We had scarcely gained possession of the works when the fort across the way opened upon us, not regarding the fact that there were about as many Confederates with us inside of the redoubt as there were of our own men.

It is almost a miracle that any one was left alive in that redoubt, for the gunners cut their fuses so that every shell burst inside of it, and there did not seem to be ten seconds' interval between the discharges. Col. S. G. Hill, our brigade commander, gave the order to charge the fort on the hill, and was shot through the head the next moment. Our major heard the order and repeated it; we jumped down from the wall, and, led by Col. Marshall, crossed the pike and climbed the hill, the Confederates leaving the fort as we got to it. We followed on through the woods until dusk, when we bivouacked for the night. As we followed the Confederates who evacuated the fort on the hill, we did not leave any one to take possession of the guns, and I saw a line of our troops advancing toward it from the front, but several hundred yards distant. They bravely marched up to it and carried the works, and received the credit, which their commander claimed in his report, and which, so far as I know, was never disputed, as the reports were never seen until published by the government.

I have just looked over the reports of Col. Wolfe, commanding the Third Brigade, Second Division, Detachment Army of the Tennessee (by which we were designated at Nashville instead of Sixteenth Corps), and find he claims that his skirmishers captured the fort; but from Gen. Smith's report it seems that the Fourth Corps captured it. It might be interesting to ascertain how many guns were captured at Nashville, taking the statements of our generals and subordinate commanders as being correct.

Although tired out with the day's experiences, the night was so cold that I could get no continuous sleep. We were aroused long before daylight of the 16th and made a long and weary march, halting at some newly constructed works, probably the abandoned Confederate line of the day before. Here we halted, but in a few moments an orderly rode up on the gallop, and the next moment the bugle sounded the "assembly," followed by the "march." . . . We swung to the right, with my company on the "moving flank," and it was hard work to get through the woods; but finally we came out to a road, crossing which we went into a field and into a ravine which led up to the rear of the "Bradford House." In this ravine we stopped to catch our breath, and found it a good place to be in, as a brisk cannonading was being carried on over our heads, one of my men being wounded from a piece of shell while resting there.

Directly the regiment began moving to the right by the flank, and as my position in line of battle when on the march was on the left of my company, and as the ravine was narrow and the company strung out in single file, it took me some time to run to the head, which saved my life, for when within about twenty feet of my proper position, the regiment coming out of the ravine on to the grounds around the "Bradford House," a shell from the Pointe Coupee Battery (Louisiana Troops) burst and killed the rear man of the company in front of mine and the first man of my company.

We went into line at right angles to the Granny White Pike,

our left slightly in advance of the house, but a little to the right of it, the Twelfth Iowa being between us and the pike. Here we lay in the rain skirmishing until about 3 P.M., when we saw one of our regiments on the extreme right of our line (on Shy's Hill) begin a charge on the Confederate works. As we saw them go over the works and heard the cheering we realized that the business was "catching," and that in a few minutes we would have to do the same thing.

About the time the first regiment had reached the Confederate works the next one to it started, and in that order they kept on until but a short distance away from us, when our colonel, who was commanding the brigade that day, rode from our right and rear and ordered us to charge.

We rose and, throwing down the fence, advanced on the run until we reached the Confederate rifle pits, made of rails, where we halted for breath. The field was a hard one to travel over, the mud being ankle deep. Directly we advanced, the regiment obliqued to the right to get through the only gap in the wall; in fact, the only one for a long distance either way. My company was directly in front of the Pointe Coupee Battery, which had poured grape, canister, and shrapnel into us from the moment we started, and the supporting line had also done their share with their rifles. The works, a stone wall built up very high, with rails laid a part of the way from the top and sloping to the ground toward us, had no opening in our front, except a slight notch at the top, just to the left of the battery. The greater portion of my company had, as was right, "touched elbows" to the right, while ten or twelve had touched to the left; and, as I was looking to the front, calculating how we could get over the wall, I had not noticed the oblique movement. As soon as I saw it, there being a wide gap in my company, I told the boys that we would go right ahead. We reached the wall just as the "break" came, and the notch in the wall was so high, and I was so badly used up with a stitch in the side, that the boys had to boost me up to the notch, through which I climbed and dropped to the ground just as my colonel came along inside the line on the gallop, calling out: "Lay down your arms and surrender." There were but four or five men in the battery, one the commander, Capt. Alcide Bouanchaud, and they had ceased resisting. I told the men who were with me to follow me, and went to the support of my colonel, who was entirely alone and surrounded by, apparently, thousands of the Confederates. In the morning, before we advanced, I had told my second lieutenant, James B. Turritin, that, in the event of our capturing any cannon that day, to take a guard and stay with them. This he did, as our company, after getting inside of the works, advancing by the left flank, were the first to reach the battery. And now I learn from "history," if the reports of officers are history, that the brigade directly on our right captured the battery; and, in fact, the brigade commander, with his staff, rode down and ordered my lieutenant to take his men and rejoin his regiment. But the lieutenant told him flatly that he would only be relieved by his own officers. . . . The two brigade commanders got together—I think they were politicians—and agreed to divide the guns, each taking two.

I also learn from the same source that the command on my left, which did not start until after we did, also captured those same guns; and they even went one better, for one of their men captured (?) the guidon of the battery, and received notice in general orders and a Congressional medal for bravery in action—all of which should teach soldiers that, when they capture anything, they should rummage around and see that there is not anything left lying on the ground, and take the whole aggregation with them. Such is glory.

Now, I never thought much about the glory-business until since I began to read history from the "Rebellion Records." I now see how it is done.

I forgot to say in the proper place that there was no intention of charging the Confederates on the 16th, as we had received orders to intrench, and our details sent for intrenching tools had nearly reached our lines when the charge took place. Besides, Col. Marshall told me a few days after, that he went to Gen. Smith's headquarters and urged the General to make a charge, that the General said: "No, there will be no charge. We are going to intrench." While talking he heard the noise of the charge, the increased fire, and the cheering, and he said to the General, "They are charging now," to which the General replied: "No, I don't understand that there is to be a charge." But the Colonel did not wait for any more words—he put spurs to his horse and dashed up, as I have described, and ordered the charge.

TENNESSEE FLAGS AT GETTYSBURG.—There were only three organized regiments of Tennessee troops in the Army of Northern Virginia—the First, the Seventh, and the Fourteenth. All three were members of Archer's Brigade and participated in Pickett's memorable charge on the last day at Gettysburg. Lieut. Col. S. G. Shepard, of the Seventh, in his report of the action of Archer's Brigade on that day says, in speaking of the Tennesseans: "The First Tennessee had three color bearers shot down, the last falling at the enemy's works and the flag being captured; the Fourteenth had four color bearers shot down, the last falling at the enemy's works; the Seventh had three color bearers shot down, the last falling at the enemy's works, but the flag was saved by Captain A. D. Norris, who tore it from the staff and brought it out under his coat."

"Brave Tennessee! Reckless the way
Virginia heard her comrade say,
'Close round this rent and riddled rag,'
What time she set her battle flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday."

TRIBUTE TO GEN. W. J. HARDEE.—Concerning Rev. P. D. Stephenson, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Woodstock, Va., who was chaplain of Govan's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, wrote to ex-Gov. James D. Porter, Nashville, as follows: "My Dear and Honored Sir and Comrade: I read last night your short tribute to Gen. Hardee in the October VETERAN, just to hand. You say: 'One of these days, when the VETERAN has a surplus of space and I have more leisure, I will recount to its readers the story of his campaign.' These words embolden me, stranger though I am, to drop you this note. And my object is to beg you to do that thing at once. It will be at the cost of much labor and self-sacrifice, I am sure, for a busy man like you, but I believe I can speak in the name of the whole army of Tennessee, and especially 'Old Reliable's' own corps, when I plead with you to rescue his name from the reproach of the oblivion now threatening it. Gen. Hardee, in my judgment, came nearer to Gen. Lee in roundness and greatness of gifts and character than any other of our commanders. His modesty kept it hid from the public eye, but his soldiers knew it. He never made a mistake, nor failed in any self-originated undertaking."

Gov. Porter has several letters of like nature, and every surviving soldier of the Army of Tennessee would be gratified to see imperishable record of the honor due Gen. Hardee.



FROM GROUP OF CUTS MADE FOR U. S. C. V.

Col. W. A. Polk, of Corsicana, Tex., sends the following notice: "There passed away about two years ago, in Blooming Grove, Tex., W. R. Chambers, who was a lieutenant in the Second Missouri Cavalry, under Col. Robert McCulloch. He served under different brigade commanders, in Buford's and Chalmers's Divisions alternately, under Forrest. His widow is now a resident of Columbus, Miss., which State is paying a nice pension to the widows of Confederate soldiers. Mrs. Chambers is in very reduced circumstances, and any information in regard to Lieut. Chambers's war record, addressed to me, will be promptly forwarded to her."

THE BUGLES OF THE GRAY.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

I stood one night where Shenandoah
Goes singing to the sea;
'Neath bush and pine and crag and vine
It sang a song to me;
The cricket had retired to rest,
Hushed was the saber play,
But far and near I seemed to hear
The bugles of the Gray.

The starlight fell upon the waves,
The night was clear and still,
Methought I saw the camp fires gleam
Upon a battle hill;
And through the lone pines seemed to come
In mellow notes, but gay,
Now mingled with the magic drums,
The bugles of the Gray.

I seemed to see beyond the stream
The stainless sword of Lee,
To catch the flash of Stuart's plume
That led to victory;
I listened 'mong the somber pines
That stretched so far away,
And heard along the battle lines
The bugles of the Gray.

But ah! it must have been a dream
Where flows the river fair;
I look and see no lines of Lee,
For all is stillness there;
The tender brave who nobly died
Where carnage held its sway
Will hear no more along that shore
The bugles of the Gray.

They're hushed fore'er, no more they'll blow,
The lips they touched are still,
The rider and his steed doth rest
Upon the ghostly hill;
But ah! a people loved to hear,
By night as well as day,
Where sweetly flows the Shenandoah,
The bugles of the Gray.

They're silent where they sweetly blew,
They stirred heroic souls;
A people weep o'er those who sleep
Where far the river rolls;
But that fair night by Shenandoah
I surely heard them play,
And still I hear in accents clear
The bugles of the Gray.

THE FIGHT AT FORT GILMER.

BY DR. T. J. MAY, ENNIS, TEX.

In the June VETERAN, page 286, Gen. George Reese, of Pensacola, Fla., gives an account of what he saw five Confederate soldiers do at Fort Gilmer, in front of Richmond, not Petersburg, as the heading of the article indicates. I was one of the five men he refers to, and remember the circumstance Gen. Reese describes just as distinctly as if it had happened last week. This bloody little fight sounds so unreasonable that I would never have written an account of it had it not

been first mentioned by one who witnessed the results and did not himself participate in it, but at the same time expressing a desire to know if any of the five men who defended Fort Gilmer were yet living. I do not remember the exact date, but it was in the spring of 1864. Hood's Texas Brigade was stationed to the right of New Market Heights. The First Texas was on the left, in a creek bottom heavily timbered, the Fourth next to the First, the Fifth next, and the Third Arkansas on the right. The negroes charged our line before it was light enough for us to see them two hundred yards away. Just before daylight our pickets in front began to fire, and instantly our men were up and formed before the bugle could sound the assembly. Shortly our pickets bounded over the breastworks, shouting out: "Niggers, boys, niggers." By the time the last ones got inside we could dimly see the first line approaching through an old apple orchard in our front. "Make every shot count, boys," was the order, and we did. The negroes made a dash for the timber in front of the First Texas. They were four lines deep when they made a rush for our works, and some of them got over. Word quickly passed up the line that the First Texas and the negroes were fighting it out in the ditch together. Without waiting for orders the Fourth dashed for that part of the line, and killed all the negroes inside, except a few that were taken prisoners.

Just after sunrise a courier galloped up and informed Gen. Field that the Yankees had captured Fort Harrison, about three miles to our right and on the same line with us. This necessitated our withdrawal to an inner line, a half mile in our rear, and nearer Richmond. In falling back I became separated from my command, and reached the line near a little fort, unoccupied at the time, in which were two cannon. A comrade named Stewart was with me, and in a few minutes three other soldiers came in. If I remember correctly, two were North Carolinians and the other from Georgia. The negroes had followed us closely, and in a few minutes we saw their lines coming. I remarked that if we had any one who knew how to handle the cannon I thought we could stand them off for a time at least, whereupon the two "Tar Heels" said they knew how to serve the guns. There was plenty of ammunition, and at it we went, giving them first shell, and, as they came nearer, grapeshot and canister. They tried to break ranks several times and fall back, but their white officers behind them, slashing right and left with their swords, drove them on, until they got to our works and in the moat that surrounded the little fort.

We had abandoned the cannon and gone to our muskets just before they reached the ditch, and as soon as one would show his head above the works we would shoot him. They would lift each other up on their shoulders, but it was certain death when they showed their heads. After we had killed a number of them they appeared to get tired of that kind of exercise and gave us a breathing spell, when one of our artillery fellows found time to cut and light the fuse to a shell, which he threw over amongst them; it exploded, evidently doing much damage, for, after tossing over the second one, they yelled out that they would surrender. My recollection is that something like four hundred surrendered; but I do know that there were between forty and fifty killed in the moat, some by the shells, but most of them were shot in the head. I desire to say to Comrade Reese that I am the one, of the five in the fort, who carried him up on the parapet and showed him the dead negroes in the moat beneath us. I remember the incident distinctly.

"FIGHTING" KILPATRICK'S ESCAPE.

BY H. H. SCOTT, MORGANA, S. C.

In the April *VETERAN*, page 177, Lieut. Col. John W. Inzer, of the Twenty-Second and Fifty-Eighth Alabama Infantry, writes of how Gen. Kilpatrick's command was surprised and that officer's pistols and holsters were captured by Gen. Wheeler's command. Comrade Inzer's informant (he writes from hearsay) is mistaken. Gen. Wade Hampton is the one entitled to the honor of surprising Kilpatrick. Comrade Inzer says: "Gen. Wheeler divided his command and surrounded Kilpatrick's camp that night. He first sent out scouts to take in the Yankee pickets; this was done successfully, and at break of day the command was ordered to cross a marshy swamp and attack the enemy."

Now Lieut. Gen. Wade Hampton, in command of all the cavalry, including Wheeler's, was present. The writer, who was one of Gen. Hampton's headquarters scouts, and Capt. Shannon, chief of Wheeler's scouts, rode in front of our columns most of the day, Gen. M. C. Butler's Division leading. We struck the road on which Kilpatrick was moving a little after dark, in his rear, and it was at that time we captured his rear guard pickets. Consequently there was nothing to interrupt our march. Gen. Hampton, Capt. Shannon, and I, riding in front of the column, soon came within sight of Kilpatrick's camp fires, when Gen. Hampton ordered me to go back and "tell Gen. Butler to halt the command, dismount, and hold their horses;" and they did hold their horses all night in the road. Next morning Gen. Wheeler was ordered to cross a swamp and get in the rear of Kilpatrick. Owing to the marshy condition of his route, he failed to get all of his command over in time, and Butler's Division did most of the fighting that day.

The troops that led the charge were Cobb's Legion, commanded by Col. Gibb Wright. I well remember this, for Gen. Butler said to me as we were forming: "Now, Scott, you have been trying all along to get stripes on your collar. If you will bring Kilpatrick out to-day, you shall have them." I asked what command was going to lead, and when he told me Cobb's Legion I rode up to Col. Wright, who knew me as one of Gen. Hampton's scouts, and got permission to go with him. "Fall in here by me," he answered, in reply to my request, and he and I were the two front men in the column. We rode some distance into Kilpatrick's camp before Col. Wright ordered the charge, and would doubtless have surrounded his headquarters had it not been for some of our men, who were prisoners. Kilpatrick had captured about three hundred, and, as we got up so they could recognize us, they gave a genuine old Rebel yell. Then Col. Wright ordered the charge, and at it we went. Gen. Kilpatrick was up, had on slippers, and was looking at his horses; and in that condition made his escape. I know nothing about the capture of Kilpatrick's pistols or holsters; but if the orderly sergeant of Company E, Fifteenth Alabama Cavalry, led the charge of the attacking party, as Comrade Inzer has heard, and captured the holsters and pistols, it was after we had run over Kilpatrick's headquarters and taken his camp.

Now in reference to Kilpatrick's spotted horse: A man named Watkins, of Cobb's Legion, from Augusta, Ga., captured the horse, and I am satisfied that Gen. Wheeler never threw his leg over that animal, for afterwards, during the armistice at Hillsboro, N. C., Watkins was a member of the escort to Gens. Johnston and Hampton and rode the spotted horse. Gen. Kilpatrick saw and recognized him, and gave Watkins two good horses for him.

I write this only to correct errors and to give honor to

whom honor is due. Comrade Inzer's informant is also wrong about the little fight at Fayetteville, N. C., where he says "Wheeler gave Kilpatrick a good thrashing." We entered this town about eight or nine o'clock in the morning, Wheeler's command in front. I asked Gen. Hampton how long he would be there, as I wished to get breakfast at a private house. He consented. When I came out after breakfast I saw some of Wheeler's men falling back. They informed me that the Yankees had charged their advance squad and cut it in two. I saw some troops near the river, and, as it was my duty to find out what was in the town, I rode down four or five blocks. When I came to the market house there was a squad of ten or fifteen Yankee cavalry in line, who fired on me as I passed. Near the river I met Gen. Hampton and reported what I had seen. There were four other scouts with him. Turning, he said: "You scouts follow me. Where are they, Scott?" When we turned the corner of the street they were sitting as I had left them. The General ordered us to charge, and in we went. We killed some, captured some, and soon had them on the run. Turning back, we saw another party that had come in the street behind us. Again we were ordered to charge, and in we went. I saw Gen. Hampton cut two out of their saddles with his saber. In these two little brushes we killed thirteen and captured twelve.

Now to convince Comrade Inzer of the truth of this statement I submit a copy of a letter in my possession, written by Gen. Hampton, complimenting the little squad that was with him on that occasion:

"To Lieut. Harleston, Charleston Light Dragoons.

"Lieutenant, I commend to you Privates Wells, Bellinger, and Fishburn, of your company, who, with Private Scott and one member of Wheeler's command, whose name I regret I do not remember, acted with conspicuous gallantry in charging and driving from the town of Fayetteville that portion of the enemy's cavalry that had entered before it had been evacuated by my troops. Their conduct on this occasion reflects high credit on them as soldiers.

"Your obedient servant, WADE HAMPTON, *Lieut. Gen.*

"March 19, 1865 "

In after years, when Gen. Hampton was Railroad Commissioner and out on the Pacific Coast, a man came up and introduced himself as Deane Day, stating that it was the first time he had seen the General since that memorable morning of the market house in Fayetteville, N. C.; that he was then chief of scouts for the Fourteenth Army Corps; that he had sixty-two men in town that morning, but that, catching his squads divided and surprising them, besides fighting like devils, we had fairly licked him. Day was captured and had on a Confederate gray uniform. Gen. Hampton told him he would certainly have had him shot the next morning had he not made his escape that night.

GEN. WHEELER IN THE ATLANTA CAMPAIGN.

BY W. H. DAVIS, FOURTH TENNESSEE CAVALRY, DALLAS, TEX.

The sequel to our fight with Gen. Kilpatrick as described on pages 76 and 77 in the February number of the VETERAN [To which this is a continuation.—Ed.] was a general advance of Sherman's entire army at daylight of May 7, 1864. His line of battle was more than a mile in length, covered by a heavy line of skirmishers. Of course Joe Wheeler's men were always in evidence when Mr. Kilpatrick made a sally from the Federal Infantry, and every inch of the terra firma was stubbornly contested, but about

11 A.M. Mr. Yank got too frisky for us and told us to—Backward March! But the Johnnies didn't like that; so we picked our flints afresh and were ready to measure swords again.

On the date mentioned, at daylight, Sherman's bugles sounded, "Forward!" Little Joe had slept with one eye open, and soon after day dawn, Old Paul having taken his usual decoction of "pine top" and his libation of boiling coffee from his quart tin cup, yelled out, "Bill! [Bill was his nigger], put my saddle on Doak!"—his war horse—and in quick succession Jim Nance's old battered bugle sounded "Boots and Saddles." In a jiffy every man was mounted and in line.

Kilpatrick's cavalry was in advance of the infantry skirmishers, and of course were the first to encounter our pickets, the officers of whom had been advised by scouts of Sherman's general advance, and were stubbornly resisting every foot of ground from behind obstructions and rail breastworks at various points north of Tunnel Hill.

Our brigade—then composed of the First Tennessee, Maj. Jos. J. Dobbins; Second Tennessee, Capt. John H. Kuhn; Fourth Tennessee, Lieut. Col. Paul F. Anderson; Fifth Tennessee, Col. George W. McKenzie; and Ninth Tennessee Battalion, Maj. Jas. H. Akin—was known as Hume's Brigade, but in command of Col. James T. Wheeler, Gen. Hume being in command of the division composed of Grigsby's, Harrison's, Hannon's, and his own brigades.

A little after sunrise our brigade, with Capt. Ben F. White's battery, took position on the hill over the tunnel through which the W. & A. Railroad runs, and successfully resisted several combined attacks of infantry and cavalry. About 11 o'clock we were forced to abandon the hill, and at 3 o'clock we were driven back to the fortifications occupied by our infantry.

On May 8 we were moved to near Varnell's Station, on the Cleveland and Dalton Road, where we met Gen. McCook with 5,000 Feddies. Our brigade formed on a black-jack ridge just west of the railroad, fronting west. McCook's men occupied a similar hill in our front—an open valley with an occasional dead tree intervening. Some desultory firing was going on, the two lines being about two hundred yards apart, and Gen. Hume and Old Paul were sitting on their horses, discussing the situation while awaiting orders, when Gen. Hume was hit on the chest by a spent bullet, which caused considerable pain but did not lacerate the flesh. At this juncture our skirmishers were sent forward, and simultaneously Gen. McCook ordered his skirmish line forward. Heck Gann, of Company E, and I leaped over the fence together, and our line moved forward at a quick trot. The Yanks saw at once that we had started to continue going, and after we had arrived within one hundred yards of them they beat a retreat, but kept pumping Spencer rifle bullets at us until within the timber, when their main line delivered at us a solid volley. As we simultaneously fell against the tree, Heck ejaculated excitedly: "'Coon,' did you see that volcano explode up thar on the hill?" Our main line was preparing for a charge on horseback, but before our bugles blasted the signal "Forward!" the enemy delivered another solid volley and retired, leaving some eight or ten of their skirmishers on the field. We lost five men slightly wounded. At nightfall we were withdrawn to near the right of our infantry line.

May 12 we moved again to near Varneil's Station, and fell upon Gen. Stoneman's Corps and drove it to Rocky Face

Ridge, killing, wounding, and capturing 150. The routing of Stoneman's men was so complete, and their consternation so great, that they fired four hundred wagons loaded with supplies to prevent them from falling into our hands.

Our scouts ascertained that all but about two divisions of the enemy were rapidly marching toward Resaca. Gen. Johnston having abandoned Rocky Face Ridge the night previous, Little Joe's entire corps occupied his breastworks at daylight, May 13, and after several severe engagements, in which the enemy must have sustained heavy loss, we retired gradually and in good order toward Tilton, where we were reënforced by Gen. John C. Brown's Brigade of Infantry. Here the enemy held our front in superior numbers, while he turned our left flank, causing Gen. Wheeler to form his command in a right angle. The enemy furiously attacked both our fronts with many times our number, but were held in check until 9 P.M.

Continual fighting was the order of the day, and on May 15 we were ordered to a point south of Oostanaula River, near Resaca. Gen. Stoneman essayed to capture Gen. Hardee's hospital. We met his attack with alacrity; we hit them so quick and so hard that the enemy seemed dazed, and they no doubt wondered how it all occurred—and their hospital was in our possession before they were aware of it. That night about midnight, Gen. Johnston having abandoned his works, we occupied them. There were two 150-pounder siege pieces about the center of our line that were fired at regular intervals during the night. Their doleful boom created a feeling of lonesomeness, and I felt—and I suppose that the rest of the Johnnies and Yanks did too—as if they were knelling the "last syllable of recorded time."

At 4 A.M., May 17, we occupied the breastworks which Gen. Johnston had abandoned during the night—which the enemy quickly discovered and opened their batteries. About daylight our brigade was crossing the river through a weatherboard-covered bridge, while solid shot and shell were making kindling wood of it. Capt. Ben. White's battery chimed in from the bank of the river for which we were headed in regular cadence, responsive to our vociferous yells. Neither a man nor a horse was touched. Wheeler's Corps was always between the "webfeet" and the enemy, except in general engagements, when at least half of his men were dismounted and fought as infantry, while the remainder, mounted, guarded the right and left flanks, giving the commanding general hourly information.

After skirmishes day and night—and many of them were battles—on May 20, our corps, except Allen's Brigade, which had been sent to Gen. W. H. Jackson's assistance, was retired across the Etowah River late in the afternoon. The two days following we fed and rested ourselves and horses, the boys for the most part putting in the time sleeping. May 23, at an early hour, our buglers blasted "Boots and Saddles," and in less than an hour we were recrossing the Etowah, and that day and night scouts were dispatched in all directions, like the opening of a fan, to ascertain the strength, location, and movements of the enemy. At midnight, May 24, after quietly resting that day, we moved toward Cass Station. Gen. Kelly had been sent out from our left wing, while Fighting Joe, with Hume's Division, went out from our right wing, the objective point of both columns being Cass Station, in Sherman's rear. Gen. Kelly, having had several hours' start of our column, was within striking distance of a large force of infantry and cavalry, and at once struck. Being in hearing distance of

Kelly's guns, we quickened our pace, arriving in the nick of time to prevent his defeat. The appearance of our division seemed to have a wholesome effect on his men and a demoralizing influence on the enemy. Paul's people and the Eighth Texas were quickly in line together, when Little Joe observed a large force of Kilpatrick's Cavalry rapidly advancing on us and ordered us to meet them in a center charge. The enemy charged with a ferocity that was dazzling, but they were just the kind of people we wanted to get mixed up with. Our bold dash and excellent use of six-shooters very soon decided us the victors, but it looked at one time like defeat for George Schutt's perforated old battle flag, but victory smiled. During the charge the horse of Lieutenant Jas. H. Williamson, of my company, ran away with him, taking him through the enemy's line, and continued the run for one hundred yards beyond before he could control him. At this juncture the enemy's line wavered, and we drove them back in confusion. Lieutenant Williamson rejoined his company by running through their stampeded line. At this moment Allen's Brigade, which had been appointed to take off the captured mules, horses, and wagons, etc., was being hard pressed, and Gen. Hume ordered us to his assistance. This time we were put square on our mettle, for the Feddies were making determined effort to recover their losses, and the Johnnies were opposed to yielding the good grub they had corralled, and at them we went without the faintest idea of defeat. Our six-shooters versus Spencer rifles turned the trick in our favor and made us masters of the situation.

The result of our expedition was the killing and wounding of over 200 officers and men, capturing and safely conducting to our own lines eighty wagons and teams, 182 prisoners, 300 horses and saddles, 125 mules; the destruction of a large amount of stores; and burning 400 wagons loaded with army supplies at Cass Station.

May 26 we regained our main army near Dallas, and took position on the right flank. Our total effective strength at Cass Station was 822 men, who accomplished what we did in the face of 3,000 cavalry and 15,000 infantry. How different from the same trick attempted by Generals Stoneman and McCook south of the Chattahoochee, which I will describe later on.

Gen. Johnston sent the following message to our commander:

"HEADQUARTERS May 25, 1864.

"Gen. Wheeler: Gen. Johnston congratulates you on your success in the enemy's rear. He wishes the captured wagons sent to the chief quartermaster.

W. W. MACKALL, *Chief of Staff.*"

May 27 Paul's people rejoined their old chums, Third Arkansas, Eighth and Eleventh Texas, commanded by Gen. Tom Harrison, than whom a braver man never bestrode a horse. This was a memorable day, and will live forever fresh in the recollection of every member of Hume's and Kelly's Divisions. The event was the battle of New Hope Church. The enemy in two divisions of infantry were making a desperate attempt to gain our rear by turning our left wing. We met them on foot, and in the open pine forest repulsed them with immense slaughter, driving them back to their breastworks. Being reënforced by our infantry, we re-formed in the rear of New Hope Church, which faced west, under a galling fire of grape, canister, and shrapnel. Our bugles sounded "Forward," and by a slight detour we circumvented the church when Jim Nance blasted

"Charge!" The enemy's line of earthworks was then about one hundred and twenty-five yards distant. We vented a yell and threw ourselves into the breach and accomplished a victory that cost us dearly, but wrote the name of Harrison's Brigade high up on the scroll of fame. We fought ten times our number, and from the bullet holes in the north wall of the church, I cannot realize how any of us escaped. We left a large percentage of our knightly comrades weltering in their blood. They were the conquerors, for they died in the lap of Victory, but we who survived the bloody struggle must mourn our loss and lament in defeat. "A many a time and oft" I have wished that my life had been sacrificed on my dear Southland's altar; for when that flag we had so "gladly, wildly, madly" followed when the parching heat of the summer solstice was almost beyond human endurance, when the north wind's blast "poured round all," making "fields and forest bare," was forever furled, my hopes and happiness went down with it.

From May 6 to May 31 Wheeler's Corps, never numbering over 3,800 effective men, captured 982 prisoners, four stands of colors, 1,200 horses, 500 mules, 1,500 beef cattle, eighty wagons, and burned or caused to be burned 800 wagons loaded with army supplies, besides half a million dollars' worth of the same in station buildings along the W. & A. Railroad, several miles of which were torn up and numerous bridges burned. God only knows how many we killed and wounded. Our losses in the time mentioned were: 73 killed, 341 wounded, 53 captured, 81 missing; total, 548, or 16 per cent.

NO CHANGE IN THE WORDS OF "DIXIE."—At a business meeting of the United Confederate Veterans during the reunion Gen. George P. Harrison, of Opelika, Ala., introduced a resolution at the request of the Alabama Daughters of the Confederacy, asking that the Veterans appoint a committee to confer with the Daughters upon the matter of revising the words of "Dixie." After a prolonged discussion, Gen. Cabell, of Texas, opposed the appointment of the committee and said: "That song furnished us inspiration through four long years of fighting. It has furnished inspiration ever since, and I don't think that we, standing with one foot in the grave, should permit any change in those words." The Convention finally voted to appoint a committee, however, as a matter of courtesy to the Daughters of the Confederacy.

THAT HARD SIEGE OF SPANISH FORT.—A letter from Eli Davis, East Lake, Ala., states: "I read with interest G. T. Cullins's article in the July issue (page 354) of the siege of Spanish Fort, near Mobile, Ala. I was one of the first to strike the Yankees at Hollywood, below the fort. We fought them until they forced us back into the ditches of the fort. The report that they were heavily reënforced at Hollywood is true. I was in one of the detachments from Tennessee and Georgia of which Comrade Cullins spoke. I went through the fight at Missionary Ridge and New Hope Church and other hard battles, and from the time the fight at Spanish Fort commenced until the end it was as hard as I was ever in. We fought two days before they forced us back to the ditches. For sixteen days we had a hard time. I well remember the night when three lines of battle charged our picket line, but we forced them back. At daylight they were two hundred yards in our front, behind stumps and logs. By 11 A.M. they had killed or wounded all in my pit but myself. . . . Three of them climbed a sweet gum tree, the only tree in front nearer than one mile, and at one o'clock they fired on us. We

located them by the smoke of their guns coming out of the leaves. We fired on them, and two fell out like squirrels; the other came down and ran as I never saw a man run before.

"I was captain of Company A, Lewis's Battalion."

MONUMENT AT LIBERTY, MISSOURI.

With appropriate ceremonies the Confederate monument at Liberty, Mo., was unveiled on the 1st of October in the presence of a good crowd, notwithstanding the rainy weather. A splendid dinner was served afterwards to all who attended by the Daughters of the Confederacy. Senator Cockrell made



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT LIBERTY, MO.

the address of the occasion, referring to that date as his seventieth birthday and expressing pleasure at being with Clay County people on that anniversary. His address was followed by one from Maj. P. M. Savery, of Tupelo, Miss.

The erection of this monument is due to the special effort of Capt. P. W. Reddish, who inaugurated the movement, and was ably assisted by other Confederates of the county. His report shows that the monument complete cost \$1,135.20, and a balance of \$115.95 he has placed in the hands of the county court as a fund for the care of the monument throughout the coming years. This work was done by Comrade Reddish through his love and affection for the dead comrades who never knew the result of the war.

ENGINEERS IN LINE OF BATTLE.

BY W. C. POWELL, BAIRD, TEX.

In Senator Daniels's history report, made to the Grand Camp of Virginia Confederate Veterans, in which he styles the loss of the War Department records "The Tragedy of Virginia," and appeals to all veterans to assist in restoring those records, he refers in the following words to the Engineer Troops of the A. N. V.: "Col. T. M. R. Talcott, of Richmond, Va., was colonel of an engineer regiment. They were not only daily and nightly hard at work on Lee's retreat, but they were in the line at Appomattox with guns in their hands, and, as I believe, shot the last gun and killed the last Federal soldier that fell on the field."

I was in that "line at Appomattox," and what Senator Daniels gives as his belief I wish to confirm and put upon record as a fact. Col. Talcott commanded the First Regiment of Engineer Troops, and I was sergeant in Company I of that regiment. At Petersburg, on April 2, we were armed with Mississippi rifles, and served as infantry, the men carrying rifles, with eighty rounds of ammunition, in addition to picks, shovels, and axes. On the night of April 8 we were in the rear guard at Appomattox River, and very early in the morning were roused up and hurried to the front. The sun was well up when we got there, and the fight was on. We were put in on the left with Gordon's Corps, retaking a battery of artillery which I understood had been taken first by the Federal cavalry, then retaken by our cavalry, again by the Federals, and again by our command as infantry. Shortly after we got to the summit of the hill, on which this battery was located, and formed into line, all hostilities seemed to cease. There was no firing in any direction and no Federals were in view. Open, cultivated land for about one-third of a mile wide was in front of us, and then heavy woods; to the right and left of us our lines were in plain view. After holding this position some time, I could see the different troops of our line marching off the field to the rear, and while these movements were going on Gen. Custer and staff, with some of our officers, passed to our right going to the rear. We thought they were prisoners and gave them a hearty cheer. In a short time our little line of about three hundred and fifty men was all that was left in sight. Then from the woods in front of us came a most tremendous cheering, and, thinking that the preliminary for a charge, Col. Talcott gave the command, "Ready."

Soon from the woods came a solitary horseman, riding straight for our line at top speed, and we, thinking him one of our captured cavalymen making his escape, also cheered him to the echo; but when he was in close speaking distance of us he rose in his stirrups and, with saber uplifted, called out, "Lay down your arms, you damned Rebels, and surrender," when some fellow in the command exclaimed, "He is a Yankee, shoot him," and, without any command from the officers, about thirty-five or forty shots were fired, and the man and the horse went down, the man rolling like a ball over the head of the horse with enough momentum to bring him up to and, I believe, through our line, and when he straightened out he was dead. A few moments then elapsed, when out of the woods came a man on foot with a white flag and waved it. Col. Talcott sent Sergt. DeLacy, of our company, with a white flag to meet him. After meeting and talking with the man, DeLacy returned and reported to Col. Talcott that the Yankee said "Lee had surrendered." In a few moments a courier rode up to Col. Talcott, confirming the report, I suppose, and we were marched down in the

valley, where the rest of the army was encamped. Why we were overlooked when the rest of the lines were withdrawn I suppose was because Col. Talcott reported direct to Gen. Lee, there being no other general officer over him, and in the confusion no order was sent to him of the surrender. I have seen it claimed in the VETERAN by some North Carolina regiment of Gordon's Command that they fired the last shot at Appomattox. In actual battle, that may be so, for this man met his death by his own rashness or insolence sometime after the surrender.

GRACIE'S BRIGADE AT DRURY'S BLUFF.

BY W. B. STANSEL, CARDIN, ALA.

In the May VETERAN I see an account of the fight at Drury's Bluff, by Comrade Seay, of the Eleventh Virginia Infantry, that is incorrect, so far as Gracie's Brigade is concerned. He says: "Gracie's Alabamians were advancing rapidly and were soon engaged at close quarters. . . . The wounded were coming back rapidly (the Tenth Alabama was in our immediate front), crying, 'Boys, go in there; they are needing you badly.'" Now the Tenth Alabama was not in Gracie's Brigade. The Forty-First was on the left and the Forty-Ninth on the right. The latter failed to get to the works, but lay down about a hundred yards in front of them, and kept up a heavy fire until the last Yank in the works was either killed or had surrendered.

I am not writing from memory entirely, but from an old diary made at the time, which says: "On May 11, 1864, we were at Drury's Bluff. That night went to Richmond. On 12th fought cavalry in front of Richmond. On night of 12th started back to Drury's Bluff. Arrived there on 13th thoroughly exhausted. Rested on the 14th until in the evening, when we moved to the extreme right (our left) of Yankee army. About 11 P.M. had sharp fight with Yankees, and lay on our arms all night until morning of 15th."

This was the day of the fight, and not the 17th, as Comrade Seay says. The fog was so dense that we could not see any distance in front of us. We moved forward (the Forty-First Alabama) some distance before we struck the enemy, and without a yell or a halt went over their breastworks before they knew we were near them. They made but little resistance, but ran like turkeys.

The firing was now heavy on our right, and when we were about one hundred yards in the rear of the enemy's works we were moved by the right flank through a dense pine thicket, then again by the right flank, and we soon had Heckman's Brigade of Yankees on their way to Richmond. If Comrade Seay had examined the dead in front of his command, he would have found dead Yanks shot in the back and bullets in the inside of the logs of their breastworks, the result of our attack in the rear. I don't know who got Gen. Heckman's sword or pistols, for immediately after they surrendered my company was sent out on the Petersburg road. In a few moments Heckman's adjutant rode up to us with orders for the General, and was the most surprised man one ever saw when informed that his general was on his way to Richmond a prisoner, and that he would have to go the same way.

The Forty-First, Col. Stansel commanding, was then sent forward to skirmish. Nothing stopped us, and we soon had Butler's headquarters and his commissary supplies. We continued to press forward, and when night came and the 15th day of May, 1864, closed, the Forty-First Alabama had been under fire from morning until night without having been stopped at all in their advance.

J. HARVEY MATHIS CHAPTER U. D. C.

Last September a number of prominent ladies of Memphis formed a new Chapter of U. D. C. and most appropriately named it in honor of that gallant old Veteran and affable, courteous gentleman and scholar, J. Harvey Mathis, whose answer to the last roll call has not yet been properly recorded in the VETERAN. The Chapter adopted as its motto the same that had guided through life the man after whom it was named: "In small things, liberty; in great things, unity; in all things, charity."

The charter members comprise thirty representative Southern women in Memphis. At the second meeting of the Chapter the membership was increased to fifty-seven.



MRS. J. J. WILLIAMS.

Mrs. J. J. Williams, the wife of the Mayor and niece of Gen. Frank Cheatham, was elected President; Mrs. Joel Winn, Mrs. W. Carleton Adams, and Mrs. J. P. Jordan, Vice Presidents; Mrs. W. A. Collier, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Virginia L. Mathews, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. W. J. Saunders, Treasurer; Mrs. Joseph Gray Miller, Historian; Mrs. Eugene J. Carrington, Registrar; Mrs. Ellen Maria Watson, Chaplain. The Chapter was represented in the St. Louis Convention, U. D. C.

MATERIAL TRIBUTE TO WOMEN OF 1861-65.

The Confederate Veterans of the Gloucester County Memorial Association, of Virginia, have taken the initiative in showing their appreciation of the loyal devotion of the women of the South from 1861 to 1865 by placing to the memory of the women of Gloucester County a beautiful marble tablet in the walls of the circuit court room of Gloucester C. H.

There is not, perhaps, another town in the "Old Dominion" richer in historic memories, from colonial days to the present, than this little old county seat of Gloucester. Around the

walls of the court room are portraits and tablets of distinguished statesmen, patriots, and soldiers who claimed Gloucester as their home before and during revolutionary days, and whose descendants, animated by the same spirit and to fight for the same principles, went out from there in the revolutionary days of 1861. A more appropriate place could not have been found for placing this memorial to their beloved women than amongst these cherished treasures of the past.

The tablet is a work of art, a beautiful marble slab five and a half feet high by two and a half wide. The great seal of the Confederate States is carved at the top, and just beneath it, crossed with the battleflag, is the Confederate flag, both so beautifully carved that they appear to drape gracefully over the following inscription, copied mainly from Jefferson Davis's dedication of his book, the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government:" "This tablet is erected by the Gloucester Memorial Association to the memory of the women of Gloucester during the Confederate days of 1861-65, whose pious ministrations to our wounded soldiers soothed the last hours of those who died far from the objects of their tenderest love, whose domestic labors contributed much to supply the wants of our defenders in the field, whose zealous faith in our cause shone a guiding star undimmed by the darkest clouds of war, whose fortitude sustained our soldiers under all the privations to which they were subjected, whose floral tribute annually expresses their enduring love and reverence for our sacred dead, and whose patriotism will teach their children to emulate the deeds of our revolutionary sires. November 7, 1904."

On this date (November 7) it was unveiled with elaborate ceremonies and in the presence of a large and patriotic crowd. The old veterans, under Maj. W. K. Perrin, formed on the square, and with several U. D. C. Chapters marched to the courthouse. Prayer was offered by Rev. W. H. Groves, and the opening address by W. E. Wiatt, President of the Gloucester Memorial Association. The following programme, interspersed with music, was then carried out, assisted by thirteen great-granddaughters of Confederate great-grandmothers, representing thirteen Confederate States, one granddaughter representing "The Southern Confederacy," and one granddaughter representing "Maryland;" all under the supervision of the daughter of a Confederate Veteran. The tablet was unveiled by a great-great-granddaughter of two great-great-grandmothers, who were Gloucester women in Confederate days. The presentation address was by Comrade J. N. Stubbs and the address accepting by Comrade Maryus Jones, after which addresses were delivered by Comrades T. S. Taliaferro, Charles Catlett, John N. Tabb, R. A. Folkes, W. W. Williams; also an address by Hon. J. L. Taliaferro, a Son. A resolution was adopted requesting the Circuit Court of Gloucester to set apart a page in the records for these proceedings, to which Comrade G. T. Garnett, Judge of the Circuit Court of Gloucester, responded.

CONFEDERATE REUNION AT LYNNVILLE, TENN.

The annual reunion of the Harvey Walker Camp, of Giles County, Tenn., is the occasion for a general meeting of Confederates and citizens in that immediate section of the State. At the last reunion, in September, Capt. W. G. Loyd, a member of the Second Louisiana Infantry, of the Army of Northern Virginia, from April, 1861, to Appomattox, May 8, 1865, made an eloquent address, punctuated throughout with patriotism, pathos, and humor. Amongst other things, he said: "The glory of the Confederate soldier is in the fact that he

went forth from the people's homes to the field of battle and back to those homes from the field of battle; that he suffered for a people's cause without pay; that he carried the people's standard without rewards; and when all was lost save honor, he worked as he fought, with his whole soul, and achieved victories of peace that outshine all the fields of war. The heroism, the patriotism, the self-sacrifice, and the patient sufferings in tribulation and misfortune are virtues exhibited, created, and consecrated by that struggle, which were not lost, are not lost, and can never die."

Comrade Loyd was a prisoner at Elmira, and was exchanged March 3, 1865.

ADDRESS TO TEXAS VETERANS.

Col. Duke Goodman, Inspector General Texas Division, U. C. V., made an address to the Confederate veterans of Falls County, in Marlin, Tex., September, 1904, in which he stated:

"Comrades, it is my purpose to call your attention to the duties we owe to each other. In my official report to the State Reunion, at Dallas, Tex., July 30 and 31, 1902, I called the attention of my comrades to the loose manner of receiving members into Camps. Our Constitution expressly commands as follows:

"ART. III. Sec. 3. Every Camp will be required to exact of each applicant for membership in its rank satisfactory proof of honorable service in the army or navy of the Confederate States, and an honorable discharge or release therefrom."

"This requirement is for the purpose of keeping out of the ranks all those who deserted and those who stayed at home in the brush, and any Camp neglecting this command should at once call a halt, for such a Camp is not acting from a constitutional and legal standpoint.

"In my report made at the reunion at Sherman, Tex., July 15 and 16, 1903, I called attention to this day of commercialism, and urged upon my comrades to steer clear of the breakers that will eventually overshadow our beloved organization if not safeguarded against.

"In my report at Temple, Tex., July 20 and 21, 1904, I called the attention of the Texas Division, U. C. V., to the increasing distress existing among our comrades. This is a serious condition that confronts us, and one that the U. C. V. organization must meet. I advise that some plan of universal relief be formulated that will more equally distribute this burden. Our comrades should give this matter serious consideration, and be prepared to offer at our State reunion at Galveston, Tex., in 1905, and have it adopted, some such plan. Maj. Gen. K. M. Van Zandt is receiving from comrades over the State letters noting the fact that the demand for relief was getting greater than they could stand, and asking him to issue a letter to all the Camps, asking them to assist in this matter. Gen. Van Zandt is ever ready to act for the best interest of his comrades; but this grand old veteran shrinks from this request, as it is too mortifying for him to parade before the public the distress existing in the ranks of his comrades. He regards the U. C. V. organization in the light of a large family, whose infirmities should be as sacredly guarded as those of an immediate family.

"I have in mind a commendable plan. Let every Camp in the State issue to each member whom they know to be constitutionally eligible to membership a card of membership, so if a comrade finds himself in some other locality, and in distress, he can call upon the nearest Camp, whose duty it shall be to look after the comrade, and, if aided, to send the bill to his Camp, whose duty it shall be to remit to the Camp extending this aid; and, if the comrade shall die, to see to it

that he has a Christian burial, becoming a Confederate soldier, the expense of this last sad act on our part to be paid by the Camp of which he is a member. This plan, I believe, would be the means of arousing renewed interest in our organization. I have heard many of my comrades say that they would join some Camp if they could see any good in it. We all do not think alike; some are working to erect monuments, while others do not approve of spending so much money for marble and granite shafts while there is so much suffering in our ranks.

"It is my opinion that if some universal plan is adopted for the relief of our less fortunate comrades a greater care would be exercised in admitting members into our ranks. I see some of you wearing crosses of honor. Where did you get them, and what was necessary on your part to secure them? I will tell you. Our beloved United Daughters of the Confederacy gave crosses of honor to you; but they required you to fill out a blank application, to be signed by the Commander and Adjutant of your Camp and certified to by two members of the Camp. These officers and members, by signing the same, say to these dear ladies that you are a true Confederate veteran, worthy to wear a cross of honor. Unless the Constitution is lived up to, how do these signers know that you were entitled to the honor of a cross? If you are worthy to wear a cross of honor, you are also worthy of assistance at the hands of your comrades and to be a member of some Camp of U. C. V.'s.

"I desire to see a Confederate home in North Texas on the cottage home plan, where our comrade and his old wife can pass the remaining years of their lives together in a cottage to themselves. They can enjoy their flowers, their vegetables, their chickens, and their cow as they were wont to do in the days of their young manhood and young womanhood. This can be accomplished at one-half the cost to the State that the pension system is now taxing us, and accomplish many times the good. I learn that the U. D. C. organization is working for another home. I would advise my comrades to help the dear women in their noble efforts. They are always doing something good, God bless them! and you should rally to their support.

"There has been a movement on foot since 1866 to erase everything Confederate from the minds of the people. They first attacked our history and distorted that; they next attacked our societies, and for a time forbade us to meet and assist each other; they forbade us erecting monuments; but time, the destroyer of all evil, has defeated them. I, for one, am opposed to any change in the words of 'Dixie.' My sainted mother and sisters and your sainted dead delighted to sing to the tune of 'Dixie:'

'Old Missus marry Will-de-weaber,
Willium was a gay deceaber:

Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

But when he put his arm around 'er

He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder.'

And I fancy I can hear those sweet voices now. The words of 'Dixie' were good enough then, and they are good enough now; let them alone; they are one of the earmarks of our Southern Confederacy, and should not and must not be disturbed."

COMMENTS FROM ROCK ISLAND COMRADES.

Comrade Hord's article in the August VETERAN, "Forty Hours in a Dungeon at Rock Island," has revived the memories of quite a number of old soldiers who were confined in this fearful death trap. A number of letters have been

received at this office, not only corroborating fully the statements he made, but saying he fell far short of giving an adequate idea of the cruelties and sufferings the Rock Island prisoners were subjected to.

Mr. Ed H. Miller, of Los Angeles, Cal., writes: "I was a member of Company B, Eleventh Tennessee Infantry, was captured at Missionary Ridge, sent to Rock Island prison, and was in Barrack 47. I am the man that caught Dart's dog that he speaks of. J. White killed it, and took as his share for the job the liver, etc. Of course White ate it all at one mess, and it put him on the sick list for several days. S. W. Abby, who lives near Nashville, Tenn., was sergeant of our barrack, and I was the commissary."

Mr. T. Y. Brannock, now of Nevada, Mo., writes: "I read Comrade Hord's article with much pleasure. I knew him well in prison, was in the same barrack (24) with him, and have often wondered what became of him, as I had never heard of him after he left prison on exchange. I kept a diary while in Rock Island prison, and have it yet. Referring to it after reading his article, I find recorded: 'Nov. 6, 1864, Ben Hord tried to escape disguised in Yankee uniform; was captured and balled and chained.'" He adds: "I well remember our feast on Dart's dog; ate a piece of it myself, and it smelt powerful good when roasting before the hot stove."

Comrade Ed D. Jones, of Hudsonville, Miss., who was also a prisoner at Rock Island, in Barrack 16, states: "Comrade Hord's article in the VETERAN is a good description of our prison and suffering, but he does not mention the crimes committed by the Yankee soldiers. The prisoner he speaks of as having killed another I think is yet living, and in this State."

"THE PARTISAN RANGERS."

BY GEN. A. R. JOHNSON.

The latest and certainly one of the most interesting chapters of Confederate war history has recently been given to the public under the above title with the memoirs of Gen. Adam R. Johnson, of Burnet, Tex.

The biographical sketch of Gen. Johnson shows that he was born in Henderson, Ky., February 8, 1834, and when twenty years old went out on the frontier of Texas to follow his profession of surveyor. The border at that time was infested with savage tribes of Comanche Indians who claimed the land as their own, and it was in fighting these wily foes that the courageous young Kentucky boy took his first lessons in skill, patience, endurance, and strategy that afterwards made him, first, a famous scout for Forrest, then a bold and daring colonel in the Confederate army, and, later, one of its most brilliantly successful brigadier generals. His brigade was with Morgan when the latter made his famous and fruitless raid through Ohio, and Gen. Johnson was the only one of the general officers who escaped across the Ohio River with any part of his command intact.

But the most brilliant work of Gen. Johnson was within the borders of "Johnson's Confederacy," Southwestern Kentucky, and along the Tennessee and Ohio Rivers where, cut off from all hopes of assistance from the Confederate government, left to his own resourceful energies to supply himself with men, arms, and munitions of war, he reigned supreme. By his wonderful will power and personal magnetism he held his men in perfect discipline, and not only defied the Federal government to drive him out, but, with his twelve or fifteen hundred men, whipped, in a body or in detail, every force that was sent against him. It was in the very moment of victory in one of these engagements that a ball from a volley

fired by his own men entered his right eye and came out his left temple, cutting out both eyes. He was captured and sent, a blind prisoner, to Fort Warren. After a time he was



GEN. ADAM R. JOHNSTON.

exchanged, and on reaching Richmond was called on by President Davis and members of his cabinet, who urged him to accept papers honorably discharging him from the service, which he politely declined, and to their profound astonishment asked for orders to again take command in his old department, with transportation for himself and men. These were given him, and he was on his way to Kentucky with many of his old men and officers he had picked up at Macon, Miss., when news of Gen. Lee's surrender reached him, soon followed by that of Gen. J. E. Johnston. Bidding farewell to his men, he made his way to Texas.

Blind, bereft of his property, his cause defeated, the country overrun with the carpetbagger of those infamous reconstruction days, yet with magnificent courage, the indomitable will, the tireless energy of the man were unshaken; but, on the contrary, these qualities have never shone more brightly than since the war. No man has done more—but few have done as much—toward advancing the material interests of his State and building up the waste places, especially in Burnet County, where he now lives; and it will be gratifying to every Confederate veteran to know that this blind old hero, in war and in peace, has reaped a substantial reward that will make his last days perhaps the happiest of his eventful and remarkable life, the record of which in "The Partisan Rangers" reads like a thrilling romance.

HENRY L. WYATT.—In reporting the Bethel Monument Association in the October VETERAN (page 491) the writer is made to say that it was Charles E. instead of Henry L. Wyatt who was the first soldier killed in any regular battle of the Confederate war. It occurred on June 10, 1861.



Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

Notice has been received of the death, at Laredo, Tex., on the 2d of September, of Capt. Cristobal Bernavides, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. No particulars are given and no date of his service. He was a subscriber to the VETERAN.

The William R. Scurry Camp, of Victoria, Tex., reports the death of three members during 1904: Thomas Nevin, Company A, Waller's Battalion; Frank R. Pridham, Company C, Fourth Texas Cavalry; John R. Swain, "one of Bob Lee's boys."

The William P. Rogers Chapter, of Victoria, also mourns the loss of a beloved honorary member, Mrs. Mary Weissing.

CAPT. MILTON RUSSELL.

On December 4, 1903, at Chattanooga, Tenn., there "passed over the river" one of nature's noblemen, Capt. Milton Russell. The following resolutions passed by N. B. Forrest Camp, U. C. V., of which he was Commander at the time of his death, give a brief history of his life and service as a soldier and citizen:

"Milton Russell was born June 13, 1837, in Camden County, Ga., the son of Henry Richard Russell, an Englishman who before the American Revolution had removed to the Bahama Islands, where his father was a planter. He removed to Camden County, Ga., where this son Milton was born. His mother was Miss Caroline Hardee, a daughter of John Hardee, a major in the war of 1812, and a sister of Lieutenant General W. J. Hardee and of Noble Hardee, a merchant of Savannah, Ga. Capt. Russell was educated at Norristown, Pa., and at the Georgia Military Institute, at Marietta, where he graduated in 1857. He married Miss Henrietta E. Barden, a daughter of Nathaniel H. Barden and relative of Gen. A. Rance Wright and Gilbert J. Wright, of the Confederate army. Surviving him are three sons and two daughters. Capt. Russell enlisted at Dalton, Ga., September 19, 1861, in Company C, Fourth Georgia Battalion, and was elected First Lieutenant of that company. The battalion was merged into the Sixtieth Georgia Infantry, of which Lieut. Col. Styles, of the Fourth Battalion, became its colonel and remained in that command until the close of the war. October 7, 1862, he was promoted to captain of his company, and commanded it until September 19, 1864. Three years from the date of his enlistment, while commanding his regiment in the battle of Winchester, Va., he was wounded and captured, then paroled at Fort Delaware, June 16, 1865.

"Captain Russell returned to Walker County, Ga., to reside after the close of the war. He was elected ordinary of that county, and served as such for sixteen years, from

1869 to 1885. He then removed with his family to Chattanooga, where he afterwards resided. He was elected to serve two terms as a justice of the peace in the Chattanooga district, and had served ten years as such.

"N. B. Forrest Camp honored him with every office in its gift, and he died as its Commander, the highest mark of respect we could pay him as a soldier, a citizen, and a man.

"One of the heroes of Malvern Hill, the seven days' fights around Richmond, Cedar Run, Second Manassas, Boonsboro Gap, Chantilly, Harper's Ferry, Crampton Gap, Sharpsburg, Shepherdstown, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Spottsylvania, and the record made by Jackson's Corps, up to September 19, 1864, is the record of our Commander, who left one arm on the field, and who carried in his face the marks of the battle of Fredericksburg."

EDWARD BIGGERS MOBLEY.

This chivalrous son of the South died suddenly of apoplexy while talking with a friend on the street in Rock Hill, S. C., June 24 last. He had only a few days before returned from the Confederate reunion at Nashville, where he exchanged happy greetings with old comrades in arms and formed many new social ties. At the time he was stricken his health was seemingly perfect, and his death came as a great shock to his family and to all who knew him. An editorial in a Rock Hill paper states:

"Comrade Mobley was a son of the late Edward Biggers Mobley, and was born in Chester County, S. C., April 11, 1840. When the war broke out, he was a member of the Calhoun Guards, of Chester; and when that historic command went forth to battle, he accompanied it first to the coast and afterwards to Virginia, where the command was known as Company A, Sixth South Carolina Volunteers. After the reorganization he became a member of Company F, Sixth South



E. B. MOBLEY.

Carolina Volunteers, and as such served throughout the war, having participated in all the important battles from Manassas to Appomattox. He was a faithful soldier, as brave as he was modest and gentle; and his cheerfulness under most adverse circumstances, in camp and on the march, was a benediction to his comrades. He never believed the cause for which he fought was dead, because it was founded on truth and honor, and was therefore imperishable. He venerated everything pertaining to the Confederacy. At the time of his death Mr. Mobley was Commandant of Catawba Camp, U. C. V., of Rock Hill. He was Colonel on the staff of Gen. T. W. Carwyle, of the South Carolina Division, U. C. V., and his interest in the affairs of that surviving army in gray was unflagging. He was a private in the ranks from the beginning to the close of the awful strife, and gloried in the fact. His life was simple and unostentatious, but in honesty of purpose and integrity of character he was a king among men.

"On December 11, 1867, Mr. Mobley was married to Miss Carrie Elizabeth, daughter of Capt. John Massey. The widowed wife survives with three children, Mrs. G. H. Greene, of Chester, Mr. Ladson Mobley, and Mr. Hazel Mobley."

L. V. FELTUS.

Another gallant Mississippian has crossed over the river to join many advanced heroes. On May 14 L. V. Feltus, quartermaster sergeant of the Sixteenth Mississippi Infantry, Featherston's Brigade, bivouacked again with comrades of the sixties. He was born and reared near Woodville, Miss., and joined Company K, Sixteenth Mississippi, at the outbreak of the war, under Col. Posey. He was promoted to brigade quartermaster sergeant, and frequently served as adjutant and aid on Gen. Featherston's staff. He was in all the battles and campaigns of his command. His course after the war proved that he was not only brave and fearless on the field of battle, but equally so in meeting the requirements of citizenship. He removed to Adams County, near Natchez, about 1886, and in that community spent the remainder of his life, respected and beloved by all who knew him for his many noble qualities of heart and mind.

BUROUS R. MILLER.

Born in Rutherford County, Tenn., March 12, 1843, B. R. Miller enlisted as a private in the Second Tennessee Regiment, Company F, in April, 1861. In 1862 he was transferred to the Army of Tennessee, and served with Gen. Cleburne's command.

Comrade Miller was twice wounded—in the battles of Richmond, Ky., and Chickamauga. He was captured in the battle of Peachtree Creek and taken to Camp Douglas. Here he was confined till March, 1865, when he was taken out with others for exchange to Point Lookout, Md., and from this place he was paroled June 19, 1865, having been a brave and true Confederate soldier to the end.

After the war Comrade Miller engaged in the mercantile business at his home, removing a few years later to Memphis, where he was married to Mrs. Laura



AS A SOLDIER.

E. Elliott in 1885. He afterwards located in Chattanooga, where his death occurred on the 4th of May, 1904. He was an



BUROUS R. MILLER.

exemplary member of Forrest Camp, U. C. V., and by these comrades the last services were conducted and he was laid to rest in their beautiful cemetery at Chattanooga.

ELIJAH WATTS.

Elijah Watts, an old Confederate soldier of Bakerville, Tenn., died September 2, 1904, aged 75 years. He was a member of Easley's Company, Forty-Eighth Tennessee. He was a good soldier till the surrender, and afterwards a good citizen. For him now the last bugle has sounded and to the last roll call he has answered "Here!"

GEORGE W. O'NEAL.

The committee appointed by Stonewall Jackson Camp of Mineral Wells, Tex., passed resolutions in honor of a fellow-member, Geo. W. O'Neal, from which the following is taken:

"George W. O'Neal was born in Polk County, Tenn., October 3, 1843, and enlisted in Company C, Third Tennessee Infantry Regiment, serving throughout the war. He was paroled in May, 1865, in Florida. After the war he moved to Texas. His death occurred on June 17, 1904. His Camp has lost an active, zealous member, and his family an affectionate father and husband."

"WILSON, COMPANY E, FIFTY-FOURTH VIRGINIA REGIMENT."

Mr. C. H. Gambill, of Laverne, Tenn., writes: "When Gens. Bate and Forrest were returning to join Gen. Hood at Nashville, after their attempt to capture Murfreesboro in the winter of 1864, about two miles west from Laverne and a mile from the N., C., and St. L. Ry., a sick Confederate soldier was taken from a wagon by three comrades. During the night he died, and they dug a grave and buried him early the next morning. At the head of the grave they placed a

board with the above inscription cut on it. Thinking it probable the relatives or friends of this soldier may never have heard of what became of him, I send this incident to the VETERAN for publication.

J. T. BRINKER.

A committee comprised of W. H. King, H. P. Acker, and H. Sullivan, of the Mat Ashcroft Camp, U. C. V., of Sulphur Springs, Tex., paid tribute to Comrade J. T. Brinker,



J. T. BRINKER.

who died December 28, 1903, in which the following statements are made:

"He was born in Alabama in 1839, and while on a visit to relatives in Louisiana, in 1861, he entered the Confederate service as a member of the Twelfth Louisiana Infantry. He remained with the regiment two years, serving in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Mississippi. He was then transferred to the Nineteenth Alabama Infantry, and remained with it until the surrender of Gen. J. E. Johnston's forces at Benton, N. C.

"Within a month or two after the war J. T. Brinker became a resident of this county, settling first on a farm near Como, and was there married, in 1875, to Miss Dink McGlamery, but was never blessed with children. He moved to Sulphur Springs in 1883, and engaged in the grocery business with his brothers, Bunk and Henry Brinker. J. T. Brinker closed his connection with Brinker Bros. some years ago and moved to Western Texas; but was gone only a year or so when he came back to this city, and here remained until death claimed him. He did not enter the active business world again, but pursued the even tenor of his way down the hill of life, with a kindly word and a friendly hand clasp for young and old; and when the time came for him to pass out into the unknown

world, he met the grim monster, death, as he had often before faced him on the battlefield—without a tremor, well assured of a happy entrance into that spiritual building, that 'house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

"This genial, kindly friend and comrade was known to many in the community as Uncle Jack, and by this endearing title he was often called by men as old as himself, as well as by most of the younger people. He was a good soldier, a faithful husband, and a good man."

COL. TIMOTHY PICKERING JONES.

At the age of ninety years, Col. Timothy P. Jones died at Seguin, Tex., on the 18th of October. He was born in North Carolina, but the family removed to Jackson, Tenn., when he was a small boy. That was his home till 1882, when he went to Seguin, Tex., residing there afterwards. He was a roommate of Edgar Allan Poe while a cadet at West Point.

Col. Jones crossed the Sabine River into Texas the day he was twenty-one years old as a soldier, and served that republic for two years. He was captain of the Second Tennessee in the war with Mexico, and as lieutenant colonel commanded the Sixth Tennessee Infantry at Shiloh. After that battle the Sixth and Ninth Tennessee were consolidated, and Col. Jones served with Forrest. He was a personal friend of David Crockett, and knew nearly all the leaders in the Texas republic.

A. J. ROGERS.

Report of the death of a member of Herry E. McCulloch Camp, at Ballinger, Tex., comes from Adjutant H. D. Pearce:

"Comrade Andrew Jackson Rogers was born on February 21, 1846, in Choctaw County, Miss. He came to Texas in 1849. When seventeen years old he enlisted in Company E, Thirty-Third Texas Cavalry, and served faithfully to the end. After the war he worked vigorously to rehabilitate his country and rear his family of fourteen children, having twice married. He died at his home, near Paint Rock, Tex., of cancer of the jaw and throat, October 3, 1904. He was buried in the Paint Rock cemetery. Comrade Rogers was a consistent member of the Baptist Church and a man of sterling character."

GOV. HUGH S. THOMPSON.

Hugh Smith Thompson, former Governor of South Carolina, who had been ill for some months in New York, died November 20 at his residence in that city. The body was taken back to his native State for burial.

Mr. Thompson was born in Charleston January 24, 1836. He was educated at the South Carolina Military Academy, graduating in the class of 1856, and was promoted to one of the chairs at the main academy in Charleston.

In the war he was attached to the cadet battalion, and rendered excellent service in the defense of the coast section. After the war he was made the principal of the Columbia Male Academy, and continued in that employment until elected, in 1876, to the office of State Superintendent of Education on the ticket led by Gen. Wade Hampton. He was re-elected twice, and gave an admirable administration. He was elected Governor of the State, took office in 1883, and was re-elected in 1884. His administration was marked with great success, and he made a high record as chief executive.

President Cleveland tendered him the position of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, which he accepted, resigning the

office of Governor to Lieut. Gov. John C. Sheppard. At the close of the administration, Mr. Cleveland nominated him to a place on the Civil Service Commission; but this nomination, as many others, failed of confirmation in the Senate. Later President Harrison named Gov. Thompson for the same place, and he was promptly confirmed by the Senate. His associates on the Commission were Theodore Roosevelt and Charles Lyman.

Mr. Thompson continued a Civil Service Commissioner until 1892, when he was offered and accepted the position of Comptroller of the New York Life Insurance Company, which he held up to the time of his death. It was a place of great responsibility and influence.

Gov. Thompson retained the friendship of Mr. Cleveland to the end of his life, and was also intimate with President Roosevelt. Gov. Thompson's wife was a Miss Clarkson, who survives him, as do several sons and daughters.

HON. W. T. MCCUISTON.

A committee from Statham Farrell Camp of Winona, Miss., sends resolutions in honor of W. T. McCuiston, a prominent member of the Camp and a high representative of his State. He was a true and brave Confederate soldier, having served in Company E, Fifteenth Mississippi Regiment, at the age of seventeen years. He was sixty years of age. His record is also that of a most excellent citizen, and the influence of his life will not soon pass away.

WILLIAM SHARKEY.

William Sharkey was born in Botetourt County, Va., in June, 1839; and died in Los Angeles, Cal., in October, 1904.

Removing to Texas in his boyhood with his father, Judge John Sharkey, and his large family, William became identified with the State of his adoption. He enlisted in September, 1861, as a private in Company G (called the "Havalinas"), Eighth Texas Cavalry, Terry's Texas Rangers, and was paroled in May, 1865.

During the yellow fever epidemic in Victoria William Sharkey faithfully cared for the sick, and there are yet a few survivors of that dreadful scourge who remember his ministrations. When suffering Memphis made an appeal to the world for help, he responded, saying he had no wife nor child to mourn for him should he die. He remained at his post, nursing the sick and dying, until the scourge was spent.

In every walk of life he was modest and unassuming, maintaining a quiet dignity in all surroundings. The last months were filled with pain, borne with Christian fortitude. For several years he had lived in the genial climate of California, and it was there he passed away, looking forward to the reunion with loved ones beyond. Two sisters survive of the large family.

DR. J. B. NEIL.

Dr. J. B. Neil was born November 14, 1837, in Marshall County, Tenn.; and died June 27, 1904, in Nashville. He studied medicine before the War between the States, and graduated after its close in the University of Nashville and from the Medical College of Missouri. He enlisted as a private in the Confederate army early in 1861 in Company F, Seventeenth Tennessee Infantry, and so served until assigned to the medical department of his command. Dr. Neil shared the trials and hardships of his regiment from first to last, and was surrendered under Gen. Lee at Appomattox. He represented his county and Williamson in the State Senate

in 1889 and 1890 with distinguished ability as a statesman. He was ever prominent in the medical profession, and was quite popular as a citizen, winning faithful friends. He was a consistent Christian, and was a member of long standing in the Christian Church. He was a fond and devoted father and husband, ever making any sacrifice to promote the comfort and happiness of his family. He was an esteemed neighbor and friend, heartily lending assistance to those in need. He was a soldier of high order, and was a member of high standing in Frank Cheatham Bivouac, having been its President. He was a member of Company B, Confederate Vet-



DR. J. B. NEIL.

erans, of Nashville, and its surgeon. He was an all-round model man. Therefore, be it resolved by Company B, that in the death of Comrade Neil we have sustained an irreparable loss, and the city of Nashville has lost one of its most valued citizens.

Committee: Ralph Neal, M. M. Gee, and Deering J. Roberts.

Dr. Neil left surviving him his widow, Mrs. Tabitha Jane Neil, and six children: Dr. D. R. Neil, physician; Hon. Albert B. Neil, attorney, who represented Marshall County in the State Legislature of 1899; Dr. Ewell Neil, dentist; Dr. Hardee Neil, druggist; J. B. Neil, Jr., and Miss Annie D. Neil, who are students at Vanderbilt University.

The funeral of Dr. Neil was most impressive. It was conducted under the auspices of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac and Camp, and the sense of his worth was manifested by all present.

G. Kann, of Woodville, Miss., reports the passing of two comrades into the spirit land. Hiram T. Smith, who served in the Twenty-First Mississippi Infantry, died in June, and Dr. John F. Therrel, of the Sixteenth Mississippi Infantry, on August 16, 1904.

I AM DREAMING.

BY W. P. CARTER.

Awake, awake, thou dreamer!

Awake to the mournful blast—
Notes of our martyred freedom,
Dead music of the past!

Awake! the spear is broken,
The blade hath turned to rust,
And the warrior's red-cross banner
Droops o'er the warrior's dust.

Awake, awake, thou dreamer!
The voices of the slain
Come o'er the still, deep waters
In sad and solemn strain!
And the night winds echo sadly
The song of buried years,
And morning brings upon its crest
A rivulet of tears.

What see you, silent sleeper,
In the far-off land of dreams?
What see you by the valleys
And the pleasant-sounding streams?
Are there orange groves in blossom?
Is there gold upon the strand?
Is there joy or is there mourning
In the far-off pleasant land?

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,
And the lightning's lurid glare,
Like a meteor in its madness,
Rushes through the midnight air;
And I see the red-cross banner
In the rifted cloudlet wave,
And I hear the battle shoutings
Of the gallant and the brave.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,
And the cannon's deadly roar
Rolls up the steep, blue mountain
Along the other shore;
And I see a lordly gentleman
Ride out to lead the way;
He is the knightliest gentleman
That ever wore the gray.

Down to the shock of battle,
Through fire and smoke and blood,
He rides him down right gallantly
To stem the ebbing flood.
Two glittering stars about his throat—
No sword he wears, I ween—
He is the comeliest gentleman
That ever I have seen.

So calm, so stern, so debonair,
No plume upon his crest,
He goes the war path gallantly,
No shield upon his breast.
He rides the good horse "Traveler,"
Right to the fore rides he—
His sire was "Light Horse Harry,"
And his name is Robert Lee!

And yonder in the tempest—
Down by the smoky plain—

Rides one in armor burnished bright,
And burning spear amain;
His brow is clothed in thunder,
His right arm raised on high,
Marslike he rides to battle
As he rode in days gone by.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,
And the blushing rose of morn
Is shaking from her leaflets young
Bright crystals of the storm.
The midnight is asunder—
Still the carnage revels high,
And still rides "Stonewall" Jackson,
As he rode in days gone by.

Now hark! the bugle pealing,
See the flashing sabers shine
Against the day god of the east,
Along the charging line.
I hear a merry clink of steel,
And a laughter ringing far,
'Tis the chestnut-bearded Stuart,
Our "Harry of Navarre."

I am dreaming, and there's weeping
In yon grove upon the hill.
There a noble form is hushed in death,
A giant heart is still.
On the banner of his legions
His star of glory shines;
'Tis Rhodes, the fair-haired chieftain,
Who charged at Seven Pines.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,
And a black plume floats on high,
So graceful, yet so terrible,
Above a flashing eye;
The mountains quake and tremble,
Still that warrior takes no heed;
'Tis Ashby rides the vale of death,
Upon his milk-white steed.

And O! a song of boyhood
Is floating up the glen,
And a happy voice of bygone years
Is cheering on his men.



ROSA LOWRY WILSON,
Granddaughter of Gen. Robt. Lowry.

With gleaming eye he charged—
And a soul for a soldier's fate,
'Tis Ramseur, dashing Ramseur,
The pride of the Old North State.

Who comes with visage strong and stern,
Upon his foaming bay?
A stout and hardy fighter,
"Old Blucher" clears the way.
With sturdy cane of oak aloft,
He leads them up the glade;
'Tis Allegheny Johnson,
With the old Stonewall brigade.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,
And the flaming dogs of death
Are bursting grape and bombshell
Upon the battle's breath.
And there beside the cannon's mouth,
All battle-scarred and grave,
Stands Hood, the lion-hearted,
The bravest of the brave.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,
And the stars and bars on high
Wave o'er the fiery Ewell's front—
His is to do or die.
And a sound of distant music
Brings back old home-time joys—
'Tis the son of old Zach Taylor
And his Louisiana boys.

And yonder, cheering on his braves,
Is Hill, Virginia's pride;
The handsome John Magruder
Is fighting by his side;
Bold Pegram holds the bridge to-day,
With Garnett at the ford;
And I see the gray-haired Armistead
With his hat upon his sword.

Charge! Dearing, charge! the Northmen
Are pressing Pender sore,
And Cobb, the valiant Georgian,
Can hold his own no more.
See Pettigrew among them,
No quarter does he beg;
And yonder sleeps the sleep of death
The gallant Maxey Gregg.

I am dreaming, I am dreaming,
And my comrades of the past
Are waiting in the valley
For the bugle's onward blast—
John Pelham, Brown, and Pegram,
Will Randolph, true and strong,
And the smiling, boyish Lattimer,
A sunbeam in that throng.

Awake, awake, thou dreamer!
The voices of the slain
Come o'er the still, deep waters
In ripples bright with fame.
Awake! the spear is broken,
The blade hath turned to rust,
And the warrior's red-cross banner
Droops o'er the warrior's dust.

Boyce, Va., October 17, 1881.

CATARRH CAN BE CURED.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of Consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure Catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 847 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y. (3)

THE COTTON CROP OF 1904-05.

Latham, Alexander & Company, the oldest commission firm of New York City, have just sent out their annual estimate of the cotton crop of 1904-05. The unsurpassed facilities that this well-known old Southern firm has for securing intelligent and reliable information from every cotton-growing county in the South as to acreage, conditions, etc., and the long experience they have had in this special line of work, have enabled them to make their estimates with such accuracy as to command the attention and, in a measure, formulate the price of this Southern staple throughout the world. The crop for the present season (1904-05) is estimated at 11,300,000 bales against 10,300,000 for last year. After gathering last year's crop it proved to be 10,011,000, a difference of only 289,000 bales in the entire cotton crop of the United States, not enough to affect the general price of the crop one-fourth of one point. Last year their estimate made at this time on the great crop of Texas and the Indian Territory was 2,900,000. When the crop was gathered, there were only 24,000 bales difference between their estimate and the actual yield. At the same time the crop of Florida was estimated at 50,000, and the yield showed 55,000 bales. This season has been exceptionally good for gathering cotton; and if Messrs. Latham, Alexander & Company's information concerning the crop is as reliable, they will not be far wrong in their estimate of 11,300,000 bales.

Happiest Woman in Texas—How She Was Cured of Cancer.

MARCH 3, 1904.

DR. D. M. BYE CO., DALLAS, TEX.
DEAR SIR: I suppose you would like to hear about my nose, so I thought it my duty to write to you.

Two months' treatment has completely cured my nose, for which you have my heartiest thanks. I will recommend your treatment when and wherever I can. The cure of my nose has brought me much happiness.

Yours respectfully,

MRS. M. J. McCURRY, Marcy, Tex.

There is absolutely no need of the knife or burning plaster, no need of pain or disfigurement. The Combination Oil Cure for cancers is soothing and balmy, safe and sure. Write for free book to the originator's office, Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Box 462, Dallas, Tex.

THE ROBERT E. LEE MINE.

Some mining companies exist only on paper. To put money in a mine of this character is a speculation, and rather risky. But when a company has a mine in practical operation, a tunnel driven into the breast of a mountain in the neighborhood of rich, dividend-paying tunnels of the same character, managed by men of experience in the business, and is getting out ore that assays gold and silver in high values, the purchase of its stock is not a speculation but a legitimate investment.

The Southern Mining, Milling, and Development Company, whose advertisement appears in this paper, is a legitimate mining concern in a gold-producing region, operated by men of high character.

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For literature and full information, write P. R. MacKinnon, T. P. A., Nashville, Tenn., or J. N. Cornatzar, General Agent, Memphis, Tenn.

Dr. J. A. Irwin, St. Augustine, Fla.: "I have a goblet, salt stand, and salt spoon, solid silver, and on each piece is engraved the name 'Robertson.' They were purchased from a soldier who 'marched with Sherman to the sea.' He said their knapsacks were left behind once in Georgia, and when they were brought up he got the wrong one, and the silver pieces were in it.' I am satisfied his story was true, but the silver pieces were doubtless taken from some Southern home. I should like to restore them to their proper owners."

J. C. Stoner, of Huntsville, Ala., makes inquiry for Alfred Church, Company A, Gibson's Battalion, attached to the Thirty-Third Alabama Regiment, Wood's Brigade, Cleburne's Division. He was lost on the retreat from Chattanooga to Atlanta.

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Send for Confederate price list.

F. A. Owen, of Evansville, Ind., and commanding that Division, U. C. V., organized Lafayette B. Hall Camp at Dixon, Ky., on the 17th of October with fifty-six charter members. This Camp will belong to the First Battalion, First Regiment, Second Kentucky Brigade, U. C. V. Capt. Thomas Page is Commander; Arthur L. Hall, Adjutant.

James M. Fry, of Wills Point, Tex., wants to hear from some officer or private of the Twenty-Ninth Tennessee Infantry serving during 1861 and before its reorganization.

TO SOUTHWEST**Low Settlers' Rates First and Third Tuesdays****BY WAY OF MEMPHIS**

First and third Tuesdays of each month Cotton Belt Route sells round-trip home seekers' tickets to points West and Southwest at rate of one fare, plus \$2, stop-overs both ways, 21 days' return limit.

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Parlor cars on day trains, sleepers on night trains, chair cars on all trains, running through to Texas without change.

Write for literature descriptive of the country, map, time-table, and rates to any point.

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"THE REAL LINCOLN."—A comrade writes of this book: "The demand for this book so quickly exhausted the first edition that the author, Mr. Charles L. C. Minor, M.A., LL.D., of Richmond, Va., decided to issue a second edition, revised and enlarged. The peculiar circumstances under which Lincoln was elected President of the United States, his obscure origin, the fact that he was the President of a great nation during one of the bloodiest civil wars on record, that he freed four millions of slaves, all have had a tendency to throw a glamour around a name that the descendants of the fanatical Northern abolitionists and the most ignorant negroes of the South have come to almost deify. 'The real Lincoln,' as written by Mr. Minor, completely dispels this illusion. The work is really a compilation of testimony given by the contemporaries of Mr. Lincoln and from biographical sketches of him written by his friends, which, stripped of all wordy veneering of his friends, and with the pronounced opinions of Lincoln as a man by his contemporaries in public affairs and his cabinet, shows that he was neither a Christian, a hero, nor a philanthropist, that he was morally and physically a coward, was coarse in his breeding, tastes, and instincts, and a political knave. No one can read the undeniable facts as gathered and submitted by the author without becoming convinced, and without prejudice, that Lincoln was least deserving the respect and the applause of the nation than any President we ever had."

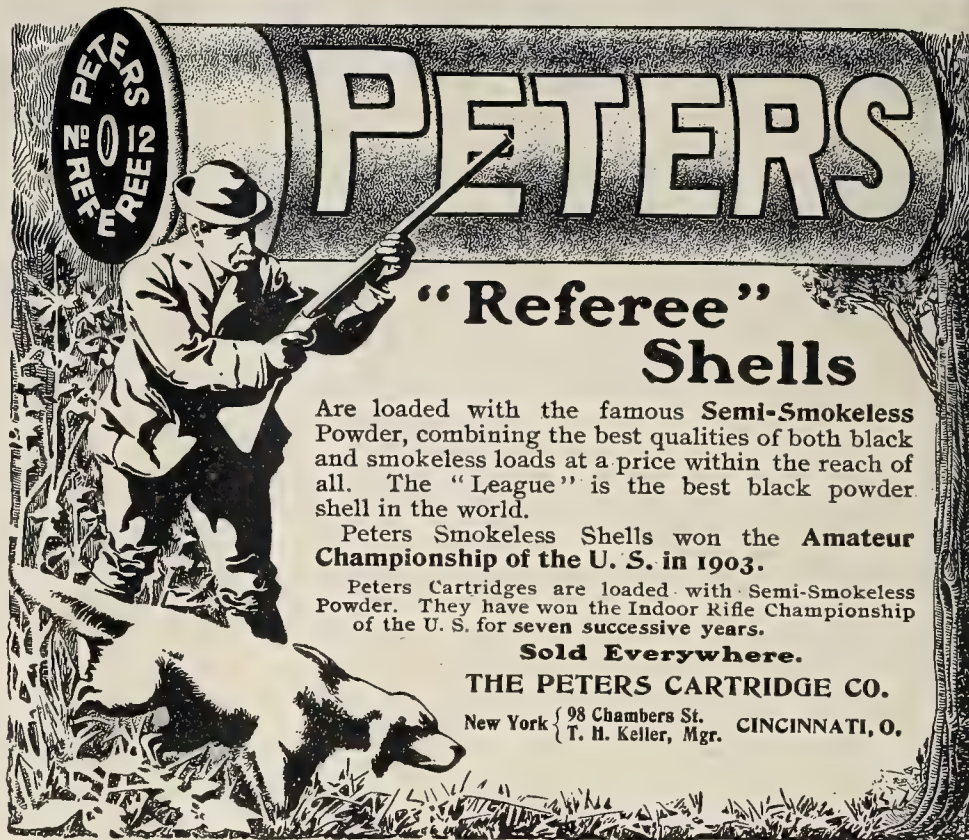
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VALUABLE RELICS.

An elderly lady, a lineal descendant of Col. William Fauntleroy, of Richmond County, Va., impelled by necessity, offers to the highest bidder a brooch containing the hair of Gen. R. E. Lee, presented to her in 1867, and now valued at one hundred dollars; also a bronze and silver medal once owned by her grandfather (Robert F.), commemorating the capture of Porto Bello by Admiral Vernon in 1739.

For particulars address Miss Fauntleroy, Chase Home, Annapolis, Md.



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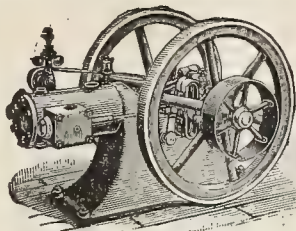
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hot tubes to re-
new. From 2 to
25 horsepower.
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C. C. Foster,
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J. R. Engledow, of Troupe, Tex., would be glad to hear from any friends or comrades of J. S. Clements, who first served in Capt. Clanton's Alabama Cavalry and was afterwards with Capt. Desha, of Tuskegee. The family moved from Alabama to Texas about 1878. Mr. Clements was from Cubahachie, and enlisted, it is thought, at Montgomery, Ala. For the benefit of a needy widow this inquiry is made by Mr. Engledow, and it is hoped that some comrade can respond.



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In explanation of the nature and aim of the book it may be said that its object is to controvert the error which partisan ignorance is endeavoring to perpetuate in exalting Lincoln to the highest pinnacle of fame in the catalogue of American heroes.

Full cloth, 12mo, 230 pages; price, \$1.25 postpaid.

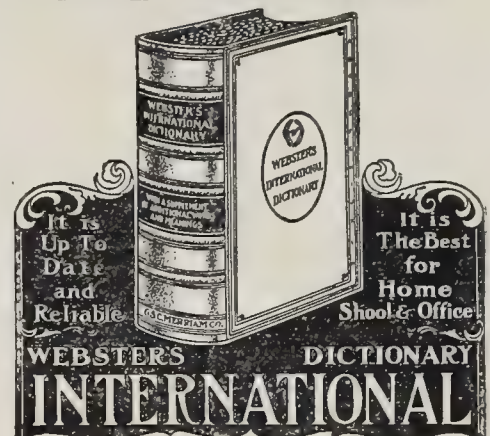
EVERETT WADDEY CO., Publishers, Richmond, Va.

B. L. Rhoads, of Auburn, Ky., wants to locate some good people of Nashville who took care of him and his comrade during the war. He mentions Miss Ida Boench and Mrs. Cartwright, and says they took him and Anderson McIntosh out of the hospital and cared for them as if members of their own family, nursed them back to life, and sent them out while the Yankees were still in the city. This was after our forces had evacuated Nashville. The two families lived in the same house near the capitol.

O. C. Whitaker, of Guntown, Miss.: "I notice in my last VETERAN another

'youngest' Confederate. There seems to be as many that claim that distinction as there are men that claim to have led Gen. Lee's horse away from the battlefield at Spottsylvania C. H. on the 12th of May, 1864. Just after reading in the VETERAN of this youngest soldier, I picked up a paper and saw an account of another youngest soldier, who says he belonged to Company H, Twelfth Alabama Regiment, and among the battles he was in he mentions First Manassas. I belonged to Company I, Twelfth Alabama, and that regiment was not at the First Manassas battle. Well, the old boys just forget things, that's all."

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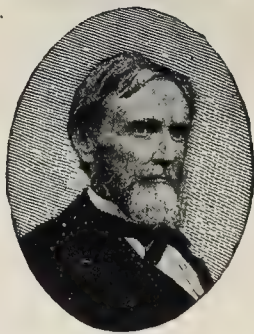
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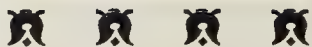


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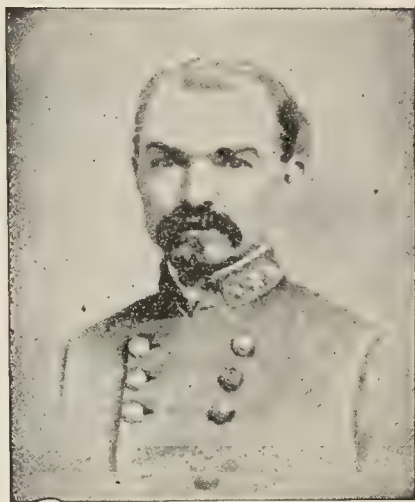
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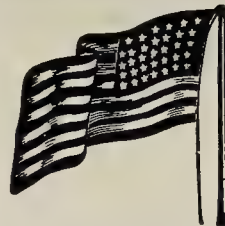
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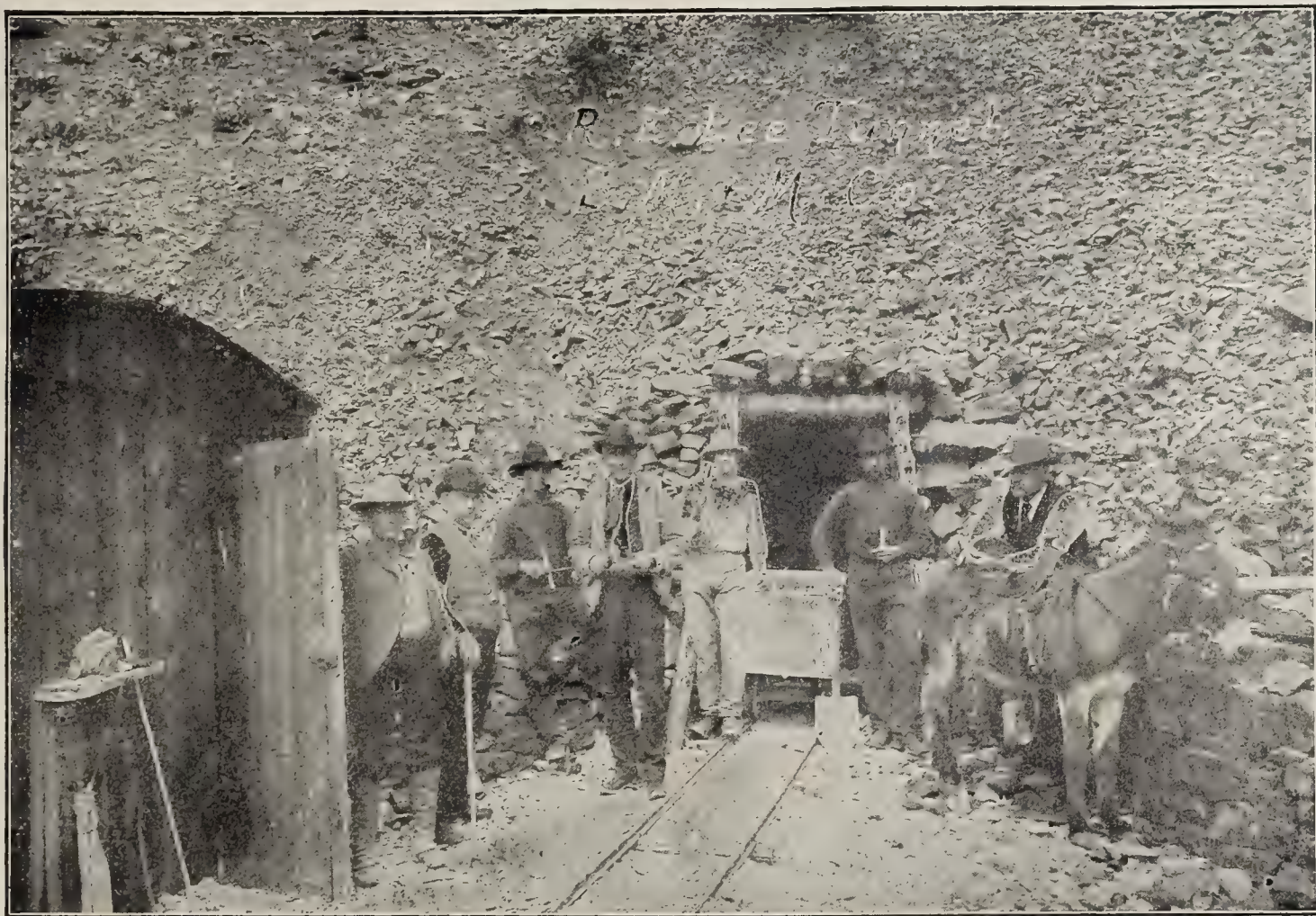
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The above is a picture of the face, or entrance, of the "Robert E. Lee" tunnel, showing some of the officers and miners. Beginning on the left, the first man is F. A. Babcock, the Superintendent and Mining Expert; next is J. T. Spaulding, Secretary and Treasurer, of Nashville, Tenn.; the third, fifth, and sixth are miners; the fourth is W. H. Crawford, Vice President and General Manager, of Nashville, Tenn.; and the seventh, leaning on the burro, is Charles H. Dyer, one of the directors of the company.

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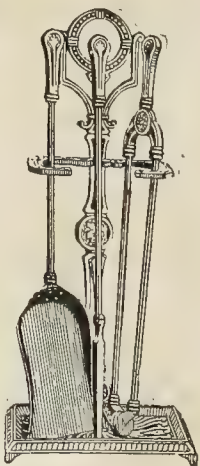
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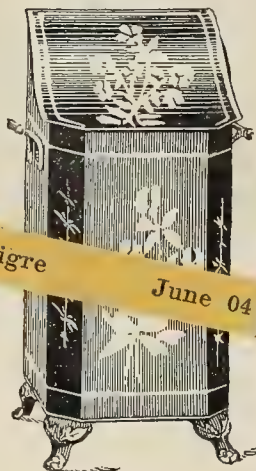
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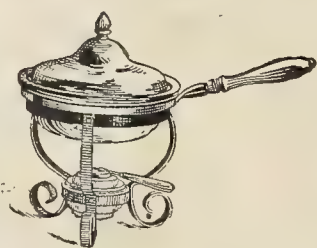
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